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GAMBLE ON THE JORDAN JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

THE
NATION

JANUARY 2, 1967 35 cents

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**THE LOGIC
& LIMITS
OF TECHNOLOGY**

HARVEY WHEELER

Means, Ends & Human Institutions

•
LORD BOWDEN

How Much Science Can We Afford?

'LA VIDA' AND US

Oscar Lewis / ELMER BENDINER

'Overtaken by Events' / WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

'My Fourteen Months with Castro' / KAL WAGENHEIM

LETTERS

material evidence

New York City

DEAR SIR: Your editorial, "Those Missing Exhibits" [Nov. 14], misses a point which seems also to have eluded all the other writers commenting on the situation.

Since when does the family of a murder victim have the right to decide what is and what isn't evidence, and when, if ever, it may be examined, and by whom?

According to the Bureau of Census estimates, 8,500 people were murdered in the U.S. in 1963, one of whom was John F. Kennedy. Presumably the other families were equally bereaved and substantially worse off. Did any of these decide what evidence the authorities would be permitted to examine? Wouldn't this constitute withholding evidence in a felony?

Robert S. Calese

myth and rhetoric

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: Jack Newfield's article ["The Bobby Phenomenon," *The Nation*, Nov. 14] is myth making in the greatest sense of the word. As a member of "the young, the black, the alienated, the romantic, the educated," I do not feel these groups will be so easily deceived into thinking they need this . . . leader who only identifies with them in that rhetoric he supposedly deplores so much as Newfield asserts. The biggest myth of all is that any real change desired and needed by these people will be achieved by replacing the "liberal" Democratic President Johnson with another "liberal" Democrat called Robert Kennedy.

O. Marshall Seavey

Russian poets

Clinton, N.J.

DEAR SIR: The lesson about poets that the world has never seemed to learn is that, though they may write lovely poetry, they are inclined all too often to be essentially irresponsible, through a failure of intelligence and a one-sided sensibility. Thus they become—the concomitant of irresponsible—dangerous. Nations which put them in jail are often only looking to survival, a time-honored, well-recognized prerogative of nations. . . .

The degree of irresponsibility, born of ignorance, or shall we say stupidity, rather than malice, of such figures as Pasternak, Siniavsky and Daniel was profound. It boils down to who is to be served—"the greatest good of the greatest number" or the willful, capricious and unreliable private sensibility?

Bruce Watson

New York City

DEAR SIR: Simon Karlinsky's book review ["Yevtushenko and the Underground Poets," *The Nation*, Nov. 21] . . . proved, in an erudite way, that Yevtushenko is rather a mediocre poet [but] . . . Professor Karlinsky avoided any political implications in his analysis. . . . Yevtushenko is often described as a "rebel" and a courageous one, but it seems his courage and revolt were always in harmonious accord with the Politburo's aims, claims and needs: in other words—only when courage and rebellion were allowed to certain carefully chosen writers and intellectuals. . . . The warm ballyhoo given to Yevtushenko by the American press, presenting him as the charming "bad boy" of Russian literature, the embarrassing appreciation from men like Robert Kennedy, Arthur Miller and John Steinbeck, seems to me a serious moral defeat for intellectual America. It constitutes an insult to all those who really work to enlarge the margin of human dignity and intellectual independence in the Soviet Union . . . and who cannot dream of getting an exit visa to visit even Poland or Czechoslovakia. . . .

Leopold Tyrmand

EDITORIALS

Peace and the Pentagon

The Hanoi bombings of December 13 and 14 represent an egregious piece of mismanagement and clumsy public relations. What could have been more stupid than to bomb within or close to the city as the Christmas cease-fire approached, while the Pope's plea for peace was still reverberating in people's minds and Senator Mansfield had added his voice to the same end, and when U Thant, surely not without preconditions, had consented to remain as Secretary General of the UN? The unhappy Robert McCloskey at State was left holding the bag until, two days later, the Pentagon released a map showing the "city limits" of Hanoi, to support a contention that the bombs had fallen no closer than 2½ miles from this boundary. Suppose enemy bombers scored hits on Teaneck or Yonkers, would there not be a basis for a protest that New York City had been under attack? Among neutrals, and men of good will everywhere, more credence will be given to the North Vietnamese protests than to the Pentagon's excuses.

But was it mere clumsiness that Hanoi was punished precisely at this juncture? Whenever peace talk has been in the air, some such incident has occurred. A pattern so uniform at least raises the suspicion that *someone* must be misreading instructions or construing them in such a way as to obstruct moves for peace. President Johnson is said to be selecting the North Vietnamese bombing targets personally. But, as Richard Fryklund points out in the *Washington Star*, the President "does not . . . approve each day's bombing, leaving that decision to the military." Further: "The decision this week to attack the Hanoi area was made by the military when the weather cleared, according to Pentagon sources." (Italics added.) Whoever gave the orders for these operations at this particular time was surely not so stupid as to overlook their political significance. One is almost forced to conclude that these tried and true methods of upsetting possible progress toward negotiations have been applied by design.

If so, we must expect more of the same, in one guise or another. Nevertheless, hopes that the United States will cease escalating the war and make serious overtures for peace have been raised by Ambassador Goldberg's letter of December 19, asking U Thant to take "whatever steps you consider necessary to bring about the necessary discussions which could lead to a cease-fire." Hopes have been dashed so often that no seasoned observer will regard this overture with glowing optimism, but it may mark the beginning of the long and difficult process of ending the war. For one thing, it is not accompanied by the circus atmosphere of a "peace offensive," with ambassadors of good will dispatched to all parts of the world to prove that the North Vietnamese, the Vietcong and the Chinese Communists are reckless aggressors if they do not accept our generous offer. This time the tone is quiet and the language has a chastened sound, quite unlike the earlier phrasing, which could be summed up as a demand that the enemy come to the conference table or have his head bashed in.

But there is a more cogent reason for regarding the current moves as something more than a smoke screen for further enlargement of the war. A headline in the *New York World Journal Tribune* reads: "Johnson Up to Neck in Troubles," and this observation is echoed in newspapers all over the country. And, as all agree, the chief of Mr. Johnson's troubles, and the cause of most of the others, is the war in Vietnam. Rarely if ever in American history has a President been plunged so quickly from the pinnacle of success and popularity to public disapprobation. He has little time to extricate himself before the electioneering of the 1968 campaign begins in earnest. Since Mr. Johnson has always understood foreign policy primarily in its effect on domestic politics, he must be looking for a way out of the disastrous impasse into which he has led the country—and himself.

Possibly, also, the article by McGeorge Bundy in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs* reflects a growing anxiety within the Johnson Administration about the U.S. course in Southeast Asia. Reading Mr. Bundy's present views, one finds it hard to believe that only a few months ago he was one of the principal advocates of a hard line toward the North Vietnamese and the Chinese Communists. Now he tells us that a victory for Ho Chi Minh "would not mean automatic communization of all Asia, and the defeat of aggression would not mean an end to the pervasive—if sometimes exaggerated—threat of China." Bundy's thesis is that this and other foreign policy questions should not be viewed as black and white but in shades of gray. To try to defeat Hanoi would be wrong, this new Bundy argues, on three counts: it would carry great risk of war with China and the Soviet Union; it would engage us in a "new and terrible contest for which we have no taste or need"—a contest for the future of North Vietnam; and it would not settle the issue in the South.

But it is precisely these three risks which Mr. Johnson is now confronting. The new Bundy, not the old, is the one to whom Mr. Johnson should lend his ear, and perhaps that is the view to which he is now turning.

Science and State

The desuetude of the Department of State cannot be blamed solely on Secretary Rusk, although he cannot be absolved either. Under his leadership State has fallen as far behind the times as the Post Office. This is not a mere matter of inconvenience, but a condition that adds to the dangers of an already precarious world situation. (See article by Smith Simpson, for many years a State Department foreign officer, to be published in *The Nation* January 9.) A generally neglected factor in State's disability is discussed by Prof. Eugene B. Skolnikoff of M.I.T. in the November 25 issue of *Science*. State acts almost as if the science-technology revolution had never occurred. It has a science office, but the post of Director of International Scientific and Technological Affairs has been vacant for more than two years and efforts to fill it have so far been unsuccessful. Recent history tells why. An earlier version of the office, established in 1950, was allowed to atrophy by Secretary Dulles. In 1958, after

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the Sputnik crisis, efforts were made to revive it, but the performance since then has not been such as to attract a first-rate man when the post became vacant.

As Skolnikoff puts it, "The Secretary of State's role as chief policy adviser to the President will . . . be increasingly in jeopardy if the Department . . . continues to be deficient in effective technical-political competence, while the issues with which it must deal involve ever more sophisticated scientific and technological elements."

The fact that State can get, for the asking, scientific or technical advice from agencies which are well informed in their particular fields is precisely why it needs an office of its own to evaluate such counsel. Skolnikoff cites several instances: one will suffice to show the nature of the difficulty, although not necessarily as Skolnikoff sees it. In 1962, Khrushchev included in his congratulatory telegram on the Glenn orbital flight an offer for cooperation in space. President Kennedy asked the appropriate agencies to develop proposals for a reply. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration came forward with decided views. Its performance in the recent Gemini series has, of course, been brilliant, but the fact remains that, then and now, the idea foremost in the minds of the NASA managers has been to beat the Russians to the moon. It was hardly necessary for them to knock down foolish schemes like mating a Soviet lunar capsule with an American rocket, or putting a Russian and an American pilot into a space vehicle. But they also dismissed practical possibilities for cooperation (not necessarily limited to the United States and the USSR) which would have assisted the astronauts and taxpayers of both countries, while continuing to give full scope to the initiative and ingenuity of the engineers. Instead, for "technical" reasons, NASA killed all ideas that might have resulted in cooperation on a significant scale. Handicapped as it was, the State Department could neither advance proposals of its own nor raise questions that might have exposed NASA's built-in parochialism.

The actual danger inherent in the present situation is illustrated by the confrontation in the Cuban missile crisis, which Skolnikoff does not mention. (He does refer to the siting of U.S. intermediate-range missiles in Europe in the mid-fifties, and the later Skybolt contretemps.) In Cuba we were in the stronger position and Khrushchev had to yield, but the Defense Department may overestimate the power of a weapons system, or the American advantage in a strategic situation. If an adversary knows such an evaluation to be excessive but the State Department does not, matters may proceed to a lethal showdown.

Aside from such hazards, under the present setup opportunities for positive action are being neglected. Developments in such fields as health, transport and agriculture should weigh in the formulation of foreign policy. While technology is pulling the nations together into one world, the United States, foremost in the field, is technologically backward in its foreign secretariat.

The deficiency will not be easy to remedy. It is not only a matter of getting the right man for the job in the sense of scientific and engineering competence; he must be something of a statesman as well. Men possessed of such composite talents exist but, assuming that one of them can be induced to apply for the job, unless the Secretary

and his senior officers are persuaded of the importance of science and technology in the department's operations, the efforts of any individual will come to nought. Yet, as things stand, the fact that a serious deficiency exists is scarcely recognized in the high echelons.

The History Makers

The decision of the Kennedy family to support Jacqueline Kennedy in her suit to block publication of William Manchester's *Death of a President* has stimulated an outpouring of accusations, explanations, intimations and protestations unparalleled in the history of American publishing. At a time when the United States is mired abroad in its most hated and dishonorable war, and is faced at home with crises in the whole spectrum of its social problems, the attention of the country (and indeed of the world) is riveted on this fight between the late President's widow and the man designated to narrate the "official" account of Mr. Kennedy's last hours on earth.

The uproar may be fascinating but it is not informative. However, one thing plain to any observer is that a number of allegedly knowledgeable people involved themselves in an exceedingly unwise venture. Mr. Manchester should have known better than to sign a paper which gave the Kennedys—of all proud and opinionated people—the right to pass on his manuscript, line by line; the family and their associates should not have supposed that if they talked to Mr. Manchester with what seems to have been almost compulsive candor he would have the wit or will to suppress any confidences that might prove embarrassing; and *Look* magazine was, to say the least, incautious to pay an absurdly large sum for a manuscript whose clearance for publication rested on the optimistic interpretation of an ambiguous telegram. A number of people are being hurt by the consequences of supposing that history can be written to order.

The cascading notoriety of the affair is a function of the universal preoccupation with the details of the assassination. This is perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of a thoroughly deplorable episode. It now appears that Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Manchester have been able to find ways of accommodating their differences. But the impression will inevitably be left with the citizens that—once again—a curtain has been dropped between them and a crucial event in their country's history.

If Americans in public life and the public eye will learn from this battle of wills to keep their hands off history, the attention currently being paid to Mrs. Kennedy's suit may not in the end seem so grotesquely out of scale.

Liebman on the Burning Deck

In an editorial, "That Committee Again" (November 28), we summarized our efforts to make clear to the public and Congress the simple fact that the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China is essentially the Committee of One—a promotion of Marvin Liebman, an enterprising press agent who specializes in right-wing causes. It is the nature of the profession that every publicist needs a full-blown sense of his own im-

portance and powers of persuasion; Mr. Liebman's gifts in this line are legendary. The committee was organized in 1953, with the mission of obtaining a million endorsements to a fiery declaration of opposition to Communist China's admission to the United Nations and U.S. recognition of the Peking regime. The goal was achieved, largely through Mr. Liebman's energy, militancy and gall. Membership on the committee was automatic by virtue of the endorsement. Hundreds of nationally known names were recruited, including many members of Congress.

Each autumn, just before the General Assembly took up the question of China's admission to the UN, the committee bought space in a few leading newspapers to reiterate its stand. The last such manifesto appeared in the October 31 *New York Times*. Once again the committee triumphed (China was turned down more decisively than in the previous year); at the same time there were more misgivings as to its stand. These doubts culminated on December 17 with the formal resignation of Sen. Jacob K. Javits from the committee, on the ground that its position is so inflexible that it "forecloses even the hope of negotiation" with Peking. Mr. Javits told Mr. Liebman that while the great majority of nations participating in the latest UN vote believe that many issues remain to be settled before Peking "can claim respectable status in the eyes of the world," this did not mean that they wished to "cease efforts to bring Communist China into the community of nations."

By itself, Mr. Javits' withdrawal would scarcely have warranted the page 1 story which appeared in *The New York Times*, but he took the unusual step of sending copies of his letter of resignation to forty-nine other Senators and 284 Representatives who were still nominally members. The *Times* story suggested that members of Congress "had begun to have doubts about continuing to endorse the committee's policies." Evidently Mr. Javits wished to assuage their fears that constituents would find them guilty of the most intolerable offense a member of Congress can commit—allowing anyone to suspect that he might be "soft on communism." Perhaps forewarned of Mr. Javits' defection and the alienation of other Congressmen, Mr. Liebman announced on the same day that names of Congressional members would no longer appear on committee letterheads and publications. With these names missing, and with further withdrawals in prospect, the Committee of One Million may perhaps shrink to Marvin Liebman and a part-time secretary, which is just about what its importance warrants.

A Most Uncommon Man

This and future generations will forever be in debt to Irving W. Halpern, who died on December 10 at the age of 77. He was a most uncommon man. His public life, which spanned over fifty years, was a rare example of farsightedness and indefatigability in the service of enlightened principles of penology. An early advocate of probation in preference to imprisonment, a cause he was espousing as early as 1910, he brought to his work a formidable array of talent.

He was born in Russia and came to this country as a

small child, where he was obliged to end his schooling early to go to work. Thus he later became probably the only high school dropout on the faculty of a major university, teaching criminology to graduate students at New York University School of Law. He was an accomplished writer, author of many works on crime and probation which are among today's standard reference works. Among his friends, Irving Halpern was a brilliant wit and an engaging storyteller who, had he so chosen, could have led a successful life in the theatre. He brightened his immediate world as he enlightened his profession.

His widow is Judge Caroline Simon of the New York Court of Claims, and New York's former Secretary of State. But the name of Mrs. Irving Halpern is as honorable a title as any she has won or worn.

The Hoffa Decision

From time to time the Supreme Court fails to bring its full resources to bear on an important issue, usually with the result that the issue is not properly settled and returns to haunt the Court in the future. The Hoffa decision belongs in this category. Two Justices, White and Fortas, did not participate in the decision. Justices Clark and Douglas would not have granted the writ of *certiorari* in the first place. The lower and intermediate appellate courts had found that the government had not planted an informer on Hoffa; Justices Clark and Douglas would have let the matter rest on this finding and for that reason took no part in the proceedings. The result was a 4-to-1 decision in which only the Chief Justice, to his credit, saw and met the issue squarely. Before discussing this issue, it should be kept in mind that the Court consented to review only one aspect of the case, namely, whether evidence obtained by means of deceptively planting a secret informer in the quarters and councils of the defendant during the trial violated his rights under the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendments. The Court did *not* review the question of what effect the barrage of anti-Hoffa publicity, much of which had been stimulated by the Attorney General, had had upon his right to a fair trial. And the Court did *not* pass on the question of the effect the government's intensive electronic surveillance of the defendant and his counsel had on "the right to counsel" (see "The Hoffa Trial" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, April 27, 1964).

The question, then, came down to this: Edward Grady Partin, a local official of the Teamsters, against whom serious charges (embezzlement, kidnaping and manslaughter) were pending in the state and federal courts, was admittedly a government informer when he visited Hoffa and volunteered to aid him during the trial. Partin was paid by the government for the incriminating evidence he supplied and for the almost daily reports he furnished the prosecution of what was going on in the defense headquarters. Nevertheless, four members of the Court decided that since Partin had actually testified on direct examination only to matters which Hoffa had said outside the presence of his attorneys, the right to counsel had not been infringed. As Justice Stewart put it, "Partin did not enter the suite by force or by stealth. He was not a surreptitious eavesdropper." In brief, the Fourth Amendment offers no protection

against misplaced confidence. While this reasoning is clear enough, it places such a narrow interpretation on "the right to counsel" as to make a mockery of that right.

The Chief Justice, who as district attorney of Alameda County had occasion to rely on the testimony of some extremely unsavory informers, lashed out at Partin's role in the Hoffa prosecution. Partin's motive, the Chief Justice said, for being an informer was "his strong desire to work his way out of jail and out of his various legal entanglements with the state and federal governments." Partin, he noted, had "been uniquely successful in satisfying that motive. . . . In the four years since he first volunteered to be an informer against Hoffa, he has not been prosecuted on any of the serious charges for which he was at that time jailed, and the state charges seem to have vanished into thin air." The Chief Justice said of Partin:

This type of informer, and the uses to which he was put in this case, evidence a serious potential for undermining the integrity of the truth-finding process in the federal courts. Given the incentives and background of Partin, no conviction should be allowed to stand when based heavily

on his testimony. And that is exactly the quicksand upon which these convictions rest, because without Partin, who was the principal government witness, there would probably have been no convictions here. Thus, although petitioners make their main arguments on constitutional grounds and raise serious Fourth and Sixth Amendment questions, it should not even be necessary for the Court to reach those questions. For the affront to the quality and fairness of federal law enforcement which this case presents is sufficient to require an exercise of our supervisory powers.

In another case which also involved a Teamster official (Dave Beck), Justice Douglas had occasion to say in the course of a dissenting opinion: "This case shows the need to make as sure as it is humanly possible that one after whom the mob and public passions are in full pursuit is treated fairly." The majority opinion on the Hoffa case may be technically sound, but the Chief Justice's indignant dissent will convince most thoughtful persons that Hoffa was not fairly treated. The precedent which the majority opinion establishes—if it is permitted to stand—will surely return to haunt the Court in the future.

GAMBLE ON THE JORDAN

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Mr. Morris is Middle East correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. He has been reporting from the Arab world over the past fifteen years.

Beirut

The danger of war is ever present in the Middle East. It is not so much a danger of intent: everyone knows where his enemies' ambitions lie. Rather, the critical point centers on miscalculations in strategy.

Thus when Syria's President Nureddin Atassi publicly offered arms recently to any Jordanians who wanted to revolt against King Hussein, the resulting tension did not even close the borders. Conversely, rarely has reaction to an isolated event gotten so out of hand as in the case of Israel's punitive raid on three Jordanian villages in the Mount Hebron area last November 13. At dawn on that Sunday, Israeli forces struck at the border village of Samu some 10 miles south of Hebron, and at two other hamlets. It was a retaliation raid, Israel said, for terrorist activities emanating from these places.

The Israelis appeared anxious to avoid casualties, and by Jordanian account only six civilians were killed in the action. But anyone who walked through Samu, as I did the day after the raid, could see from the rubble-strewn street that more houses were destroyed than the forty acknowledged at first by Israel. The UN later put the number at 125. The international chorus of disapproval, capped by the Security Council's formal vote of censure against Israel, made many people both inside the Jewish state and outside wonder whether it had been worth while—particularly since Israel itself had proclaimed that the base for Arab terrorism was Syria, not King Hussein's pro-Western principality.

There are at least three possible explanations for Israel's

action. The first is simply that the "hawks" in Israel's inner councils became exasperated by the mounting wave of terrorist attacks and decided to strike at the easiest target. Actions against Syria have been tried before, but the mountainous terrain along the Syrian frontier makes them difficult. That is the simplest explanation, but it raises the question of whether Israel's leaders would risk the international consequences for so little gain, especially when similar raids into Jordan in 1965 obviously had little effect. In addition, the action led to grave disturbances on Jordan's West Bank, and has put King Hussein into an embarrassing confrontation not only with the Arab states but with the Palestinian two-thirds of Jordan's population. If the young King should go, his replacement is hardly likely to be pro-Israel. The border has been fairly quiet since Samu, but few people think it will stay that way.

A second explanation—endorsed by no less an expert than President Nasser's unofficial press spokesman—is that Israel wants to create trouble for Jordan in the hope of taking over the rest of old Palestine when the Hashemite empire goes up in flames. Many Arabs, and quite a number of other people, are convinced that Israel must follow a policy of territorial expansionism as publicly urged by the Harut party, among others. The easiest and most obvious chunk of land is the West Bank, whose incorporation into Jordan by Hussein's grandfather is not recognized by most other Arabs.

The third notion is that Israel thought the time ripe to jab the Arabs again, both to keep them off balance and before they get too uppity. The mounting number of terrorist incidents inside Israel would certainly have played a part in such thinking. Probably the most important of these episodes was the sabotage last fall of three apartment buildings in a Jerusalem suburb. Nobody was hurt

and damage was slight, but psychologically it brought the enemy to the doorstep of every Israeli citizen.

Samu certainly produced quick political results. The attack set the Arabs battling tooth and nail—not against Israel but among themselves. Rarely have the recriminations and backbiting reached the present level, not to mention the outright appeals pouring from Cairo and Damascus radio stations for Palestinians to revolt against King Hussein.

Furthermore, it has brought into question—and into open debate for the first time—the whole concept of the United Arab Command. The UAC was a creature of the Arab summits, and its mission was to build for the day of reckoning with Israel. It had oil money from the affluent, and cannon fodder from the crowded streets and refugee camps in Jordan and the Gaza strip. The UAC also had a military plan, and the essence of it was that the Arabs should at all costs avoid a premature major engagement with Israel. The target date was 1970, or thereabouts. Meanwhile, Kuwait and Saudi money was to be used to help the poorer Arab states build up respectable military machines, and buy supersonic airplanes and modern ground equipment.

The Samu attack turned these plans into a shambles. The Jordanians have publicly complained about the lack of Egyptian air cover over Mount Hebron—a responsibility assigned to the Egyptians under the master plan. Cairo has countered by charging that Jordan refused to permit Egyptian planes to operate from the West Bank, and also blocked plans to move Iraqi and Saudi troops into Jordanian front-line positions. Jordan has come back to taunt Egypt with hiding behind the buffer of United Nations troops in the Sinai, and the Syrians—whipped up, as usual, to the maddest frenzy—have, as noted, offered arms to anti-Hussein elements in Jordan and pledged their army to assist when the insurrection starts.

From an Israeli point of view, the crowning success of the Samu strategy came when Syria launched Arab ter-

rorists on sabotage missions—not into Israel, but into Jordan.

Yet when all the chips are counted, will the Israelis still be congratulating themselves for their cleverness? The Israelis were surprised at Samu when the hopelessly outnumbered Jordan frontier forces stood and fought. They were even more surprised when Jordan army reinforcements rushed into an ambush, then stood and fought—again under extremely adverse conditions after their vehicles had been shot out from underneath them (according to Western intelligence reports from Tel Aviv).

The Samu raid had one positive result from the Arab point of view. King Hussein is now committed to arming the frontier villages, something he had promised vaguely to do in the past but never carried out. From now on, the Arab world will watch closely to see that he keeps his word.

If one believes in an eventual Arab-Israeli military confrontation, as most Arabs do, Samu produced other benefits for the Arab side. The United States has agreed to speed up deliveries of some thirty-six early-model F-104 fighters to Jordan, and Washington has indicated it will give a sympathetic hearing to other Jordanian requests for “defensive” weaponry, such as armored personnel carriers. Both announcements were, of course, made largely to take the political pressure off Hussein, and in fact there is little point in delivering the Starfighters in advance of their programmed date because the Jordanian pilots won't be ready to fly them. Still, the announcements reflected America's deep concern about the fate of the Hashemite King. And there is good reason to worry, for never before has the 31-year-old Hussein been under so much pressure from all sides.

Since Samu, Cairo, Damascus and the Cairo-based Palestine Liberation Organization have mounted a drum-fire against the pro-Western monarch, accusing him of being a pawn of the Western powers and soft on Israel. The accusation stings, because Hussein has little control over his own foreign policy, so long as he is dependent on American and British subsidies to keep his barren country going.

Domestically, the Samu attack resulted in the most serious disorders on the West Bank since that area was incorporated into Jordan. There were general strikes in the main towns of Jerusalem, Nablus, Ramallah and Hebron (only Bethlehem, with its penchant for the tourist dollar, stayed relatively clear of involvement). And almost everywhere, the strikes and accompanying protest demonstrations led to violence. After seventy-two hours of mounting troubles, Hussein had to call in crack Bedouin units of the army. The most feared of these are the desert patrol, which still dresses in the flowing ankle-length skirts worn by the Arab of the desert.

These troops are popularly known as “Glubb's Girls,” after Gen. John Bagot Glubb, the last British commander of the old Arab Legion, and their appearance sends a shiver of fear down every Palestinian's back. When they discard their flowing red and white checked headdresses for tin helmets, the shop shutters ring down with alacrity all over the West Bank. The Jordan army quickly re-established control, at the cost of eight civilian and security forces dead. But this is only the first step if there is



ever to be a real reconciliation of the East and West Banks of the Jordan River under King Hussein's aegis.

The bitterness between the Palestinians, who form two-thirds of Jordan's population, and the old Jordanians who still run the government and almost everything else, is deep and real. It will not be overcome by platitudes such as King Hussein's constant repetition that "All Palestinians are Jordanians; all Jordanians are Palestinians."

The hostility was very much in evidence in the walled Old City of Jerusalem on the day when two anti-government demonstrators were killed by gunfire. Crowds roamed the narrow, cobblestoned streets, screaming filthy abuse of the King; on the wall of the government hospital, one of the wounded scrawled dramatically in his own blood the slogan: "We died for Palestine. Long live Egypt and Palestine."

What made the West Bank disturbances really serious was the fact that almost the entire Palestinian political leadership came out in support of the protests. The strike committees formed in the big towns included religious leaders, mayors and parliamentarians. Hussein's immediate reaction was to stop the political protest as his Bedouins had stopped the demonstrations. He banned a scheduled meeting in Jerusalem which was intended to draw up a list of grievances. The King probably had little choice. It was well known in advance that the assembly of notables would ask for drastic changes in Jordan's policy, and this could have been interpreted only as a sharp defeat for the government and for Hussein himself.

These repressive measures solved nothing, of course. The lid is back on the West Bank, but the pot continues to simmer. The question many Israelis are publicly asking is: was Samu worth it? From the point of view of Israel's own security, it hardly seems so. Heretofore, the West Bank had gone along with a sort of uncomfortable coexistence with the East Bank, with occasional isolated political eruptions. The zooming revenues from the tourist trade in the Holy Land were every year making this coexistence more palatable. In Jordan as a whole, the GNP was mounting at a healthy 8 or 9 per cent every year, and the first symptoms of an economic boom were beginning to be felt after years of making ends meet.

This boom is largely artificial, due in part to heavy injections of U.S. and other foreign aid. But both Jordanians and pro-Nasser Palestinians were beginning to make comparisons with the Socialist paradise down in Egypt and coming up with the answer that Jordan was not doing so badly after all. The renewal of the East Bank-West Bank confrontation has scotched any hope that this modest swing toward accepting the political realities of the Middle East today would continue. Is that what Israel really wanted?

Many political observers here have severe doubts about the effectiveness of any reprisal policy under present conditions. The Syrians, who are largely responsible for the terrorism that prompted it, were jubilant over the Samu raid; it gave them a golden opportunity to point out what happens to pro-Western Arab states. The bickering within the United Arab Command only confirmed what everybody already knew: that the UAC is ridden with dissension on key policy matters such as stationing and movements of troops. Nor would future reprisal raids against

Syria be likely to change things very much. The Syrians have a knack for turning military embarrassments into political triumphs, much as Nasser did with the Suez campaign of 1956.

In fact, Samu probably helped the Syrians more than anyone else. It took the spotlight off the unstable and leftist regime in Damascus. Political tension drained out of the Syrian capital: for the first time in months, the Soviet T-34 tanks usually parked around the military headquarters in downtown Damascus were removed.

The Israeli attack on Samu thus appears to have helped Israel's worst enemies the most, and harmed grievously those of its Arab enemies least likely to rock the boat. This brings up the question: if not retaliation, what? There is no easy answer, but the solution might lie in what has happened in the divided village of Beit Safafa. Two years ago, the Israelis replaced the rusty barbed wire fence on the border there with a strong chain-link affair. There haven't been any incidents in Beit Safafa since. It could be argued that building a fence all around Israel would be expensive. It could also be argued that it would, in the long run, be cheaper than anything else in both political and human terms. Or perhaps the Israelis don't want to fence themselves in and the Arabs out. So, at any rate, believe many Arabs who view Israeli strategy in terms of long-range expansionism.

Where in the midst of this slowly cooking pile stands Gamal Abdel Nasser, who for all his domestic and other problems remains the key man in any Middle Eastern situation? The evidence is that—as he has so often in the past—the Egyptian *rais* finds himself straddling two divergent paths.

The most obvious is his support for "progressive" and "liberationist" movements everywhere in the Arab world, and his opposition to the conservatives, led by King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. Yet Nasser is quite obviously not prepared for a confrontation with Israel, and perhaps not even with King Hussein.

The Egyptians have rejected Hussein's taunts about hiding behind a UN protective umbrella in the Sinai with the highly dubious riposte that the UN emergency force is not there to seal off the border between Arab and Jew. With a limited and steadily declining number of men, the UN umbrella is largely symbolic; but then it always has been, and it has been effective because neither Israel nor Egypt will risk the international umbrage involved in challenging it.

There are signs that the Egyptians do not share the Syrians' determination to rub out Hussein and the Hashemite monarchy either. True, the Cairo radio is full of its usual venom and invective, as are the Egyptian papers. But when Palestine Liberation Organization leader Ahmed Shukairy said he would eventually lead Palestinian troops back into Jordan's West Bank, regardless of whether Hussein wanted them or not, Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad commented succinctly that Shukairy spoke for himself, not the Egyptian Government.

The best prognosis, then, is that the Egyptians want to keep the political boat rocking, but are not ready to see it overturned. At least not if the end result were to be another round of big-power intervention in the Middle East.

LOGIC & LIMITS OF TECHNOLOGY

In recent years, and particularly since the publication in 1964 of Jacques Ellul's *The Technological Society* (see Robert Theobald's review, *The Nation*, October 19, 1964), there has been a growing belief that scientific and technical acceleration, while not necessarily beneficial, must be accepted because technology is driven by a self-propelling logic that operates quite independently of human choice and direction. "Within the technical circle," to quote Ellul, "nothing else can subsist because technique's proper motion . . . tends irresistibly toward a completeness. To the degree that this completeness is not yet attained, technique is advancing, eliminating every lesser force."

While Ellul's powerfully integrated argument has had the desirable effect of arousing public interest on the need to control and direct the technological process, it has also inadvertently contributed to the myth of the inevitability of this process. Since the subject is one of prime importance, *The Nation*, in accordance with a practice of recent years of devoting the year-end issue to a general subject of major intellectual concern, has devoted the bulk of this issue to two essays which approach the problem

of the growth of science and the spread of technology along converging lines. Harvey Wheeler, a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and the author of its publications, *The Rise and Fall of Liberal Democracy and The Restoration of Politics*, submits Mr. Ellul's thesis to a rigorous, logical analysis, seeking to discover whether or not man is fated to be enveloped in a rigid technological mold over which he has little control. On the other hand, Lord Bowden, Principal of the Institute of Science and Technology at the University of Manchester, and until recently Minister of State for Education and Science, after demonstrating that exponential trends tend to abate—an assurance that will be gratefully received—approaches the subject from the viewpoint of priorities among the conflicting demands that modern communities make upon their common scientific resources. While these two papers deal decisively with the problems their authors set themselves, they have the virtue of all good social inquiry that implicit in their arguments is a wealth of suggestions for further investigation.

—The Editors

Means, Ends and Human Institutions

HARVEY WHEELER

Jacques Ellul makes a simple and compelling point in *The Technological Society*. It is that means tend to swallow up ends. This is said to happen first in the components of a civilization: in religion, in the economy, in the political order, in science, and so on. Then, gradually but inexorably, this technological revolution spreads from the part to the whole until the entire society has become one big technological phenomenon. The idea is dramatic; the empirical evidence is vivid and persuasive; it accords with the common-sense impressions we all have about the times in which we live. Everyone is familiar with organizations that begin life in profound dedication to some sublime goal and gradually mature into a concern with merely maintaining the existence of the organization and preserving the power of its leadership. It is hard to think of any long-established organizations in which this has not occurred. Especially noteworthy examples are to be found in the history of reform churches and revolutionary parties.

So run our immediate assenting reflections on first reading Ellul's book. But it is curious that the illustrations that come most easily to mind concern organizations rather than arts or crafts. Ellul is obviously on the track of something important when he expands the common-sense idea of technology to make it include all human institutions. But does he then lose the common-sense meaning of technology entirely? The fact that the most dramatic illustrations of the thesis arise from our efforts with human beings rather than with our material environment raises a preliminary question

as to whether we are not really dealing with general problems of social organization rather than with the special problem of technology. Political sociologists have long pondered the drift toward oligarchical control and bureaucratic structure that besets formal organizations. Maxims about the corrupting influence of power are as old as speculation itself, and the prevention and cure of such diseases of the body politic was the special province of constitutionalism. Of course, Marx had suggested that the aims of constitutionalism would be undercut by the forces of economics. The similarities between Marx and Ellul are striking enough to remind us that it is almost impossible to prove or to disprove such propositions. They may be right; the processes they describe may be autonomous. And yet, there may be many other autonomous processes in society, each with its loyal advocates. We are inundated by a constellation of would-be causative agents, each put forward in a style that is at once aggressive and defensive, reminiscent of what would be called paranoia if found in individuals rather than ideologies. Ellul leaves the reader with so strong a feeling of this methodological paranoia that the impulse to find out where he went wrong in analysis overpowers the enthusiastic assent elicited by his compelling descriptive passages.

Two features obviously require scrutiny: the ends-means inversion and the extension of the idea of technology beyond the arts and crafts. If we are to ask whether it is possible to conceive of a means that cannot become an end in itself, one possible answer immediately presents itself: the case of a technique which, in swallowing up its initial goals, destroys itself as a technique. Moreover, the question may be turned

around. Are there goals that swallow up techniques? Does the ends-means inversion run backward as well as forward?

One could say that anarchism is a goal that purports to swallow up means. Anarchism rests on a theory of social action that is nontechnological; it relies upon instinctual and nonrational forces. Anarchism claims that if these forces are not technologically interfered with they will exert themselves beneficially throughout human affairs. Revolutionary general strikes will put down technology and then creative syndics and cooperatives will take over. Anarchism assumes that the result will be harmonious—that the universe has built into it a principle of harmony which will assert itself if left alone. And, while anarchism is a puny soldier to send to battle against Ellul's massive institutional forces, it has some blood brothers that are not so summarily dismissed. Anarchism is a conception similar to the notion of mechanics in classical physics. Suppose one relies entirely upon classical mechanics to produce order in the universe. Would not that be nontechnological? We must say yes; that is, as one of its rigorous proponents once explained, classical mechanics does not require God as a hypothesis. Mechanics, of course, was but a theory, as is the technological imperative under discussion. But mechanics found impressive descriptive verification.

The laissez-faire market was viewed by its expositors as exhibiting principles of mechanics. It was self-creating, self-regulating and self-equilibrating. It follows that the market was nontechnological. It was even anti-technological. It proved that there could not be an efficacious technology for the rational design, control and operation of an economic system. Whatever one's personal position on this matter, it must be admitted that a large number of men of high intelligence regard it as being sound and practicable. So we conclude that in the realms of instinct and mechanics, nontechnological processes can at least be imagined. This leads us to a curiosity found in the technological imperative.

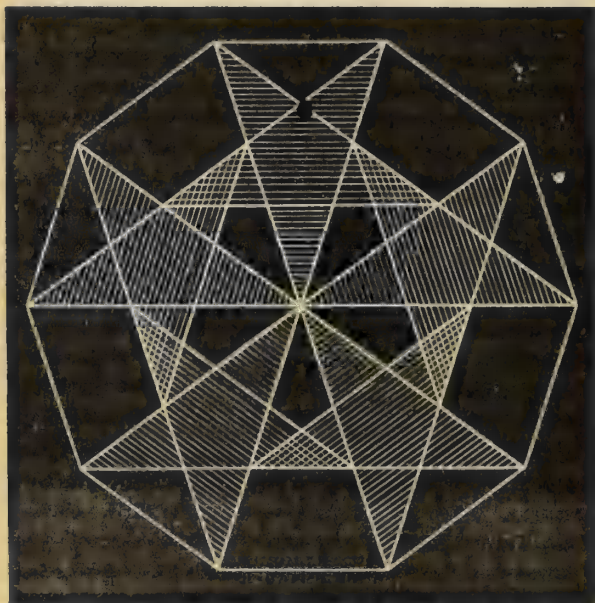
What is it that gives dramatic power to Ellul's technological imperative? How does technology become an autonomous

force? What is it that gives it the drive to swallow up ends? How is one to describe the process by which technology overtakes and dominates all human functions? If one looks at this technological phenomenon as a whole it can only be described as an instance of mechanics. Being autonomous, it can spread of its own accord. Now what are we to make of a social order dominated by an autonomous force that swallows up human functions? At the very least, we can say that it is not, strictly speaking, a technological order. Missing is the rationality of means that is embedded in the very name of technology. If, in fact, the entire social order could be operated as a technology, Ellul's dilemma would disappear. The efficacious realization of social goals would be assured. The cure for the ills arising from the proliferation of technologies could be found in submitting them to an overall control technology. This, as we have seen, would be the opposite of a system of mechanics. The curiosity is that the technological imperative makes its inexorable way through human functions on the basis of a principle of mechanics, and yet mechanics is essentially anti-technological.

The spread of technologies brings us to the general problem of designing a technology. For even if the process is inexorable, each novel application of technology requires an initial act of design. The function of designing a technology cannot itself be made into pure technique. If that happened, the act of designing would disappear. Design is novel creation. It is distinguished from technological creation, which is routinized. This being so, if one of the characteristics of a social order is the constant design of new technologies, such an order cannot itself be called technological. It must be as fully nontechnological as it is technology designing. The function of technology design either denies the technological imperative or requires its revision to account for the design function and for the kind of society in which novel design predominates. Ellul suggests that at some point technology closes the door on design and cuts itself off from its generative principle. But if this were to happen, technology could no longer spread.

The whole force of Ellul's argument derives from what is made to appear as technology's inexorable spread. But he cannot have it both ways. The technological force that kills design stunts its own growth by the very same measure. The connection between the design of technologies and their spread brings us to the heart of the matter, the issue on which Ellul stands or falls. This is the proposition that technology spreads not only throughout all manufacturing processes but that it encompasses all other human functions as well. If this is true Ellul brings a powerful message; if not, he gives us little more than some well-classified descriptive material about industrial management and bureaucracy.

And on the other hand, if one reduces the technological imperative to the sole question of whether or not human action is capable of being routinized, then the doctrine of the spread of technology is true but it is also meaningless. Using this meaning of technology it is apparent that there has never been a nontechnological society and that the more primitive the society the more it is the witless captive of the technological imperative. This is so because when societies exist at the bare margin of subsistence, all their institutions must be dominated by the technical problems of



*Mathematical drawings and diagrams
courtesy New York Public Library*

survival. Eskimo society is an especially dramatic example.

The conventional restriction of the meaning of technology to the making of *things* had the advantage of accounting for much that is distinctive and dehumanizing about modern industrial societies. When the technological idea is expanded to include all other human functions it sacrifices this virtue without acquiring new ones in compensation. We see this when we look beyond the mere fact of routinization and enumerate the different kinds of objects to which human routines may be applied. They are three: things, symbols and people. When subjected to routinization these objects yield crafts, idioms and organizations. The distinctions are necessary even though elements of all three may be present in most actual forms of routinized behavior.

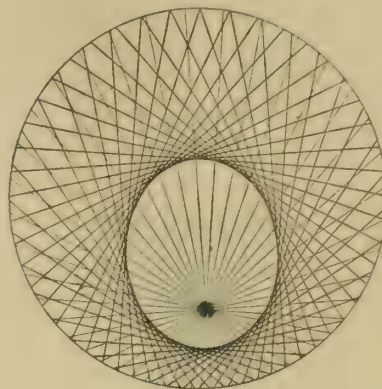
The simplest craft depends for its survival upon some organized group to preserve and transmit it, and that transmission must employ at least some degree of logic. But even so, careful distinctions among these three functions are necessary in order to test the proposition that technology is invading every sphere of life.

What brings these different kinds of functions into existence? In each case it would be an architectonic—a design—operation. The arts and sciences bring new techniques for making things into existence. Logic and mathematics are created through philosophy. Human organizations are created through politics. The making of things cannot become progressive, cannot acquire fuller improvement, self-realization, development and articulation, without the preservation and progressive development of the arts and sciences. Problem solving cannot expand without the growth and development of philosophy. The making of new systems of rules and roles cannot spread and extend itself to larger and more complex operations without the expansion of politics. It is conceivable that a static condition might occur in which none of these departments of culture would grow or develop into new areas. This static condition, rather than the expansive condition Ellul described, would be characterized as a purely technological order. Recall the earlier example of the Eskimos. Every moment of their short, hazardous lives is spent in rigorously controlled technological routines, carefully held in a static divorce from creativity, progressive development and novel principles of design.

An age in which technology is expanding rather than one in which it is static must also be one in which art, science, philosophy and politics are expanding. And in fact they are expanding throughout the world today. Moreover, the prospect for the future seems to promise their further expansion. This follows from the nature of cybernation. Those functions that can be reduced to technological operations are precisely the ones that can be automated. This means that technology is destined to disappear into the computer rather than sweep everything before it. Ellul seems to be not only self-contradictory; he has also managed to get the story of the future backward. But even if this were not so—even if the world could be frozen into pre-cybernated patterns—the technological imperative would stop short at the threshold of symbolic and human systems. Their objects are so different from the objects of craft technologies that the idea of technology cannot be made to encompass them. This is seen by considering the pure technological situation, as for example in the famous Robinson Crusoe predicament.

Crusoe was faced with the necessity of inaugurating the basic survival technologies: tool making, food getting and the maintenance of physical comfort. He did this by devising ways to deal with different elements in his environment. Whether or not he was fully aware of the fact, he had to take advantage of the laws of nature. Technology means designing ways to harness the forces of natural determinism.

Plant a seed, water and cultivate it, and the return will

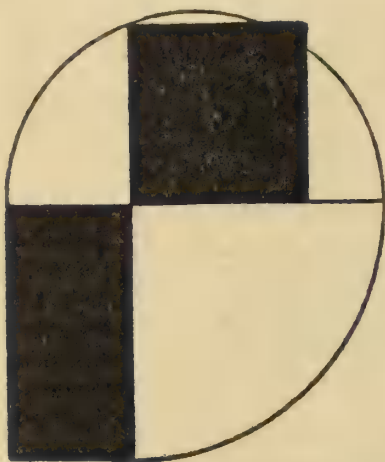


be 100 to 1. It is a simple routine, a technique of farming, and it will yield enormous profits. There is nothing nature can do about agricultural technologies precisely because it is nature. That is, because it is the captive of a certain degree of determinism that can be technologically harnessed as a windmill harnesses the forces of winds. Agriculture as an example of technology consists of following a routine which, because of the determinism of nature, and to the extent that the expected determinism of nature can be relied upon in fact, will always produce the designed result. Of course, if natural determinism is interfered with, if water fails, if plant diseases strike, or if soil nutrients become depleted, the technique no longer works. The same routines will be of no avail because the natural determinism upon which they depend has somehow been tampered with. They can be rendered effective again only by a "revolution"—some novel act of creativity which redesigns the technology to accommodate the change in natural determinism. So the automaticity of technological results depends not only on the accuracy and precision of design of the technological pattern but also upon the determinism of nature.

How does this apply to symbolic systems? At first thought there seems to be nothing more technological than logic and mathematics. But what is the natural determinism on which they depend for their efficacy? In order for logic to be a technology in the precise sense described for agriculture it must have some instrumental relationship to a natural determinism. There are several possibilities.

Symbols themselves may be regarded as containing an intrinsic determinism. It would follow that a logic is merely the explication of that determinism. But if that is so, symbols are really like plants and animals. Human will has nothing to do with how they turn out. But a problem arises here because a symbol is something created by man. It is an artifact the moment it comes into existence. We are comparing a symbol, such as the number three, with a thing, such as a

seed. But that is not the only problem. We are also confronted with a different kind of product. Logic creates a product in the mind. It increases knowledge. The product of grammar, logic and mathematics is education. But the educational experience is like the creative experience rather than the technological experience. It disappears if we make it technological. This would happen if logic were performed as are assembly processes in factories. The performer would not need to understand the meaning of his acts, or why his technology works. Only in such a case could we speak of logic as a technology in the same sense as machine tending. But in such a case it would not be logic. The computer permits us to convert information processing into a technology and to substitute machine tenders for mathematicians. But



again, these machine tenders are not performing logical or mathematical operations, even though the result of their work is to expand rationality enormously. The point is that the educational significance of symbols depends upon their artificial immutability, whereas the technological significance of matter depends upon the plasticity implicit in its determinisms. If we behave technologically toward symbols as we do toward matter, rending the symbol three into the symbol five, we destroy the symbolic idiom.

A second possibility is to regard logic as a principle that is somehow built into the universe as a whole. It is, so to speak, the inner philosophy of the universe. A mathematical discovery would merely make explicit a part of the philosophy of the universe that was always there. This way of thinking is like that of the ancients who hypothesized a logos. Logic is merely the logos made available to the mind through symbols. But if logic is seen in this way it cannot be judged a technology. Whatever else the logos may be, it is not a technology, for it incorporates ends and goals within itself—justice, wisdom, truth, beauty and goodness.

Third, we can regard logic as a matter of convention. It is the rules and the roles that logicians adopt and then decide to obey. But if that is the case, logic again loses the character of a technology and adopts features we associate with politics. We can see this the more clearly if we hypothesize that every human function—let us say every technology—is capable of being mathematicized. This means that it is capable of being reduced to a problem-solving situation. This is the assumption of that branch of applied

mathematics known as operations' research. Let us assume that it is possible. Let us further assume that the most perfect possible computer has already been built. This would mean we would possess the capacity to solve in practice all problems that in theory were capable of solution. At first glance such a world might appear to be completely technologized. It would contain one big automaton—the computer—with all knowledge inside it. All one need do is ask it questions and it will produce truth.

But then, what *is* this computer? Is it a machine? We know it has certain properties of machines, just as the brain has the properties of a biological organ. But it is not its machineness that defines the computer but rather its special capability of producing solutions. Now this means that no matter how many separate computing machines there might be in existence, they are all parts of the same logical universe, so in effect there is really only one computer. For remember, they are all perfectly designed and they all contain all the knowledge of the world. So it is really knowledge and truth that each one contains. Under this condition if the same problem were posed to each computer, each would always give back the same answer. So it is not really any *individual* computer that is doing anything. It is not really any individual computer that possesses anything. A given computer is merely the vehicle for the revelation of truth. It is, in short, a kind of symbol. It is the biggest and most complete symbol in the universe, but it is symbolic. It is, in effect, the logos. But again, we cannot predicate technological attributes of the logos. We may predicate philosophy, however. One way we might describe this revealed philosophy—this universe of symbol—is through something like the imagery of Teilhard de Chardin. His term for it was noosphere. This is what the computer reveals: our noosphere. Logic is the descriptive name we give to the various parts of the noosphere. Logic, logos, noosphere, but not technology; at least not without distorting technology into something quite un-*Ellulian*.

Our third candidate for technological status was politics. Here also, we need a pure example. Let us assume, as Graham Wallas once did, that a perfectly functioning Friends meeting might provide such an example. At this meeting, to suppose further, a decision has been taken to engage in a peace demonstration. The time, place and manner is established. The order of march is arranged, the songs to be sung are selected; those who will provide food, those who will speak to the press, and what will be done in the event of arrest are all provided for in advance. The result is the production of a series of designed, agreed upon, patterned rules of conduct and roles of behavior.

Now compare this process and product with our first category, the technology of making things. Determinism is lacking in two ways. In the first place it is lacking with regard to results. Even if everything proceeds precisely as planned there is no guarantee that the political authorities will react in the desired fashion. Politics is not like the cultivation of seeds. Everything may be done perfectly and still there may be no fruit. And this indeterminism of effect is known in advance. In fact, there may be a prior conviction that the demonstration will not bear fruit. In this case we

may speak of the "myth" of the demonstration; that somehow a fruitless demonstration is the right thing to do regardless of the practical result. Even if the result is completely unpredictable, it is the myth that the action is virtuous that sustains the participants, rather than any expected practical result. Such behavior cannot be called technological in any sense of the term intended by Ellul. But an ineradicable element of myth inhabits all political action.

The second way in which determinism is here lacking is possibly more important. It concerns the indeterminism of the performers who have agreed to produce the action—the integrated system of roles which is the concrete substance of this piece of politics. Our example has not been a case of studying in advance the built-in behavioral determinism of these people and then manipulating them accordingly. That may be what is popularly meant by politics. It may be all that Ellul means by politics. But it is not the situation we are dealing with and it does not even come into the definition of politics as we have used the term. In politics one is always dealing with a group of individuals who are self-determining—that is, political. They decide to act according to a plan they have invented and of which they approve. That is what happens in legislation. It is only by individually deciding to adopt the allotted rules and roles that the plan—the prospective political event—can be realized. This means that the determinism characteristic of a political event is not intrinsic to the individual natures of the participants—not ineradicable, as is the germination rate of seeds. It is something that their natures have adopted, and they could have adopted a different plan and followed different roles. In political action human beings impose a determinism upon themselves and that determinism—that law—is the plan.

Compare this political plan with the technological plan previously described. The former exploited a known natural determinism. The latter is a plan which itself embodies the putative determinism ultimately to be exhibited by the synchronized actions of all participants. In both cases there is law. In both cases the law expresses determinism. In the first case one creates a technology capable of exploiting the determinism. In the second case one creates the determinism and then attempts to realize the rules and roles embodied in it. But their realization *is* in their performance. The act of creativity is similar in politics and in drama. It consists of playing out the roles properly; of doing through choice and rational designs what nature does through determinism.

In an extreme form we may speak of excessively legalistic behavior. Perhaps the most famous example of legalistic behavior is that of the Biblical Pharisees. Their goal was to live a holy life. It was defined as a life of ritual purity and was insured by strict adherence to the law. But this adherence to law was a knowing, self-imposed and self-conscious conformity. Otherwise it lost its meaning. This was the way one produced and exhibited virtue. No ritual is merely instrumental; it is also intrinsically holy. "The outward and obvious sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Ritual is symbol but it is also holy; just as politics is symbolic action (roles according to rules) but it also *is* justice, in the sense that it is just for all to obey the law. But if this is the case neither one can be a technology, for instrumentality and agency rather than goodness in itself is the distinguish-

ing quality of a technology. If we try to argue that there is no difference between a food-growing technology and a holy ritual, because the holy ritual is a "technique" for producing holiness, we see that our error is fundamental. Ritual is not a means of producing something else. It *is*; it embodies the goal desired. Ritual is the opposite of technology. It brings ends into means.

What is the counter response? Can one reply that the practitioner merely *believes* that a ritual embodies holiness, and that from an objective standpoint it is no different from any other technology? But the point is that there cannot be an objective standpoint. *We* may not believe that someone else's ritual embodies the holy; on that basis, and that basis only, we say it is a technology. But this cannot be true of the believer, for if he didn't believe in the ritual's intrinsic holiness he would not observe it. The moment it becomes instrumental, that is to say, technological, it ceases to inspire his adherence.

Turn the question around. A technology does not depend upon our belief; it works regardless of belief. No behavior which inspires our adherence only as long as we believe it



to embody holiness, virtue or justice can be a technology. This means that the third category of technology must be viewed in a fuller light. Human organization can never really be technological. If the technological invasion were to occur, organization as such would cease to exist.

To this point we have distinguished four kinds of processes that are so qualitatively different from technology that wherever they are present the technological imperative is inapplicable. They are: mechanics (technology may take advantage of and exploit mechanics, but the process itself is nontechnological), design, philosophy and politics. In at least two places the argument went a little further and even suggested that the contemporary world might be moving in a direction opposite from that charted by Ellul. For technology requires a sophisticated symbolic environment. It contains an intrinsic symbolic imperative. This symbolic

component is fully as characteristic of a technological order as is the ends-means inversion.

Every technology tends to produce its own symbolic transformation. It follows that a technological revolution produces a symbolic revolution. Again, let us take a simple example. The art of building a house is a manual art. It involves the crafts of carpentry and masonry performed by artisans. These crafts become technologies. We can describe their technological elements. We can preserve these arts in guilds, or write them down in books. One day someone may begin to apply philosophy to the technology. Such a one asks not only how to do something but how to do it well, so that it is good and beautiful. He asks that the craft be subordinated to principles of goodness and beauty. He goes on. He asks not only how the art is performed but why it works. That is, he seeks for whatever truth there may be implicit in it. He wants a theory of the art. What he does is to abstract the elementary principles from the technology and then he formulates a theory of their operation so designed that one can work out in symbol all that is needed to make a plan that can be followed by a technologist.

Now we have something new, which we call architecture. We have a profession rather than a craft. This is a symbolic transformation of the technology of making buildings and it is devoted to different aims than was the technology from which it was drawn. It aims at beauty, goodness, wisdom and truth. Nonetheless, we can say that its principles are implicit in the original technology and that such principles are implicit in every technology. However, they must be discovered and their science must be invented by men. It is not claimed that all sciences have been produced in this fashion, but many have. Professions certainly have. The point is that a science and a profession are implicit in a technology in the same way that a technology is implicit in an art. This implication is being realized in the contemporary Western world at a furious rate. It is the process of the scientific revolution. Ellul is just one revolution too late. Technological transformation was the process of the industrial revolution. Symbolic transformation is the process of the scientific revolution. All the old technologies are in the process of acquiring their architectures—their principles of goodness, beauty, wisdom and truth—their “symbolic imperatives.” But recalling the earlier argument about logic and philosophy, it is clear that to the extent that this is true it is also true that our times possess a kind of functional telos issuing in a drive toward the articulation of philosophy. The symbolic imperative active in each technology works toward its progressive subordination to philosophy and politics. This is merely another way of stating a contemporary commonplace—that world order and planning are the twin imperatives of our times. It also confirms what Teilhard described as man’s expanding symbolic environment, what he called the noosphere.

We are far from being locked into a world helplessly dominated by a technological imperative. That very imperative, merely in articulating itself, turns into a symbolic imperative. In the end there is an even deeper implication that is profoundly architectonic. For the general symbolic idiom implied by the various separate systems is politics, the architectonic science. Ellul has unwittingly achieved a curious result. He has given us a foundation for concluding

that the world is on the verge of a new flowering of political philosophy. To the extent that his facts are right, his fears are groundless. The only thing that might prevent the consummation of the symbolic revolution would be some contrary process capable of inhibiting the full articulation of technologies. But that would be the opposite of the empirical condition Ellul finds in the world.

But merely to point out inadequacies and errors in Ellul’s explanation says little or nothing about what he is trying to explain. Why is it that we feel the problem Ellul is concerned about is a real one even though his approach to it is wrong? It is at this point that Max Born joins the list of cosmic pessimists. He is concerned about the same problem. Born says that the modern world is one in which it is impossible for actions to be influenced by ethical and moral values. The culprit is not technology but science. Here we have a much more formidable adversary. Max Born claims that the necessary end product of the scientific revolution—the revolution in which science acquired power in measure for the power it bestowed—is the separation of actions from their ethical implications. The great example is the atomic bomb. The roster of those involved is a directory of giants: Einstein, Bohr, Heisenberg, Fermi, Szilard, and dozens more. “We have gathered here the greatest collection of crackpots the world has ever seen,” said General Groves to his staff on the eve of the Manhattan Project.

It was a project the scientists had initiated themselves. The story of the initial letter to Roosevelt from Einstein, Szilard and Wigner is part of the world’s imperishable folklore. Less well known is the story of the second letter sent after the collapse of Germany and recommending that the project be abandoned. It lay unattended on Roosevelt’s desk the day of his death. In retrospect, the scientists involved confess they had few moral qualms about the bomb in the beginning. The need to defeat Hitler was paramount. The fear that he might be building the bomb was enough to



quiet any qualms. A man like Hitler would never refuse to use the bomb on ethical grounds; the only thing to deter such a monster would be fear of reprisal, though it was never explained how the deterrent was to be made credible without first showing what our bomb could do against an actual target. This question that was begged at the start remained to devour the ethical problem at the end. The connection between ethics and action was first stretched and finally severed entirely. Even worse was another facet of the scientific revolution revealed by the bomb. The full ethical implications of a scientific endeavor may not become apparent until many years after its consummation. This is not the fault of the scientist but it is his special burden.

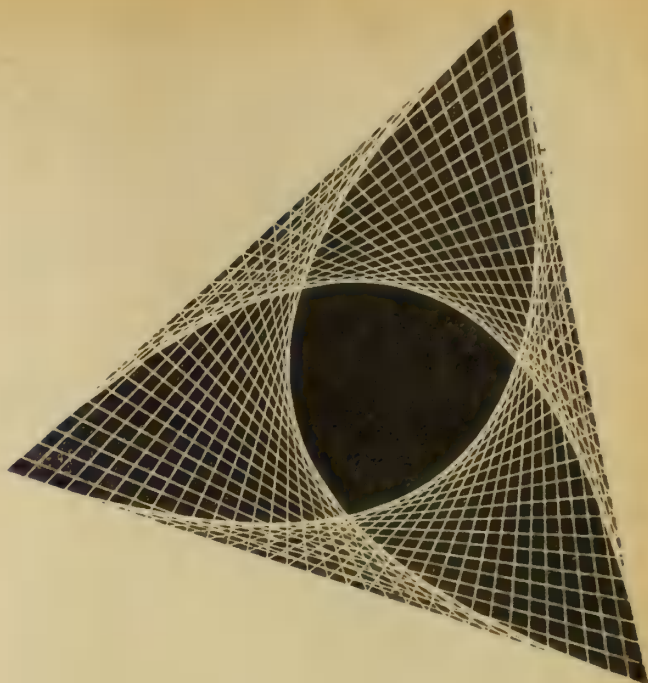
Of course it has always been true that an action in the present may have unforeseeable harmful effects in the future. The invention of the automobile is the most fashionable illustration. Science raises this separation to a new level. For the more profound an innovation and the more universal its applications, the more difficult it is to forecast its effects. This was Max Born's point and it was clear that the bomb was the chief example he had in mind.

Ellul, while speaking of the same result, had attributed it to institutional forces rather than to the limits of perception. Born's proposition is simply that in order for morality to find realization in action it must be possible to perceive the consequences of action. Science is the culprit rather than technology. Science has destroyed ethics—not because of the familiar complaint that the processes and conceptions of science are ethically neutral—positivism is simply not at issue. The culprit is both simpler and more elusive. It is the objective situation in which we all find ourselves ■ ■ ■ result of the scientific revolution.

In the 1930s two economists, Berle and Means, made an elaborate statistical and legal analysis of the modern American corporation and proved that ownership had become deprived of control. Recently, some economists have carried this further, describing the virtual disappearance of ownership as a significant factor in economics. A post-ownership—"para-proprietaral"—society would be the result. Born raises an analogous question about the separation of action from effects. He asks about a post-ethical society.

What is true of ethics applies also to politics. The world of the scientific revolution has become so complex that only men of general wisdom and knowledge can run it properly. But its problems are so specialized that the generalist cannot understand them. The experts and scientists who do understand lack the general knowledge made politically necessary by the discord produced by their proliferating specialties. But this means that politics as the architectonic discipline is rendered impossible, and we must ponder not only the problem of a post-ethical but also that of a post-political world. Both problems concern the special insufficiencies of perception resulting from science. This means that the solution can be approached in two ways—by controlling science or by enhancing perception.

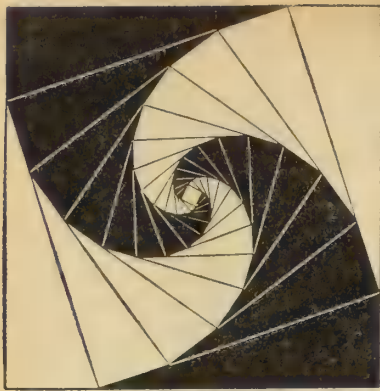
Scientists are no happier about proposals to control science than are businessmen about proposals to control business. Their defenses are remarkably similar: business (science) is what made the modern world great; to interfere with business (science) will inevitably destroy our most



precious liberty. And even though the scientist finds a more receptive audience than the businessman, it is not apparent that his case is better. The issue is not that of foisting dictatorial controls on thought processes, it is the perennial issue of the rule of law. All freedoms must be constitutionalized in order to be assured, and it is merely the constitutionalization of science that is at issue. The military, the state and the economy previously have come up for constitutionalization; now it is the turn of science. We are, after all, just at the threshold of the scientific revolution. It is really up to us to decide at what rate this revolution will proceed, where its sway will carry and how it will be consolidated. A large part of the problem of a society that has become ethically and politically dysfunctional could be solved through the determined political control of science—building ethics and justice in at the top, so to speak.

The other side of the problem remains: the improvement of human perception. All finite things have their limits; there is no reason to think the human brain is an exception. But, as Pierre Auger has pointed out, one thing no animal can perceive directly is his own perceptual limitations. If he could, that act of perception would constitute a removal of the limit. We furnish a clever chimpanzee with a disassembled rod and he perceives that the food outside his cage may be reached by a simple act of mechanical assembly. As we make the tool progressively more complex we reach the chimpanzee's limit of perception. He is not only unable to solve the problem; he is unable to perceive the presence of a potential tool in the complex parts furnished him. He begins to go through aimless repetitive cycles.

The same thing could be true of the human being. Man could have come to the limit of his perceptual abilities in several areas without the slightest awareness of having done so. For if he could perceive that fact directly, the act of perception would remove the limit and replace it with a potentially solvable problem. What might be the indirect



evidence that human perceptive limits had been reached? Perhaps it would be various counterparts of the aimless, repetitive cycles referred to in the chimpanzee. This would accord with the behavior of those with impaired and deranged brains. Regarding the human species as a whole, one thinks immediately of cycles of economic depression and of the cyclical theories of history.

Suppose we press this matter of the limit of human perception a bit further. Where would such limits appear and where would they not? Immediately we can distinguish between two different types of apperceptive behavior: that for which collective and accumulative knowledge provides the foundation and that in which each individual (or each collectivity) must start from the beginning. The first would include areas such as mathematics and science. Each generation stands upon the shoulders of its predecessors, and the process is cumulative. There may come a limit to how far science can progress but it does not appear to be near.

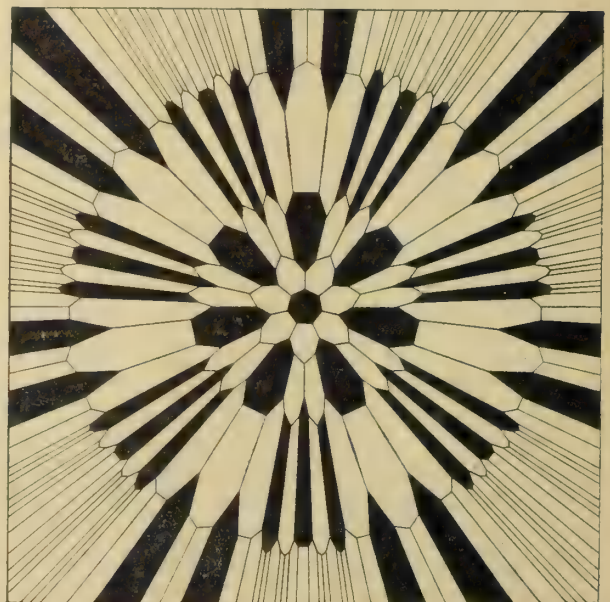
The second type of apperceptive behavior would be best illustrated by ethics and politics (conceived broadly), for these are areas in which each individual either imbibes traditions unthinkingly or is forced to start from the beginning and learn each lesson and precept for himself. One cannot take the ethical solution another man has found satisfactory and apply it to the solution of one's own ethical problems as one would apply a newly discovered scientific formula. If political knowledge were cumulative, the problem of achieving the rule of law would have to be solved only once in history. Instead, political wisdom being noncumulative, its lessons must be learned and applied anew with pain and violence each time the principles of civic order must be extended to a new level.

Theoretical proof has almost none of the significance for politics that it has for science and mathematics. Science must be distinguished from politics just as earlier it was set apart from technology. And the reason is ultimately the same. There are many things about people that are like atoms and integers, and for such areas science is certainly applicable. But politics is not such an area because its laws provide the sources of determinism rather than the description of them. This makes it almost impossible for men to visualize in advance how a new law—a political innovation—might work out. It would be something like trying to visualize in advance how a universe based upon different physical properties might work. But this locks societies into a circle of conservatism, because they will resist adopting an innovation until they can be certain in advance that it

will work. That is why political perception becomes so strongly circumscribed that men are inhibited from devising political solutions to novel problems until they are forced to do so by outright crisis. When novel problems arise at a leisurely pace this disparity may not be too troublesome, but one of the political meanings of the scientific revolution is that novel problems requiring major political innovations will arise with increasing frequency and severity. The disparity between our ability to produce and our ability to solve political problems seems destined to reach the state of endemic, generalized political crisis.

What is the conclusion? We conceive of an objective foundation for the separation of morality from action and of organization from justice. Science, being cumulative, poses progressively more complex ethical and political problems, but ethics and politics, being noncumulative, face a rapidly growing disparity between the problems they can solve and those with which they are confronted. The outlook is most pessimistic. Civilization would appear to be doomed, like the bewildered chimpanzee, to aimless, cyclical behavior. Except that now the tools in the cage are so highly destructive that man can't possibly survive in an environment of endemic cyclical crisis.

What is the solution? It must come through concerted efforts in the realm of cultural—ethical and political—apperception: a crash program to see that man's symbolic environment is maintained in the proper ecological balance; a revolution in education to take maximum advantage of the human life span devoted to noncumulative departments of perception. It is here and not in science that we must invest more time and effort. This is the educational imperative that is implicit in the symbolic revolution wrought by contemporary science. In the end, the true solution may come only when science has succeeded in extending life expectancy in the human being by fifty years or so. We may already have produced a dysfunctional culture, one in which the congenital biological limits of its members prevent them from coping with the demands of their cultural environment.



How Much Science Can We Afford?

LORD BOWDEN

London

Because of the rate at which institutions grow in our society, processes which have gone on steadily for centuries may have to stop quite suddenly and quite soon, and policies that we have been able to follow for decades may have to be scrapped at great cost in spiritual anguish, and perhaps at the price of great economic upheavals. Many of our traditional ideas have simultaneously and abruptly become obsolete, and we do not know how to adapt ourselves to the new situation. The problems thus urgently presented by growth appear broadly in society, but for this essay I shall dwell particularly on those associated with science and the science-based industries, and with the educational systems on which they depend.

The demand for electricity in Britain has doubled every nine or ten years since 1900; in other words, it has increased at about 8 per cent compound interest for more than sixty years. Such doubling and redoubling in equal intervals of time is termed by mathematicians and scientists an exponential growth.

The problems of exponential growth are familiar enough to the designers of atomic bombs, and they are well known to all biologists. Bacteria in soup or greenfly on a rose bush will increase in the same uncontrollable way as long as resources are there for them. All such growth curves straighten out after a time, and then they usually flatten off or decline. The population of the earth will probably double before the end of the century. If it doubled every thirty years for another 300 years, each human being would have only a few square feet to stand on. We all know that our standard of living, and indeed the possibility of living at all on the earth, will depend on the rapid introduction of effective methods of limiting the population.

But this is not my main theme. The number of practicing scientists in the world seems to double every ten years or so; in fact, of all the scientists who have ever lived, three-quarters are alive and practicing their profession today. Furthermore, of all the scientific knowledge in the world, two-thirds has been discovered since the Second World War.

It has been true to say that "three-quarters of all the scientists who ever lived are alive today" at any time during the past 200 years. But today we can see for the first time that a long continued process of growth must be coming to an end. For more than 200 years scientists were everywhere an insignificant minority of the population. In Britain today they outnumber both the clergy and the officers of the armed forces. If the rate of progress which has been maintained ever since the time of Sir Isaac Newton continued for another 200 years, every man, woman and child on earth would be a scientist, and so would every horse, cow, dog and mule as well. It cannot go on like this much longer. What will limit the growth of science and the number of scientists?

No one knows how many people could study science if the opportunity were given to them. At the moment about 5 per cent of the young people in Britain go to university, and half of them study science or technology; the number has doubled in the last decade, but I don't think that we need worry yet about the supply of potential scientists of moderate competence. Bragg has asserted that Britain produces an average of one really good physicist per million of the population per annum, but we must remember the not quite so good, who come in much greater numbers, and we must educate more of them and fit them for this modern world. Half the 20 year olds went to college in California in 1964, and in America they talk of the possibility that 20 per cent of their adult population may have Ph.D.s by 1990. (I don't think they really mean it.)

We may be very short of scientists in a few years' time and there are those who believe that by making pure science so attractive we have deprived industry of men it badly needs. But there are other important limits on the growth of science which we shall feel suddenly and soon. Our whole modern society and all our industries depend on the growth of science; until recently the total cost of science was almost insignificant, but if science doesn't stop growing soon it will bankrupt the community.

When I was a student with Lord Rutherford in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge in the early 1930s, the whole budget which that great man had at his disposal for research was about £2,500 a year. No wonder he used to admonish his students and say: "We have no money to spend, so we shall have to think." With this miserably inadequate sum he laid the foundations of modern nuclear physics and of our whole nuclear power program. No fewer than eight of his colleagues were Nobel Prize winners. Never again will so many Nobel Prize winners be so cheaply maintained. In 1964 the Cavendish Laboratory spent about £300,000.

High-energy nuclear physics has become so expensive that no single university anywhere in the world can afford the enormous machines that are needed to study the ultimate structure of matter. The Rutherford Laboratory in Harwell cost £6 million last year, and the jointly sponsored laboratories of CERN in Geneva spent about £9 million.

The end is not in sight. The CERN machine has a magnet half a mile round, which is positioned everywhere to a few thousandths of an inch. Particles travel round and round for a total distance as far as from the earth to the moon as they accelerate. There is talk of another machine twice as big to be finished soon in Russia, of another six times as big to be built somewhere in America, and European scientists are planning a machine ten times as big as the machine in Geneva—it will cost several billion dollars to build and run. Design studies for an even bigger machine have begun. Can we afford it, now or ever?

Every country produces more scientists every year, and every scientist costs more to equip than his predecessors did. On the other hand, no country has been able to increase its gross national product at much more than a

An expanded version of Lord Bowden's essay, based on a paper he delivered to the European Institute of Business Administration, appeared in *New Scientist*.

quarter of the rate at which it has increased expenditure on science. America is spending more today on research and development than the whole of the federal budget before Pearl Harbor. If the figure goes on mounting at its present rate America will be spending 10 per cent of its GNP on research and development by 1973—and twice its GNP by the year 2000. Our improving standard of living could never have been achieved if we and our ancestors before us had not invested so heavily in science and the science-based industries. The new national economic plans suggest that the demand for scientists, technologists and technicians will grow twice as fast as that for administrators and clerical officers—four times as fast as the national average. But how much longer can we afford to let science go on growing as it has grown since the time of Newton?

Furthermore, the schools which educate our young people for the scientific age are becoming more and more expensive—they need more and more staff, and the children are staying at school much longer than they used to do. For example, the average age at which students graduate as Ph.D.s and leave the university has increased steadily since the war. The trend is more obvious in America and on the Continent than it is in Britain. In Germany and Holland a disquieting number of men are students until 30. The average age of retirement seems to be falling steadily. The two curves will intersect in 1995, at which point will scientists retire immediately upon graduation?

The dilemma which confronts us is quite plain. We believe, as no other civilization has ever done before us, in the all-important role of science to the community; we know (and no one has ever known this before) that science has grown steadily for 200 years or more, but we have to decide not whether, but when, this steady exponential expansion must be stopped. Expenditure on pure research has been doubling every five years. Many administrators, and almost all the scientists I have talked to, hope and expect that we shall double our expenditure again, though we shall probably take more than five years to do it; many people hope that we shall double it for a second time before 1985, but I know very few people who expect that we shall be able to double our present rate of expenditure more than three times in the foreseeable future.

Herodotus tells us that Pharaoh used 100,000 men for twenty years to build his Pyramid, that he sold his daughter to buy some of the stones, and that the whole enterprise devastated Egypt as badly as a major war.

St. Peter's was built "*ad maiorem dei gloriam*." It embodies man's sense of communion with the infinite, its construction added immeasurably to the prestige of the Church. It expresses the spirit of the age, quite superbly. But the bill nearly bankrupted the papacy—it was financed by the sale of indulgences which provoked the wrath of Luther, and led to the growth of the Protestant churches. CERN was built to help men probe the profoundest secrets of nature; its construction taxed the engineering and scientific skill of some of the ablest men of their generation. It has added greatly to the reputation and prestige of those who built and used it. It expresses the spirit of this age of ours. The whole bill has still to be paid. It may deprive many a British university of funds it urgently needs, and lead to the stoppage of very promising lines of research.

No one has ever built a bigger pyramid than Cheops

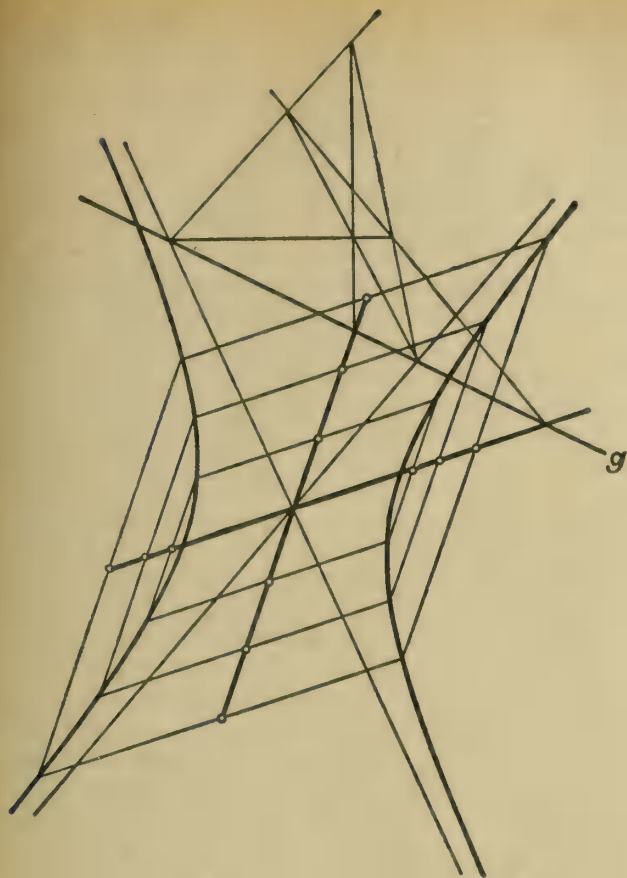
or a longer wall than Shi Hwang Ti, or a bigger palace than Diocletian, or a greater cathedral than St. Peter's. Before long we shall have to decide if the world is ever to see a bigger telescope than George Ellery Hale's on Mount Palomar, which was designed thirty years ago, has dominated astronomy ever since the war, and made modern cosmology possible. Shall we ever need a bigger steerable radio telescope than Lovell's in Jodrell Bank, or a bigger proton accelerator than those John Adams built in CERN and G. K. Green built in Brookhaven, or a bigger linear electron accelerator than W. K. H. Panofsky's in Stanford, which is reputed to cost more to operate than the whole of the rest of the great university which houses the machine? Our funds, may I repeat it, are limited.

I must pursue the analogy a little further. How many modern scientists have convinced themselves that they are now the heirs of creation, that society owes them a living and must provide them with the facilities they need to further their researches? The men who built the Great Pyramids, the ancient monasteries and cathedrals, the palaces and museums and art galleries of Europe, all had the same expectations. In fact the world owes a living to no one who does not earn it, and whose efforts have no economic significance. Intellectual achievements may be rewarding to the individuals, and vitally important to society, but they must be judged on their merits; no man must be the sole judge of his own cause.

Gibbon once remarked that in the 18th century all religions were considered by the people as equally true, by the philosophers as equally false, and by the magistrates as equally useful. Price has told us that today all sciences are considered by their professors as equally significant, by the politicians as equally incomprehensible, and by the treasury as equally expensive.

Our classical scholars and some other members of faculties of arts used to despise the scientists who were trying to make themselves academically respectable. It was a dean of Christ Church who claimed: "The advantages of a classical education are twofold. It allows us to look with contempt upon those who have not shared its advantages, and it fits us for places of emolument, both in this world and in that which is to come." Science is now respectable in all our universities. The attitude of some scientists to engineers, technologists, administrators and social scientists has been lukewarm at best, but let us hope, now that the importance of scientists and technologists to society has at last been recognized, that these important and influential men will be more tolerant of innovation than their old opponents were for a century or more.

The unbounded ambitions of the aristocracy and of the clergy became so great that common men rebelled and destroyed them. President Eisenhower found it necessary to warn his countrymen of the growing power of the scientists and of the great corporations which are exploiting the space age. It seems almost inevitable to me that the Russian Government must be having the same kind of administrative problems in controlling its space program. The U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration is already deploying resources which might feed and clothe half the undeveloped world. It is attracting engineers and technologists from the undeveloped countries which need



them and cannot spare them, and it is producing a world-wide drift of men which we in Britain have come to call the "brain drain."

In science as in other things, death will be the price of life. But who signs the death warrants? Ten years ago I asked Dr. Stratton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, what was the most difficult and important of his tasks. He said, without any hesitation or doubt, "to devise techniques for closing things down." And this, remember, was in the largest and wealthiest school of science and technology in the world.

We shall have to divide our unprecedentedly large but limited resources among all the claimants more carefully than we have ever done before, and we shall do so knowing as we do it that our decisions will affect not only the scientific health of the community but almost certainly the growth of our industries, and even our national survival. We must do so knowing full well that scientific progress always has been unpredictable and that it always will be, and that the man in government can never hope to know as much about the projects he is saving or condemning as the young men in the laboratories who will have to depend for their professional lives upon his judgment.

For the first time in history administrators will be among the most important men in the world of science. They are already all-powerful in America and they will soon be at work in every Western country. Their power to shape the future will increase the ascendancy of the Executive over the legislature, which is already alarming to many people. They must be watched—but by whom? The

only men who can understand and control the growth of science are scientists, but there are very few of them who understand but have no personal and private interest in the results of government policy. The decisions made by scientific administrators will probably be more important than any others made by either civil servants or politicians. Great issues will inevitably depend on new scientific discoveries and scientific policies which are too complicated for laymen to comprehend; our future will be influenced by scientific discoveries which cannot be foreseen, much more than it is by political dogma, however sacred.

There are many who wonder if our parliament can exercise effective control over this vital component of national policy. If war is too important to trust to the generals, who should look after science?

We may take comfort from American experience. Just as we tend to assume that a good administrator can run anything and learn technical details from his subordinates, Americans assume that any good scientist can administer, or get his administration done for him by his staff; all that matters is his ability to hold his own with his professional peers—no professional administrator could do this. Perhaps both countries are right up to a point!

The components of our economy which are growing most rapidly are the science-based industries. For example, electronics grew by about 32 per cent between 1963 and 1964, a rate which was eight times the national average. Our industrial laboratories have to recruit men who have been doing pure research in university and condition them to believe that applied research, upon which the profits of industry depend, is interesting and worth doing. Some firms have gone so far as to establish laboratories in which they attempt to reorient their young men. This process is expensive and difficult and is made harder by the reluctance of our own universities to take a proper interest in industrial problems.

There is a shortage of engineering students in Britain for the first time since the war—and in Germany and America. The claims which have been made for the "purity" of science research have persuaded teachers everywhere that engineering is in some way inferior and unworthy of their best pupils. Science and technology have so much in common that many men can be equally successful in a laboratory or a factory. We have not enough of such men. Until we educate more of them we cannot allow too many to escape from industry for the whole of their lives.

Should we favor the applied sciences as a matter of deliberate policy, if necessary, at the expense of the pure science upon which, in the end, the whole system depends? Is our rapid development of pure science depriving industry of too many men who would be valuable engineers? Men who could help British industry earn a living in the markets of the world have become scientists whose contributions to our economy will not be noticed for decades—if indeed they ever have any effect at all.

We ask ourselves anxiously if expenditure on research has to grow five times as fast as the gross national product, out of which science must be paid for. Could we increase the GNP by concentrating our resources and our best men on problems which we expect to be immediately useful to industry? If we did this for a few years should we then

be so much wealthier that we could spend even more on pure science? What is the time lag in the machine? The time which has to elapse before a new laboratory experiment is embodied in a commercial product is less today than it was fifty years ago, but if pure science stopped growing exponentially in Britain in 1970, would our own industry notice anything before 1980—or 1990?

We shall have to consider, as the Americans have done, if we must try to establish "Centers of Excellence." Many academics would like to insist that our limited funds are shared more or less equally among all claimants. This may be "fair," but in fact the secret of efficiency is to concentrate resources in a few big institutions, or in a few good departments, wherever they may be. We must contemplate the idea of reinforcing success, and we must not quail at the implications of what has sometimes been described as the "principle of maximum unfairness."

Pure science can be done anywhere in the world, it can be done in great international laboratories, and its results become known to all the scientists in the world almost at once. It is the one really international enterprise of our times, and its practitioners are as free as the medieval clergy to wander about the world. But industrial development depends on applied science which must have been done on the spot, and which may depend on local conditions, local ores, local resources and local markets. For a century or more American industry depended on innovation inspired by pure research which had been done in Europe. Today most of the best science in the world is done in America, if only because so many of the essential tools of the scientist are so expensive, and European industry has become dependent on American science since the war in much the same way as American industry depended on European science from the time of Waterloo to the Battle of Britain.

The growth of American industry in the 19th century shows beyond doubt that a country can become enormously rich without a vast program of pure science. The time is long past when Europe can afford to undertake pure scientific research for the whole world. No one disputes its value or its significance for our society or for the world, but we have to decide if the intellectual and educational value of our own scientific research is enough to justify its cost. Is it true that it provides the best way of training young men for industry and the professions? There are those who say it is the only really satisfactory preparation for industry. Are they right? Should we finance high-energy nuclear physics and optical astronomy in the same way and for the same reasons as we finance the opera and the theatre, our orchestras and the ballet? All of them are essential and delightful components of our national life. Apart from its economic significance, can we really claim more for science than the rest? Until recently we spent much more on the arts than we did on science. How times have changed!

I have come to believe that the most important and valuable of all America's assets is to be found in the traditions of her great Land Grant Universities which were established by the Morrill Act, signed by President Lincoln in 1862, in the middle of the Civil War, just after the battle of Gettysburg. The new foundations were inspired by ideas which first appeared in Lancashire but came to fruition

in New England. The basic principle is simple. A university should study any or all of the problems of contemporary society. Agriculture, the mechanical arts, medicine, business — all were in their turn important, each was studied and all were taught to students young and old. The astonishing flowering of American universities and their post-graduate schools springs from this tradition. Pure science came late to American universities.

We have just founded a couple of business schools in Britain. We need them. But far more urgently do we need the tradition which led inevitably to their creation in America when first they were needed seventy years ago. Our own academies have been lamentably unwilling to concede the intellectual value and the social significance of applied science and of many other disciplines. Although we all accept the fact that pure science has led to some of the most wonderful new intellectual developments of our time, and we can wholeheartedly admire our pure scientists for their skill and their brilliance, we must at the same time remind them and ourselves that society can justify the expense of providing them with the resources and equipment they use only if they do something in return. They must teach and stimulate young men, and they must be able and willing to turn their minds to the complex and perhaps insoluble problems of the day. The interaction between industry, science and the rest of society is infinitely complex, and no man can ignore the obligations which come with his privileges. This idea is far more clearly understood in America than it is here, and it has done much to make America rich and great.

Symbiosis between their government, their industries and their universities is complete. The government expects the universities to study problems which are important to the nation, and the universities expect lavish support from the federal government. A visitor finds it hard to be sure if the university dons have taken over Washington, or whether the central administration has taken over the universities. The system is complex and confusing, but most effective. We should study it and perhaps adapt it to our very different traditions and institutions.

If the world of science is chaos, roughly organized, it will be essential to avoid too great a tidiness in the administrative machine which controls it. I look forward to the day when every big firm and every department of state which has problems to solve is able and willing to approach individual universities—individual professors if need be—and sponsor a program of pure or applied research. Lest it be thought that this procedure would lead to the complete breakdown of the administrative machine, I must remark that there are no fewer than *five* large independent government agencies which sponsor research in American universities, as well as a dozen big private foundations and scores of small ones. This variety and apparent confusion has in fact been essential to the growth of American science. The medical research of the Rockefeller Foundation is world famous. The income of the Ford Foundation is greater than that of our University Grants Committee, and its dollar reserves are greater than those of the sterling bloc. It has initiated vast and important educational experiments. The Nuffield Foundation has sponsored much of the best contemporary work

in this field in Britain. Without the help of Ford and Nuffield, education in the English-speaking world would still be in the horse-and-buggy era. Diversity and variety have been more than the spice of life. They have been the secret of conception, parturition and growth. Coordination, and administrative efficiency, can all too easily become the enemies of morale, and destroy the initiative and creative powers of individuals and research establishments. But some coordination we must have.

It is remarkable that trends in science are universal and world-wide; the same subjects seem to become popular, or fall out of favor, everywhere at once. The science community is very closely knit. Scientific fashions seem to be as inexplicable as the success of the Beatles, who appeal at the same moment to young people in Europe, in America and in Russia, and even in Indonesia. No central administration could possibly have foreseen such a fashion, no government could have inspired it, and it seems as if no government can stop it. All that the government can do about scientific fashions is deny some of its scientists the funds that they want, and if it does this some of these distinguished and important men will fold up their tents like Arabs, and as silently steal away.

The government must decide most complex and embarrassing problems. We do not really know if the education we are providing is suitable for men who are to manage the new world we are so busily creating. Does a university unfit a man for some parts of commerce and industry? If so, where are the recruits for these industries (which may be very important) to come from?

Almost every institution in the country tries to improve its efficiency. Schools and universities on the other hand do their best to improve what they call their "staff/student ratio." By this they mean—though they never say it explicitly—that they try to reduce the number of graduates who are educated every year per member of staff. This is done (so we are told) in the interests of staff and students, but it seems to me that the interests of the community demand that we shall have to adopt all the techniques which will help a limited number of staff educate an increasing number of students. These problems are on us now—they cannot wait. We must use big lecture theatres, television, films, as well as small tutorial groups. Our system of lecturing has scarcely altered since before the invention of printing. I think that we could enormously improve the efficiency of our educational machine. The idea of "cost effectiveness" must become familiar to the whole academic world, as it has never been before.

I must try to summarize future trends as best I can see them. The exponential growth of science and the science-based industries, which has been observed for so long, must inevitably give place to a more regular and linear rate of growth. Science will, as it were, begin to grow at simple interest instead of compound interest. After a few more years—unless the national economic plan succeeds beyond our expectations—this growth may itself be slowed down. If the growth of science is halted too quickly, in a short-sighted attempt to save money, then it seems to me to be inevitable that our whole economic growth will grind to a halt in a few years, whatever the planners may do.

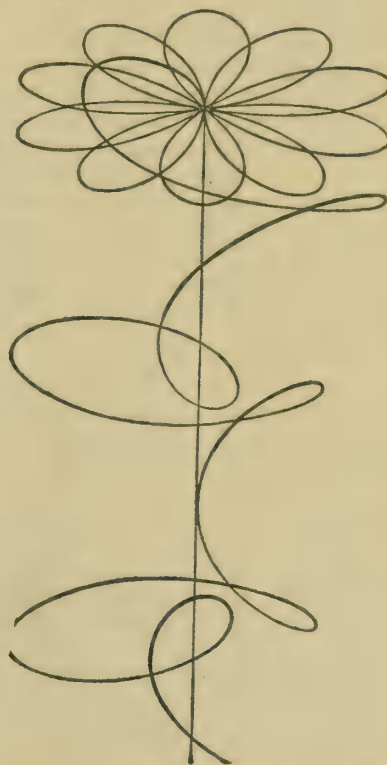
If all goes well, I think that we shall have two or three

times as many scientists in Britain by 1985 as we have today, but their number will be increasing relatively slowly. Their equipment will be better and their output will be greater than it has ever been before, but thereafter knowledge will grow steadily and regularly but not exponentially. The average income of the population, which will depend even more on science than it does today, will grow steadily for as long as one can foresee.

Ours is not the only economy which will grow. One of the most important questions which face us in the Western world is the probable growth of the developing countries, particularly India and China. China is the biggest country in the world and it is the least known to us in the West. Its people are numerous and intelligent, and hard working. Its civilization is ancient and for thousands of years its achievements surpassed anything the West could show. In the last few years it has begun to industrialize itself and to educate its people.

It seems reasonable to suppose that in the next thirty-five years (until the year 2000) China will be able to do as much as Russia did in the past forty-five years (since 1920 when its economic advance began). Russia is now making about 800 pounds of steel per annum per head of the population. China may have a population of 1,000 million and manufacture 400 million tons of steel a year before the century is out. This is twice as much as the U.S., Russia and the United Kingdom made between them in 1964. China will once again be one of the greatest powers in the world.

If we assume, as I think we must, that scientific ability is equally likely to occur among the people of all races, then the time must come when scientific leadership will pass to the most populous societies, and China will probably lead the scientific world again in the 21st century, as it may have done for the first thousand years of our era.



BOOKS & THE ARTS

Outside the Kingdom of the Middle Class

LA VIDA. By Oscar Lewis. Random House. 669 pp. \$10.

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of *The Bowery Man* (Thomas Nelson).

To the bigot or the puritan, the desperately poor present no emotional problem. It is clear to them that poverty is the consequence of some character flaw, probably due to an ethnic taint. The liberal, however, often is moved to love—though it sometimes seems like pity—and to a firm conclusion that, given proper diet, housing, playgrounds and schooling, the poor can be qualified to enter the kingdom of middle-class values to which, it is assumed, all humans aspire.

The achievements of the liberals—though eminently praiseworthy in themselves—have not always accomplished the great transformation. It is embarrassing to a reformer to find that new housing projects quickly become skyscraper slums, and that when a trickle of affluence sweeps down to the lowest strata of society it sometimes enables a slum dweller to feed a narcotics habit or buy a Cadillac instead of paying the rent.

An explanation of why some of the poor behave as they do, and why hand-outs and social work are inadequate, has now been formulated neatly, concisely, even brilliantly, by anthropologist Oscar Lewis. After extensive field work in Mexico he has turned to the Puerto Rican slum dwellers of San Juan and New York. In his introduction to *La Vida* he presents a compelling thesis. Poverty may be ameliorated or even eliminated, he says, without necessarily modifying the vast and horrible "subculture of poverty"—a way of life that spits at middle-class values.

It is an outlaw subculture as Lewis describes it. Those who live in it are excluded from all the "major institutions of the larger society"—except the jail, the army and the welfare rolls. It is marked by a total lack of inner organization, for here no political parties are meaningful. When it gives rise to gangs, Lewis points out, it may alarm the rest of society but it nevertheless is a sign of comparative health. There is no real childhood in the subculture, for the biological readiness is all that distinguishes men and women from boys and girls. Above all,

it is a way of living without a tomorrow. The present moment is all and satisfactions cannot be deferred, for doom sits on every threshold and the individual is helpless and hopeless.

Lewis does not describe this subculture as Puerto Rican or even as the culture of all of the poor. The subculture crosses national and racial lines and grows only in a particular soil. It has not been observed, he points out, among the hideously impoverished low castes of India, nor among the Jews of Eastern Europe, nor in primitive societies, nor, he suspects, in any Socialist country, whatever the state of its economic health.

The subculture mushrooms in the dark shadows of affluence, in a society whose highest expression is in terms of material wealth among people forever denied that wealth. It is a response to frustration.

Yet even when the root cause of the frustration is lifted, when income rises slightly and the housing pinch is relaxed, when cars and TV sets are within grasp, the subculture of poverty persists from generation to generation in a legacy of outlawry and despair.

If ameliorating poverty—unquestionably necessary in itself—does not always eliminate the subculture, what does? Lewis' answer is that the proposition's converse is true. The subculture can be destroyed without abolishing poverty. He cites Cuba as an example where, he says, people are still poor and still live in slums but the culture of poverty is gone. The poor have been incorporated into the mainstream of society; they have been given a sense of participation in history and the refreshing knowledge that there is a tomorrow.

Lewis' concept thus provides a realistic hope. Here is not the promise of salvation through social work or the deferment of hope until some ultimate reorganization of society. He suggests instead that the entire wretched pattern of poverty can be blown away by the winds of a ghetto revolution. Inevitably the reader must see in this concept a clarification of the battle cry of "black power." That potent phrase, read in the light of Lewis' thinking—though he does not refer to it—takes on a meaning that has nothing to do with complex attempts at definition or ultimate blueprints.

Lewis' thesis of the culture of poverty is established in a 50-page introduction

which, for this reviewer at least, outweighs the 669 pages of documentation that follow. In getting his data, Lewis pursued the method of his Mexican research. He and his team move into an area armed with tape recorders and a profound sensitivity. A family is selected almost at random. A woman tells her story on tape. Her lovers, children, parents, friends, neighbors, tape their stories, casting oblique lights on the original telling so that incidents are seen from various vantage points à la *Rashomon*. An investigator drops in and chronicles every event in the course of a single day in the family's house.

The result is a mass of tape that must run to countless miles. This is edited down to publishable size, translated and produced as a document. It makes a harrowing book, certainly, but I do not know what it means. It is not needed to support the argument in the introduction and it does not strengthen it.

We are given a picture of abject brutalizing poverty—children giving birth to children in a senseless agony; sex in a thousand forms, minutely described, until the world seems a gigantic, monotonous brothel, underscoring the savage irony of the Spanish euphemism for whoring—*La Vida*. Lechery and drunkenness are detailed to the last spittle of vomit and the telling stain on the bed sheet. Here is loveless sex performed to a background of shrieks and curses. Here are children watching wild-eyed while their parents clutch each other in love and stab each other in hate.

Why does Lewis give us this? Is the Rios family meant to be "typical" and, if so, of what? Certainly, it is not a "typical" Puerto Rican family, and Lewis denies any suggestion that he intended it to be so. It may be typical of the particular slum in which Lewis worked but is not the whole concept of a "typical" family unscientific?

And if the Rios family is not typical of anything, then I do not know what this "slice of life" is meant to convey. Is it even a valid portrait of this one family? What criteria did Lewis use to sift out the details he excluded? Did he leave out the humdrum talk of clothes and weather and school and jobs? If so, then the day-in-day-out cacophony is misleading. Stripped of amenities even a family in Suburbia can reveal a gaping hell of

obsessions and frustrations although, admittedly, these would find less horrendous manifestations.

But suppose that the material is indeed edited so that all that was excluded was only more of the same. Do we have here a faithful portrait of the Rios family? Is it possible to know a person by listening to a tape recording of his autobiography, supplemented by other taped autobiographies? I doubt it.

The art of knowing a person demands an ability to pierce the self-pretense which uses language to disguise rather than to reveal.

Last Chance for Democracy

OVERTAKEN BY EVENTS: The Dominican Crisis from the Fall of Trujillo to the Civil War. By John Bartlow Martin. Doubleday & Co. 821 pp. \$7.95.

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is currently on leave from the University of Wisconsin, where he teaches history. He is the author of The United States, Cuba and Castro (Monthly Review Press).

This is a detailed and movingly candid account, from the inside near the top, of American relations with the Dominican Republic from the fall of Trujillo in 1961 through the coup against Juan Bosch, and on to the suppression of the popular uprising of 1965 by American military intervention.

Every citizen seriously concerned about his country and its foreign policy should take or make the time to read this book. An effort is required, primarily because the reader has to confront and consider some of the principal issues on his own. Ambassador Martin is telling us many things about which he does not speak directly, or even intentionally; and one has the feeling that he began to make his own serious confrontations only in the course of his writing.

The Ambassador argues that good American intentions and basically sound American policy were overtaken by events, and quotes President Kennedy to make his point: "We did the best we could." In that context, Martin places major emphasis on the limits of American power. But it says a great deal for his perceptiveness and honesty, however, that the evidence he presents suggests precisely the opposite. Suggests, that is, that the effective use of America's vast power to implement a poor American policy defeated America's good intentions by force

It is true that in these pages the compassionate reader may reassure himself that victims can be attractive people and achieve a kind of tragic dignity even though what they do appalls the senses. But he is left with a curiously incomplete picture, with raw material which cries for meaningful structure. Those with a taste for people and for life may wish that a novelist—without a tape recorder—would take up where Oscar Lewis left off. An artist who goes to that slum that stands between the sea and the walls of San Juan may one day give us the fuller truth that can be had only in fiction.

ing events to conform to a fundamentally mistaken and unsound conception of reality.

One clear indication of this pattern comes in the way that all the protagonists reveal an almost complete disregard of history. History is not magic; it does not supply answers to our problems. But it can make us aware of what has been going on before (and as) we make the scene, and thereby enables us to orient ourselves and provide a basis for using our intelli-

gence to realize our ideals. It can, that is, unless our perception is clouded by a priori conceptions, and unless our intelligence is grinding along in the rut of making yesterday sufficient unto tomorrow.

Martin uses about one-tenth of his book to survey Dominican history. His theme is how a long, slow, painful movement toward effective self-government was seriously interrupted by American intervention between 1916 and 1924, and then by the Trujillo dictatorship. He describes the results, as of 1961, in these terms: "The Republic was a sick, destroyed nation, to be viewed as one ravaged by a thirty-years war, even one to be occupied and reconstituted."

It might reasonably be expected, on the basis of that kind of analysis, that American leaders would approach the Dominican situation with a willingness to take a long-range view, a recognition that many, many difficulties would arise before the country recovered its self-confidence and mounted a sustained effort to realize its potential, and a realization that vast aid would be required if the United States decided to become involved in the process.

What happened instead was a euphoric flip over what Martin repeatedly describes as the "matchless opportunity," or the "chance to do things that few people ever have." That kind of wildly romantic

FREEDOM AND ORDER IN THE UNIVERSITY

Edited with an introduction by Samuel Gorovitz

Essays by Paul Goodman, Walter P. Metzger, John R. Searle, Sanford H. Kadish, and Mortimer R. Kadish

The principal concern of this book is the conflict between the desire for individual freedom and the need for social order, with particular emphasis on problems arising out of this conflict within the university. The writers share broad agreement about the objectives and obligations of the university and the value of allowing students and staff alike full freedom for growth and development. Yet their positions cover a broad spectrum, and sharp disagreements emerge. Goodman holds that the only defensible order arises out of total freedom; Metzger provides an eloquent historical account of the development of academic freedom and appeals for its extension to students; Searle develops guidelines for dealing with problems of student freedom; and S. Kadish offers a defense of the judicious imposition of behavior-governing rules. Each of these essays receives comments from the other writers, and the final essay, by M. Kadish, presents a reflective discussion of the positions taken and the issues involved.

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transcendence of the miserable truth is unquestionably necessary for the people who set about to make a revolution under such circumstances, but it is absurdly irrelevant on the part of outsiders—no matter how sympathetic.

One has constantly to hang on as the author first staggers us with accounts of how terrible it is, and then jolts us with his rhetoric about the golden opportunity. One quickly comes to feel that he is back with the prophets of the Great China Dream of the 1890s, or watching Woodrow Wilson boost himself into orbit with his rhetoric about making the world safe for democracy.

That is a good part of the trouble. It is all out of the past. Even Kennedy's touchstone, the New Frontier, was a relic of 19th-century thought. It seems clear, for example, that the last-chance-to-do-something-great excitement over the Dominican Republic was originally part of the Alliance For Progress reaction to Castro's success in wrenching Cuba out of the 19th-century American empire; and that the increased intensity of that attitude after the Bay of Pigs fiasco was part (along with Leap to the Moon) of a general fear in the Kennedy group that history was passing them by and that something had to be done—*quick!* Kennedy was at most only semi-facetious in his goodbye to Martin: "If you blow this, you'd better not come home."

Martin constantly thought, talked and wrote about the "last chance for Dominican democracy." He could not avoid, therefore, being ultimately disappointed and defeated. For to define one stage of a long and tortuous process as "the last chance" is to trap oneself. But Martin was highly motivated, dedicated and capable—as well as running scared—and he did a great deal to hold the line for the American 19th-century view of the world prior to the inauguration of Juan Bosch early in 1963. He was very effective in helping the provisional government to survive, and in turning Dominican dissatisfaction, unrest and impatience into the formal channels of a national election.

But Bosch was a man who rocked the 19th-century boat. Ironically, he did so not because he was a 20th-century revolutionary but because he was a sensitive man of the 19th century who had a deep sense that neither he nor anyone else could make it work in 1965. He was thus fatalistic, indecisive and difficult. Martin was skeptical from the outset. "We could not trust Juan Bosch. For President he would not do." Yet in the end it was Bosch who gave Martin the insights that, largely unconsciously and not wholly formulated, are imbedded in this book. There was a significant difference,

moreover, between Martin and his superiors in Washington. Martin was sufficiently open to reality to begin to move beyond his existing outlook, and he had the integrity to play it straight with Bosch. Given his approach, the only place to fault him concerns his long delay in initiating the routine courtly maneuvers (or ritual) that would have made it possible for Bosch to ask for extensive assistance on a crash basis.

It is doubtful that it would have made any difference. Martin's overlords in Washington were not capable of transcending their two basic convictions. First, that self-determination and democracy are *really* honored *only* when they produce results that conform to their conception of American experience and practice; and, second, that the Right produces more of those results than the Left. However, a commitment to self-determination transcends one's preferences and hopes about how it will be used. Self-preservation is the only legitimate basis for violating a commitment to self-determination. And, clearly enough, the Dominican Republic does not threaten the existence of the United States. But if the definition of self-determination as Americanization is accepted as being true, then the second axiom is also true. This false syllogism is the basis of American policy, and American leaders deploy American power in a sustained effort to force reality into that mold.

In the case of Juan Bosch, American leaders used American power very effectively by simply sitting on their hands. They hitched their britches, crossed their legs, sighed audibly, and let him fail.

"Plainly," Martin accurately reports, "the overwhelming majority of the Dominican people expected [Bosch] to make a revolution." Prompt and extensive American aid, given openly and sympathetically, was the only way Bosch could finance such a revolution, which would outflank the extreme Left and, at the same time, control the conservatives and the military.

It is extremely doubtful whether any underdeveloped society can reach 1966 by the strategy of marching through the morass of the 19th century even if it has massive American assistance, *but that is the only possible way that effort can have any chance of success.* We can provide the aid and make the effort through a close alliance with an informed, capable and honest native benevolent despotism. Or we can stand back and let the society make its quantum leap in its own way and through its own devices, and then reach an open and honest accommodation with the results.

That is the actual lesson of Ambassador Martin's book, and it needs to be

mastered by the public so that it can drive it home to its leaders. For either America's leaders have not learned it or, if they have, they do not have the candor and guts to confront and resolve the issue with the American people. For Washington said "no" in response to Martin's requests to help Bosch. "Ever since Bosch has been in," a high embassy official reported to Martin, "we've been turned down." I

THE ULTIMATE ANTIENTROPY*

Unity is plural and at minimum two.

—R. Buckminster Fuller

Whether one paints five Helens after some much experienced woman or develops one, his beau ideal, from the five, most lovely, untouched virgins of Crotona (such Cicero's account of Zeuxis' purist practice) or laboriously patches her together cheek by jowl out of all the women he has shuffled through, are not their ends the same?

So even he who will not let the name of Helen or woman, for that matter, be attached to what he splotches on the canvas, refusing to be tamed by recognition — for he claims he paints a painting, not a landscape, apples, females — deems he's plucked from out his head-long brain and brush a universal as it is a most unique,

concrete past any momentary model. And though we may wish to celebrate the fleeting or prefer the theory as it lords it over its bleak and boring product, Zeus, we recall, laid all (this every time) his eggs in one small basket; the consequence, in the most famous case, was a Helen who inherited her papa's quality

most jovial: being so promiscuous, so radiantly loose, that we have hardly seen the last of her. The sparks her eyes shot forth are seeds that will not die. Men far flung still warm their hands, their hearts, and more at the thought of her as at the Troy the flint of flesh against the tinder of a god produced.

Helen, it seems, is more herself the more she's reproduced.

THEODORE WEISS

*According to Norbert Wiener and R. Buckminster Fuller, "Man is the ultimate antientropy."

do not think Martin asked soon enough for nearly the amount of aid that was required. But the primary point is that the Kennedy administration made the initial decision to go all out in the Dominican Republic, and then backed off. Martin cannot be blamed for that failure, nor for Kennedy's failure to seize the opportunity to level with the American people about the fundamental issues and problems involved in foreign aid. Neither can Martin be blamed, whatever his own doubts about Bosch, for the Kennedy administration's disingenuous way of blaming the failure on Bosch. To be charged with failure, Bosch would have had to be given an opportunity to succeed. The Kennedy administration never gave him that chance.

What happened, of course, was that the military, supported by a segment of the business community, deposed Bosch. Martin mistakenly says the subsequent

inability to control the military junta that replaced Bosch shows the limits of American power. But this is only a symptom. The real limits of American power are revealed in the inability to impose a 19th-century outlook on 20th-century reality. Behind that, of course, is the limit imposed by the inability to break free of that outlook itself. No one need worry about the limits of American power. There will be many such limits even after we enter the 20th century. But once we do, we can at least operate creatively within the new and relevant limits instead of behaving destructively in an effort to preserve the past.

True enough, U.S. air-borne troops and Marines suppressed the general and popular uprising of 1965. But the bubbles are again reaching the surface. There will be another revolution. And Martin has made an honest and courageous effort to keep us from making the same mistakes still another time around.

capita income was only \$90.25; only 11 per cent of the families drank milk and only 4 per cent ate meat; 43 per cent were illiterate and 36 per cent suffered from intestinal parasites; while throughout Cuba 37.8 per cent of the labor force was unemployed.

But, educated in the United States, married to an American wife, and friend and counselor to numerous U.S. businessmen in Cuba, López-Fresquet's dream was of a government that was "both democratic and friendly to the U.S." He saw his role as a "bridge to renew the traditional good relations that geography, history, culture and economy direct Cuba to maintain with the U.S." His disenchantment began with Castro whom he sees as "the fruit of Cuban soil, produced by immorality, cynicism and irresponsibility," with a "psychopathic suspicion of everything American" and no knowledge of "the activities of private enterprise." To López-Fresquet "no reconciliation was possible," and he resigned his cabinet post on March 17, 1960, spent several months trying to organize anti-Castro resistance, and finally went into exile.

Although López-Fresquet believes that "nothing that the U.S. could have done would have caused Castro to remain a friend," he "does not absolve the Eisenhower administration from its subsequent handling of the Cuban situation." He remembers the complacency of the two U.S. ambassadors to the Batista government, Arthur Gardner and Earl T. Smith: "whose department provided Castro with all the examples he needed to convince the Cuban people of the evil intentions of U.S. policy in Cuba," as well as "the decorations given to Batista's hired killers, and the assistance the U.S. military mission offered the army of the dictator." He recalls that the CIA, as early as May 14, 1959 ("a date when the only Cubans who opposed the revolutionary government were the *Batistianos*") had established a phantom corporation in Florida which later turned out to be the employer of the four U.S. pilots who died on the last day of the Bay of Pigs inva-

Bridge to Disenchantment

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS WITH CASTRO. By Rufo López-Fresquet. World Publishing Co. 223 pp. \$4.95.

KAL WAGENHEIM

Mr. Wagenheim is editor of the monthly San Juan Review. He has lived in Puerto Rico and covered Caribbean affairs for the past six years.

Economist Rufo López-Fresquet—a lover of logic, efficiency and democratic procedures—ought to have been born in Scandinavia; instead, he was born in Cuba, whose history of administrative chaos, corruption and tyranny is the antithesis of his *manera de ser*.

Not that the author is a timid soul. As a student he opposed the Machado dictatorship and spent two years exiled in Mexico; in 1935 and 1953 he was imprisoned for anti-Batista activities, and after his release he was active in the clandestine movement in Havana which helped overthrow Batista and paved the way for Castro's dramatic entry to power. He then served as the treasury minister of Cuba's revolutionary government for fourteen months and nine days.

In 1960, "in bathing suit and sandals, and carrying only a .45 automatic, a few papers and some money," he disembarked from a boat at Key West, Fla., a refugee from Castro's Cuba. Now living in Puerto Rico (for the past few years he has been a tax consultant to the Puerto Rican Government), he is despised by some of his fellow Cuban exiles for his "radical far

Left" ideas, and considered "too conservative and pro-American" by the Cuba he left behind. His book, written with the help of author-professor, Irving Peter Pflaum, and Mrs. Melanie Pflaum, is a detailed, if slightly disorganized, account of his intimate contact with the leadership of the Cuban Revolution, ranging from memorable anecdotes about Castro to the intricacies of Cuba's tax and agrarian reform laws.

López-Fresquet supported many of Castro's economic measures. "Cuba's ills," he writes, "were the symptoms of a structural malady that had to be torn up by the very roots." In 1959, while the "tourist zones and residential sections of Havana formed a dazzling picture," he reports that 90 per cent of all cars owned were registered in the capital city of Havana; that in the rural areas annual per

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An explanation, with examples, of the U.S. military effort in instructing Latin American armed forces to crush revolutions—even before they begin.

TRUJILLO: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator. By Robert D. Crassweller. *The Macmillan Co.* 468 pp. \$8.95.

Crassweller does an interesting job of exposing the scandalous life of the dictator, but his work does not probe the agony of the country's problems.

TRAVELS IN BRAZIL. By Henry Koster. Edited and with an introduction by C. Harvey Gardiner. *Southern Illinois University Press.* 182 pp. \$5.85.

An account of a tour of Brazil during the early 19th century, told in a delightful and informative manner by an English traveler.

CHURCH AND STATE IN LATIN AMERICA. By J. Lloyd Mechem. *University of North Carolina Press.* 465 pp. \$8.50.

An updated and revised edition of the most comprehensive study of church and state relations in Latin America. Excellent reference work.

MEXICAN MARXIST: VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO. By Robert Paul Millon. *University of North*

Carolina Press. 222 pp. \$6.

A biography of Mexico's leading labor organizer, which is sympathetic in tone but insufficiently analytical of the complex political scene.

NATIONALISM IN LATIN AMERICA. By Gerhard Masur. *The Macmillan Co.* 278 pp. \$5.95.

Surveys Latin America's nationalism from independence until the present, but not in depth.

NATIONALISM IN CONTEMPORARY LATIN AMERICA. By Arthur P. Whitaker and David C. Jordan. *The Free Press.* 229 pp. \$6.95.

Dealing only with the 20th century, this study, though more informative than Masur's, also suffers from superficiality.

MARYSA NAVARRO GERASSI

sion. He also describes Castro's visit to Washington in April, 1959, and Eisenhower's sudden decision to fly to Georgia to play golf ("a diplomatic discourtesy"); Castro's meeting with Vice President Nixon ("this man has spent the whole time scolding me," Castro commented); the fact that the United States allowed light planes to fly from Florida in 1959 and burn Cuban cane fields and destroy sugar mills, and the "virulent campaign that certain sectors of the U.S. press waged against Cuba."

It was during that 1959 trip that López-Fresquet, upset by the U.S. press coverage, met with *Time* executive, C. D. Jackson, and asked him whether he thought his magazine's reporting was "objective."

"Whoever told you, young man, that *Time* is objective? We take sides and we combat whomever we place in a position contrary to ours," he records as the reply.

But he returns to Fidel Castro as the vivid center for the Cuban disaster:

He [Castro] is fascinated by catastrophe. (If removed from power) he would flee, not to Switzerland, this is not his nature, but to some inaccessible region of Latin America where he will hope to become the center of a revolution for all of Latin America. . . . Possessed by a persecution complex, he approaches life as if he were still a guerrilla fighter in the mountains. He is not a coward . . . he is motivated by temerity. . . . [Castro] is not a real revolutionary, because he has no cause. He has used different

causes and will fight against anything that tends to limit his actions. He speaks until he is tired. He eats until he is sated. He moves until he is exhausted. He will fight until he is killed. He rebelled against Batista, against the Cuban community, against the U.S. He will rebel against Russia. . . . He has not tried to organize the community to bring a better life to Cuba, he has tried to make the community an ally in his permanent rebellion.

Though Castro's version of a tropical "Great Society" has its grotesque aspects

to López-Fresquet, he turns up little evidence that a Washington-oriented Cuba would be more attractive, and he ends as he began, in criticism of the United States. "At no time should the U.S. have felt limited to two alternatives: Batista or Castro. The U.S. has failed . . . it has not shown the Cuban people the hope of a future free from Communism and also free from personal dictatorship."

In a world where might makes right (Hungary, 1956; Santo Domingo, 1965), the López-Fresquets of this world may be right, but they rarely win.

An Anthology of Nothings

NIL: Episodes in the literary conquest of void during the nineteenth century. By Robert Martin Adams. *Oxford University Press.* 249 pp. \$6.

H. R. WOLF

Mr. Wolf teaches at Eastern Michigan University. He has contributed articles to *The Psychoanalytic Review* and *American Imago*.

Robert Martin Adams' *Nil: Episodes in the literary conquest of void during the nineteenth century* takes us into the existential underside of 19th-century literature. What we had thought were the dominant qualities of the age—"social reform," "religious questioning" and "sci-

entific growth"—are called into question by Adams: "The great game of stretching appearances to cover realities is one at which the nineteenth century was so surpassingly good that in effect the nightmare of Nothing comes mostly to those who, for a multiplicity of possible reasons, seek or invite it." A view of the 19th century as progressive and positivist is rejected by Adams and is replaced by a view which makes the century a possible scenario of an Antonioni film.

For reasons which are not clearly articulated in the first section of the book, Adams prefers to avoid a causative approach to our "void-haunted, void-fascinated age." Social and intellectual history are ruled out as a means of under-

standing the development of existential consciousness. Somewhat petulantly, Adams writes off these critical perspectives as the "stock Darwin-Marx-Freud-World-War-I answer to this question." Ironically, some of the best pages in the book are devoted to an analysis of F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* in which Adams spells out with uncharacteristic clarity some of the philosophic sources of existential *Angst*. At a time when literary criticism is returning to a liberal imagination of the relationship between life and literature (Steven Marcus' *The Other Victorians* and Leo Marx's *The Machine in the Garden* come to mind), Professor Adams' study seems excessively formalist. It is New Criticism dressed up as phenomenology.

Because of the abandonment of social or intellectual analysis of ideas, and because of the nature of the material ("It [nothing] is never anything but a flat conception, a sudden blank; one is always a beginner in the study of this topic"), the book has what may be called lateral structure. Argumentation as drama (beginning-middle-end) gives way to a projection of a series of literary objects. In this sense, *Nil* is a catalogue, an anthology of Nothings, and will be useful for its parts, not its cumulative effect.

Since it is impossible to summarize what are presented as autonomous renderings of Nothing, I will present some of Adams' insights—usually provocative, always needing expansion and humility—into the rhetoric of void.

De Quincey is seen as setting up "purple passages" as a defense against direct confrontation with the void. This rhetorical "high-wire work" comes perilously close to falling but, in the end, maintains its balance, however precarious.

Poe's rationalism struggles to hold off dissolution of mind and matter: "Creation of threadbare exteriors, threatened by void without and vertigo within, Poe always raises the cracked house of reason next to the tarn of death and despair." Adams, for the most part, writes metaphorically, often drawing his imagery out of the texts he is working with. Criticism approaches poetry, and we find ourselves slipping into Nothing, rather than having it sized up for us.

In his discussion of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, Adams shows most clearly the relationship between narrative technique and void. The narrator of *Dead Souls*, in the act of narration, undermines the validity of storytelling. The first paragraph of *Dead Souls* is justly cited as an example of narrative subverting itself, turning away from the world it is turned toward: "The gentleman in the carriage was not handsome but neither was he particularly bad-

looking; he was neither too fat nor too thin; he could not be said to be old, but he was not too young either."

For Flaubert, the acute sense of void derives "neither from introspection . . . nor from contemplation of ultimate distances . . . but from the middle ground of human experience and human history, seen in a special light." Society embodies Nothing. Style (one thinks of camp) is the only stay against void.

Baudelaire invokes Nothing as an escape from the impermanence of ego; *Moby Dick* is seen as an attempt to find a rhetoric that will suggest Nothing—the endless stylistic approaches to the whale; Mallarmé does not so much attempt to describe Nothing as to use language in such a way as to suggest its own dissolution: "Words themselves, jolted by radical metaphors and violent syntax out of their accustomed contexts, become multivalent and transparent, first as puns and anagrams, then through a series of connections so tenuous and intuitive as only to be symbolized by the relationships which make up a constellation"; for Wagner, it is Nothing as Liebestod; for Zola and Ibsen, it is sex and the fatal woman as Nothing; all these writers play variations upon Nothing. And others: S  nancour, Novalis, Maistre, James, Verhaeren, Leconte de Lisle, Stendhal, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, E.T.A. Hoffmann. And even so, the list is not complete.

Just as *Nil* is in need of a controlling social or intellectual perspective, so could it use a psychological vision. One would think that a discussion of self-destructive impulses and their relationship

to 19th-century culture would be necessary. One would think also that the problem of identity—so often taking the form of feeling that one is *nothing*, nowhere—would have to be discussed in terms of the same cultural situation. To write such a book without alluding in some way to Erikson's work and *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* seems hardly possible or, if possible, less than we would want from a critic-scholar of Professor Adams' obvious sensitivity and insight. In the absence of such controlling perspectives, one comes away from *Nil* without feeling that he now can turn to other 19th-century texts with a stable conceptual framework to help him.

At some points, the book moves toward these needs: in the discussion of Bradley; in the brief account of the exemption of major English novelists from the problem of *Nil*.

By Adams' own admission, this is a preliminary study; and there is no doubt that existential and phenomenological critics will draw out its tightly knit fabric. Well and good. But one must get behind mind or outside of it, especially when its content is a "blank." Alienation and schizophrenia have the caste of Nothing, but there are methods of analysis to bring Something into Being.

As the United States sets fire to Vietnam, a possible prelude to the last fire, the rhetoric of Nothing seems inconsequential against the sources and determinants of this urge toward annihilation. Literary criticism which is not in some sense political, which is not in some sense psychological, cannot serve the deepest needs of this time. The medium is not the message.

To Solve a Paradox

TOWARD A GENERAL THEORY OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT. By Thomas I. Emerson. Random House. 245 pp. \$4.95.

VICTOR RABINOWITZ

Mr. Rabinowitz is a member of the New York bar, and specializes in constitutional law, civil liberties and civil rights.

Every state, almost by definition, must resist sedition, most of all when it threatens to be successful; yet the democratic state, if it is to retain its character, must permit utterances which might promote successful sedition. The keeping of law and order is a basic responsibility of any state; yet speech which threatens law and order must be permitted in a democracy, even if the threat is real. To resolve these dilemmas, to solve these paradoxes, is an

abiding problem in a free and open society. In the United States, the ground rules for the task are set by the First Amendment to the Constitution.

The need for freedom of expression is clear enough. It is the best method of advancing knowledge and discovering social truth; it provides the government with the public criticism without which despotism flourishes; it affords some degree of balance between stability and change; and finally (and perhaps most important), it is necessary if the primary function of a democratic society is to be met—the self-fulfillment of the individual and the complete realization of his dignity as a human being.

The courts as well as political commentators and philosophers have advanced a broad spectrum of approaches to the

guarantees provided by the First Amendment. At one extreme, as in *Gillow v. New York*, the Supreme Court applied the "bad tendency" test (since abandoned) and held that the state might punish utterances "tending to corrupt public morals, incite to crime or disturb the public peace"; on the other, Justice Black and the late Alexander Meiklejohn have come close to advocating an "absolute test" which, while not "absolutely absolute," does limit the area of restraint to a minimum.

Aside from the problem of defining the abstract principles of freedom of expression, many other problems of interpretation are plain to a practicing lawyer. These arise on an administrative level but they are most important in practice. Actually, in applying the First Amendment, or any law, the standards should be clear and objective; otherwise every policeman and every magistrate will apply the rules in accordance with his own political concepts or his own psy-

chological quirks which, realistically speaking, are not likely to be very progressive or to tend toward greater freedom. Since freedom of speech and press are meant to be exercised in large part on the streets, recognition by police officers of the limitation on their authority to interfere is important; it is small consolation for a street-corner speaker to know that if he is arrested, his rights will three years hence be vindicated in the Supreme Court.

Professor Emerson's essay (first published in the *Yale Law Journal* in 1963) is an effort to define general principles of First Amendment interpretation which will allow the greatest degree of freedom consistent with the existence of a structured state, and to formulate those principles in a fashion which can be understood and applied at all levels of government. Obviously, this is not an easy task and complete success can hardly be expected. Not only are the concepts dif-

ficult and the passions involved high but our thinking on this subject has been pragmatic rather than theoretical and, in our system, courts pass on issues on a case-by-case basis and elucidate general principles only in passing. Emerson's views are admittedly tentative but they make a long stride forward in the direction of a sound analysis of the problem.

His basic thesis is that under our Constitution the government may regulate only action, not expression, and it may regulate action only directly, not indirectly by regulation of speech, press or association.

If we understand Emerson correctly, advocacy of a change in our form of government, even by force and violence, should not be in itself subject to governmental regulation or restriction. It is time enough for the government to step in if necessary to prevent the force and violence. The same is true of the advocacy of any other doctrine, however objectionable it may be and however subversive of

WAR

*The horse left its hoof print on the child's face
like a dulled scimitar cutting through a field
of swamp grass. Slit eyes, ruptured neck,
and terrible crushed teeth; nose ripped from bridge
to lips. She grins in razor beneficence at the white,
blasted, palace wall.*

*The scene: the tree on the hill
in place; the well, rim intact,
rope curling from the winch.
Wagon on the barn floor, traces
rolled around the center pole. The pitchfork
prongs warm and bright from work in the hayfields.*

*In the village beneath the guns
a child calls from the dust:
"Then something happened
A war has happened
It was called the Trojans war
Men had killed their enemy
Killing and death
biting and fighting
these did
for their braveness
they did
All but one side
has to win
But these men
shall try to win"*

*The cannons glide on the smoke
like dead fish on the oily surface
of a deck. A flower tumbles down
the empty street, stem over bud.
A white mare's head is pinned
by a spoke in the mud.*

*The soldier who guards the river-bend
falls into a dream of house and wife.
Boy child and woman sitting on a stone wall
bordering one edge of a courtyard.*

*As he dreamed the enemy left to guard the walls
of a ruined fort looked up from his trumpet
and saw the white plume of the dreaming guard
swagger in a down current of sun and wind,*

*He moves upon him with a short knife,
pulls it down through the plume and eye,
and plunges it into his throat.*

*In his dream the knife struck the brain
as the child prepared to jump from wall to
cobble pavement. Precisely it cut the retina in two
when his white sandal touched the cobble,
when his toe brushed the first rounded
sunlit curve of the pavement.*

He swallows in the light and spits it out again.

*The scene: the ruined altar. The
door of the ark bent on its silver
hinges. Flies on the holy breads.
A woman hit by the descent of the Rose Window
is impaled on the altar rail.*

*The wife lays the table
in the shade of the well,
in the center of the courtyard:
cool butter,
cream on berries
red melon
on the white plate.*

NED O'GORMAN

existing institutions. So too, group libel, the libel of religious, racial or ethnic communities, may not be regulated until it results in action harmful to the state—and then it is the action that should be restricted, not the libel. This position is often hard to take especially when our own ox is being gored, but take it we must if the principles of the First Amendment are to be upheld and consistently applied to provide the freedom of speech we all want to exercise on behalf of our own convictions.

There are times, of course, when words are used not to advocate or provoke action—they are in effect acts which in themselves have undesirable consequences. The Holmesian man who falsely shouts "Fire!" in a crowded theatre provides the classic example. Libel of an individual is another. Such utterances are, in Emerson's view, verbal acts and subject to governmental restriction. Mr. Justice Black would disagree, at least in the case of libel.

Emerson's analysis is detailed and often subtle; various uses of speech and press and their effect on both internal and external security are considered. Differences between public and private interests are explored and the relationship of free speech to each of them. In all, the essay is thorough and provocative.

There are many today who feel that the fabric of our society is threatened by race riots, sit-ins, black power, white backlash, civil disobedience, group libel and bitter, often unrestrained, opposition to the war—all being frequently reflected in expressions of extreme disrespect and even hatred for the Chief Magistrate of the nation and his associates. To such, any extension of First Amendment freedoms threatens law and order in its most fundamental aspects, and the temptation to impose restrictions on speech are almost irresistible.

Emerson's answer is twofold. First, our police force is quite capable of handling any illegal *action* which may occur, and from the point of view of the safety of the state there is no necessity for restricting expression. Further, and more significant, he urges that when a community seems unable to maintain law and order "the remedy lies in using other measures which will restore a basic consensus rather than in abandoning the system of freedom of expression." A state confronted with internal disorder always has the alternative of suppressing the disorder or addressing itself to the problems which give rise to the trouble. The choice in a democratic society ought to be clear.

There is a valuable appendix of selections from major Supreme Court decisions relating to the First Amendment.

Fluoroscoping the AMA

A SACRED TRUST. By Richard Harris. *New American Library*. 218 pp. \$5.

RICHARD CARTER

Mr. Carter is the author of *The Doctor Business* (Doubleday) Breakthrough: *The Saga of Jonas Salk* (Trident) and, currently, *Superswine* (Trident).

This splendid book expands the series of *New Yorker* articles in which Richard Harris fluoroscoped the American Medical Association. Because the AMA impinges on the nerves of the body politic like some kind of socio-economic slipped disk, it has been examined repeatedly—seldom, however, with anything close to Harris' intelligence and wit.

I sometimes think that no American journalist of liberal persuasion considers his career official until he has written a book exposing the AMA, or unveiling the secrets of medical economics, or revealing the hideous truth about American health care, or all three. The books come in clusters at intervals which seem to be determined less by developments in medicine than by cyclical impulses in the publishing houses. Having written such a book myself, several clusters ago, I have become a harsh, sour, hypocritical judge of my successors in the chase. The way I figure it, they should work another side of the street and leave me in peace.

It can be assumed therefore that I understate when I call *A Sacred Trust* superb. It is the only good book in the current outbreak of doctor-AMA-health exposés. Harris is a first-rate researcher and a distinguished craftsman with a fluid, graceful, precise, epigrammatic style. Even more to the point, he is fearless. His

politics are adult. He knows what makes the wheels move. He puts things in context. He is too sophisticated to expend his valuable indignation on the misdemeanors of the physician-as-a-person. He knows, and allows the reader to see, that the physician is a creature of the AMA and of the unreliable system of entrepreneur medicine championed by the AMA. (My only complaint is against the book's publisher for an inexcusable failure to supply an index.)

The "sacred trust" of the book's title is the Hippocratic responsibility of the physician to the rest of us. Harris does not belabor the point. He simply shows why the United States took until 1965 to establish a system of governmental health insurance (Medicare), and why it was the last industrial nation to do so. The AMA was why—with assistance from Congressional temporizers.

He tells the story from its beginnings: 1847, when the AMA began, and the years immediately prior to World War I, when the country came very close to adopting a health-insurance plan more serviceable than the anemic compromise which now appears in the statute books.

A Sacred Trust is mostly fresh and non-medical. The story of how Medicare finally got through Congress chills the blood. It has never been told in this detail or at this level of understanding. Even if you think you know all you want to know about the AMA, you undoubtedly will find that certain aspects of the legislative process come as a shock. Indeed, having read Harris, I begin to wonder whether we exposers haven't been wasting our time on the AMA. Somebody really ought to take on Congress. Maybe Harris will.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Walking Happy is a new musical at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre (book by Roger Hirson and Ketti Frings, lyrics by Sammy Cahn, music by James Van Heusen) based on Harold Brighouse's charming comedy *Hobson's Choice*. Despite its modesty, the original play was revived by the British National Theatre in 1964 because in its own winning way it celebrates a woman's role in giving her working-class husband the gumption to defy the old Victorian class system.

I Do! I Do! is another musical (book and lyrics by Tom Jones and music by Harvey Schmidt); it is based on Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*, a cute two-

character comedy tracing the course of a marriage which lasts for fifty years.

I juxtapose information on these two shows not only because I saw them one after the other but because there is a little theatrical lesson to learn by contrasting them. *Hobson's Choice* is an endearing piece which deserves its longevity (it was first produced in 1916); *The Fourposter*, though pleasant enough, is a long string of clichés which in *I Do! I Do!* become pretty sticky, not to say "icky." Yet *I Do! I Do!* provides better entertainment than *Walking Happy*.

Walking Happy is an agreeable show—at moments it is almost as sweetly affect-

ing ■ the original. (It might do very well in London, particularly if performed in a small house. A smaller house would help here too, but producing it that way would not be practical since hardly any show on Broadway can be staged for less than \$75,000, while a musical is considered cheap if it costs no more than \$250,000.) The cast is notable for the presence of the Englishman, Norman Wisdom, who has the appeal of a wispy busker (a London street singer), a slightly pathetic little man with great performing grit, and the American, Louise Troy, who really can act and sing.

There are some effective and well-choreographed numbers by Danny Daniels with lyrics to match, but the show's atmosphere is musty, due to the heaviness of Cy Feuer's direction and to Robert Randolph's settings. Randolph is an extremely able designer (*How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, *Sweet Charity*) when he renders the hideous functionalism and razzle-dazzle of the modern urban scene, but his skill fails him when he has to convey the dejected intimacy of one of the north English black towns for musical comedy use. The production as a whole plods.

I Do! I Do! triumphs over its platitude through the chic, lightness, unobtrusive ingenuity of Oliver Smith's settings, the inventiveness of Gower Champion's fleet direction, and the immensely gratifying professionalism of Mary Martin and Robert Preston. These two do everything well from the projection of a song (I gagged at the lyrics of *What Is a Woman?* despite Miss Martin's dignified delivery), the sprightly execution of what are merely outlines of choreographic

ideas: the barefoot prance over the bed in which the prop itself appears to dance. Miss Martin knows more about feminine stage make-up than any other American actress except Lynn Fontanne. She has never been better since *One Touch of Venus*, never more aptly instructed than by her present director.

I must mention that there is no chorus in the show and no one in the cast beside its two stars; the extra paraphernalia is never missed. One hopes that Miss Martin and Mr. Preston can retain their joy in performance throughout the long run *I Do! I Do!* will surely have.

I should like to say some enthusiastic things about David Westheimer's *My Sweet Charlie* (Longacre) because of its right thinking and humorously cordial sentiment in regard to personal relations between black and white. But I could only do so if the play were presented in Alabama or Mississippi. It is simplistic to the degree that I cannot make even a good "social" case for it in New York.

It is harmlessly sentimental and I did not mind seeing it (which is something I can't say about many more successful shows), but it contributes very little to anything it deals with. Its best features are the engaging performances of that good actor Louis Gossett and of 18-year-old Bonnie Bedelia, whom Gossett refers to joshingly as "ugly," though I found her singularly attractive. She is a pleasing actress and will get to be much better when she becomes sufficiently experienced not to follow her director as sedulously as she does now.

Arthur Barea in his book on Lorca has said apropos of that dramatist's *Yerma* (Vivian Beaumont Theater): "To a Spanish public it is a soul-shocking experience." One of the difficulties with Lorca on our stage is that he is a poet and a good part of his value is therefore lost in translation. This is not intended as a criticism of W. S. Merwin's translation in the production by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center; it is a comment on almost all the Lorca productions I have seen here and in France.

I am convinced that though the play is a "tragic poem," it is not at all without dramatic interest. I can imagine a production which might be thoroughly dramatic and moving. Even in some of the literal translations made by Ilsa Barea for her husband's book, I feel some of the beauty, power and originality which Spaniards claim for Lorca.

Yerma, besides being the name of the central character, is Spanish for "barren." The play's story deals with a woman furiously unhappy because she hasn't borne a child. But it is no more a play

about the misfortune of that condition than all Renaissance paintings of the Madonna and the infant Christ are religious. It is a tragedy of modern Spain, which is one reason why Lorca is so profoundly appreciated in Spain not alone by the intelligentsia but by the unlettered public as well. Barea says that in this play Lorca "shows the moral conventions applied with such uncompromising completeness and self-revealing sterility that he provokes rebellion against them. . . ."

Though factually descriptive and psychologically particularized in regard to the woman, the play mirrors the attrition of Spanish life since 1898. The Church (Lorca is explicit about this) and the monarchy had much to do with it. Yerma is barren because her husband is and prefers to be sterile. He is intent only on cultivating his farm, on the sexual possession of the woman he has married, when he is not otherwise engaged, and on protecting his honor. Whatever Yerma's resulting obsession, it is clear that she teems with the passion forever present in the land and in its people, but is frustrated by the ruling masculine order and by her own submission to its code.

Read in even the barest translation, both the prose and verse of this play communicate extraordinary tension and strength, together with a vividly colorful lyricism. But the low-keyed production at the Vivian Beaumont is either tepid or dry in feeling—particularly apparent in so large an auditorium. The décor and movement are uninteresting or bleakly arty. The acting is bloodless even when it aims at being fiery, and the staging absurd.

How, for instance, can we believe that the peasants are coming from the fields when they emerge all too plainly from the recesses of the theatre basement amid subscriber-spectators from whom, except for costume, they are indistinguishable. This, it may be countered, is modern staging: no proscenium arch; scenes are to be played where the first five rows of the orchestra are normally situated, etc., etc. But the new convention in itself creates no more drama or theatricality than was provided by the painted backdrops, borders, returns, footlights of ancient vintage. On a truly naked platform, in a small studio with actors of stirring temperament instead of producers with limp theories, the play might come alive. Lorca would then achieve his proper stature as an intensely dramatic poet.

We regret that by an oversight our contributors booklist failed to include a book published in 1966 by our drama critic, Harold Clurman. It is The Naked Image: Observations on the Modern Theatre (Macmillan, \$6.50), a collection of theatre reviews and essays.—Editor

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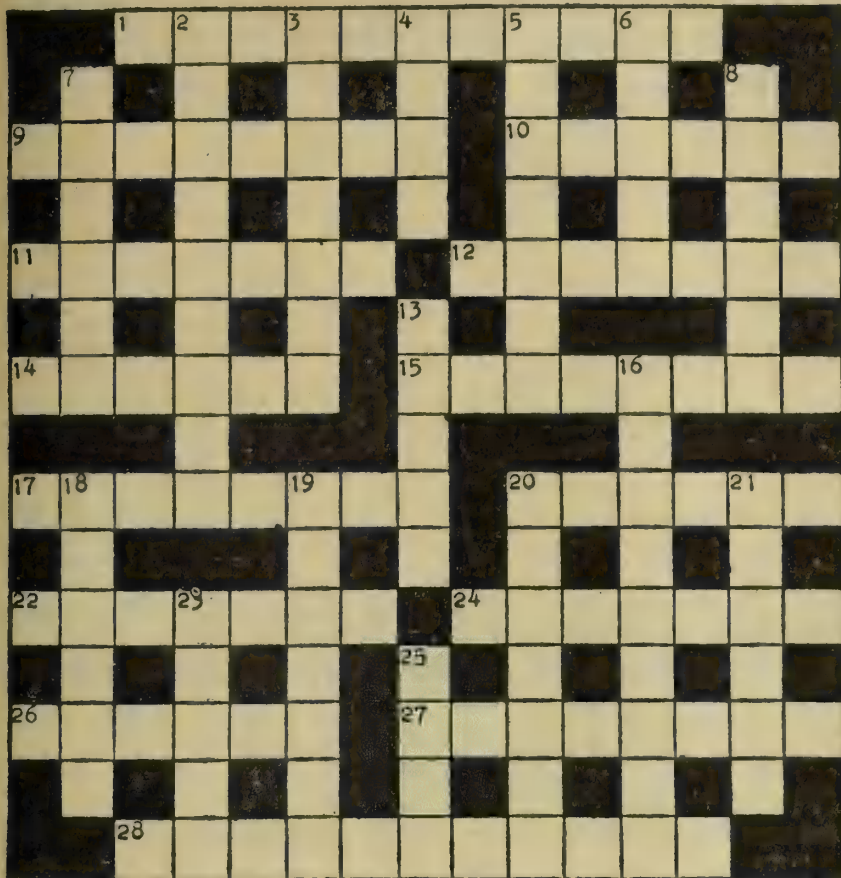
ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP NO.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1182

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 One should see this to the north, but it's fancy work. (11)
- 9 One might on the shoulder, though it probably goes over your head. (4-4)
- 10 The object of 1 going crazy for a drink? (6)
- 11 and 27 The deep south of the U.S.? (3, 4, 2, 6)
- 12 One who countenances help on the rise? (7)
- 14 Possible result of a wound a third person has to dress. (6)
- 15 The military leave finished what some celebrate? (8)
- 17 One of the things that makes vegetables so high? (4, 4)
- 20 Get out of bed, and put on a white coat as the cook does? (6)
- 22 If, perhaps, barely a dress! (7)
- 24 Represent too favorably, but not so round. (7)
- 26 A degree in music from another country? (6)
- 27 See 11 across
- 28 Perceives where peanut shells might get dropped at circuses. (11)

DOWN:

- 2 A little type to set fire to, and a little type to impart knowledge to. (9)
- 3 Dug live material out of it, like a shower might. (7)
- 4 All these for those who pay attention! (4)
- 5 Covering numerous objects in trans-

portation, as they used to say. (7)

- 6 What of the thing the watchman asked? (5)
- 7 This takes several pecks, even for hens. (6)
- 8 A couple of charges with a downward motion getting an encouraging shout. (6)
- 13 One hurried about, as Nathan Hale observed. (5)
- 16 Some of us feel so obvious to get cut down. (9)
- 18 One who leaves before poetically catching a plane? (6)
- 19 It's not true this is how one might hope to catch a runner. (3, 4)
- 20 Might it be somewhat of a problem to get me a mild mixture? (7)
- 21 Was this glory to Poe and others? (6)
- 23 Round in a tournament, perhaps. (5)
- 25 Fuel accounts? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1181

ACROSS: 1 Marched off; 6 Utah; 10 Growler; 11 Oil well; 12 Substantiation; 14 Rocketed; 15 Teaser; 16 Thrust; 18 Circuses; 22 Bulletin boards; 24 Heave to; 25 Thereto; 27 Geodesists. DOWN: 1 Magistrate; 2 Rhombic; 4 Durante; 5 Florid; 7, 8, 26, 23, and 3 The gods help them that help themselves; 9 Clothes closets; 13 Dress shops; 17 Roulade; 19 Ignited; 20 Streets; 21 Stooze.



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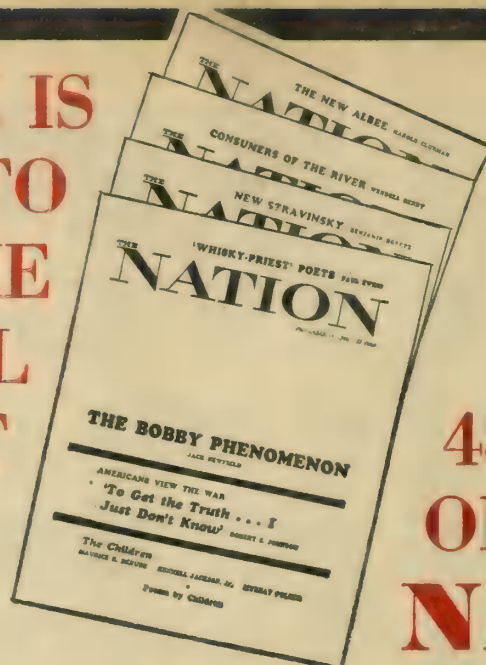
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LETTERS

use of silence

San Gabriel, Calif.

DEAR SIR: In over fifty locations across the nation every Wednesday from 12 noon to 1 P.M., there are held Silent Vigils in protest against the war in Vietnam.

This type of protest is rapidly increasing and is particularly effective in widening the concern and making available a method of dissent to many who would otherwise refrain from overt dissent. The Weekly Silent Vigil for Peace gives such persons an avenue for showing their concern and sorrow over the tragedy of our involvement and, in addition, is a weekly confrontation of the issue and a call to others to get involved. These vigils have varied in size from as few as eight persons to a high of 300 in one location. The Silent Vigil is a visible and continuing protest against the tragedy of our involvement in Vietnam.

The originator of the idea is Charles Hubbell, 1060 Randolph Road, Santa Barbara, Calif.; he has established a clearinghouse for all interested in this form of protest. All indications are that this is a successful and effective means of dissent, especially in the atmosphere of increasing frustration and despair.

Robert H. Simmons

translating Agnon

Cambria Heights, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I congratulate Curt Leviant for writing—and you for publishing—his perceptive and illuminating essay on Shmuel Yosef Agnon ["Nobel Laureate of Hebrew Literature," Dec. 12]. As a student of Jewish literature, I am sometimes asked why Agnon is so difficult to translate, and Leviant has given the reader an insight into this problem, as well as an intelligent appreciation of his work and stature. *Harold U. Ribalow*

whose speedometer?

San Bernardino, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Just to be sure you don't miss this: "... two photographers driving separate cars said they couldn't keep up with the President despite traveling 80 to 85 miles an hour, and faster in some spurts."

"The White House, using figures from an official log, said Johnson 'drove at a moderate speed' on his way to church along a fog-bound highway Sunday."

Above are excerpts from a news item published in the San Bernardino (Calif.) *Evening Telegram*, Dec. 5. *Clifford M. Turner*

sick pay

New York City

DEAR SIR: Selig Greenberg is mostly right in criticizing the philosophy of Medicare: use the present organization of medical care and add a financial mechanism for paying its costs ["The Medicare Bonanza," *The Nation*, Nov. 14]. This almost guarantees that our major problems of medical economics will remain with us, namely, the inefficient operation of hospitals (Sweden's hospitals give better care than ours with 60 per cent of the personnel we use), the antiquated fee-for-service solo medical practice (where earning his income is at least as important a factor as the proper thing to do for the patient in the doctor's daily decisions), and most sharply, the nursing homes operated for profit. . . .

I foresee years of grappling with the problems of costs and quality of care consequent to the conflict be-

(Continued on page 62)

EDITORIALS

A Break?

A certain amount of distortion and plain lying is essential to waging war as are men and materiel. In this respect the Vietnamese War has been in the standard pattern. On the matter of downed U.S. aircraft, for instance, the official United States and North Vietnamese communiqués have never agreed. The enemy has always claimed more planes than we have been willing to concede. The gap has been equally wide on civilian casualties resulting from U.S. bombing. The bombings of Hanoi on December 13 and 14 were marked by the usual reports of civilian casualties and the usual Pentagon denials. (See editorial, "Peace and the Pentagon," *The Nation*, January 2.) But then a new element emerged. A short UPI dispatch of December 22 carried a State Department admission that it was "almost certain" U.S. bombings had struck civilian areas of Hanoi, "but if they accidentally did," the United States regretted it.

But more extraordinary developments were in train. As this acknowledgment was put on the wires, Harrison Salisbury, of *The New York Times*, was flying to Hanoi from Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, aboard an aircraft of the International Control Commission.

Salisbury's first dispatch from Hanoi practically obliterated any area of dispute over the December 13-14 bombings. "Hanoi," he wrote, "is a very large, sprawling city . . . the built-up, densely populated urban area extends for a substantial distance in all directions beyond the heavy-lined city boundaries shown on a map issued by the State Department." He cited the Yenbien rail yard, which on the map seems far out in the country, but actually—as U.S. reconnaissance photographs must have shown—is in an area built up all the way from the city center to beyond the rail yard. Other targets were likewise in populated areas. "It is unlikely," Salisbury concluded, "that any bombing attack on such targets could be carried out without civilian damage and casualties."

Salisbury saw the damage and received on-the-spot reports of the casualties. Particularly impressive was his account, on December 27, of the repeated bombing of Namdinh, a textile center 50 miles south of Hanoi. Namdinh has been systematically attacked since June 28, 1965, by U.S. Seventh Fleet aircraft. "The cathedral tower," Salisbury writes, "looks out on block after block of utter desolation: the city's population of 90,000 has been reduced to less than 20,000 because of evacuation; 13 per cent of the city's houses, including the homes of 12,464 people, have been destroyed; eighty-nine people have been killed and 405 wounded."

Our forces obligingly bombed Hanoi while Salisbury was there. Has there ever been a parallel situation in a modern war? A prominent newsman from one of the belligerents visits the enemy capital, with the permission of both governments. He cables back reports damaging to his own government. His dispatches are printed and widely quoted. The war goes on, but on this one issue the two governments have in effect selected a reliable arbitrator.

Optimism on a resolution of the larger issues of the

war would be premature, but the Salisbury mission lends some credence to John M. Hightower's article in the Sunday Washington Star (December 25) remarking on a show of candor by both sides in the matter of the December 13-14 bombings. The State Department is said to be seeking "some basis of mutual credibility," so that the U.S. and North Vietnamese Governments can begin an exchange of views. Hightower thinks the war may be scaled down or even ended in 1967. Salisbury's mission just might be the gleam of light at the end of the tunnel.

The Arms Spiral

In this issue (p. 46) George C. Wilson, Pentagon reporter for *The Washington Post*, traces the geometry of the new situation—technological, geopolitical, political—that may well give another dangerous twist to the arms spiral. Some cold comfort may be found in the circumstance that the anti-ballistic-missile argument will not be resolved immediately; there is still time for those who oppose the program to make themselves heard. Secretary Rusk reports that every effort is being made to work out some kind of agreement with the Russians that would avert this next, clearly foreseeable, acceleration of the arms race. Llewellyn Thompson is scheduled to resume his old post in Moscow later this month, and no doubt he has been instructed to give priority to the possibility of an agreement not to deploy anti-missile systems. Then, too, the seventeen-nation disarmament conference, slated to reconvene on February 21, will be used by other nations to press for some kind of agreement between the two major powers. Additional slight comfort may be found in the fact that the Nike X missile system is technically suspect and, on the face of it, would be worthless without a complementary shelter program, for which the public has shown a consistent aversion. The anti-missile system, plus the shelters, would be fantastically expensive. It is hard to believe that the cost of this program would be superimposed on the exploding costs of the Vietnamese War but it is by no means unthinkable.

The New York Times (December 25) reports that "American capitalists are extremely intrigued" by the Nike X project, which promises "tremendous profits" for some 3,000 companies directly involved—not to mention those that would be the beneficiaries of a shelter program. In purely political terms, also, the prospects for the program's adoption are not unfavorable. Rep. Gerald Ford has predicted that the Republicans will support the program and, if they do, Johnson will probably follow their lead, or in any case not oppose them. As in all such debates, the factor of secrecy will favor the Pentagon. The intelligence reports on which the military will rely will not be available to press or public. In retrospect, it is conceded that the "missile gap" which the Democrats exploited in 1960 did not exist. The fact that a serious division of opinion is said to exist within the Administration over the extent to which the Soviets have actually deployed an anti-missile system suggests the need for extreme caution and skepticism in assessing reports of this latest security "gap" which, as with the earlier one, is being ballyhooed just as the stage is being set for a Presidential election.

Certainly the public would be well advised to demand

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THE NATION

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that the intelligence reports, and the feasibility studies, on which the program is based, should be examined by a national commission made up of individuals not known as hawks or doves but for their honesty, intelligence and candor. The report of such a commission might help dissuade the Republicans from exploiting a security "gap" which may not exist, and just might encourage the Administration to resist the anti-missile stampede that is shaping up. Few issues on the agenda of the new Congress warrant closer public attention than this one.

Fragile Shelter

Another reason for approaching the anti-missile lap of the arms race with some caution is that—however certain the commercial profits implicit in the system—its ability to throw up a really effective protecting umbrella is a matter of divided opinion. Even within the industry there are not a few skeptics and doubters. One who warns of possible difficulties is Karl Sittel of the Radio Corporation of America. More than a year ago Dr. Sittel wrote a paper on "Effects on Radar of Plasma Produced by High-Altitude Nuclear Detonation." The paper is published currently by the RCA Missile and Surface Radar Division, with the reservation that the effects are discussed only "to the extent allowed by security regulations in an unclassified paper."

At the heart of an ABM system are specialized types of high-speed radar which, in combination with high-speed computers, will (it is hoped) guide rapid-acceleration defensive missiles to the vicinity of incoming ICBMs and deflect or destroy them. Thus, if the radar installations can be thrown into confusion, the entire ABM system, however ingeniously constructed and otherwise effective, becomes useless. It can neither deflect the enemy's missiles nor guide its own.

In simplest terms, radar works by sending out electromagnetic pulses which are then reflected from an object (ship, aircraft, missile, etc.) and come back with an indication of the nature of the object, its course and speed. With this information, the position of the object at a future instant can be calculated for interception. Perturbations in the intervening medium may block or distort the radar return. The medium in the case of an anti-ICBM radar is the ionosphere—the region above the dense portion of the earth's atmosphere. Like 95 per cent of the universe, it is composed of plasma (no connection with blood plasma), which is gas in a state of thermal and electrical excitation. What Sittel investigates, mathematically and physically, are the disturbances in the ionospheric plasma caused by an atomic explosion.

These phenomena are not new. Experiments with high-altitude nuclear explosions made in 1958 showed pronounced effects on radio communication, on a global scale. Sittel evaluates these effects on radar, and his findings have obvious reference to radars associated with ABM systems. "Contrary to a nuclear detonation at or near the ground," he points out, "the tremendous energies released from a single high-altitude nuclear detonation are almost entirely transferred into the ionization of the atmosphere." Electro-magnetic waves encountering the plasmas thus generated are subject to absorption, reflection, refraction,

diffraction, scattering and other changes. One of the plasmas, the fireball, "will black out radar frequencies for many minutes," and this is only an example of the deleterious effects produced. "The degradation of radar systems by the combination of all the phenomena . . ." Sittel concludes, "must be seriously considered in all future designs of military systems."

What this means is that a few nuclear-tipped enemy missiles, launched and sequenced as outrunners, can probably paralyze the radars long enough to disable the ABM systems. Picked up on early-warning radars before they explode, these missiles will give notice to the controllers that a salvo of ICBMs will probably follow and can proceed unimpeded to their targets. The controllers will have no choice but to launch their retaliatory ICBMs, likewise with the first ones set to explode where they can disable the enemy ABM systems. Mutual neutralization of ABMs will be the end result of the expenditure of all those billions of dollars and rubles. The risk of an accidental nuclear showdown will be substantially increased. If, as is conceivable, the early warning radars have given a false indication, but the ICBMs have already been loosed, it will be just too bad. Also for Wall Street.

After Apollo, Why?

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration was supposed to report to a Congressional committee by December 1 on its plans for the years following completion of the Project Apollo series, but the deadline passed and no report was issued. Instead, the agency sent a long letter to the President which, with his penchant for secrecy, he has not released.

Not that NASA didn't have any plans in mind; its ambitions are as boundless as outer space. Suggested projects include the development of a re-usable booster rocket, colonizing the moon, putting a manned research laboratory in orbit, and, looking ahead, an expedition to Mars—which Dr. Jerome Wiesner once estimated might take thirty to thirty-five years and cost \$100 billion. This year NASA is spending a modest \$5.4 billion, which the President—who has always dealt generously with the agency in the past—felt compelled to cut back by a few million because of the high costs of killing in Vietnam (the current estimate is that it now costs \$322,000 to kill a single enemy soldier in combat). So in fiscal 1968, NASA may have to make do with \$5 billion or thereabouts. But the empire builders of the agency are intrepid and resourceful, and NASA's "growth" prospects are excellent. For one thing, it has a huge organization (some 400,000 people are directly involved in space programs) and is supported by a potent lobby, the American Institute of Aeronautics & Astronautics. Then, too, NASA has built up a vast popular constituency through its brilliantly staged television space spectacles.

The new governmental-industrial hybrids, of which NASA is an outstanding example, are inherently difficult to curb; power is built into the structure of the organization itself. No agency of government, Executive or legislative, knows enough about NASA to control or direct it. In any argument over funds, NASA can always say that without new projects the organization will disintegrate. In

terms of pressing social needs, it is easy to agree with William Hines of the *Washington Star* who says that the proper question should be not "After Apollo, What?" but "After Apollo, Why?" This is, indeed, the right question, but it is too late to raise it. Ours is not to reason why but to appropriate more and more. And behind the real question is the real problem: can the government regulate and control, much less direct, such formidable fusions of government and private power as NASA represents?

No doubt NASA has stimulated American technology and science and it may be assumed that its performance has been first rate. But the problem remains, can NASA be regulated? Can its inexhaustible appetite for power and projects be subjected to any kind of democratic discipline? Who is to determine the magnitude of space appropriations? By what standards and in terms of what priorities? NASA is in orbit—that's the real problem. It circles the governmental universe and from time to time sends back cryptic messages, but it no longer belongs (if it ever did) to the people whose taxes support it.

The 'P.C.' Gimmick

"P.C." is financial jargon for "participating certificate," a hybrid type of government security issued in the past by the Federal National Mortgage Association ("Fanny May"). These securities, which have never come to the attention of the ordinary citizen, are now revealed as a possible means of fiscal legerdemain in the presentation of the federal budget. By substituting P.C.s for conventional treasury obligations, the President could make the budget for fiscal year 1968 look pretty good, when in reality it is badly out of balance. Whether such deception is actually perpetrated, and, if so, whether Congress will go along, remains to be seen.

In the past, Fanny May has floated P.C.s in a ring-around-the-rosy game of mortgage financing in which the federal government and private lending agencies are the players. Almost all small home purchases in the United States are financed with a small down payment and a lifetime of monthly payments on a mortgage. The lender sells the mortgage to Fanny May—often with a prior commitment by the latter to buy—thus getting his money back for further lending. Fanny May gets its money back by the sale of P.C.s which are guaranteed, like government bonds, by "the full faith and credit of the United States." Besides home loans, college housing and academic facilities, farm mortgages and small business loans are refinanced by P.C.s. In effect, the P.C. buyer gets a share in a pool of miscellaneous loans made in the past by the United States Government.

When P.C.s are offered in the open market, they compete with other certificates of debt and affect interest rates and salability of corporate bonds. Since the bond market was in poor shape in 1966, President Johnson announced, in September, that further sales of P.C.s would be postponed until the bond market improved. The gimmick consists not in such sales but in the proposed "sale" of P.C.s to government trust funds, such as social security, which hold about \$45 billion in treasury obligations.

By exchanging P.C.s for these securities, which figure

in the national debt and hence in the budget deficit, the latter can be lowered by the amount of the exchange. The bond market is not affected: all that has happened is that the trust funds now hold P.C.s in their portfolios, and a like amount in treasury debt is canceled.

Congress must approve P.C. sales, both in the open market and to the trust funds, but there is nothing to prevent the President from putting into the budget proposed P.C. sales to the funds and thus reducing the deficit, which in fiscal 1968 will exceed \$10 billion. The Johnson Administration is currently selling \$1.1 billion in P.C.s, \$600 million to "the public" (mainly banks and large investors) and \$500 million to the government trust funds. The latter "sale" may be a trial balloon for furthering substitution of P.C.s for treasury obligations. By judicious application of the P.C. technique the President may be able to dodge an otherwise unavoidable tax hike.

From the standpoint of fiscal responsibility all such maneuvers are to be discouraged, and the more so when the cause of the deficit is the Vietnamese War. The Johnson Administration has succeeded in hiding the true monetary cost of the war from the public by various evasions. The 90th Congress should be on the lookout for this latest artistry in fiscal image improvement. When the Participation Sales Act was rushed through Congress at the President's insistence, we tagged it as a "nifty gimmick" and said of it: "the deficit will appear to be reduced, private investors will be cut in on a nice security market, and an additional burden will be placed on the taxpayer for the sake of improving the President's 'image'" ("Another Johnson Gimmick," *The Nation*, May 23, 1966). The latest developments amply confirm this judgment.

The Nation Will Miss

Irita Van Doren was an essentially simple woman who loved good books. She became quite naturally a halcyon editor. She had a quick brown eye and she smiled often, delightfully. She sat at her desk, quietly and thoughtfully editing book reviews, during tumultuous decades. For thirty-seven years, from 1926 to 1963, she was editor of "Books," the New York *Herald Tribune's* weekly review which, for those years, was the most interesting and influential of the newspaper literary supplements. Irita Van Doren went to the *Herald Tribune* from *The Nation*. She joined the editorial staff here in 1919 and became literary editor in 1923. She had a sense of newness in life which she imparted to "Books," issue by issue, and her forte was friendship. As editor and friend, her influence on American writing and American writers, particularly in the late 1920s and 1930s, was substantial.

From January, 1930, to July, 1955, Gladys Whiteside was copy editor of *The Nation*. Copy editors are seldom well known to contributors or readers but are often legendary figures to the staff. Mrs. Whiteside's name will evoke a flood of recollections and stories from all those who knew her during the many years she subjected *Nation* prose to her severe Wellesley standards. She was a nonsense copy editor who admired clarity and precision and detested frills. From the cubbyhole of an office that she occupied for many years she exuded a frosty austerity that seemed to say, "Don't bother me with any of your

silly questions." But she was for all that a thoughtful, kindly person and a fine working colleague. Like many persons who have served on the staff of *The Nation*, she was, by comparison with the paper's editorial position, a staunch conservative who regularly attended the meetings of the descendants of the original Newport patentees and

consistently favored sending in the Fleet, if not the Marines, to cope with any untoward disturbances abroad. At the same time, she reveled in the fact that her association with *The Nation* was a source of deep concern to her upstate Republican relatives. She is remembered in this office with gratitude and affection.

RISE OF THE CIA

How Foggy Bottom Lost Its Spies

SMITH SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson has occupied many foreign posts for the U.S. State Department and has been active at home in labor affairs. He was associated with the development of the United Nations Charter, has served as Labor Attaché in Brussels, as First Secretary in Athens and Mexico City, as Deputy Principal Officer at the Consulate General in Bombay, and as Consul General in Mozambique. In 1958, Mr. Simpson became adviser on African affairs to the Department of Labor and was Director of the Office of Country Programs in that department. He returned to the State Department, resigned in 1962, but returned as a consultant in 1965.

The article here published will appear as a chapter in Mr. Simpson's Anatomy of the State Department, to be published by Houghton Mifflin in March.

The relations of the State Department with the Central Intelligence Agency are of the most critical sort. They influence the Department's effectiveness, our government's overall management of foreign affairs, and the moral and political principles which we claim to stand for at home and abroad. They are thus crucial to all phases of the leadership we try to exercise in world affairs.

Section 102 (d) of the National Security Act of 1947, which established the CIA, provides that the agency "correlate and evaluate intelligence relating to the national security, and provide for the appropriate dissemination of such intelligence within the Government, using where appropriate existing agencies and facilities." This is a clear statement—as long as one knows what "intelligence" is.

"Intelligence" is simply *evaluated information*. If we know that a man has landed on the coast of Cuba with a handful of guerrillas and begun hostile operations against the Cuban Government, we have information. Intelligence, on the other hand, tells us who he and his associates are, in terms of background, psychological make-up and political philosophy; what their objectives and chances of success are, and what the results of their success or failure may be.

The CIA is not alone in gathering information pertinent to national defense and converting it into intelligence. It was not intended by the National Security Act to monopolize these functions, nor has it attempted to do so. It specializes in collecting information by surreptitious means, acting as a clearinghouse for all intelligence, and assisting the other members of the intelligence community (primarily State, Defense, the Atomic Energy Commission and the FBI) with some of their special assignments.

Governments—our own included—have from time immemorial engaged in spying. Wherever we have been faced

with a serious problem of gaining or preserving our independence we have resorted to espionage and much that goes with it, including the bribery of foreign officials. We have not liked it. It has always been repugnant to us. But we, like everyone else, have had to yield to the dictates of necessity.

It was our good fortune for many years to have little or no need of espionage in our overseas diplomacy. We used it against the Indians at home, for this was a matter of survival, but once our independence was assured we could give it up in overseas dealings, and it is to our credit that we did so. However, our moral compunctions made it hard even for seasoned diplomats to learn the facts about our changing position as we moved into international politics, and World War I found us at a considerable disadvantage.

A perfect illustration of our dilemma began to unfold in 1913 when Herbert O. Yardley joined the State Department as a young code clerk. Imaginative, questioning, ingenious, he began to suspect that the department's code system was unsafe against the intelligence activities of other governments. To test the soundness of his suspicions he applied himself to breaking all the department's codes without reference to any key. He succeeded. He could not get his point across to the diplomats, however, and, finally discouraged, approached the military intelligence division of the War Department with a proposal to develop a cryptographic unit for breaking codes and devising safe ones.

The War Department took Yardley on, and, while his discouragement by no means ended, he was eventually authorized to organize MI-8, the Intelligence Corps' first unit, to invent new military codes and crack those of other governments. The value of his work became apparent when Yardley deciphered a long message of the German Government offering a generous reward to Mexico for remaining neutral in World War I.

After the re-establishment of peace, the War Department and State arranged to support a group of skilled cryptographers with Yardley at its head. Although he knew not a word of the language, Yardley was able to crack the Japanese code during preparations for the 1922 Washington Disarmament Conference. The United States Government therefore knew precisely what the various fallback positions of the Japanese delegation were to be, and bargained accordingly. The diplomatic advantage of such feats was immeasurable, for we had little preparation to buttress our ambition to exercise some influence in post-

war international affairs. By 1929, Yardley and the little group which he had trained had broken the codes of some twenty countries, including those of Britain, France, the Soviet Union and Japan. They thereby kept State posted on transactions and decisions of foreign governments as no diplomatic officers could possibly have done.

The climax to this revealing piece of history came in 1929, when Henry L. Stimson became Secretary of State. Stimson was a man seasoned in public and military affairs, but peacetime intelligence was something else. A few days after taking charge of State, he found on his desk several deciphered messages of a diplomatic mission in Washington. Demanding to know where and how such materials had originated, he was apprised of Yardley's operation. Stimson ordered immediate cessation of State's support. "Gentlemen," he as much as said, "do not read each other's mail."

The difficulty was, not everybody engaging in international affairs was a gentleman. There were those who did read others' mail and based their diplomatic moves accordingly. Naive though he was in this matter, Stimson had his way. With funds cut off, Yardley had to disband his staff. But before retiring to write a bitter, fascinating book on his disillusioning experience, he spoke his mind. In a final interview with a State Department official, he repeated that every one of the department's codes could be, and probably had been, broken by foreign governments, just as he had broken theirs. "Our codes," he said bluntly, "are just as cumbersome, just as antiquated as 16th-century communications."

The department's cabled messages to its posts abroad and theirs to it were as tight as sieves. The uneasy official asked what could be done. Yardley pointed out that machines on the market could be adapted to eliminate all possibilities of cracking. The ominous warning was as clear as a bell—and the solution too—but nothing was done about it.

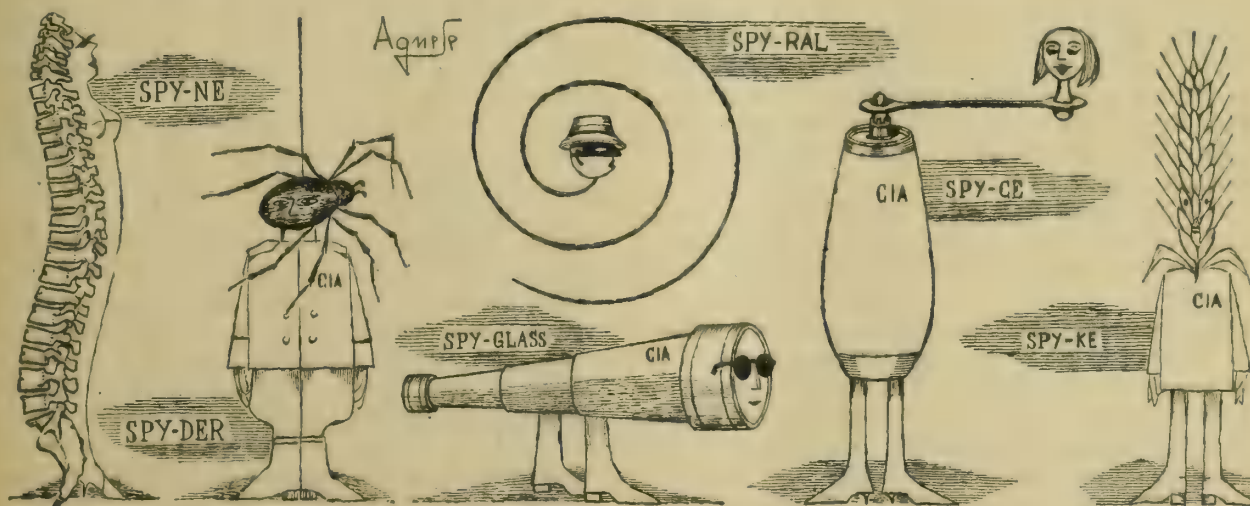
The department—and the government—were to pay heavily. As World War II approached, our efforts to meet its challenges engaged us in all sorts of activity designed not only to assure supplies of strategic materials—rubber, tin, oil and the like—but to stockpile these against the possibility of war. When war came, we used our period of

neutrality to sap the power of governments clearly hostile to us by bidding against them for these materials and wangling higher priority for our orders than we were entitled to. It was no time to be squeamish. We matched chicanery with chicanery. This was done through a specially created agency.

The greater such activities became, the greater became our need of information—a more systematic, thorough collection, a more rapid collection, a more accurate evaluation, a more effective distribution to all departments and agencies concerned with our growing effort of survival. The interest and initiative of State in all this were far below requirements, and it was from outside the diplomatic establishment that the urgency of the task was brought to the President's attention. Aware of the deficiencies of State and the military, and realizing the imperative need for a larger, more professional, less orthodox effort, a New York lawyer and Republican leader with military experience went to Washington in 1940 and laid the problem squarely before the White House. Col. William J. Donovan soon found himself on a rapid investigation trip to Europe at the end of which he was made head of an Office of the Coordinator of Information, directly responsible to the President. Later, when this organization was split into the Office of War Information and the Office of Strategic Services, Donovan, heading the latter, was still answerable only to the White House. State was by-passed.

At the same time that Donovan and Roosevelt discussed the critical need for more and prompter information, they reviewed another of Donovan's ideas—the combining of intelligence with support of resistance movements and (if we should become involved in war, as then seemed probable) the harassment of the enemy by guerrilla forces. When war came and the Office of Strategic Services crystallized out of the OCI, this dangerous, semi-military operation was rapidly set in motion.

We must pass over the colorful history of OSS but we should have clearly in mind what it was designed to do, for it led directly to the Central Intelligence Agency. It had five functions: (1) to gather information all over the world by any and all means, open and clandestine, including underground activities in harassment of the enemy; (2)



to process all this information, turning it into intelligence; (3) to pass this intelligence on to interested components of the government; (4) to receive, process and distribute intelligence from other government agencies and from foreign governments; (5) to wound the enemy by all possible means short of conventional military operations.

Hastily improvised, the OSS made its share of mistakes. Considering the difficulties, however, Donovan and his associates did an extraordinary job. A factor essential for their success was their insistence upon the meticulous training of their operators. They were able to provide this training because of an arrangement with the military establishment. State could have done this, too, in order better to qualify its own people. But this never occurred to State. Nor has it occurred since.

Like the military, OSS was an action agency. The mass of information it assembled was designed to achieve specific results. Research and investigation were directly related to those results. In other words, the operators carried out what the researchers, strategists and tacticians had decided could and should be done, taking into account the known circumstances.

When World War II came to an end, the need for centralizing so fundamental an activity as intelligence was widely recognized, and a move was made to give the responsibility to State. The Bureau of the Budget so recommended and President Truman, in abolishing the OSS in the fall of 1945, transferred its saboteurs to the military establishment and its experienced intelligence analysts to the diplomatic, notifying the Secretary of State:

I particularly desire that you take the lead in developing a comprehensive and coordinated foreign intelligence program for all Federal agencies concerned with that type of activity. This should be done through the creation of an interdepartmental group, heading up under the State Department.

The President, like the Budget Bureau, overestimated the capacity of State. Had it been simply a matter of creating "an interdepartmental group," State might have muddled through. But the problem was more than organizational and certainly involved more than adding another interagency committee to the federal apparatus.

State went through the motions of carrying out the President's directive. A special assistant to the Secretary was appointed to deal with research and intelligence. An interdepartmental group was created, as directed. Space was found for some 1,600 persons, including a large number of former OSS staffers. Then the effort tapered off. State could not muster the imagination to use its new resources properly. It could not even provide a hospitable environment. Its diplomatic officers were not about to surrender their old status. They wanted their old center of power to continue in the geographic bureaus. The old fraternity sensibilities came into play. The old resistance to new ideas. The old smugness.

One by one OSS staff members dropped away. Dissatisfaction spread in the government's intelligence community. The President stepped in, reversed his earlier order and established an Intelligence Authority independent of State. The operating arm of this authority was a newly formed Central Intelligence Group which a year later became the Central Intelligence Agency, under a director subject to

the supervision of the National Security Council. State's removal from the centralizing and coordinating role was thus effected.

So CIA at its birth was something more than a rival of State. It was more than another agency with an "itch to get into the act." It was an agency whose very existence attested to the incompetence of the diplomatic establishment.

CIA now got its own intelligence gatherers—i.e., spies—into each of our missions abroad. They worked independently of the rest of the mission staff. They reported to their headquarters in Washington in their own code, as a foreign government would do. They played their cards close to their vests. Their diplomatic colleagues in the missions to which they were attached rarely knew what information they were ferreting out. Even the ambassador seldom knew—he who was supposed to be in charge of and responsible for a mission's entire activities. CIA was in many ways a secret intelligence operation even with respect to its own government.

These factors introduced a serious psychological problem. They meant that every piece of information CIA got and State didn't was a reflection upon State, a reflection on the effectiveness of its diplomatic officers and their awareness of what was going on. It was a CIA "scoop" and it rankled. It made the diplomats want to downgrade or ignore some of CIA's more alarming news, particularly if it did not corroborate their own. This made difficult not only State-CIA relations but the whole process of putting information and intelligence to accurate and constructive use. The kind of tightly knit intelligence operation needed for our success just was not there. Nor is it today.

It would have done no good to have reminded State that the independence of CIA was due to its own failure. But it might have done some good if State had recognized that there was not only an organizational but a psychological problem in all this: since State had made life miserable for the intelligence officers inherited from OSS, the latter, when transferred to CIA and released from their humiliations in State, rejoiced in the opportunity of thumbing their noses at their erstwhile colleagues. For if State had only seen this aspect of the problem, it could have moved to train its officers to cope with it; once involved with training of that limited sort, it quite possibly might have gone on to deal with other factors, such as its own careless security arrangements, which also were properly viewed with concern by the CIA. But at no point did all this dawn on State.

We come now to a most sensitive item, one that accounts for great, and often serious confusion in our foreign affairs. The National Security Act, in addition to delegating the intelligence function to CIA, authorized it "to perform, for the benefit of the existing intelligence agencies, such additional services of common concern as the National Security Council determines can be most efficiently accomplished centrally." This, if language means anything, authorized CIA to engage in intelligence activities additional to those spelled out in the act—the additional activities to be for the benefit of "the existing intelligence agencies." But the act did not mean that, and wasn't intended to. What the language was intended to cover up was the kind of subversive activity, promotion of guerrilla

warfare and the like, which OSS had engaged in and which the National Security Council might decide in a particular situation was necessary for the defense of our interests.

To conduct its "special operations," CIA set up a Plans Division and hired Allen Dulles, a former OSS operator, to be its first director. This was done under President Truman—an interesting point, as we shall see. With the imaginativeness and boldness demonstrated in their earlier OSS operations, Dulles and his associates were off to new ventures, and it became clear that some stronger control was needed than that supplied by the National Security Council, whose members met infrequently and hurriedly and dispersed to pressing duties in their respective departments. A "Special Group" evolved, consisting of the Director of the CIA, the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs and representatives of the military establishment. The group came late on the scene. It grew out of an OCB (Operations Coordinating Board) "luncheon group," which itself came some time after CIA had got a head start on its secret operations, and thus it inherited a somewhat casual character.

Meeting about once a week, the group carries on its discussions informally, a fact which is an asset to CIA's secrecy, since it enables the agency not only to control the agenda but also to steer discussion away from matters it prefers the others not to know about. And since CIA's representative presides over the group, it can seize the initiative at the outset of a meeting and consume the entire session with a prickly question unrelated to more dubious activities. Moreover, the CIA representative is a Presidential appointee. The State Department member has found it hard to probe deeply, much less to steer or contest, the work of a Presidential appointee directing an autonomous agency. He just doesn't have that status. Moreover (and here we touch a vital point), he is generally a rotated officer. He cannot match the inside knowledge, the political prestige and the weight of continuous experience which the CIA director can muster. Because of the failure of State to dominate the group, the theory that the latter should inform all interested establishments of what CIA is doing, and that all CIA activities should be carried on within the framework of foreign policies set by State, does not work out in practice. State is kept in the dark about many CIA operations abroad and especially about those which run counter to the department's policies.

Somewhere along the line, State should have seen the handwriting on the wall, so visible to others, and moved to train its own officers to lead and control in this area. It should have strengthened the Operations Coordinating Board, which held some promise of developing federal plans and disciplines. But in its fluctuating, fragmentary way, with personnel in today and gone tomorrow, it only grumbled about CIA. Its rotating officers never took time to ask themselves what the agency operations portended for State and the government; never studied the functions and training methods of the agency; never sought to bring the training of its own officers up to a level competitive with CIA, so as to reduce the need of the agency's unorthodox activities; never asked itself what the significance of the OCB was in this connection.

Living with CIA has thus become more and more dif-

ficult. The agency supported Indonesian rebels against Sukarno while State was trying to work with Sukarno. It supplied and emboldened the anti-Communist Chinese guerrillas in Burma over the protests of the Burmese Government and the repeated protestations of the State Department in Washington and our ambassador in Burma that we were doing no such thing. In Vietnam, too, CIA and State have worked at cross-purposes.

But the agency has not confined its activities to unstable countries. It has meddled elsewhere, to the consternation of the State Department and friendly governments. In the mid-1950s, its agents intruded awkwardly in Costa Rica, the most stable and democratic country in Latin America. While the agency was trying to oust José Figueres, the moderate Socialist who became the Costa Rican President in a fair election in 1953, the State Department was working with him, and our ambassador was urging President Eisenhower to invite him to the United States to enhance his prestige. So it went the world around.

It was the CIA that negotiated with the Guatemalan Government for the right and facilities to train Cuban refugees to invade their country. It paid the refugees, trained them, arranged for their transportation to the Bay of Pigs, where they sought to overthrow the Castro regime by force of arms supplied by CIA. It was the CIA, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which assured two Presidents that the venture was feasible. The State Department hardly knew what was going on. It could not seriously analyze or contest the project.

As part of its "special operations," CIA has done everything from peaceful frustration of Communists to peaceful frustration of the State Department; from deciding whom we would back among various possibilities in a given country to undercutting people the State Department backs, and on to fomenting and conducting undeclared wars. Little by little it has moved into an area of decision and action reserved by the Constitution for the President alone, spreading contradictions and confusion in our foreign policies along the way.

It has been enough to awe ex-President Truman, who soon began to have the gravest misgivings about the agency he had created. He wrote in a syndicated newspaper article in late 1953:

With all the nonsense put out by Communist propaganda . . . in their name-calling assault on the West, the last thing we needed was for the CIA to be seized upon as something akin to a subverting influence in the affairs of other people. . . .

There are now some searching questions that need to be answered. I . . . would like to see the CIA restored to its original assignment as the intelligence arm of the President, and whatever else it can properly perform in that special field—and that its operational duties be terminated or properly used elsewhere.

We have grown up as a nation, respected for our free institutions and for our ability to maintain a free and open society. There is something about the way the CIA has been functioning that is casting a shadow over our historic position and I feel that we need to correct it.

It may be that Mr. Truman as President was not fully aware, when he signed the order establishing the CIA, that he was subscribing to language which carried CIA beyond the intelligence area. He may not have been aware that

a Plans Division, to conduct CIA's special operations, was established in 1951 under his Presidency. He may not have known that Allen Dulles came to Washington to be the first director of that division during his own occupancy of the White House. Presidents are busy officials. They cannot keep up with everything. They must go ■ good deal on what their associates tell, or don't tell, them. But by the close of 1953, Mr. Truman was alarmed by the magnitude of CIA operations and by the basic issues these operations were presenting not only to our federal government and to friendly foreign governments but to the form of our society. This was also enough to worry the State Department and many ■ thoughtful citizen.

"Today," Allen Dulles has observed, "the Soviet State Security Service (KOB) is the eyes and ears of the Soviet state abroad, as well as at home. It is a multi-purpose, clandestine arm of power that can in the last analysis carry out almost any act that the Soviet leadership assigns to it. It is more than a secret police organization, more than an intelligence and counter-intelligence organization. It is an instrument for subversion, manipulation and violence, for secret intervention in the affairs of other countries. It is an aggressive arm of Soviet ambitions in the cold war." The CIA may not be a secret police organization but in every other respect it meets Mr. Dulles' description of the KOB. Through its independent agents, who are on the staffs of every one of our diplomatic missions and who report and act secretly, without informing the rest of the mission, including the ambassador, it provides our government with eyes and ears abroad. It is also an arm of our government, a multi-purpose, clandestine arm of power. It is more than an intelligence organization. It is an instrument for secret intervention in the affairs of other countries, even to the point of waging undeclared war. It can be an aggressive arm. It is an untamed arm. Not only does it challenge the political principles and philosophy on which our government was founded: it challenges the clear language of the Constitution itself.

It has been pointed out that the State Department works

very much on its own, regardless of who is Secretary of State or President. The CIA is also on its own, only very much more so. While State has secrets, it nevertheless operates as an open rather than a clandestine organization. It is not required, as are other departments and agencies of the government, to submit an annual report to Congress, but it must submit annually a request for appropriations and answer questions about its request in public sessions of Congressional subcommittees. Its representatives must testify frequently before a variety of Congressional committees, hold press conferences, make speeches explaining what the department is doing, and generally preserve an open, aboveboard operation.

None of this is true of CIA. Its budget is buried in the Defense Department budget. No one save a few CIA officials and the Comptroller of the Pentagon knows where it is hidden and how much it amounts to. No one even knows how large a staff CIA has. No one knows CIA's methods of personnel operations, so that, as Congressmen have often observed, no one really knows "whether we have a fine intelligence service or a very poor one." And Sen. Mike Mansfield (D., Mont.) has commented: "Secrecy beclouds everything about the CIA—its cost, its efficiency, its successes and its failures." CIA has so far evaded any close checking by Congress. The Armed Services and Appropriations Committees of both houses do have subcommittees on the CIA but, like the Executive "watchdog" apparatus, they never get below the surface of CIA affairs.

In this crucial area, the State Department cannot meet the situation with its present attitudes of mind, its present operating procedures, and its present inadequate training of officers. Its deficiencies oblige State to deal with CIA as though it were a foreign government, able to extract from it only as much information concerning its activities and only as much compliance with our general policy lines as CIA is willing, gratuitously, to grant—and it is not willing to grant enough. This is an impossible situation. But it will not be rectified until State places itself in a position to operate effectively and command respect because of its greater competence.

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

THE WIND FROM ROME

GARY MacEOIN

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Most American Protestants do not think that the second Vatican Council has brought any significant change in Catholic attitudes toward them. "No noticeable gain in friendliness," say 54 per cent of respondents to a recent survey by the *Christian Herald*, largest interdenominational Protestant magazine; and *Herald* readers would be more likely than the average Protestant to find themselves in ecumenical contexts.

To conclude that nothing has changed would be wrong. My long-time friend, Paul Blanshard, whose vitriolic attacks on the Catholic Church caused the New York City Board of School Superintendents to exclude *The Nation* from public school libraries in 1948, a ban rescinded only in 1963, now writes for the *Catholic World*. The Church has produced in the United States during the Council years "a vital Catholic liberalism," he says. "It is clear that Catholicism is no longer intellectually monolithic."

Not everyone would concede that Catholicism was intellectually monolithic before the Council, but it unquestionably created that impression. There is, moreover, a good reason why few Protestants (or others, with or without a capital C) are conscious of a change. The impact

so far has been mainly internal. Initiative has come from the ranks rather than the leaders, and juridic institutional forms have scarce begun to reflect the profound evolution of attitudes and practices in the past five years. But change is surfacing rapidly. The space given to Catholic "novelties" by *Life*, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post* and the rest of the mass media demonstrates that fact.

The climate was long sociologically ripe for a move. Emotionally adult Catholics resented the paternalism of bishops and pastors. Economically independent Catholics were revolted equally by the efforts to maintain a separate subculture on the one hand, and to prove super-patriotism and jingoistic Americanism on the other. Intellectuals rejected theological simplism and obscurantism. It was the



Council, however, which precipitated and facilitated the catalysis.

A basic postulate of American life is that leaders do not lead, with rare exceptions like Lincoln and Kennedy (and see what happened to *them*). They seek a consensus. They follow public opinion. That has certainly been true of the country's 250 Catholic bishops at this juncture. They approached the Council in October, 1962, without a program for updating the Church. As Xavier Rynne pointed out in his first reports from Rome, their education had made most of them creatures of the Roman Curia, had conditioned them to approve uncritically its myopic proposals. They had no suspicion that significant change was just over the horizon. That vision came from Europe (Suenens, Alfrink, for example), from Africa (Rugambwa, Blomjous), from Asia (Maximos IV Saigh, Hakim), from Latin America (Helder Camara, Méndez Arceo).

A relatively small number of North Americans were willing to identify with progress, men like Meyer, Ritter, Hallinan, Primeau and Wright. Some were eclectics, the outstanding example being Cardinal Cushing of Boston, whose pastoral letter of April, 1963, on public opinion in the Church is revolutionary by contrast with the me-tooisms and platitudes of his colleagues. A few were reactionaries like McIntyre or obscurantists like Spellman. But most simply fence-straddled, abdicating their leadership. They still maintain that stance, because there is no consensus today among American Catholics on issues on which the bishops should give them moral leadership, like integrated housing and the napalming of Vietnam.

The leadership has been and is elsewhere. Without discounting the important preparatory work performed in the pre-conciliar darkness by the courageous editors of *Commonweal*, *America*, *Sign*, *Jubilee* and *Ave Maria*, I think the first generals to catch the imagination of the intellectuals and form determined currents of opinion were some young and not so young theologians: Courtney Murray, Gustave Weigel, Bernard Cooke, Gerard Sloyan, Godfrey Diekmann, John L. McKenzie, ably abetted by Gregory Baum from Toronto and such visiting European giants as Hans Küng and Barnard Häring. The quarterly *Cross Currents* played a valuable role by making the European thinking which dominated the Council available to the intellectuals. It helped to rally to the standards of the theologians I have just mentioned many of the younger clergy, a majority of seminarians, and what I suspect is still a rather small, though vocal and vitally important, minority of the more than 180,000 nuns who form the biggest and in many ways the most critical element in the Catholic Church as an institution in the United States. John Cogley, Michael Novak, Dan Callaghan and other lay intellectuals became involved, though the number was never as big as the noise sometimes suggested.

The most obvious change, a previously unknown freedom of expression, is also a crucial one. This is something that the entire American public can see because today Catholics are shooting off their mouths not only in their own theological and intellectual publications, not only in the popular Catholic press, but in other denominational magazines like the *Christian Century* and *Christian Herald*, and in the national media, both specialized and mass.

The discussion ranges and rages over practically the entire spectrum of previous taboos. I can think of only one significant exception. There is still (apart from gentle wrist-slapping by *Commonweal* and the *National Catholic Reporter*) practically no objective evaluation of the actions of the Pope, little attempt to assess his views on *aggiornamento*. Although this is an issue of urgent ecumenical importance, the cult of personality is still so strong that Catholic public opinion resents any discussion, condemns even generic references as unacceptable impertinence.

But just about everything else is wheeled to the dissecting table; birth control, celibacy of the clergy, the machinations of the Curia (including the role of the Apostolic delegate in Washington), Church finances, Church-controlled education. And this injection of public opinion into the total life of the Church has produced irreversible changes. The birth-control debate, for example, regardless of what the

outcome may be, has brought a re-evaluation of methods and assumptions in a score of areas, a fruitful questioning of the function of religion, the service its institutionalized forms should perform both for members and for society in general, its pertinence to contemporary society. Specialists in many ecclesiastical sciences have received new insights through being forced to recognize finally that the issue of birth control was not an artificial creation of enemies of the Catholic Church, as some simplistically believed, but a vital concern of the body of the faithful. Areas affected include the meaning and scope of papal infallibility, the development of doctrine, the understanding of marriage, of sex, and of the dignity of the human person.

Commonweal, established in 1924, had preceded the Council in a cautious opening up of issues scarcely whispered elsewhere. A weekly magazine of opinion, owned and operated by Catholic laymen, it then provided a safety valve for the liberal intellectuals to whom it spoke by circumspect, middle-of-the-road demurrers against a conservatism which arrogated to itself, and was generally accorded, the exclusive title to orthodoxy. It is far from my intention to criticize what *Commonweal* did. Survival in that climate required tact as well as courage, and *Commonweal* excelled in both qualities.

In the late 1950s, the Jesuit-owned *America* threatened to undercut it by appropriating its formula and applying it with vastly superior capital and manpower. More recently, however, *America* has backed off, today is floundering in attempts by a conservative editor to apply a liberal formula under the scrutiny of an institution dominated by reaction.

The monthly *Ramparts*, lay-owned and edited, started in 1962 with the avowed aim of putting everything under its microscope. Its vivisections have exposed some conditions requiring urgent surgery, but its efforts at creating new forms of life have generally ended as abortions or thalidomide births. Not so the weekly *National Catholic Reporter* (NCR), also independently owned and lay-edited, established in October, 1964, and reaching a popular public in popular language.

Superbly professional in its techniques, NCR has been daring without alienating any broad segment of Catholic public opinion. It broke the story that Apostolic Delegate Vagnozzi had informed the American bishops that "the Holy See" did not want them to implement the Council decree on ecumenism until Rome first spelled out the ground rules. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New York Times* and others took up the story, were unable to find in Rome any order to justify Vagnozzi's claim, left the public with the conviction that Vagnozzi and his reactionary friends in the Curia were the Holy See he had been brandishing.

NCR was also first to air clerical celibacy in a substantial way. It features the views of the most advanced Catholic theologians on the morality of contraceptive techniques, ran a series on intrauterine devices which drew many requests for reprints. A recent "scoop" was that Archbishop Karl Alter of Cincinnati, acting with Cardinal Antoniutti (head of the curial body which keeps nuns in their place), has cracked down on a group of nuns who work among the poor of the Appalachia for interpreting too literally the

Vatican Council's call to nuns to get with the 20th century. They may not open new houses or accept members for a year, must be in bed by 10 P.M., must send no more members to study at a catechetical center run by Cardinal Suenens of Brussels.

Not a few bishops are outraged by the newsmen who observe the Vatican Council's admonition that their "special knowledge, competence or ability may sometimes oblige them to express their opinions on things which concern the good of the church." Bishop Bernard Topel of Spokane, Wash., has charged that some Catholic publications should not be found in Catholic homes; Archbishop Joseph Hurley of St. Augustine, Fla., that "a coterie of Catholic writers specialize in vilifying priests"; Cardinal Shehan of Baltimore, that almost wholesale negative criticism has been the stock in trade of some Catholic journalists; Archbishop John Krol of Philadelphia, that they are undermining the authority of the hierarchy.

Such bishops are fighting a lost battle. A recent poll of the editors of the 120 Catholic weeklies rated NCR second best (topped only by the *St. Louis Review*). As one editor said, "it is free of the institutionalism that plagues the Catholic press as a whole . . . uses its liberty constructively and aggressively." The existence of NCR, and the willingness of editors like Don Quinn of the *St. Louis Review* and John O'Connor of the *Delmarva Dialog* (Wilmington, Del.) to apply the same techniques make it progressively harder for bishops and religious superiors to get away with arbitrary abuses of authority. When, last April, the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times* denounced as distorted the *Philadelphia Bulletin* story about criticisms of the seminary regime submitted to the archbishop by seminarians, without offering its readers the facts, O'Connor quickly remedied the deficiency in the *Dialog*. His authoritative summary of the document, in addition, vindicated the *Bulletin*.

Some of the mass monthlies, also institutionally owned, have moved vigorously into the Council spirit, led by *Ave Maria*, *Sign*, *U.S. Catholic* and *Extension*. The sixty-year-old *Extension* is remarkable. Formerly, it sold 400,000 copies monthly on the basis of a plaster-saint-with-electric-eyes piety, supported by advertising of remedies for baldness. Today it applies the same virtuosity and sophisticated techniques to moving its mass readership into the new swing. A few diocesan publications, led by the *Brooklyn Tablet*, as well as the lay-owned *Wanderer* (St. Paul, Minn.) and L. Brent Bozell's just started *Triumph*, fight a valiant rear-guard action for De Pauw and those who call themselves traditionalists. Many of the institutional monthlies and weeklies meanwhile continue to smoke their opium pipes and smother their readers in billowing clouds of non-thought.

If I have dealt at length on the press, it is because here one sees most clearly the ebb and flow of battle. Institutional changes are few and hesitant, though they must come. The National Conference of Bishops (NCWC) will soon be able to make decisions binding on its members. This will, of course, help; but it will not alter the fact that bishops are elderly men whose minds are set in rigid molds. The best intentioned find it hard to treat the faithful as



adults. Their attempts to implement the Council are top-heavy with bureaucracy, new words to the old music.

Nevertheless, they are trying. Many bishops have organized the council of priests ordered by the Council to permit methodic exchange of information and discussion of problems. A few are bringing laymen cautiously into the consultative and even the decision-making processes. More of this will come, and it will among other things serve an ecumenical function by narrowing the gap between Catholic and Protestant forms of Church organization in the country. But it will come sporadically and with major local variations. This should rejoice rather than disturb Protestants, for it will be living evidence that this is no monolith. The very variety of institutionalism spells the death of one of the divisive factors.

Initiative for institutional change is coming and will come from below more than from above, another reflection of the new dispersal of authority. Typical is the creation in September, 1966, of the Institute for Freedom in the Church by a group of laymen, priests and nuns, as a nonofficial organization to deal with problems of personal freedom within the institutional structures of the Church. Its founders have drafted a program similar to that of the Civil Liberties Union in the civil area. They propose to examine claims of violations of freedom in the Church and use available means to determine the facts and achieve justice. Also like the ACLU, they plan to review existing structures and work to eliminate features not consonant with contemporary concepts of human dignity and freedom.

Individual witness has also become an important instrument of change. Participation by priests and nuns in civil rights protests has become commonplace overnight, often without the consent and sometimes against the expressed opposition of their superiors. Jesuit Daniel Berrigan's reputation has risen because of his superiors' ineffectual attempts to silence his pacifist preachings. Father DuBay is to many a hero for denouncing Cardinal McIntyre's ignoring of the moral challenge of Watts. Seminarians have widely taken the initiative, as in Philadelphia, in developing freer regimes, more contact with contemporary thought, more association with the people they are preparing to serve. Both they and

the younger priests have a new concept of law as an aid to ordered living, not as the chain of a slave gang. They shed their clerical garb when it becomes an embarrassment or a hindrance. They participate in worship with other Christians, in experimental ways of celebrating the Eucharist, in dialogue sermons in Church, far beyond the changes authorized by the Roman authorities. "Canon law is dead," one highly respected theologian of my acquaintance assures his friends.

These new attitudes reflect important shifts in theological thinking. In place of ghettoism and legalism, we have a stress on charity, an affirmation of secular values, a recognition of the positive religious values found outside Catholicism, and specifically of the greater historical fidelity of Protestants than Catholics to important elements of Christ's teaching. In place of individualistic piety, we have greater emphasis on the notion of the people of God involved in a common effort that embraces their whole life, bringing an awareness of the importance of social action and of involvement.

Chicago had a recent example of the practical consequences. Cardinal Meyer and his predecessors had created a tradition of decentralization and personal responsibility, which Archbishop Cody set out on his appointment in 1965 to reverse. He quickly ran into 400 young priests organized into what *Time* called "the closest thing yet to a union of priests," soon decided that if you can't lick 'em you'd better join 'em, ended up by taking credit for the prompt implementation by the archdiocese of the Vatican Council call for a council of priests.

In spite of efforts to hold back *aggiornamento* of the nation's 180,000 nuns, they are being seen, and will be seen increasingly, where the problems are in our society. They are in civil rights, in poverty programs. They are leaving middle-class schools to man community facilities. They are working on staffs of neighborhood centers, serving on the boards of state and local human rights commissions, the Urban League, the NAACP. They are thinking less of the good of their own particular group, seeking ways to join other groups of nuns and lay people for more effective action. Chicago's Urban Apostolate of Sisters, started in 1961, has

800 nuns working in myriad activities, a center for teenage Spanish speakers, contacts with youth gangs. Some live in one of the apartments of the public-housing complex where they work. Others live in tenements, work in factories, carry union cards.

They have to pay the price of change. With some, the clash between ardent youth and stratified authority ends in separation. With others, the formalism of community life persuades them that they can achieve the goal to which they are dedicated by leaving the convent. Unaccustomed freedom causes others to jump over the traces. Recruits are fewer, in part because the medieval dress and manners suggest irrelevance to many, in part because the dedicated have the alternatives of the youth corps, the poverty corps, the papal volunteers for Latin America and a host of other service organizations.

One area which feels the pinch is Catholic education. But the decline in teaching nuns is only part of its problem. While the system is here to stay, it is both due to change and to become less important in relation to the entire educational system. Increasing costs, for example, are raising the percentage of Catholics in public schools, especially at the university level. The new recognition of the importance of social research and the approach to self-criticism of the Greely-Rossi report and the University of Notre Dame report are clearing the air of prejudices. While they take much steam out of criticisms of the system as religiously divisive and intellectually schizophrenic, they question the value received by the Church for the money. As Catholics de-escalate, they will become more conscious of the values of public education. The rest of the community will become more conscious of the Catholic contribution, look more assiduously for constitutional ways to ease the burden.

Many Catholics are asking out loud if academic freedom and Church control of universities are compatible. The issue has erupted most explosively in the still unresolved clash between St. John's University, Brooklyn, and a group of professors led by a priest, but it is bubbling on many other campuses. A practical solution is being tested in Canada, though the incentive has been primarily economic. To qualify for

public funds, several Church-related universities have been transferred to a community board of management, setting up their schools of philosophy and theology as an affiliated college still Church-controlled. I anticipate similar experiments in the United States, both to qualify for public funds and to meet the academic freedom criticisms.

Another significant development is the growing Catholic involvement in the peace movement. The bishops are still back in the traditional pattern of proving their patriotism, which in that context means blind support of current Administration policy. Recognizing the clear absence of consensus, only fifteen have spoken, but all who spoke backed the Administration, Cardinal Spellman quoting with approval Stephen Decatur's blasphemous "my country right or wrong," and only one (Cardinal Shehan) dwelling on the danger of vitiating a moral purpose by the use of immoral means. A recent Gallup poll showed that the percentage of Catholics who approve the President's stand in Vietnam is significantly higher than that of Protestants or Jews. What I think is significant is that it is only 54 per cent. I suspect it would have been 90 or 95 per cent, that is, monolithic, if we hadn't had the Council. Perhaps even more important is the willingness of priests and nuns to be arrested, as in Selma, or spat on by fellow Catholics, as in Chicago. The public witness, the prophetic role of Christianity vis-à-vis society, was previously unknown in American Catholicism.

Both Catholics and others will, accordingly, have to stop asking what is the Catholic position on this, that or the other. I am confident that when the smoke clears away, there will still be clear Catholic positions on a number of basic matters; for example, on the proposition that it is every man's duty to love all other men and to help them according to their need and his means. But we no longer have and won't have reflex reactions on divorce laws, birth control measures, aid to education. We will have to think of Catholics, as we think of other Americans, as people—people with a set of beliefs and moral principles which influence their actions, but not a Pavlovianly conditioned herd responding undiscerningly to stimuli of which they are unconscious.

ANTI-MISSILES

NEW TWIST IN THE ARMS SPIRAL

GEORGE C. WILSON

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Lyndon Johnson, leader of the most powerful nation in the world, is up against the painful limits of his power as he faces one of the most consequential decisions of his Presidency—how to respond to Soviet and Chinese progress in weaponry.

The facts are plain enough. Russia is putting an anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) system in place to protect its cities and its citizens; the United States is not. Red China is bent

on making nuclear weapons of world range; the United States has not decided what to do about it. The President can find no easy answer to these moves, and yet faces obvious political risks if he does nothing about them.

Russia, Pentagon experts insist, is deploying a sophisticated ABM system—not a few smoky missiles its technicians have built in the cellar to scare the West. Pentagon leaders credit the Soviet with a long-range anti-missile almost as good as our own and believe the ABM system is an "area" defense—not just protection for a few cities or military bases.

An area defense depends on missiles of 400-mile range or more which, like a boxer's left, fends off the enemy's

punch before it gets near the vitals. The nuclear warhead of the defending missile incapacitates the enemy's incoming missiles. The name of the U.S. missile for this role is the Nike Zeus. The long reach of an ABM system is backed up by deployment of a close-in missile, designed to intercept any stray rockets which escaped the long-range network. The United States has the Sprint for close-in defense.

Both types of missiles are guided by a bewilderingly complex radar hooked into a versatile computer. The electronic systems both aim the defending missiles at the incoming ICBMs and distinguish between real live warheads and decoys. The United States believes it excels the Soviets in radar technology, but weapons experts hastily add that the Russian equipment appears good enough to do the job.

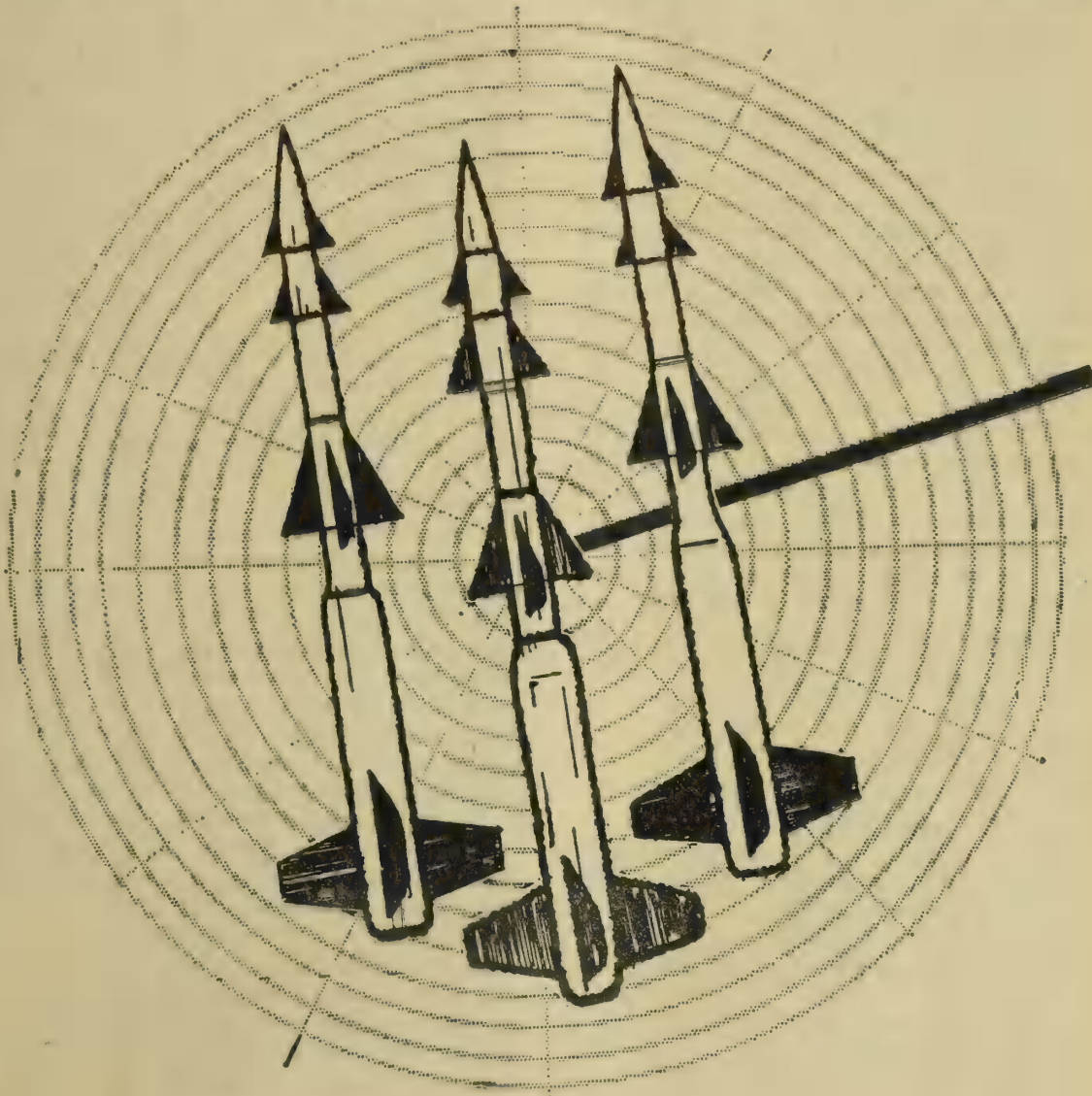
In two previous false starts, Russia appeared to be ringing the key cities of Moscow and Leningrad with Sprint-type ABMs. This did not especially worry U.S. policy makers because such a defense could not neutralize our nuclear deterrent. U.S. ICBMs, it was clear to Russia and the rest of the world, would still be able to destroy Soviet military bases and most of its society. But the area defense the Soviets have now embarked upon is something else again. If the Russians can protect their whole country

from U.S. missiles, why should they not contemplate attacking first and relying on their anti-missiles to protect them from unacceptable retaliation? It does not follow necessarily that they would, but military planners work on the assumption that they might.

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara has a ready answer for this drastic prediction: keep the U.S. offense so far ahead of the Russian defense that it will remain perfectly clear to the Soviet leadership that a first strike would trigger an unbearable response.

McNamara's position involves constant improvement of the U.S. offensive missiles now standing in concrete silos and being pushed around the world under water by Polaris submarines. The Pentagon is spending millions to make it harder for an enemy to destroy U.S. missiles.

The Poseidon missile is the leading example. It will be carried in submarines now loaded with Polaris missiles. Being under water and on the move, the Poseidon cannot readily be destroyed by an enemy first strike. Also, the Poseidon's nuclear warhead would break up into several little ones when it reached the enemy's defense. This shotgun blast, the theory goes, could not be entirely stopped



by any ABM system now within reach of the technology.

If President Johnson were to accept the argument that the best defense is a good offense, he could indeed save the nation billions of dollars. The cost of an ABM system for the United States is a minimum of \$3 billion for a "thin defense" and \$40 billion for a much better (though by no means perfect) one, including fallout shelters. But uncomfortable technical and political arguments are being raised against this option. Some of Secretary McNamara's own civilian weapons experts believe it would be dangerous to rely solely on the potential of retaliation; that the United States must follow Russia's lead and start putting a defense in place. The Joint Chiefs of Staff—although they would be expected to err on the side of too much offensive weaponry—also favor an ABM defense for the United States. And several Senators and Representatives of both parties are already demanding that President Johnson do as much to protect his people as Russian leaders are doing to protect theirs.

Congress, after listening to both McNamara and the Joint Chiefs, lined up on the side of the ABM. An overwhelming majority of the Congress voted \$167.9 million more for the Nike X than the \$446 million McNamara requested for this fiscal year (ending June 30). The extra money was to be used to gear up for actually producing the Nike X—the step prior to installing the system.

Conceivably, President Johnson could announce to the Congress this month that he has decided to go along and spend this extra money for Nike X. But that would not really settle the issue. The new Congress (now that McNamara has announced what the lawmakers were told in secret last year about Soviet ABM progress) will demand a commitment from the President on whether he intends to take the plunge and actually deploy Nike X. Many Republicans in Congress, fresh from their November victories, will exploit the political capital in the anti-missile gap, as the Democrats once did with the "missile gap."

While President Johnson and Secretary McNamara were able to put off the day of reckoning during this past Congressional session, by declaring there was still time to do more research on Nike X, the 1967 political climate here and abroad all but rules out another postponement. The go-or-no-go-decision moment is here. By committing himself to Nike X production and deployment in his January State of the Union Message, President Johnson could mute the cries of the hawks. But such a statement would also

doom much of his domestic program, for the lawmakers would react by making budget cuts in the Great Society to compensate for the anti-missile defense.

Abroad, a statement by the country with the most missiles at its command that it was installing an anti-missile defense would prompt "how about us?" questions from our allies. For example, West Germany on the NATO front line is staring at 750 Soviet intermediate range ballistic missiles. West German leaders might be expected to demand some kind of Nike X umbrella.

The President could resist the military and political pressures and flatly state that the United States was going to sit out the anti-missile race. But the notion that Russia is building something the United States does not have is likely to eclipse any arguments the President could muster against going ahead with Nike X deployment.

These painful options underscore the desirability of making some kind of diplomatic breakthrough with the Russians on the arms race. But our intelligence information indicates the precious moment for such an agreement has passed. Russia appears to be committed to both an extensive ABM system and faster ICBM production. Not that the diplomatic route will not be tried. But even if this approach should show promise, how could either the United States or Russia draw China into an agreement? China is making fast progress on nuclear missiles; the Pentagon specialists who know most about nuclear weapons are the very ones who take that progress most seriously.

For example, Washington has evidence that in the last test, Mao's technicians definitely put an advanced type of warhead on a medium-range missile and fired it successfully at supersonic speed. Also, the warhead was made of enriched Uranium 235, the same tricky material the United States uses for its most sophisticated warheads. Such scientific prowess makes a big Chinese hydrogen bomb only a matter of time.

How many warheads and how many missiles for carrying them China has today is the subject of a wide range of guesses. The pattern of China's nuclear test program, however, shows it is not embarked on a deliberate, science-oriented weapons effort. Instead, Western arms specialists see the military running the program with the aim of getting nuclear weapons ready to use as quickly as possible.

China's neighbors are clearly aware of this. That is why India talks of building nuclear weapons of its own, even though its people do not have enough to eat; and Japan—the only nation to know the horror of being hit by an atomic bomb—considers the same course. How would India and Japan feel if the United States, thousands of miles away from either China or Russia, spent billions on an anti-missile defense while they stood naked to missile attack?

China's nuclear prowess also decreases what little chance there may be of reaching an accommodation with the Russians on the anti-missile. The Kremlin could well argue that it needed an ABM system for the threat at its back.

Secretary McNamara's timetable calls for Red China to have a medium-range ballistic missile as early as 1967, and an intercontinental ballistic missile as early as 1975. China's ICBM, McNamara believes, could be effectively stopped—at least the first ones developed before they car-



ried sophisticated penetration aids—by a thin anti-missile defense. But since it takes about six years to install an anti-missile system, the time for doing this is growing short.

Besides the missile races now threatening the peace of the world, the nations involved still could resort to bombers if missile defenses appeared effective. A Nike X missile defense would not stop modern bombers, like the ones Russia has developed and China may develop eventually. Modern bombers fly under defending radar warning systems, zooming over the nap of the earth at speeds of 1,200 to 1,800 miles per hour. Pentagon

strategists hold that it would be senseless to build a defense against missiles unless U.S. bomber defenses were upgraded at the same time.

With this latest twist in the arms spiral—missiles, anti-missiles, supersonic bombers—we have actually reached the point where a Secretary of Defense declares that a nuclear attack would kill 130 million Americans if there were no anti-missile defense or 60 million if there were one costing \$30 to \$40 billion. President Johnson's challenge, then, as he makes his Nike X decision is to find the road leading away from Armageddon. The world seems to have lost its way.

SHALE OIL: THE SLEEPING GIANT

ROSCOE FLEMING

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Denver

Except for coal, America's greatest reserve source of energy lies like a sleeping giant in the oil shale of western Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. Here, in the bed of a fossil lake covering some 20,000 square miles, is enough energy to supply the nation for hundreds of years. It is estimated by the Geological Survey at 4,000 billion barrels of oil. (See Fleming, "Shale Oil: The Cartel's Ace in the Hole," *The Nation*, March 15, 1965.)

Most of the deposit is too lean for economic recovery by the standard method of mining the shale and then burning some of it to drive the oil out of the rest as vapor, which condenses into liquid. But the richest shales, even now competitive with petroleum, alone contain 80 billion barrels, enough to supply the nation for twenty years.

Development of the shale resource will increase as our liquid reserves dwindle. Hans H. Landsberg of Resources for the Future estimates that by 2000 A.D., only thirty-four years away, the nation will be consuming oil at three times the present rate, with allied nations using five times as much. We shall have consumed 250 billion barrels by then—if we can find and buy it—and he sees no way our known reserves can supply this, since the rosier estimate of the yield from known reserves is less than 100 billion barrels.

Luckily, most of the shale area is still in public hands. Private claimants got title to about 15 per cent in the 1920s, but in 1931 the shale lands were withdrawn from entry and the public retained much of the richer reserves. Overall, this is a treasure sufficient to pay off the national debt from royalties alone (at the usual one-eighth to the landowner), and Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois has suggested that it be reserved by law for this purpose. Rep. Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, chairman of the powerful House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, also favors leasing, not selling, the shale lands. He recently led a tour of the area by members and advisers of the Public Land Law Review Commission, charged by Congress with offering a unified public land policy by 1968.

Private claimants have filed many lawsuits seeking to acquire some of these lands. The public won a test case in

Colorado. Claimants contended that agricultural entries under the Homestead Act—the historic 160-acre allotments—carried title to the underlying minerals, even though the law required the claimant to waive such title. The federal district court held in this case that shale under about 200,000 acres belongs to the government.

In another group of cases yet to be tried, claimants challenge the government's contention that denial of claims went for so many years unchallenged that the claims have lapsed for want of action. All such cases will probably reach the Supreme Court. Several thousand claims have also been filed for dawsonite, in the shale area. Dawsonite is a mixture of sodium and alumina, subject to claim under the mining laws. The implication is that miners might take out oil shale along with the dawsonite. But the Interior Department notes that a 1954 law vetoes this.

State officials naturally seek development. Colorado's legislature quietly exempted shale oil from the 5 per cent state severance tax on minerals; and exempted 27.5 per cent of shale-oil income from the state income tax. The latter provision parallels the traditional federal exemption on income from oil and gas, ostensibly to finance exploration for new resources. But it is anomalous here, since the oil shales are highly visible, ribboning 1,000-foot cliffs horizontally like the leaves of a book (hence the name "Book Cliffs").

Economists J. J. Ryan and John G. Welles of the University of Denver have made a study pointing to the imperative need for the state to prepare adequately for a "shale rush" larger than the historic gold rushes. They say that a shale industry producing 1 million barrels daily by traditional methods would provide 42,000 new jobs, bring 112,000 people into the area, create a yearly payroll from shale alone of \$300 million, attract capital investment of \$2 billion, and stimulate the purchase of \$200 million of industrial supplies. They strongly advise federal and state cooperation to avoid the growth of a vast rural slum. So far the state has ignored their recommendations, although Gov. John A. Love (R.) is criticizing the federal government for what he calls procrastination and delay in throwing open the shale lands for private development.

Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall in 1962 named a six-

person advisory board headed by Joseph L. Fisher of Resources for the Future. In 1964, this body recommended a unified policy of development, but split hopelessly over what such a policy should include. However, Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith, who was a board member, continues to insist that an economical and efficient method of getting out the oil must precede any major decisions upon policy.

The present extraction process actually began in an emergency project adopted during World War II, when Hitler's submarines were sinking our oil tankers. For many years it has been continued in a minimal way, ostensibly under direction of the Bureau of Mines, but with the actual work done by an industry group. Galbraith advocates appropriating much more money—"some tens of millions perhaps; the cost of an atomic weapon"—for a real attempt to find the best process. He also notes that surface development

by burning would stain the nation's skies with shale smoke and that millions of tons of ashes would have to be piled somewhere, and he thinks the nation would balk at such destruction of nature.

Today there is increasing discussion of an exceedingly modern solution: to explode hydrogen bombs deep in or under the shale. The explosions would create huge cisterns of broken shale; the residual heat would gasify the oil, which could then be brought up through shafts drilled from the surface. It is estimated that this technique would cost less than methods presently used; it would sacrifice much oil, but no more than the present procedure, which uses half the oil to drive out the remainder.

The overall need, after an economic process has been found, is for a government policy that will insure the public a fair return on its own possessions.

SNAP JOBS AND CHEAP MONEY

URUGUAY'S DOUBLE INFLATION

RICHARD O'MARA

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Montevideo

The color and flamboyance of Uruguay's November 27 election faded quickly after the returns were counted and retired air force General Oscar Daniel Gestido was confirmed as the first man in fifteen years to occupy the Presidency as a single office. The inhabitants of this small River Plata country are satisfied that they have again proved themselves among the world's most adept practitioners of practical democracy. A sense of expectation has replaced the electoral enthusiasm, and Uruguayans look to next March, when Gestido takes office and his new reform program goes into effect.

The 1.2 million people who went to the polls that hot, bright Sunday took a big step. They threaded through a labyrinth of political programs and candidates, and elected to change from the Swiss-style governing council of nine men to one chief executive. (The collegiate government was resorted to in 1952 to mitigate the bitterness of political contests for the Presidency.) They also threw out the conservative Blanco (white) Party, which had been in control for eight years, and returned the more liberal Colorado (red) Party to power. The deeper, substantive change that now remains is to restore Uruguay from near-economic chaos and social unrest. This will be a formidable task, for it demands of the people harsh retrenchment and a virtual readjustment of moral attitude.

The Uruguayan writer, Mario Benedetti, in a fit of exasperation, once described his country as "the only office in the world to be accorded the status of a republic." It was a wry but apt description, for Uruguay is glutted with bureaucracy. Of the 2.5 million population, more than 200,000 are public employees; the ratio is approximately one in thirteen. More than three-fourths of the national budget is allocated to the salaries of these government workers,

who with their families constitute more than 20 per cent of the population.

Uruguay's present economic situation is alarming. Its foreign debt is well over \$500 million; its yearly income from exports is about \$170 million. The country has lost the confidence of the international financial community, and in 1965 the Blanco government was forced to melt down large quantities of gold coins for deposit in United States banks as a guarantee on a renegotiation of debts. Payments due in 1966 and 1967 will require half the income from this year's exports.

Domestically, the budgetary deficit in 1965 was more than \$40 million. The inflation has depressed the peso on the free market from eleven to the dollar in 1963 to today's eighty-one. Inflation in 1965 reached 80 per cent, and was above 31 per cent for the first nine months of 1966. The gross national product is dropping, and some 200,000 people are out of work.

But Uruguay suffers a more pernicious inflation than the deterioration of its money; it is the inflation of unproductive people. In this welfare state, only fourteen people out of a hundred work in any sort of productive industry, and most of these are in the rural areas. Adding to the economic drag of the bureaucratic army are some 300,000 persons on pension. The passive population—including children, nonworking women, pensioners, et al.—is around 35 per cent.

Uruguay is an example of what can happen to a country when an effective two-party system goes to seed. By tradition here, the Colorados govern and the Blancos provide opposition. The Colorados ruled for ninety-three years before being ousted in the 1958 elections. Unaccustomed to playing the foil to the administration, Colorado politicians in recent years found that individual collusion across party lines could be more rewarding in terms of personal gain than united opposition. Numerous inter-party deals were made, and before long the Uruguayan congress be-



came ■ mass of factions. Laws were passed to provide outrageous privileges for politicians, and corruption spread to every branch of government and into the state industries. "Coima," the bribe, became a way of life.

The fragmentation of Uruguay's two traditional parties was never more evident than in the November elections. Both parties ran three Presidential candidates each, and the constitutional reform plan that gained the majority was drafted jointly by factions within the Blanco and Colorado Parties. It was opposed by many Colorados and Blancos, and by the Communists, who offered their own plan. In all, four plans for constitutional reform were offered to the voters, and ten Presidential candidates.

One of the more blatant abuses of power in recent years was the passage of a law which allowed legislators to import automobiles free of duty and tax—a profitable business in a country where import restrictions have driven the price of vehicles through the ceiling. Nor do the Solons of Uruguay's Legislative Palace scorn ostentation. One politician recently drove down Montevideo's 18th of July Avenue in ■ car equipped with a bar, refrigerator, television, hi-fi, phone and various other accouterments. Only four of Uruguay's thirty-one senators and ninety-nine deputies opposed the "auto law." Congress also passed a law allowing its members to borrow from government banks

at 1 per cent interest. There are politicians in Uruguay who owe the government more than ■ million pesos.

The general attitude of permissiveness allowed smuggling to grow into the primary industry, thereby robbing the state of needed revenue. One disgusted Uruguayan complained not long ago: "We have imported enough Swiss watches to provide for twenty countries the size of our own. We imported insulin for 20 million diabetics. It is now in Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia and Brazil, exported by contrabandists."

As corruption in government became chronic, politicians turned to patronage and demagoguery to hold on to their sinecures. The ranks of the bureaucrats swelled; the nation's wealth was squandered; prices started to climb. With the onset of rapid inflation, labor insisted upon massive pay raises to keep up with the cost of living, and the politicians were forced to grant the demands.

Except for Argentina, Uruguay has the most militant labor movement in Latin America. Former Interior Minister Adolfo Tejera said: "Syndical power is incommensurate with the reality of the country and is producing a deep fissure in the social fabric." There were more than 600 strikes in 1966. The country's financial machinery was crippled in October and November by a three-week strike of state bank employees. Strikes and sudden stoppages in

critical industries are common: longshoremen, postal and power workers, transport, have all been out.

The Blanco government blamed labor intransigence on the Communists. The small, legal and bombastic Communist party (Frente Izquierdista de Liberación, FIDEL) does wield power in the labor movement, though not as much as many Blanco and Colorado leaders like to believe. The Communist party finished third in the November elections, slightly ahead of the diminutive Christian Democratic party, but well behind the Blancos and Colorados. It has only one seat in the senate and three in the chamber of deputies.

In Uruguay, blue-collar workers usually earn more than white-collar workers, which is not too surprising since most of the latter are unskilled government clerks. It probably should be that way, too, since the former are engaged in more productive labor than the bureaucrats. But in some areas labor costs have risen beyond reason.

It was against this dismal panorama that incumbent national governing council President Alberto Heber (Blanco) early in 1966 first seriously called into question the practicability of the collegiate government system. "This is a small country with a lot of problems," he said. "It is not necessary to have nine men instead of one President."

Gestido, who had recently resigned from the council, endorsed Heber's view: "The republic is facing a crisis situation, and we must have organs responsible and flexible enough for unity of action." Both men, of course, had Presidential ambitions.

Most experts concede that the overriding motive for making the changeover was to provide a political and administrative machinery capable of putting the country back into shape economically. It seems to some of them that the November election offered Uruguay a last chance to resolve its problems with order and liberty.

A military coup has been rumored now for more than a year. To most Uruguayans the idea is shocking: the country enjoys its reputation as a free, democratic state primarily because it is not afflicted with the militarism that plagues its neighbors. It has no conscription and only a small professional armed force.

Fear is also widespread that the hysterically anti-Communist military governments in Brazil and Argentina have already made secret plans to intervene in Uruguay if it reverts to chaos or allows an extreme leftist regime to take over. Not long ago, *Marcha*, Montevideo's influential leftist weekly, reminded Uruguayans that "independence for Uruguay was not a gift, and the principal enemy was not Spain."

This cryptic message was well understood here, for in a sense, Uruguay won its independence twice: first from Spain, and then from Argentina and Brazil. It wasn't until 1870—forty-two years after Uruguay proclaimed its independence from Spain—that it finally struggled free from the influence of its two largest neighbors and became sovereign in more than name only. It has followed since then an independent foreign policy, the pillar of which is nonintervention. But in the Eastern Republic, as Uruguay is often called, fear remains of the two giants that hem it in on three sides. And because Uruguay is a haven for political refugees from these countries, pres-

sure from Brasilia and Buenos Aires is fairly constant.

Colorado President-elect Oscar Gestido has already distinguished himself as an effective administrator. In the 1950s he made far-reaching improvements in the sluggish national railroad system. He served usefully as chairman of the Welfare Commission during the floods of 1959. He was elected to join the Colorado minority in the governing council in 1962.

The new constitution under which he will govern gives him power to send "emergency laws" to congress; these, if not approved, automatically become law. He will have the right to dissolve congress if it obstructs his reforms, and call elections within ninety days. While congress is out he can rule by decree. His term of office is for five years, and he cannot succeed himself.

Gestido sums up his administrative and governing theory in three words: "reordering, recuperation and dynamism." Though he has never discussed details, sources close to him say that he intends to freeze wages, spur exports, and reduce imports to stem the flight of capital.

One problem which he indicates he intends to tackle is the growing imbalance between the rural and urban populations. In a way, this is basically what is wrong with Uruguay. Montevideo now contains more than a third of the nation's inhabitants. It was called by one scholar "the suction pump" whose "castles have been built and streets paved with the beef, wool and hides of the provinces." Funds from the export of these products finance the country's welfare and social services, and the benefits go mainly to the city dwellers.

Continued neglect of the farming industry has caused ranchers to stop expanding production, and the failure to extend social legislation equitably to the countryside has driven peons and workers into the city. The United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization estimates that Uruguay's farms and breeding ranches are producing only about one-third of their potential. The country has almost no other natural resources.

This diminution in production—therefore in national income—has seriously affected the social services themselves. Pensioners often get paid months late; some don't get paid at all, and salaries are often in arrears. Still, the rush to the cities continues. Uruguay, "the world's first welfare state," is caught in an uncontrolled race between prices and wages.

At this point, the only certainty about the future is that neither Gestido, nor any man alone, will be able to set Uruguay on its feet without widespread popular support. The new constitution gives him the power to buck the old-line political cliques, if he is willing to use it. But if he cannot make labor withhold its incessant demands, if he cannot curtail wholesale smuggling and bribery in government; if he cannot, in short, draw out of the people a new moral attitude, he will fail. And Uruguay will fail in its attempt to prove that truly representative democracy can be the alternative to militarism in Latin America.

But the Uruguayans are an intelligent people, and they demonstrated in the November elections that they understood the need for change—that, indeed, the fate of their country may depend on it. This understanding can be Gestido's greatest asset.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

That Old-Time Aggression

ON AGGRESSION. By Konrad Lorenz. Translated by Marjorie Kerr Wilson. Harcourt, Brace & World. 306 pp. \$5.75.

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE: A Personal Inquiry into the Animal Origins of Property and Nations. By Robert Ardrey. Atheneum Publishers. 390 pp. \$6.95.

JOHN PAUL SCOTT

Mr. Scott, research professor of psychology at Bowling Green (Ohio) University, is the author of *Animal Behavior, Aggression, and with John L. Fuller Genetics and the Development of Social Behavior in the Dog* (all University of Chicago Press).

The control of destructive violence between individuals and nations is one of the important practical problems of our times. Its consequences are so great that it deserves a major scientific effort directed toward its solution; and its causes are so many and so various that almost every discipline, from mathematics through physiology and biology, to the social sciences, have something to contribute. *On Aggression* is such a contribution by the distinguished European ethologist, Konrad Lorenz.

It is a beautifully written and translated book, and follows a line of argument which almost anyone can understand. Lorenz apparently began it in reaction against Freud's interpretation of aggression as an impulse of destruction directed toward others and oneself. He points out that fighting behavior in the animal kingdom had evolved in many different ways and usually serves some useful function, such as the dispersal of animals throughout their living space, and the division of land into breeding territories for adequate food for the young. And he describes human aggressive impulses as probably having had some such constructive function in primitive man. Aggression is therefore not necessarily an evil, but is evil because it has been distorted from its original function.

Though no modern student of the evolution of animal behavior would quarrel with this viewpoint, the book is disappointing nevertheless, both from a scientific and a practical point of view. Lorenz explains aggressive behavior on the basis of instinct, an idea which was popular around the turn of the century,

and his solution for the problem, sublimation, was presented with equal eloquence and greater practicality by William James in his essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War" in 1910.

To understand why a modern biologist would publish a book which leaves out of consideration most of the scientific discoveries of the past fifty years requires some knowledge of Lorenz. He is a very intelligent person who picks up ideas quickly and who has a great deal of verbal and written fluency. He also has the ability to make friends quickly and to communicate a sense of excitement, and by these personal qualities he has been able to inspire a great many people to enter the field of animal behavior. He is also kindly and humanitarian, and this comes through in both his personal contacts and his writing.

But he is a very narrow specialist, who primarily knows the behavior of birds, and particularly that of ducks and geese, on which his book has an excellent chapter. He evidently reads very little other than material which is directly related to his own specialty. Consequently, when he began observing the behavior of birds from the viewpoint of native behavior, or instinct, he went back to the writings of other students of bird life, Wallace Craig and Whitman, for his theoretical concepts. Lorenz quotes articles published in 1918, before modern geneticists had begun to work out the consequences of the facts of Mendelian genetics in relation to evolution, and before publication of much of the modern work on the physiology of the emotions and appetites. These ideas of instinct are thus pre-Mendelian and pre-physiological, and in this day such a classical theory of instinct forms a very incomplete and inadequate explanation of behavior.

One of the major points in Lorenz's theory is the spontaneity of aggression. But for a physiologist there must be a demonstration of chemical and physical changes within the body which would lead to such "spontaneous" aggressive behavior. A series of these changes are well known in the case of hunger. The situation with respect to the emotion of anger is quite different. Beginning with the studies of the American physiologist, Walter B. Cannon, whose book on "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage" was published in 1929, it has been

shown that the emotion of anger originates in one portion of the brain, the hypothalamus, and the stimulation of this area with electrodes in an animal will produce reactions very similar to anger. Without such stimulation the animal is quiet. Evidence obtained from the removal of parts of the brain indicates that certain other areas have a stimulating effect on anger, and that these are balanced by other portions which inhibit it. Stimulation from the outside, as the pain of a blow, will upset the balance and cause anger. Thus we have a mechanism which prolongs and magnifies the effects of external stimulation, but no mechanism for building up the first stimulation from within. There is no internal change corresponding to the change in blood sugar which results in hunger.

This may appear to be a fine technical point, but it has one important result. If Lorenz is right, then man cannot lead a happy, peaceful existence, but must continually be sublimating the spontaneous "drive" which accumulates within him. If the physiologists are correct, then it is theoretically possible for man to lead a happy and peaceful existence, provided he is not continually stimulated to violence. Sublimation will have its uses because in any practical situation there will always be some accidental stimulation toward violence, but it is only one of the many techniques provided by modern scientific knowledge for the control of aggression.

As for other major causes of aggression, such as heredity or training, Lorenz simply omits them. But we know that through appropriate training methods a mouse, for example, will attack females and even infant mice, something which mice normally never do. A male mouse, by other methods, can be trained to be completely peaceful. Lorenz has also missed one of the major recent findings of research on animal behavior (and this may be because of his lack of acquaintance with research done on mammals). Social organization is not something born into an animal but something which is developed; and if social organization is disturbed, harmless or even beneficial aggressive behavior can be transformed into destructive violence. The violent baboons in the London zoo studied by Zuckerman were a group of individuals strange to one another and hence a disorganized society. The undisturbed societies of baboons

studied by Washburn and DeVore on the South African plains present an entirely different picture. Fighting is present but controlled by a dominance order, and chiefly directed against predators, and one sees the baboons risking their lives for the benefit of a group. Thus a baboon may develop destructive violence under conditions of social disorganization, whereas under conditions of social organization he may develop peaceful and cooperative behavior, direct fighting into useful channels, and may act in a manner which might well be described as altruistic. One wonders whether the same might not be said of man.

There is an element in human behavior, however, which goes beyond this simple formulation. Men have discovered that they can organize for the purpose of destruction and violence, and that such trained groups will overcome any individual or untrained group. This presents a problem which can be solved only on the level of human social organization.

In brief, fighting is a complex phenomenon, taking many forms, and is stimulated and controlled by many different factors. Any "single-factor" explanation, such as that of instinct, is necessarily incomplete. To give Lorenz proper credit, he would probably write a different book if he were to write it today, since in a more recent volume he has begun to incorporate the phenomenon of learning into his theories of the evolution of behavior.

The Territorial Imperative is a very different kind of book, although Konrad Lorenz is one of Ardrey's heroes. Briefly stated, Ardrey's thesis, carried over from his earlier book, *African Genesis*, is that human aggression has an even simpler basis than that postulated by Lorenz, namely "man's instinct for territoriality." This is presented so naively that even an unscientific reader is unlikely to take the book seriously, and Ardrey himself realizes that the evidence from field studies of primates goes against his ideas.

Ardrey's book also can be better understood in terms of the history of its author. Ardrey began his career as a dramatist, with little or no formal training in science. *Territorial Imperative* is better theatre than it is science reporting: full of entertainment and wild analogies.

In the early 1940s I published a scientific paper demonstrating that there were inherited differences between the fighting capacities of two pure strains of mice. Males of the gray strain were irritable and quick to start a fight, whereas those of the black strain were slow to start, but once the fighting began almost always won over the grays. After its publication,

I was interviewed by a newspaper reporter who wanted me to say that this situation was "just like ourselves and the Germans." It was some minutes before I could persuade him that the resemblance was purely superficial: that the differences between the behavior of Germans and ourselves was mostly due to culture rather than to any profound biological difference.

This level of science reporting is demonstrated in full strength in Ardrey's book. To him, a band of lemurs in Madagascar is just like a modern human nation.

Ardrey has read widely in the scientific literature on territoriality, but his ideas, if not as wildly unsophisticated as my reporter's, are equally uncritical. He has written these down as they came to

him while reading, and the result is a sort of intellectual pizza pie, with tasty tidbits of information embedded in a mass of partially baked ideas. This is too bad, because a good popular account of territoriality could be written.

The popularization of scientific information in our society is a very important task, as the ultimate usefulness of science depends upon its getting into the minds of as many people as possible. But this must be done in both a readable and scientifically authentic way. The reader who wishes to know about territoriality may be attracted by the title of Ardrey's book, but what he will get is entertainment. For authentic information he will have to go to original sources.

The Ordinariness of Sodomy

ONE IN TWENTY: A Study of Homosexuality in Men and Women. By Bryan Magee. Stein & Day. 192 pp. \$5.95.

THE BOYS OF BOISE. By John Gerassi. The Macmillan Company. 328 pp. \$5.95.

JACK LEAVITT

Mr. Leavitt is a member of the bar in California and Illinois, and is a practicing attorney in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Homosexuality is a fact. So real is this condition that Jehovah denounced it as an abomination whose practitioners should "surely be put to death"; so real that an estimated 4 per cent to 16 per cent of our population is homosexual and, according to Dr. Alfred Kinsey, 37 per cent of the American male population has at least some overt homosexual experience to the point of orgasm between adolescence and old age; and so real that the designers of the newest transportation system in the United States, a multi-million-dollar project linking several counties in the San Francisco Bay area, have blueprinted stations without rest rooms to frustrate "undesirable elements."

Whether homosexuality can most accurately be described as a benefit, a disease or a crime, however, depends less on what we observe than on the way we interpret our knowledge. For Donald Webster Cory, an American homosexual:

... in my knowledge that our number is legion, I raise my head high and proclaim that we, the voiceless millions, are human beings, entitled to breathe the fresh air and enjoy, with all humanity, the pleasures of life and love on God's green earth.

For Peter Wildeblood, a British homosexual:

I am no more proud of my condition than I would be of having a glass-eye or a hare-lip. On the other hand, I am no more ashamed of it than I would be of being colour-blind or of writing with my left hand.

For the Oregon Supreme Court, some fifty years ago:

In the order of nature the nourishment of the human body is accomplished by the operation of the alimentary canal, beginning with the mouth and ending with the rectum. In this process food enters the first opening, the mouth, and residuum and waste are discharged through the nether opening of the rectum. The natural functions of the organs for the reproduction of the species are entirely different from those of the nutritive system. It is self-evident that the use of either opening of the alimentary canal for the purpose of sexual copulation is against the natural design of the human body. In other words, it is an offense against nature.

As competing philosophies, these different viewpoints operate on vastly unequal terms. When a state government insists that homosexual acts are evil, the ultimate leverage for its argument is the number of years for which it can imprison those individuals who actively disagree with its statutory notions. When homosexual practitioners urge clemency for their way of life, they do so as an afflicted minority, asking much and offering little. And yet, homosexuality flourishes—and the state survives.

Focusing on this subject, two recent authors—Bryan Magee and John Gerassi—have presented independent briefs for understanding and tolerance as they have tried to show the ordinariness of sodomy,

an activity which historically was "not to be named among Christians." Magee is a British television performer who realized that his thirty-minute programs on male and female homosexuality were inadequate for the complexity of his findings; Gerassi is a former editor of *Time* magazine who found his medium equally deficient. By such deficiencies are cloth-bound authors born.

Both writers are compassionate, intelligent and perceptive, though their works have unequal merit. By far the more poised narrator and craftsman, Magee writes from the perspective of an individual who might be (but is not) a homosexual seeking meaning for himself. Gerassi writes as a reporter who observes and disapproves of a series of criminal trials that upset a middle-class community which prided itself on respectability. For Magee, the measure is the individual man or woman; for Gerassi, it is social justice.

Magee writes—and writes well—about the English and European experience with men and women who are, or have an ordinary chance to be, normal in every respect but a libidinous attraction to persons of their own sex. He relies intelligently on Dr. Kinsey's identification of a sexual continuum where (in Kinsey's words) "only the human mind invents categories and tries to force facts into separate pigeon holes."

In what might be his most effective point, Magee notes: "If we were relaxed and a hand in the dark caressed our sex organs our physical response would be automatic despite the fact that we had no way of knowing whether it was a man's hand or a woman's hand." While many of us would probably protect our genitals from all strangers (and many friends), once we yielded our assent to affectionate manipulation we would react in the same way to the person of our choice or to anyone else who secretly knew how to please us.

Gerassi writes—and writes with disorganized sincerity—about the attempt in Boise, Ida., during 1955-57 to "Crush the Monster" of "moral perversion" that had teen-age boys allegedly being seduced by adult males, and adult males unquestionably enjoying sexual relations with other adult males. Possibly inaugurated as a political attack on the city administration, the Boise prosecutions soon became a vengeful onslaught that ultimately "made a mockery of Idahoan justice and revealed that such an investigation, once unchained, could turn up homosexuals in every sector of the community."

(While Magee records that, "the very first homosexual couple I got to know met each other in church," Gerassi observes that, as a result of the scandal,

"you never saw so many men going out to the bars at night with their wives and girl friends.")

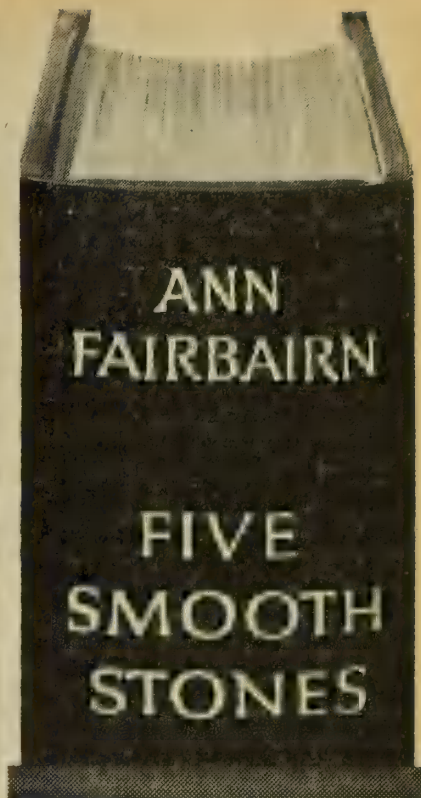
The authors concede that homosexual adults should be prohibited from molesting other individuals, particularly minors, but indicate that an adult male who entices a youthful male should be classified and dealt with like the adult male who entices a youthful female. Corruption of the young, while often fashionable, need not be made a constitutional prerogative, regardless of the sex or sexes involved.

What, then, shall we do about consenting adults of the same sex who, in private, make love to each other? Given an opportunity to establish rules of conduct, Magee would say, "I hold it as a principle of fundamental importance that people should not necessarily be prevented from doing things that I find disgusting." Gerassi would add: "Consenting adult homosexuals do no harm—why should so many of them be discriminated against?"

Studying Magee's credo, we can readily agree that his personal inclinations should not "necessarily" inspire a penal law. But when other considerations exist, we might not care to sponsor an activity just because Magee finds it "disgusting." As for Gerassi's premise that consenting adult homosexuals "do no harm," we ought to be shy of such self-contained reasoning. By arguing from a "harmless" assumption, he reaches the only conclusion he leaves available; dispute the assumption and the conclusion fails. For example, consent, standing alone, is not the key to harmlessness in legal contemplation. We have long-established laws against other consensual activities between men, like dueling, bookmaking and sales of narcotics.

We cannot say of a homosexual, as we can of a hunchback, that such an individual must not be punished because he has no personal guilt even though he might terrify children by his appearance. The hunchback's imperfections are hereditary, the result of a genetic cataclysm that stamped him in the womb. He never had a chance. But homosexuality is not hereditary. Except for an inconsequential number of cases, persons whose attitudes demonstrate that they are mislabeled "men" are not equipped with subcutaneous female organs, awaiting the surgeon's knife to bring them happiness. Instead, homosexuality is an outgrowth of environmental tensions, believed by many to be triggered by a defective relationship between a son and his father.

We would be foolish to claim that a homosexual "chose" his way of life because, as a child, he selected a socially objectionable behavior pattern with full knowledge of the consequences. Yet we



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would be hard pressed to excuse him for his conduct (assuming our clemency is requested) on no other ground than his inability to control and overcome his youthful surroundings. Each of us, when confronted with a breach of legal duty, might shrug, "I can't help it. That's just the way I am."

To limit such claims of innocence or irresponsibility, the law makes distinctions between the sane and the insane. The distinctions are often absurd but in their ideal form would divide the perpetrators of criminal acts into two groups: those who had the ability to avoid the crime by making a little more effort, and those whose intellect and emotions were so defective they could not help themselves. Those who "voluntarily" committed crimes are punished; those who could do nothing else but act as they did are treated for their anti-social weaknesses.

Our well-intentioned citizens who hope to find some compromise solution for the homosexual problem often suggest that homosexuals, being sick, should routinely be treated instead of punished. In justifying this course, we show contempt for earlier societies that jeered at their lunatics and, instead, readily institutionalize and force cures on all sorts of people whose conduct we dislike, assuring them that medical and psychiatric help is nothing to be ashamed of. Unfortunately for these aspirations, some homosexuals are as content with their own lives as heterosexuals are with their affairs, a mutually smug arrangement which overlooks the fact that half the hospital beds in the United States are occupied by psychiatric patients.

In our search for answers, then, we must ultimately ask ourselves the irksome question: is homosexuality really a problem? If so, should it be considered as a never-ending emergency, or might it be dealt with by such mutual enlightenment as the Christian good fellowship which modified the historical exchange of massacres between Catholics and Protestants?

For those who believe that God's words must be obeyed literally, homosexuals are evil and should be destroyed. The only compromise to take place should be between the criminal's body and some avenging stones.

For those who accept the moral precepts of the Bible but shy at massacres, homosexuals must somehow be prevented from harming socially valuable institutions, like the family, by enjoying and advocating an evil course of conduct. The moment even one of us becomes degenerate, these logicians believe, all mankind will be in danger. By a categorical imperative, a Kantian infection, millions

of honorable men, lured they know not how, will take to one another's mattresses and commit race suicide. Such a view, it seems, exists with greatest fury when men are wary of their own virtue. "Unless sodomists are punished for their lewd, contemptible, depraved, disgusting habits," they ask, "what will keep me from joining them?"

For those of us who doubt that our own ways are perfect, who fear that vice is less attractive than moralists advertise it to be, who resent electronically armed police agents at our keyholes, homosexuality between consenting adults is just something else that people do. Few of us would have spent yesterday exactly as we did spend it if we knew we were going to die today. If, on any eternal accounting, each of us is likely to be depressed that his life eroded away through perfectly virtuous stages, we can afford

to let others blunder in whatever private fashion they choose. Their pleasures in no way corrupt us.

Regardless of which justification we use in choosing a social response to homosexual activity, our alternatives for everyday procedures are quite limited. We could execute some 10 million Americans, a prospect that might benefit no one but quarry workers. More reasonably, we either can confine all the practicing homosexuals we catch in a prison or hospital-prison where they will serve their time as homosexuals and, if released at all, will be released as homosexuals; or, we can declare that homosexual acts between consenting adults, in private, are the participants' concern and nobody else's business. In any case, we can be certain that our children will have homosexuals as their friends and neighbors. Our neighbors' children will face the same prospect.

Making the Violent Scene

A SIGN FOR CAIN. An Exploration of Human Violence. By Fredric Wertham, M.D. The Macmillan Co. 391 pp. \$6.95.
THE BOSTON STRANGLER. By Gerold Frank. The New American Library. 364 pp. \$5.95.

MARTIN LEBOWITZ

Mr. Lebowitz has contributed to The Journal of Philosophy, The Kenyon Review and other publications, and to two anthologies: The Critics' Notebook (University of Minnesota) and The Kenyon Critics (World).

For Fredric Wertham, this is "the age of violence." His interpretation of violence is socio-economic rather than Freudian; and he confidently anticipates the ultimate goal of nonviolence, although he is hardly explicit about the means of achieving it. While praising Thoreau, Gandhi and Martin Luther King, he observes: "Elevating nonviolence in our time to a universal principle may give the oppressor the assurance that he can practice violence with impunity. . . . Would it have helped the people in Auschwitz . . . if they had marched in peaceful demonstrations?" Wertham's familiar antagonists—the arsenal of contemporary violence—are all present: comic books, movies, television, literature, painting, journalism, advertising, alcohol, the toy industry, automobiles, fascism, colonialism, race prejudice and, to a degree, science and technology. He even permits himself a mild reference to "private enterprise," and he quotes Henry James on American business: "its boundless ferocity

of battle." The American city is by far the most criminally violent community in the world, and growing worse; yet American society has outwardly appeared, until recently, to be the most benign. Are these two circumstances related?

Wertham quotes a text edited by a Harvard professor: "Necessary to the concept of self-actualization is . . . a certain promise of necessary violence, even of ferocity." I suspect that this statement must be understood in a context of sexuality, but it is high time that someone seriously inquired what constitutes self-actualization and why it appears so desirable. Clearly, from the standpoint of Wertham's sociology, it isn't. It is evident that self-actualization meant something to Aristotle and no doubt to Hegel that it no longer means to us, for their view of reality was profoundly teleological.

Wertham is convinced that there are no inborn traits of hostility, cruelty or aggression; they differ, in this sense, from sexuality. Rather, "we have to learn . . . that [violence] is linked by a thousand threads to the present fabric of our social and institutional life." He criticizes psychiatry itself for disseminating the ostensibly enlightened view that aggression is a necessary "outlet." No less a practitioner than the late Gregory Zilboorg is quoted to the effect that Hitler's Germany must be allowed to live out its malevolence. Soldiers fight, says Wertham, not because they have sadistic trends but because they are drafted. Concerning the re-education of the delinquent, Wertham notes: "The main problem here is that

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Should you read *The De-Romanization of the American Catholic Church*? The *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion* thinks so, and calls it "the intellectual progeny" of "Herberg's Catholic-Protestant-Jew."

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in a violence-saturated society, it may be necessary also to re-educate the re-educators." He speaks at length of the high profits made by German industrialists on the slave labor obtained from concentration camps. Wertham is clearly of the opinion that most crimes are committed in the name of law and order; and he cogently quotes C. P. Snow to that effect.

But Wertham's main example of the violence of respectability is his chapter on the German "euthanasia" murders of nearly all the inmates of its mental institutions; it is estimated that half these victims could have recovered. For the murderers in this instance were not bureaucrats or highly appointed Nazis but the psychiatric profession, acting, by and large, on its own initiative. He points out that the idea did not originate with the Nazis but in a book published in Leipzig in 1920, written by Binding and Hoche, a jurist and a psychiatrist. Wertham also observes that a recent work called *Euthanasia and Destruction of Life Devoid of Value*, by a Marburg professor, is highly recommended in an American psychiatric journal.

Much or most of the violence Wertham discusses—particularly juvenile delinquency—is due, no doubt, to the "passivity" that society undertakes to induce in the individual—stringent patterns of experience, sociability and endeavor which intensify, distort or suppress the natural—and seminal—diversity of character. When Wertham speaks of "social conditions," "socioeconomic factors" and cultural history in relation to modern violence, he is writing in part of the *mystique* of the American frontier, but mostly of the "dynamics" of capitalism. The irony is that a sufficiently affluent society can approximate and at least make tangible to the imagination not only the Jeffersonian ideal of governmental nonviolence but also the ultimate ideal of Marx.

On the question of mental or legal competence in criminal cases, Wertham is strongly opposed to such innovations as the Durham rule advocated by Judge Bazelon, the irresistible-impulse doctrine, and the new law enacted in New York State in 1965, a revision of the original McNaughton rule. The McNaughton rule, pronounced in England in 1843, maintains that "to establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be . . . proved that . . . the party accused . . . (did not) know . . . the nature and quality of the act . . . (or) that he did not know that what he was doing was wrong." The Durham rule bases legal insanity on a demonstration, merely, that the crime was a product of mental disease. As Wertham

says, it is a principle which, though not widely accepted, has been the subject of fruitful discussion and intelligent praise. Wertham also points out that a principle comparable to the Durham rule has been adopted in the Soviet Union.

But the trouble with the Durham rule, and perhaps ultimately with the McNaughton rule, though to a lesser degree, is that the tendency of reflection (or speculation) in this field is to establish and to identify the determinism, presumably pathological, of all violence. Wertham writes, for example, of violence as the "cancer of society." Indeed, speaking of enlightenment, if one accepts the hypothesis of psychic or behavioral determinism, as most psychologists do, it might well appear that, at least in some instances, crime resulting from "disease" (crimes of sadism, essentially) is especially flagrant and punishable.

But the legal and moral difficulty of defining a rational attitude toward crime is complicated by the practical question of what, if anything, constitutes a proper deterrent. Wertham notes that "in our society, as Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing used to point out, capital punishment is applied mostly to the underprivileged and friendless. . . . If you abrogate capital punishment and do not change the conditions that lead to violence, it can always be reinstated. Ten American states have abolished capital punishment and reintroduced it. Chile gave it up and then introduced it again. Soviet Russia has prohibited it three times and restored it three times."

Our modern sense of reality as "dynamic" and "relativistic" is largely due, perhaps, to the emergence of politics in the 19th century as the paradigm of social and indeed of moral objectivity. Lenin wrote that law is politics, and Peirce, the father of pragmatism, said much the same of natural science: ". . . the opinion which is fated to be ultimately agreed to by all who investigate, is what we mean by the truth." Santayana noted years ago the relation between egoism and aggression, and schizophrenia is certainly, if anything, subjectivistic. It is not the exaggerated and excessively maligned nihilism or absence of values in modern life that accounts for violence but the seeming necessity of egoism or activism—the compulsive morality of systematic subjectivism implicit in the emotional and intellectual intensity of romanticism. And the confusion incident to this morality is also frequently responsible for violence. As in the case of Raskolnikov, it is a phenomenon which, even when "nonpolitical," is nonetheless a political parable or pantomime.

I have endeavored to indicate that *A Sign*

for Cain is an exceptionally cultivated book, humane, sensitive, intelligent and remarkably well informed. It merits the attention of everyone. *The Boston Strangler*, however, is the sort of book one recommends with trepidation after reading Wertham. Indeed, Wertham might say that there are overtones of misogyny in Gerold Frank's choice of subject matter, which has in earlier books included a succession of prominent women, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Lillian Roth, Diana Barrymore, Sheila Graham. But the book is surely noteworthy. It has a novelistic quality—superior, in one sense, to that of detective fiction and journalism—to the extent that it generates an intensely physical and moral atmosphere: the tangible and precise details of suspense are translatable into moral anger and physical curiosity. A profound consciousness of pathology is created not only by the crimes and the extreme psychiatric preoccupation of the investigators (together with their occasional oddity and possible criminality) but also by the inevitable aberrance of the numerous suspects, the "medical" status of some of them, and the recurrent association of the victims themselves with nursing, institutions, mental and sexual abnormality, promiscuity, etc., along with the foreseeable variety of crackbrained confessions and efforts to help the police, one of which culminated in suicide. We experience, in short, the reality of a sick society.

And the story is amazing. It concerns the three-year hunt, commencing in 1962, for the "maniacal" murderer of thirteen women, the most intensive criminal investigation on record, and surely one of the most notorious criminals. Gerold Frank reports it as:

. . . the greatest manhunt in the history of modern crime, using every technique of detection, natural and supernatural: computers, clairvoyants, "sensitives," men and women claiming ESP powers, psychiatrists armed with hypnotic drugs, hallucinating agents, and truth serums, specialists in anthropology, graphology, forensic law. . . .

The search would involve the Attorney General of Massachusetts and the FBI . . . through it would run local political jealousies and national political hopes. It would set wives against husbands, neighbor against neighbor, translating the sexual frustrations of men and women into acts astonishing and bizarre . . . an entire city would be stripped bare.

Is the purported killer, Albert De Salvo, really psychotic? The crimes, if he committed them, were apparently due to his excessive sexual need and the hostility of his wife, who scorned and re-

puddled his advances, especially since the birth of a crippled daughter had made her fearful of further pregnancy.

Indeed, it is worse than ironic that De Salvo's crimes can be taken to express his flamboyant, rather than his maniacal, emotionality. The evidence that he is the Strangler exists in his confession—accurate enough to be corroborated by facts known to the police but withheld from

the newspapers—but is legally invalid because of recent Supreme Court rulings. Thus, there is no way to dispose of him safely except to detain him for life in a mental hospital. Wertham doubtless wonders about a society whose guilt is such as to create an anomalous immunity for its criminals. Some years from now it might well appear anomalous that "society" was considered sacrosanct.

Letter from Prague

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias recently spent three weeks in Prague.

Every writer you meet in Prague will tell you that at the 13th Party Congress held last year not one word was said about Socialist realism in its long statement on the development of Socialist culture. I obtained an English translation—or, rather, an English approximation—of all the resolutions of the congress, and did not find the phrase used once in the 23 pages devoted to culture. The congress was somewhat worried about "liberalism," but every attack on it is carefully balanced by as strong a criticism of sectarian and dogmatic views—to the point that it blames "liberalism" for the revival among some critics of "harmful conservative views." "It was those who had a direct share in the faults of the fifties," the resolution states candidly in its wayward English, "trying more than once later, following the 20th Congress of the CPSU, to prove that their reversal is permanent and convincing, who adopted in their argumentation the vocabulary of, and with it, the standpoint of bourgeois propaganda and of various doctrines fighting against socialism and communism."

For the party there is a fundamental conflict between democracy and liberalism. "Democratization, for which the party endeavors—in accordance with Leninist ideas—means to expand the organized participation of the many in power, and in management and administration," says the cultural resolution; "liberalism, on the contrary, means only equalization of conflicting views, regardless of their value, legalization of nonobligatory opinions and political irresponsibility."

Classical Marxist ideas in the field of culture are stated almost defensively. "It happened lately that certain individuals considered any mention of ideology or ethics to be an expression of dogmatism. . . . An evaluation of art from an ideological and ethical point of view . . . is inherent in art and turns up again in

history with new forms. A world outlook or philosophical system has a basic inimitable importance for art. It determines the content and structure of artistic expression and thus also its aesthetic influence. Without a world outlook no work of art which is of service to life can be created."

Having done its duty to theory, the resolution goes on to considerations that account for the extraordinary amount of activity visible in Prague in the theatre, films, books, art galleries. It talks about the exploratory nature of art, the need to develop what it calls "aesthetic perceptibility" among the people, to encourage conditions favorable to artistic creations of "multiform variety of forms"; it asks the different artists' unions to insure "that artistic competition is really free"; and even asserts that "difficult, unusual, revealing works can achieve wide popularity"; though it adds "if they carry the answer to questions of great social significance . . . and are created in a way allowing them to become the property of broad society strata." And, given the new economic law to go into effect this month that attempts to put all enterprises on a self-sustaining basis, the resolution defends the allocations to education and culture as ones which "cannot simply be looked upon as unnecessary, unproductive expenditures."

All these are, of course, formal pronouncements, and I cannot say whether intellectuals pointed out the absence of the phrase "Socialist realism" because this would have special significance for me or because it did for them. Probably for both reasons. The Czechs, who are not given to tooting their own horn or to bursts of enthusiasm, also informed me that no other Socialist country had yet made a statement to compare with it; that is, one with so wide a latitude for artists.

If to Czechs the resolution means relaxation, to Western intellectuals the balanced statements will seem a hedge against experimentation. The only way

to verify it, then, is to look at the activity going on in Prague. The art galleries show the work of abstract expressionists and figurative painters; even when naturalistic they are by no means the illustrated stories dear to Soviet art; I saw no Pop art, however, and Op seemed confined to two or three shopping bags; yet there were many Picasso-like ceramics in the crowded art shops. Of the dozens of plays being produced last November the repertory ran to classical plays (Lope de Vega, Shakespeare, Machiavelli), turn of the century (Gorki, Shaw, Turgenev, Strindberg, Ibsen), moderns of all types (Miller, Pirandello, Dürrenmatt, Albee, Giraudoux, Tennessee Williams, O'Neill, Schisgal, Ionesco); there were Viennese operettas, Cole Porter musicals, Agatha Christie mysteries, Lonsdale comedies and, of course, *My Fair Lady*.

In the windows of the bookstores—there seem to be as many as newsstands in New York—are Czech translations of Sarraute, Robbe-Grillet, de Beauvoir, Camus; and Czechs, in their diffident manner, modify their advice that their language is impenetrable with the recommendation that it is worth learning Czech for the interesting experimental verse be-

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ing written by their young poets. A current, long-playing record of verses by four Czech poets, translated into Spanish and read by Cuban actors, shows that they are not startling in their idiom; but it is surprising that their work is contemporary—in the best sense—with our own poets. Czechs complain that the tourists are crowding them out of the *Lanterna Magica* theatre: ■ fascinating amalgam of film, music, mime and dance, which did not do well in New York three years ago, probably because it requires the kind of specialized small house cleverly designed for it in Prague. The Czechs are mad for jazz—one magazine is entirely devoted to it—and you can hear *The New Thing* on radio and records.

The amount of foreign literature translated in this country of only 14 million people is extraordinary: for last summer's P.E.N. International Congress, the Writers' Union published a 77-page book, listing translations of American writers since the end of the war. Despite some vagaries (due to the Stalin period and to the three-year period before the 1948 revolution canceled commercial houses) the list is admirably catholic. The various publishers now have a more orderly program for publication of foreign fiction, I was told; but when I looked into it, there seemed to be considerable scrambling by the different houses for favorite authors. *Mlada Fronta*, the publishing house of the youth organizations, published, for example, Carlos Fuentes' *Death of Artemio Cruz*; one of its editors informed me that they felt its experimental style should be of particular interest to young people. What about its purple passages? I asked. She laughed.

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SPACES

1. *Quickening his step, my father
Came into the room.
"Now I will tell you about myself,"
He said.
When I write these words,
A torpor comes over me.
I can hardly hold the pen.*
2. *If you want to become a wall,
Work at it. More plaster, I mean,
And more paint.
Get the job done.*
3. *To be summoned like that
Startles me.
I put on the light
At two AM
And stand
At the edge of a field.*
4. *Putting words
To these sounds,
You have your own
Victory.
But to recognize it.*

HARVEY SHAPIRO

When I suggested that perhaps, like our editors, they too take the agents out to lunch to put in their bids (in Czechoslovakia one central agency, DILIA, handles all rights to foreign writers and the foreign rights of Czech writers), they insisted that the date of a letter asking for the translation rights settles any clashes among publishing houses.

At the State Publishing House, which is directly responsible to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, I said that I assumed their staff all belonged to the party, and was told by one of its top men that he believed that should be the case but that when an opening occurs they are quite willing to take, as the Russians used to say, a nonparty Bolshevik. I had also assumed that this house published only Marxist studies and political propaganda, but found that their 1966 booklist included John Galbraith, Sartre, Arthur Miller, Alan Sillitoe. "In his book, Sartre explains the Hungarian events of 1956 as ■ case of Soviet military intervention," said the editor, "and we are publishing that without comment."

In November, every bookstore was sure to carry Josef Skvorecky's *The Cowards*, ■ novel first published in 1958 and withdrawn the same year because of the many attacks it inspired from the party. The story of a town in northern Bohemia during the last days of the war, it was not kind to patriots who strutted when the town was liberated from tired and scared German troops, but who scurried

for cover when an elite S.S. marched into Czechoslovakia for ■ last-ditch stand; it was the hooligan elements of the town who, ironically, fought the S.S. then. The novel outraged those still longing for Zhdanov's positive literature, and even army officers went on the air to denounce it. Today, Skvorecky, who is not ■ member of the party, has been apologized to by everyone, there is a large new printing of the book, and everybody is proud of the fact that in 1958 the publishing house for which he worked was courageous enough to keep him on its staff.

Having talked to young people at the Viola, a night club whose specialty is *avant-garde* poetry read aloud, and having heard in the course of their complaints that people got "into trouble" for their work or views, I decided to look into it. I asked about Jan Zabрана, a poet who is the translator of Allen Ginsberg, Corso, Ferlinghetti, as well as of Warren Miller's *The Cool World*. I had been told he had been in trouble about Ginsberg's stay in Prague in 1965. Ginsberg's diary was stolen, passages were quoted in the newspapers, and he was questioned by the police and asked to leave the country. I asked two Czech intellectuals whom I completely trusted just what being "in trouble" meant in Zabрана's case. They happened to be friends of Zabрана, and laughed at my notion that he might be under house arrest;

Zabrana was holed up in a new apartment with so much work that he was probably making more money than most Czech writers.

They explained that the Ginsberg case was even more interesting than the kid's at the Viola imagined. They reported Ginsberg's visit as a two-act affair. When he arrived from Cuba, he got a visa at the airport within an hour, called DILIA and found he had royalties coming to him from a forthcoming book, and his first evening in Prague wandered into the Viola where his work was being read that night. The Writers' Union tendered him, after a few days, an official invitation, which means they picked up his hotel tab; and the newspapers were full of admiring articles, the first one published appearing in *Rude Pravo*, the official organ of the party. It was on his return from a trip to the Soviet Union a little later that Ginsberg became unpopular with the Czech authorities, who professed themselves annoyed with his alleged demands for narcotics and his behavior with young men who were technically minors. In the aftermath, the party asked leaders of the Writers' Union to discuss the case with those who had been close to Ginsberg or had written uncritically praising articles about him.

"That was the extent of the trouble people got into," the Czech intellectual assured me, himself the author of one of the articles. "I have been in New York and know the dark thoughts you have when you hear the phrase, but there is a great difference between the dry phrasing of a party resolution and the way it works out in life."

Another Czech artist told me about a friend, an editor of an important magazine, who has been in trouble with the ideological section of the party all year. They had been criticizing various articles he had published for what they considered was a shallow appraisal of "the faults of the fifties," and the discussions finally reached an impasse. The editor was relieved of his position for six months and given a grant to replace his salary; he will be doing his own work and is not prevented from publishing elsewhere. "What does the party hope to accomplish by that?" I asked. The artist smiled wryly and said: "Sometimes they just hope the issue will blow over by the time the editor returns to his job."

More ominous is the censorship law scheduled to take effect this year, one which my Czech friends do not like to call a censorship law if only because it also provides a legal definition for libel that they tell me was much needed. Nevertheless, in the future, publications will submit all copy in galleys to the ideological section of the party and, when there

is political disagreement, the party can ask for postponement of the particular article's publication. The law calls for discussions with the editors and for appeal by the editors, when they do not agree, all the way up, I was told, to the Central Committee. I could imagine a war of attrition being waged against a particular publication or writer, but my Czech friends would not agree.

"The law gives us the right to engage the party in a dialogue," they said. "They will have to defend their position."

I appealed to them as writers: Weren't editors bad enough? Why should someone else also pass on their copy? They laughed, but their tone indicated that was a frivolous objection. I then asked: "Did you ask for this law? Did you want it?"

They shook their heads. "We did not ask for it, but we are going to use it. The de-Stalinization came slowly here, but we are geared to gaining more and more freedoms. Always, of course, within the framework of socialism."

A foreigner who has been living in Prague for ten years confirmed that the gains—most evident in the cultural life—cannot be canceled. "The dismantling of Stalin's statue—they had to dynamite his head, it was so hard—was a trauma and a kind of liberation. It brought bad things—the apathy and anti-political attitudes of the youth, their skepticism about socialism's claims, all sorts of problems. But good things too: the party may not function in what you think is a more democratic manner, but it now really listens to the people and is trying to do something about what it hears."

Meanwhile writers and editors, party and nonparty, complain as much as any ordinary citizen. If you praise their book designing, they tell you they have to be good because the printing is bad. If you tell them how good it is that they publish so many foreign writers, they tell you the paper shortage frequently forces them to keep first editions of foreign works down to 10,000. If you say that the bookstores are more than adequately stocked, they complain that publication of a book takes as much as ten months to a year.

"Sometimes I wish there weren't so much discussion about all the shortcomings and problems," a housewife said to me. "Every day you read in the newspapers that the bread at such and such a bakery is not up to standard, that service at a department store is inefficient, that the renovation of the old buildings is too slow. You get to feel that everything is wrong. In Stalin's time, life was simpler in a way: you heard only one thing—that everything was going well—and you went about your work."

"It was simpler," said the husband, "but the economy was almost run into the ground."

Like good Czechs, they worried about that for a while. Then the husband smiled and said that a foreign visitor had told him that the truest image of a Czech was of a man in one of the fine old taverns of the city drinking a large mug of superb Pilsener and saying with a sad face: "Yes, we have problems."

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Contemporary London has won a name for being the most sophisticated of the European capital cities. It appears to occupy the position, roughly, of Berlin in the period of the Isherwood stories. Absolved of power, its rising generations have discovered again the flamboyance that always gave a hint of scarlet and lace to the gray serge of dominion. London today is gyrating to a Restoration clad in vinyl.

That, in any case, is the temper Michelangelo Antonioni has caught in *Blow-Up*, his first English-language picture and very possibly his most alluring work to date. It is a witty interweaving of dream and reality with the expectations reversed—dream being the ground on which the picture operates, reality the elusive substance for which it grasps in vain. *Blow-Up* is Gothic romance—violently picturesque and innocently wicked—recited in the Mod vernacular.

The picture proclaims Vanessa Redgrave its star, but with all respect for the attractions of her enigmatic candor and strained beauty, the billing seems more an acknowledgment of her name than of her weight on the movie. She



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triggers the plot, but the style, scope and mounting pressure of the film reside entirely in a young man named David Hemmings. He and Antonioni have created between them the mint image of a current Anglo-American type who makes the languorous fascinations of a Mastroianni seem country stuff. It is the con man of "in" society, the fellow who works the angles of the *avant-garde*.

The hero in this case is a fashion photographer, long-haired, tight-trousered, running on keyed-up exhaustion, coining money out of contemptuous virtuosity and a cynical instinct for what will turn the squares on. If you can imagine an Andy Warhol with sufficient vitamins, that is close.

Antonioni has devised a superb lair for this deceptive cat to prow. His photo studio and laboratories seem to be hung as a maze of boxes and gangways on the walls of some enormous, abandoned refrigerator plant or slaughterhouse. The colors are acrylic creamy, but the angles are intimidating, and the design seems

premeditated to make lay figures of everyone who works or strays within these walls except the blond, ex-slum-boy master of the place. He uses it as a huge machine, his command of its gadgetry giving him a kind of demigod's advantage over the "birds" he photographs and the females who smell him out. Part of the brilliance of Hemmings' characterization is his physical dexterity. He makes a dance of taking pictures, when he doesn't make a rape of it, and he uses cameras as though he had spent his life with them. With a camera in his hands, he is a kind of intoxicated faun; without it, he becomes a mere athlete, adept at the game of taking people by surprise.

Photography is the avocation as well as the livelihood of this aesthetic hipster. He is putting together a city picture book—one of those dissections of civic malignity—and one day in a high and windy park he finds Vanessa Redgrave with a graying lover. The sequence he shoots is to provide a conclusion to the book; but when he develops the film, far,

far back in one of the frames is a pinpoint of reality which he blows up, enlargement upon enlargement (the dark-room scenes are a solo suspense ballet), into a wall-sized explosive tableau. The young man goes out to run down the facts of his discovery—but that takes him away from the studio, where he manipulates the fantasy, into streets over whose logic he has no control. What he saw in the negative is gone, if it was ever there. The jeepload of mimes who careened through the opening sequences of the picture catch up with Hemmings again at the end, and draw him into their conspiracy of the invisible event.

The film comes a clean full circle through a coolly logical extravagance of invention. The trickster is baffled, the dream prevails, and the last laugh belongs to whoever feels bold enough to utter it. *Blow-Up* is a work of wit and caustic intelligence, superbly disciplined, elegantly styled, visually astonishing and, for all that, turned out with the deceptive simplicity of perfect craftsmanship.

LETTERS (continued from page 34)

tween the necessary and rational solutions to our health problems and the private enterprise methods of dispensing medical care.

Hyman M. Gold, M.D.

Stamford, Conn.

DEAR SIR: Selig Greenberg is using a purely propaganda technique when he says that there are "reliable reports" that fees for the elderly have been boosted in some cases by 300 per cent by physicians because of Medicare. "What greedy physicians!", he is telling you. The 300 per cent rise, it has been shown, was when physicians stopped their voluntary one-third charity fee to some of their elderly patients because the government was going to now pay the regular fee.

Joel M. Berns, D.M.D.

Providence, R.I.

DEAR SIR: As I understand his letter, Dr. Berns does not deny that physicians are making much more money under Medicare than ever before. His claim merely is that some doctors who formerly were treating their needy, elderly patients at reduced fees or gratis are now collecting regular fees. There is ample evidence that such fees have been boosted by many physicians throughout the country to take advantage of the federal government's decision to pay the doctors whatever they say their "reasonable charges" are. The end result is that physicians are now not only being paid fully for what they previously did for nothing or for token fees but are charging their other patients more as well.

Selig Greenberg

down with Percy

Park Ridge, Ill.

DEAR SIR: "On balance, the liberal-moderate element in the (Republican) Party has been strengthened . . . most particularly, by the victories of . . . Charles Percy . . ." [Nation editorial, Nov. 21].

In my opinion *The Nation* grossly errs in complacent-

ly accepting the election of Percy as anything less than a disaster to the hopes of human dignity, economic opportunity and equitable social justice. . . .

While I have been totally disillusioned by the inept Senator Douglas' position on foreign relations issues, I believe his great reputation as a servant of his constituency was deserved. Percy has not at any time in his political life demonstrated the depth or the competence that would merit that kind of recognition. . . .

This "liberal-moderate" Republican, Percy, will be, predictably, a cheap imitation Dirksen—without, of course, Dirksen's ability or his macabre personality or his relatively honest and open dedication to reactionary principles.

Henry J. Dillon

Sunset caper

Encino, Calif.

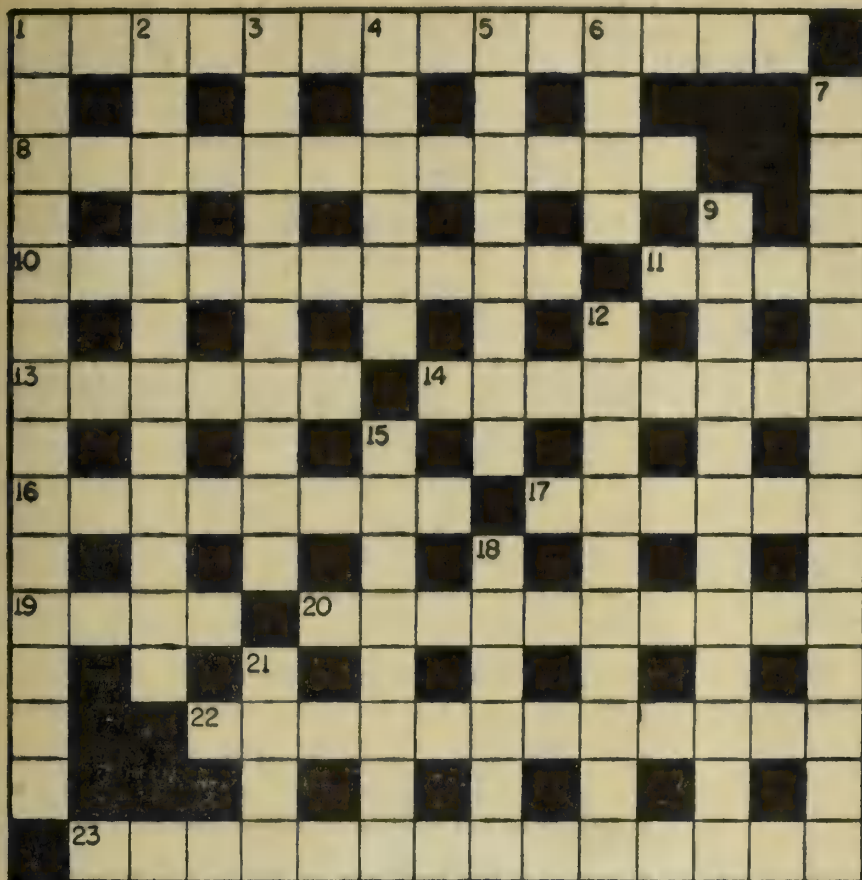
DEAR SIR: Really at issue in the Sunset Strip caper is a struggle for economic survival. One set of entrepreneurs—office buildings, banks, restaurants, shops and night clubs—catering to one kind of patron, is fighting for ground space against another type of entrepreneur—the new clubs and shops—catering to another type of patron. Unfortunately, the former are part of the established adult community, whereas the latter, and the young people whom they serve, are both outside the power structure and an implicit threat to it.

Instead of encouraging the free enterprise system to operate so that one or the other group of entrepreneurs will eventually stand, fall, or adapt to the new business situation . . . the power of the state has yielded, with apparent enthusiasm, to the pressure from the older group and has taken sides on the pretext of controlling rowdiness and anti-social behavior among the young longhairs. . . . The police have become a party to this travesty of American capitalism by seizing on a minor incident of youthful exuberance to manhandle children in the name of an archaic curfew law. The effect is restraint of trade. . . .

Leon Levitt

Crossword Puzzle No. 1183

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 One could get a great star clean out of it, but it flies. (7, 7)
- 8 The ones called this way are never home. (8, 4)
- 10 Possibly uncle gets false coins for preparing the new field. (10)
- 11 Certainly nothing to damage the poet's make-up! (4)
- 13 Bodies of bees hold blood temperature in the same point. (6)
- 14 Only red's blended by the painter, obviously! (8)
- 16 In an altered form, therefore all right for fabric. (8)
- 17 Achromous, but our country isn't disturbed about the picture. (6)
- 19 Want something to be drawn out? (4)
- 20 Stuck-up pig inside, but in the vernacular, a card! (10)
- 22 The sort of list in an expansion of how spirit is obtained. (12)
- 23 Strictly speaking, the domestic swiss would not qualify. (8, 6)

DOWN:

- 1 and 2 You might have one with a nest-egg, and the other with a speech

of Polonius, but they could hold your interest for a time. (7, 3, 4, 12)

- 3 Such terms total a very recent product. (10)
- 4 A pitching technique? (6)
- 5 Set about, or upon. (8)
- 6 A barrier reputedly at the first of the race? (4)
- 7 Letters of agreement? (14)
- 9 Aerial? Move it for improving the results. (12)
- 12 Novel shells might be found here. (2, 3, 5)
- 15 Not classical — rather a type of Latin contraction. (8)
- 18 Lets on such things aren't paid for? (6)
- 21 Does one fix things in the bank? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1183

ACROSS: 1 Needlepoint; 9 Pull-over; 10 Noggin; 11 and 27 The Gulf of Mexico; 12 Abettor; 14 Clothe; 15 Passover; 17 Bean pole; 20 Dredge; 22 Midriff; 24 Flatter; 26 Arabia; 28 Understands. DOWN: 2 Enlighten; 3 Divulge; 4 Ears; 5 Omnibus; 6 Night; 7 Bushel; 8 Dipole; 13 Spied; 16 Overtaxed; 18 Emigre; 19 Off base; 20 Dilemma; 21 Greece; 23 Robin; 25 Logs.

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NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

like us

Perth Amboy, N. J.

DEAR SIR: No negotiations with the Vietcong is the condition in Johnson's peace offers. He wants to negotiate from the North permission to eliminate the Vietcong separately in return for ending the bombing.

He may obliterate Hanoi, but Vietnamese are like Americans. They will die rather than sell out their fellow countrymen in the South to the foreigner who seeks to bomb them into this betrayal. . . . *David Mandel*

the bedfellows

New York City

DEAR SIR: I wouldn't dream of attempting, in a mere letter, to correct all of the misrepresentations in Francis Pollock's article ["Junkets to Apartheid: America's Press on Safari," *The Nation*, Nov. 7]. I note, however, that according to him "some of [the] enemies" of the American-African Affairs Association "find suspicious" the fact that it and a Rhodesian organization once used the same postage meter.

At the risk of spoiling everybody's fun, I must advise you that the innocent explanation of this sinister coincidence may be found on page 496 of the public record of the hearings on South Africa conducted this last spring by the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Africa. . . . *William A. Rusher*

Mr. Rusher refers to a letter he had written to the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Africa. In it, he explained that the American-African Affairs Association, of which he is co-chairman, had employed a public relations firm which had also done work for the Rhodesian Government. The postage meter belonged to that firm.

From another source we learn that the agency in question is that of Marvin Liebman, whose antics were described in a recent editorial, "Liebman on the Burning Deck," *The Nation*, Jan. 2.—*Editors*.

ideas at New Town

New York City

DEAR SIR: Herbert Gans has written me to challenge the following statement made in my article on Columbia, Md. [*The Nation*, Dec. 26]: ". . . in meeting with his academic advisers it was generally Rouse who advanced brilliant and adventurous ideas while his consultants were more cautious."

Mr. Gans states: "Having been one of the academic advisers, I'd say it wasn't so. The ideas, brilliant and mediocre, adventurous and cautious, were well distributed between Rouse and staff and the advisers. More important, the advisers were just that: they did not plan the town. The neighborhood and village concepts are Jim Rouse's, and they are essentially conservative, anti-urban concepts which reflect both his values and his judgment of the market." *Ervin Galantay*

false prophets

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIR: Our leading Elmer Gantry, Billy Graham, has given his Christian blessing to genocide, and his Catholic counterpart, Cardinal Spellman, has gone him one better and advocated all-out U.S. victory, which probably means the destruction of the Vietnamese nation—North and South—along with the majority of its people. . . . No one—especially anyone who wrote the Bible—ever predicted that there would be many Christians, but they did say that there would be many false prophets. *Mrs. Lee Dresh*

EDITORIALS

When Will China Intervene?

American policy in Vietnam is based on the assumption that Communist China will not allow itself to become militarily involved unless the United States sends troops or shells across its borders. The reasoning runs that the crushing superiority of U.S. air power, and the near certainty that in the event of war the Chinese atomic plants would be bombed out of existence, insure that the Chinese will submit to any provocation, any loss of prestige, short of direct attack. Since our military planners have no intention of opening fire on China, they feel confident that China will confine itself to supplying North Vietnam—fighting, as the saying goes, to the last Vietnamese.

An article by Robert Guillain, "Are China and the United States Heading Toward War?" in *Le Monde*, shows how dangerously sanguine the American policy is. True, China's military posture is defensive. It has tolerated a good deal in the way of overflights and hostile acts, mainly by the Nationalist Chinese, and will no doubt continue to limit itself to verbal protests in response to aggression at this level. But if American blows threaten the collapse of the North Vietnamese regime, the Chinese will react forcibly. They may do so reluctantly, but neither national interest nor the dynamics of communism leaves them much choice. If the impending collapse of the South Vietnamese regime were to impel the Administration to throw 500,000 troops and a major part of the U.S. Navy against the Vietcong and North Vietnam, what makes the strategists in the Pentagon imagine that the Chinese, with Vietnam on their borders, would watch their ally go down? It is an incredible hypothesis, and no doubt McGeorge Bundy, in his warning that the defeat of North Vietnam would be a disaster for us, had exactly that danger in mind.

To ignore the danger of Chinese intervention is to ignore the whole trend of Chinese foreign policy and the geographical situation which is one of the determinants of that policy. Guillain calls Vietnam "the southern outpost protecting communism." He contends that Peking cannot allow Vietnam to become an American outpost, or to be controlled by a hostile regime, or even a neutral one. Another Taiwan, this one on the mainland, cannot be tolerated. North Vietnam certainly, and all of Vietnam preferably, must be Communist and pro-Chinese.

Reinforcing these considerations are the internal stresses of the Chinese state, not only those manifested by the "cultural revolution" but potential disaffection in south China. It must not be forgotten that China has only recently been unified, under Communist auspices. Before and during World War II, it was the stamping ground of regional warlords, of whom Chiang Kai-shek was merely the most powerful. If North Vietnam fell, serious political ferment could be set off in the Chinese south, and against that possibility Peking will take all necessary steps and brave any risk.

While our Vietnamese adventure was still in an early stage, Chen Yi, the Chinese minister of foreign affairs, issued a direct warning to the United States. "As far as you go in the extension of the war," he said, "and as high

as the price must be, we will support without failure and up to the hilt the struggle of our brothers in Vietnam." If we continue to pursue the strategy of bombing the North Vietnamese to the conference table, we may have cause to remember these words.

Death of Learning

The multiracial University College of Rhodesia may well become the next casualty of Ian Smith's prolonged rebellion. Two British universities are thought to be reconsidering their special relationships with the college. If they decide to sever them, British and American sources of funds supporting the Rhodesian university are likely to dry up. And it cannot hope to continue without them.

"We have not yet reached an official decision," a spokesman for the University of London has said. "And of course we cannot speak for the University of Birmingham in any way."

It is believed, however, that both universities are reluctant to continue recognizing the examination standards of University College because of the grave shortage of staff at the Salisbury university and its inevitable consequence in a decline of academic achievements.

The staff shortage, in turn, is the result of last summer's arrest and deportation of nine lecturers by the illegal Rhodesian regime. A mass resignation by lecturers followed. It is understood that out of a faculty of 140 about sixty have either quit the university during the last few months or have handed in their letters of resignation. Senior officials have been visiting Britain and the United States in an attempt to make up for the lost staff.

The authoritative *Times Educational Supplement* (London) has commented editorially:

"Hopes that the University College will survive in the long term are undermined by doubts whether the ruling Rhodesia Front party believe in higher education at all.

"Why should they? They are trying to put about, for example, that anyone who is not for the regime must be a Communist and that, on specially summoned 'scientific' evidence, Africans are less than human. Clearly, for such notions to become accepted currency, sources of ideas must either be suppressed or discredited. . . ."

Some academics in Britain believe that University College ought to be supported as long as it retains its quality of multiracialism.

Sir Robert Aitken, Vice Chancellor of Birmingham University, points out: "We have taken the view that the multiracial university education which we sponsor is immensely important to the future of Rhodesia. Eventually, there will be some solution to the present political impasse. If that solution is on South African lines, we presume the college will cease to be multiracial, and in that event one of the conditions of our sponsorship will be lacking.

"But if the political solution takes any other shape, there is likely to be scope for a multiracial university. It is therefore important to keep the existing one in being, for if it goes out of action now it will take many years to restart it and to rebuild its staff."

However, the shortage of staff at University College has

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THE NATION

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rendered the controversy almost irrelevant. The university is thus fighting for its life, and the odds are heavily against it. If the teaching standards sink below a minimum level, no other university—regardless of its location or political principles—will be able to afford the luxury of supporting it by recognizing its degrees.

CB—Entering Wedge

Two Harvard professors, Matthew S. Meselson in biology and John T. Edsall in biological chemistry, have collected the signatures of more than 5,000 U.S. scientists in support of a letter to President Johnson, asking him to stop using chemical-biological weapons in Vietnam and "to categorically declare the intention of the U.S. to refrain from initiating" such use in the future. With the 5,000 signatures, the petition will be forwarded to the President during January. Signed by only twenty plant physiologists, the same document was submitted to the President last fall and drew a brief reply from an assistant secretary of the State Department. "Civilians or non-combatants are warned of such action (destruction of food crops) in advance," this functionary wrote soothingly. "They are asked to leave the area and are provided food and good treatment by the Government of Vietnam in resettlement areas." That the military governors of South Vietnam are solicitous of civilians will be news to the U.S. correspondents in the country, but the letter is of a piece with the Administration's policy of escalation, concealment and misrepresentation. It is doubtful that the increased pressure of 5,000 signatures will have any effect, and even the resolution of the council of the 105,000-member Association for the Advancement of Science, expressing concern over the long-range consequences of CB warfare, may be brushed aside.

The use of chemical herbicides for destruction of food crops and defoliation is one of the milder forms of CB warfare, but it does fall into that category, and if more drastic forms come into use it will be due, Professor Meselson believes, primarily to American initiative. Meselson's views are presented in an article by Joel R. Kramer in the December 21, 1966, *Harvard Crimson*. CB weapons, he adds, are militarily inconvenient and socially disastrous. The drawbacks are that the effects of spreading disease agents are much less calculable than the range and destructive power of nuclear weapons, and that CB is primarily a weapon against civilian populations. Yet these and other defects are no guarantee against the spread of this type of warfare.

In the nature of war and the men who conduct it, any new type of weapon is almost certain to be tested operationally at least once. Poison gas was used extensively in World War I and would have been used in World War II if one of the belligerents had concluded that advantages outweighed disadvantages in its particular situation. Every major military power is fully prepared to use gas defensively and offensively in a future war, and the gases now available are far more deadly than any previously known. Here, again, the use of tear gas by our forces in Vietnam may be the entering wedge for lethal applications, whether by the United States or other powers.

A frequent selling point for CB is that, like tear gas, it

incorporates a variety of "humane" forms which incapacitate without killing. But if CB is introduced in this guise, Meselson fears a gradual movement in the direction of kill. Also important is a menace peculiar to CB—the danger of private or semi-private use. Once cheap, easily manufactured CB weapons become understood, an insane man could wipe out New York City. A group of desperate plotters, driven by hatred and impotence, might resort to spreading the germs of infectious, incurable disease. The prospect is ominous enough to reinforce the objections of the scientists, but our frustrations in Vietnam have made it all too easy to brush off such remonstrances.

The Property Tax Scandal

The West Coast has been booming since World War II. Millions of people have poured into the area, and hundreds of thousands of dwellings were built to house them. Real estate values zoomed—naturally. The values go up first, then the schools must be built, then the bad news comes from the tax collector. That lag is important. For a time, the property owners are not too much concerned about what the boom may cost. The rising young executive who trades in his modest \$20,000 house and finds that he has lived in it for nothing for five years is not concerned about the taxes on his next house, which is financed with a \$30,000 mortgage. But unless he is rising very fast, a future tax bill may give him pause. Such escalations were a significant factor in Governor Brown's defeat in California, where people get their real property tax statements just a few weeks before election.

Another aspect of the realty boom involves corruption. Tax assessment scandals have resulted in conviction of assessors in San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle and San Diego. Early in December, Los Angeles joined the procession, at least to the extent of an indictment. Philip E. Watson, who had been overwhelmingly re-elected to a second four-year term as tax assessor of Los Angeles County, was indicted on charges of receiving bribes. Allegedly he received \$15,000 from the J. J. Newberry Co. not long after that company was the beneficiary of a tax ruling that saved it about \$400,000.

Many California taxpayers are now convinced that they have been paying too much because others have been paying too little. This is a common situation in almost any neighborhood, but in California the accusation is leveled not only against neighbors: taxpayer suits have been brought against great corporations like American Can, Corn Products, U.S. Plywood and Crucible Steel, in an effort to collect back taxes allegedly owed the city of San Francisco. State officials estimate that at least \$200 million in potential tax revenues have been lost through underassessments, some of them obtained by bribery. In Los Angeles, General Foods, Eastman Kodak and Charles Pfizer are among thirty-nine corporations that have allegedly benefited from sharp reductions in the assessed value of their properties.

After viewing the West Coast spectacle, *The Christian Science Monitor* looked closer to home and concluded that the scandal was nation-wide, with only occasional areas in which property was assessed without fear or favor, by

objective standards. In some cases the assessors are not corrupt, but favor old-timers against newcomers. This is easily done, since the tax is the assessed valuation multiplied by the tax rate, and the assessed valuation often has little to do with actual value. The assessment of the long-time resident (or his children) remains constant, regardless of the rising real estate market. The newcomer's assessment is jacked up. If he protests loudly enough, an adjustment may be made. If he pays, it is assumed that he is able to afford the tax and therefore should pay.

The big boys in the big cities get their benefits more subtly. They engage so-called tax consultants, who know how to fix the assessors. The range of misassessment in San Francisco was well-nigh incredible. Nearly 90 per cent of the property was under- or over-assessed.

The basis for this nation-wide assessment disgrace is an absence of standards and professional *esprit* among assessors, the low salaries in many cases, and the domination of local taxation by politics. The federal government has power to raise money on a larger scale than the state and local governments. Congress will be considering a variety of tax-sharing plans and proposals in the session now under way. (See article by R. A. Musgrave, this issue, p. 78.)

Before local governments come, hat in hand, to receive their share of revenue from the federal treasury, they should first put their own tax affairs in order. And high on the agenda should be a thorough examination of the ways in which property taxes are assessed and collected.

The Cardinal's Mistake

"This war," Cardinal Spellman said on his Christmas visit to the troops in Vietnam, "is, I believe, a war for civilization." With civilization, including religion, thus at stake, the conclusion of the Cardinal's address was predictable. He called for "the victory for which all of us in Vietnam and all over the world are praying and hoping; for less than victory is inconceivable." (Italics added.)

Cardinal Spellman has been saying this to the troops for sixteen consecutive years, and before that he was saying

it to the laity. The Cardinal is not a simple man; he is quite the equal in managerial ability of any corporate administrator, and numbers many big industrialists among his friends—Jews and Protestants as well as Catholics. In his evaluation of our wars, however, his views have had the virtue, and the defects, of extreme simplicity; and heretofore the great majority of the faithful, as well as his colleagues in the Church, have voiced no dissent.

But the reaction this time was different. The Vietnamese War is not like World War I or World War II or even the Korean War. Pope Paul recognized this from the start, and has striven for peace at almost any cost. Victory for either side has been the last outcome he desired; in this respect his views have coincided with those of U Thant. When *Izvestia* argued that such militancy as Cardinal Spellman expressed was "in sharp dissonance with recent statements of Pope Paul, who appealed for an end to the bloody killing," it was only stating a fact, which the perplexity and irritation of the Vatican confirmed.

The difficulty is that Cardinal Spellman (unlike Cardinal Cushing, for example) does not realize that in respect to war, views have changed and will continue to change. Time was when, as a matter of course, the Catholic bishops in warring countries automatically took the side of their own countries, inveighing against the enemy with fury even exceeding that of the statesmen.

It is hard for an old man, Cardinal or any other, to change his views; it is hard even for a young man. Nor is Cardinal Spellman alone in his inflexibility. On the contrary, as a pillar of the Establishment he has most of the other pillars with him. The same mistake is being made in varying degrees by the military, by the Congress and by the President. Yet, strive as they may, war will no longer fire the popular idealism; as John Cogley points out in *The New York Times*, Cardinal Spellman's addiction to "my country right or wrong" sounds morally irresponsible to ears attuned to contemporary religious thought. One has only to read the remonstrance addressed to the President by 100 student leaders to sense the moral dissonance between their views and those of Cardinal Spellman.

SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH

GUIDELINES TO FRUSTRATION

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D. C.

The furor over the school guidelines, which undoubtedly will be renewed and brought to new peaks of bitterness in the next Congress, shows that if a government buries itself in a make-believe situation too long it may begin to accept its own fantasies as real.

It is happening today. Apparently many government officials of good will actually believe that the school desegregation guidelines are aimed at doing away with the old "separate but equal" doctrine of the South. Most newspapers seem to suffer from the same delusion. Of

organizations watching Dixie affairs, the Southern Regional Council is, as far as I can discover, the only one that has cut through the rhetorical fluff and described the situation as it is: "By building gradualism into its guidelines by the use of minimum percentages, the U.S. Office of Education perhaps unwittingly allowed attention to shift from the illegitimacy of dual schools and the need to end them. Instead, Southern officials haggle over whether '10 per cent is too much,' while continuing segregated patterns. . . . The guidelines still presuppose a dual system of schools, drawn as they are from the prevailing notion of allowing Negro children to attend white schools."

At his December 31 news conference, Secretary of

Health, Education and Welfare John Gardner, proudly announcing the 1967-68 guidelines (basically the same as for last year), said nothing about doing away with the black school-white school operation in the South; he talked merely of juggling enrollments within the dual system. That's the reality: the guidelines *perpetuate* segregation and will for the foreseeable future. It is a reform comparable to leading a bank robber away from a life of crime by inducing him to steal a little less each year.

After meeting with eight other governors and the President in late December, Gov. Mills E. Godwin, Jr., of Virginia, reported that Johnson told of a survey of governors which indicated the guidelines are acceptable everywhere in the nation except in the South. Is even the President confused? While the Civil Rights Act of 1964 applies to the whole nation, of course, the guidelines have *never* applied to any section but the South and border states. The guidelines were set up for states that have dual school systems, and the South is the only place that has dual school systems. Why would anybody, much less the President, bother to survey governors elsewhere about their acceptance of the guidelines, which have *nothing* to do with busing school children, *nothing* to do with aiding the racial balance in schools, and in short *nothing* to do with the needs of the North, East, Midwest or West?

The Civil Rights Act decreed that there could be no discrimination "under any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance." Theoretically, about 1,900 of the South's 2,200 school districts could right then have been deprived of federal funds. But Congress and the U.S. Office of Education—having learned nothing from the many occasions when the South, if allowed *any* leeway, would not budge—got snookered into gradualism, in violation of the law just passed.

Southern school superintendents said they were helpless to change from a dual school system overnight, and they pretended to be too bewildered even to work out a program of gradualism. So would the USOE help them by ordering a procedure? Why, of course.

Thus the guidelines were born at the South's request. Strategically, it was a brilliant move. Now, in place of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, there was a surrogate demon—the guidelines—to curse, to accuse of "going too far," to damn as "illegal" and "unconstitutional"—terms commonly heard in the South and in Congress, but which would have sounded rather silly if applied to the Civil Rights Act itself.

In wording the first guidelines (handed down in April, 1965) to accommodate a South allegedly moving off dead center, the USOE made one critical mistake. Its provisions allowed three types of compliance: a school district would be counted in the clear if it was already operating under a federal court order to integrate; or it could submit proof that it had abandoned the dual school system; or it could submit a plan for desegregation. One acceptable method of voluntary compliance was to offer students "freedom of choice." That was the mistake, and 75 per cent of the South's school districts were quick to take advantage of it. It put the burden of integrating on the Negro students and their parents. The dual school system would remain as it had always been—unless Negroes individually, against

tremendous community pressures, petitioned to be let into the white schools. And since this would be viewed as "troublemaking" in the Deep South, most Negroes were afraid to use it.

As for faculty desegregation, the original guidelines called for none at all the first year, but did suggest that the black and white faculties meet together once in a while to get used to each other's color. The original guidelines were, in short, a farce: a blank map to nowhere.

That was the situation inherited by Secretary Gardner, and also inherited by Harold Howe II, who came in as Commissioner of Education six months later.

"We were plunged into a situation where we had no experience," Gardner recalled recently. "My predecessors vastly underestimated what it took to cope with 2,000 districts. They provided a set of guidelines that did *not* prove to be strong. So when I came in, we reorganized."

Gardner insists that subsequent events, if no reason for cheers, at least do not deserve the criticism they have been receiving. He gets a bit hot when it is suggested that the federal government has done little to require integration since the Brown decision of 1954. "It isn't a matter of having done so little in twelve years," he says. "It is a matter of having done *nothing* for ten years. We have made progress in the last two years. In the first year of the weak guidelines, Negro enrollment in integrated schools tripled. This is the first year we have tried the stiffer guidelines, and we'll double the 1965 integrated enrollment."

In all the South in 1963 only 1.8 per cent of the Negro pupils went to integrated schools. With the leverage of the Civil Rights Act, this was pushed up to 5.8 per cent in 1965. The USOE claims that in 1966 integration has gone to 12 per cent. But in a sense these are padded figures. Take out the relatively moderate states like Tennessee and Texas and the percentage for the Deep South plummets back to where it has always been.

The reason is simply that the revamped guidelines, issued in March, 1966, have been a washout as an enforcement device. They still accommodate a sluggish South and are really no more than an extension of the original guidelines, spruced up with more vigorous phraseology, calling for vague things like "substantial progress." Included as part of the new stipulations are percentage illustrations of what the USOE means by substantial. These figures were immediately attacked by Southern Congressmen, newspapers and school superintendents as a move to "balance" the races in the classroom—a rather extravagant interpretation inasmuch as the guidelines suggested that systems which ended the 1965 school year with 8 or 9 per cent integration should try to double that this year, systems with 4 or 5 per cent integration should try to triple it, and those with less than 4 per cent integration (which means Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Arkansas) should at least try to get a dash of coloration into each white school this year.

The new guidelines also call for "some" faculty integration. One teacher per school? That might do for a start. In short, the guidelines are loose, ambiguous and often confusing even to Office of Education officials, largely because they have scrambled toleration with toughness and nobody, not even Commissioner Howe, is quite



sure if the mixture has a chance of working. Southern superintendents aren't sure either, although they are beginning to have some happy suspicions. Recently the *Birmingham News* quoted an Alabama superintendent as saying that he had submitted a compliance plan because he thought the Office of Education had the power and the will to enforce the law. "If it turns out they don't," he said laughing, "we can always renege."

There are three major obstacles to overcoming the inertia of the school integration program:

First, President Johnson is, to say the least, lukewarm. When Commissioner Howe's predecessor held up \$30 million in aid to Chicago schools because he didn't think they were complying with the Civil Rights Act, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley leaned on Johnson, and Johnson told Keppel—according to the story that has permanent circulation in the Office of Education—"if you don't run that office like I want you to run it," he might have to do something unpleasant.

Howe has had a better chance to get tough, but right now only thirty-one districts in the South are cut off from federal funds. A well-entrenched Congressman whose information is customarily accurate told *The Nation* last September that when the Southern Congressmen began their heaviest assault on Howe, he was summoned to the White House and advised to stop popping off so much about integrating the schools. Howe concedes that he was facing "the reality that I might become a political burden,"

but he denies that there were any signs from the White House that it in fact looked upon him as a burden. Secretary Gardner flatly stated at the close of the year, "certainly Harold isn't going to be fired. He is getting solid support from the White House. There was a wave, a kind of outburst of opposition, vocal opposition to the guidelines—but it is very important to make clear that this has not altered in any way our basic position. We still have the same obligations."

Nevertheless, the Office of Education has never offered a convincing explanation of why 52,000 booklets, containing four of Howe's firmest integration speeches and prepared for distribution in September and October, are still sitting in a Washington warehouse.

Also, on October 7, in response to a reporter's question about how hard the government should push the integration program, Johnson said he wanted the law "fully enforced at all times." Then he added, "I realize that in some instances there has been some harassment, some mistakes perhaps have been made, some people have been enthusiastic, and differences have developed." After which he said again it was his policy to carry out the law.

Was he supporting Howe or apologizing for Howe's actions? Howe and Gardner said Johnson was supporting them, but many Southerners said they had squeezed an apology from the President. Some Northerners thought so too. Tom Littlewood of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wrote: "Coming on top of his other woes, Education Commissioner Howe must have been dismayed at hearing the

President concede in his press conference that some federal harassment had occurred during Southern desegregation efforts."

The second obstacle to integration, perhaps following from the first, is the fact that the Justice Department lacks zeal in these matters. Although there have been flamboyant violations of the Civil Rights Act throughout the school systems of the South, the Justice Department has filed or joined only ninety-three lawsuits to desegregate since the act was passed. There are 100 attorneys in its civil rights division, and of these, fifty or sixty are assigned primarily to cases in the South. That's fifty or sixty attorneys for *all* kinds of litigation—voting disputes, school disputes, job disputes, threats and intimidations that could jeopardize civil rights of various kinds—which is far too small a staff to do the job.

No school board in the South has yet been cited for contempt. Since 1965, Gov. George Wallace and the Alabama Board of Education have been under federal injunction not to interfere with the integration of schools in that state, yet Wallace induced the Alabama legislature to pass a law forbidding obedience to the guidelines, and threw his own considerable political weight against local superintendents who wanted to comply. State Superintendent of Education Austin R. Meadows has sent out letters advising local school officials that it is right and proper to continue segregating pupils because "it has been practiced down through the ages for good results. Redbirds mate with redbirds, bluebirds mate with bluebirds." Since the guidelines are nothing other than a Congressionally authorized extension of the Civil Rights Act which Wallace and Meadows are enjoined against opposing, one might think those two Dixie stalwarts to be ripe for a contempt citation. The NAACP has asked that they be cited, but the Justice Department has been noticeably cool to the idea.

The third obstacle is delay. The Justice Department customarily waits until the Office of Education gets through trying to coax, wheedle and beg the districts into compliance before it makes its own pitch. And the USOE's efforts to be reasonable with an unreasonable district can be a miserably time-consuming operation.

For example, Indianola—the seat of Eastland's Sunflower County—was obviously not going to cooperate, but the USOE spent an entire year horsing around with it. In May, 1965, the Indianola school system voluntarily filed a plan for desegregation, combining freedom of choice for children coming in from the country and a geographical scheme for distributing those who lived in the city. The geographical scheme was an obvious fraud (and of course to talk about freedom of choice in Mississippi is bitter comedy). As the lines were drawn, only two Negro children would have been going to the previously all-white school, and only four white youngsters to the previously all-Negro school (and the families of these four pupils quickly changed residence to the right side of the line).

So the plan was turned down, and the talk began. USOE representatives met with the Indianola superintendent in June, 1965. They got together again in September. In October, a USOE emissary flew down from Washington to dicker. In December, the USOE came up with another suggested plan that would ease Indianola into the money. All of this went for nothing. Four times the school

system submitted a plan—and every time it was essentially the same old unyielding scheme.

On June 23, 1966—a little more than a year after the useless persuasion began—Howe signed an order cutting off Indianola from federal funds. Its effectiveness was short. Two months later, on August 26, a federal court ordered Indianola to integrate, thus removing the school system from the supervision of the USOE and making it eligible for its federal funds anyway.

Southern courts, in this way, worked at odds with the USOE for two years. Schools operating under court orders had it comparatively easy, for a court's order seldom spelled out how or how much to integrate. Many school districts, especially the tougher ones, *preferred* court orders.

In an effort to get rid of this tempting court alternative, the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals was asked in April, 1966, to upgrade all court orders within its jurisdiction (Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi) to the strictness of the USOE's guidelines. Howe expected the court to hand down its ruling before school opened in September. Instead, the appeals court was silent for eight months—while officials of the USOE, especially Howe, were catching unshirted hell from the segregationists in Congress who claimed the guidelines were illegal.

At last, on December 29, a strong ruling came down. It not only supports the guidelines but adopts them for all court orders past and future, and states that the appeals bench expects all grades to be fully integrated by next fall. This will considerably strengthen Howe's hand and will, as *The New York Times* editorialized, "help dispel the smoke-screen which the Southern segregationists who so vehemently attacked Mr. Howe have been employing in the effort to hide their true objective. . . ."

But it would be dangerous to put too much hope in the court's action. This isn't the first time the courts have upheld the constitutionality of the guidelines, nor is it the first time the courts have used the USOE desegregation formula as their own. If one can predict from the past, this court action will fall far, far short of effecting full desegregation by next year. (Three days after the ruling, Secretary Gardner talked only of "doubling" integration next year.) The die-hards can be heard throwing up new ramparts. Governor McKeithen of Louisiana said he expects the decision to be taken to the U.S. Supreme Court. Florida Superintendent of Schools Floyd Christian said "it would be as easy to fly to the moon as to desegregate by next fall." Others elsewhere have also begun the resistance of "helplessness."

Nor has the USOE yet figured out a way to deal with schools which integrate *numerically* to some extent but make brutal war upon the spirit of the Negroes they admit. What kind of legality can the USOE stamp upon the integration that permits the white students to beat the Negro "intruders" daily without interference from the white faculty? It's happening all over the South. What kind of integration is it that permits white teachers systematically and as a matter of policy to fail all the Negro students in school? The USOE knows where this strategy is being applied. As for the integration of faculties, that poses its own problems. Of Mississippi's 21,810 teachers, twenty-three are Negroes working in predominantly white schools. It used to be

twenty-four, but last month Klan activities in Perry County became so boisterous that one Negro teacher—quite talented, too, her white principal admitted—decided she would go back to the old black payroll for safety. How does the USOE cope with that kind of intimidation?

In its December report, "School Desegregation 1966: The Slow Undoing," the Southern Regional Council vividly describes the nature of this harassment:

In one rural Alabama county, Negro children, beaten by whites on the first day of school, refused to get off a school bus until school authorities granted them protection. Denied this protection, they remained on the bus and were suspended for staging a sit-in demonstration. A rural county system suspends for three days any student involved in a fight, regardless of who starts the fight. Four suspensions constitute expulsion and the student may not return to any school for one year. A certain faction of the student body agrees to take three-day suspensions in rotation: Four students start four fights with one Negro student. Each will be suspended for three days. The Negro gets four suspensions and is expelled, whether or not he defends himself. The Negro students, none of whom have ever been involved in a fight in ten school years, realizing what was happening after receiving three suspensions would sign a "lost and gain slip." The "lost" status withdraws the student permanently from the school but allows him to attend a Negro school with permission of the school board. To date that permission has not been granted. The persistence of the various forms of terror against school desegregation raises in stark form the question of the adequacy of the entire guidelines approach.

These are matters for the Justice Department to correct with relentless prosecution; for Congress to attack with new safeguards and penalties; and for a Chief Executive to eradicate at whatever political price—but Justice, Congress and Johnson seem to have no stomach for the fight.

That throws the problem squarely back in the lap of USOE Commissioner Harold Howe. It is an almost pitiful situation. Howe has only forty-one field workers to "police" 2,000 school districts. For sanctions, he can cut off only special funds which, ordinarily, would be spent for the teaching of underprivileged pupils, and that is not exactly the kind of revenge Howe likes to effect.

Nevertheless, things could be worse. At least the USOE is headed by a man of courage. When he first became commissioner, Howe was pretty green about Dixie warfare. I sat in on one session he had with Southern superintendents early in 1966 and it was appalling. In effect he told them: "Now, we don't want to be pushy about this, and I know you chaps will do the decent thing, so let's all just pitch in and work it out together." The superintendents came into the session glum and defensive; they left the room happy and skipping. This guy Howe was a pigeon!

Old hands in the USOE noticed the same characteristic in other matters. Howe came to the office from a background mostly of private schools and posh experimental schools. He hadn't had much to do with the seamy side of life. One USOE official commented: "He makes too much over the idea of service. He doesn't know what the world is all about. He thinks all teachers are high-class people because most of the teachers he has worked with personally were high class. Scarsdale and Phillips Academy! He doesn't realize that most teachers, like most of every-

body, are clods, and there's no use expecting them to get worked up over the service idea."

Howe comes by his idealism naturally. It is a family tradition. His maternal grandmother, a New Hampshire schoolmarm, went South to educate the Negroes and wound up marrying a General Armstrong of the Union Army. Together they helped found Hampton Institute, one of the first Negro schools of quality in the South. His father, Arthur Howe, an all-American quarterback at Yale, after studying at Union Theological Seminary and teaching at Dartmouth, became president of Hampton Institute; and there Harold Howe spent his teen years.

Howe deliberately chose to be an educational burr: "The



people must and should control education just as they control other facets of our national life. But when that control is exercised in a way to provide less than excellence or to restrict excellence to the privileged, *those who exercise it should be made uncomfortable.*"

He made many educators uncomfortable and many Congressmen downright fidgety when, in a speech to the School Administrators' Conference in New York on June 18, after announcing his puzzlement "over which is worse, honest bigotry, or well-intentioned timidity," he came right out and said it: "gradualism has failed." It was time, he said, "for school officials to form a third front for racial equality" even if it means getting fired. "Unless all of us are willing to put our jobs and our integrity on the line, we should admit that American educators are no longer prepared to be prime movers in American education."

Judging from the Congressional blast that followed, Howe was the first to take the risk. From Secretary Gardner he has had loyalty. After one of Howe's usual controversial speeches, Presidential aide Douglass Cater asked if it had been cleared with the White House. "He didn't have to clear it with the White House," Gardner answered with what for Washington was an unusual show of independence. "He cleared it with me."

Howe is not awed by Johnson either. He blue-penciled from one of his staff-written speeches a reference to Johnson's teaching career with the remark: "Well, now, I've

heard about that episode once too often, and besides, I'm not wearing my uniform tonight."

So if the guidelines are almost worthless—as Howe privately admits them to be—at least they are in the hands of a man with perspective. Some of the top officials around USOE feel he could be a great commissioner, if he were freed from the role of policing civil rights and allowed to concentrate on ways to bring U.S. education into the 20th century. Whether or not he will last long enough to try out his ideas is questionable. The Administration, faced with

a less Democratic Congress and, as always, confronted with key committees chaired by Southerners, may have to do some dirty horse trading. Howe, who has come to personify the guidelines in the minds of most Southerners, may be auctioned off for Johnson-favored legislation, just as Adam Yarmolinsky was sold out to ease the way for the anti-poverty program. That would be too bad, but inasmuch as there are already several hundred thousand victims of the guidelines fiasco, at least he would have company.

VIETNAM

THE IMPORTANCE OF JANUARY

PETER DALE SCOTT

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Every New Year since the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963 has brought a period of particular uncertainty with regard to the future prosecution of the war in Vietnam. In January, 1964, the NLF were calling openly for negotiations with the Saigon junta, and in January, 1965, Hanoi was waiting for secret talks with U.S. representatives in Rangoon. Both months saw a marked resurgence of neutralist demonstrations in Saigon, and also the emergence of new and untried military juntas which were suspected by American reporters of an interest in negotiations. Both of these critical periods were closed off by right-wing coups that were increasingly controlled by officers of North Vietnamese origin, like Premier Ky; and both times the United States was accused of complicity in these coups. The role of the United States in snuffing out the chance of peace was much clearer in 1965: after calling off the Rangoon talks, the Americans suddenly bombed Hanoi, just when Kosygin's arrival there had aroused press speculations of an impending offer of negotiations. The best explanation for this bombing may well prove to be the one given at the time by Sen. Everett Dirksen, who suggested that the determining question was to avoid giving "the impression we might pull out."

By January, 1966, the war was clearly an American affair, and the focus of significant opposition to its continuation had passed from Saigon to Washington itself. Intense pressure from most other governments, including Britain, France and Japan, had persuaded the United States to accept a temporary pause in the bombing of North Vietnam; and on January 20, Secretary General U Thant had publicly suggested that the United States could now obtain its professed goal of negotiations by assuring the NLF of a role in any postwar government. But recognition of the NLF, even as "full partners" in a conference, was almost immediately rejected by Secretary Dean Rusk as tantamount to a defeat.

Washington's refusal to recognize the *de facto* rulers of most of South Vietnam might seem hopelessly incompatible with its stated desire for peace and a political settlement. Apparently Washington was refusing to recognize the NLF until it was sure that a U.S. withdrawal would "leave behind a sovereign and independent South Vietnam with a government chosen by 'free elections'" (*The New York Times*, January 1, 1966). (If that is so, events in Saigon since January, 1966, have changed the *status quo* a little, but not very much: there is still no independent regime that could compete politically with the NLF.) In any case, the United States chose the last week of the bombing pause to mount the largest military offensive of the war, and was ultimately successful in regaining contact with North Vietnamese regular forces for the first time in two months. Almost as soon as this contact was made, and despite the express opposition of many U.S. Senators and citizens, the United States resumed its bombing of North Vietnam.

A study of these critical periods, and others like them, suggests that (had it not been for stubborn resistance in Washington) the war might have ended by itself at almost any point in the last three years. "Support for neutralism," which Premier Ky in July, 1965, made punishable by death, remains endemic in Saigon; those who wish the war to continue are increasingly opposed in the civilian bureaucracy and even within the military. There have been repeated domestic, third-party initiatives for peace; and increasingly the developments which have frustrated these moves have been U.S. military escalations of the war. Even in January, 1964, there was an escalation—allegedly the "greatest heliborne assault" to that date; but it was repulsed ignominiously. This pattern is explored in *The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam*,* in which my co-authors and I suggest that most of the major escalations by the United States have followed significant moves toward peace, and have closed off the chances for a serious political settlement.

I write this article on Christmas Eve, at the threshold of the Christmas and New Year's truces. It would seem

*Franz Schurmann, Peter Dale Scott, Reginald Zelnik: *The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam*. Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Beacon. \$3.95. Fawcett Premier Books. 60¢.

that we are also on the threshold of another critical period. U Thant and the Pope have made serious proposals for disengagement and their words have found support around the world. Here at home, they have been endorsed by, among others, the prominent Sens. Mike Mansfield and J. William Fulbright. The proposals have been reinforced by the hope that the Russians, who are showing more and more concern over China, might be able—if the bombing of North Vietnam were stopped—to reinterest Hanoi in some form of negotiations. This is the role which the Russians played in 1954, at the time of the Geneva Conference, and they were at it again in February of 1965, precisely when the United States chose dramatically to commence bombing North Vietnam. That escalation frustrated the Russian initiative, and until recently they have refused to intercede again. But observers in Great Britain have pointed out,

... after stony refusal even to discuss that conflict, the Russians now are actively talking with U.S. diplomats and hinting that the Soviets might try to influence Hanoi to negotiate if the U. S. stops bombing North Vietnam (*U. S. News & World Report*, November 7, 1966).

In this context one must understand that both the Ky regime and the American authorities in Saigon are generally afraid of any form of cease-fire or political settlement at this time, since even after a year of major U.S.

fighting, the Ky regime has still no prospects of winning by itself against the native insurgency in South Vietnam. They make no bones about this. A South Vietnamese official recently told *The New York Times*: "Frankly, we are not strong enough now to compete with the Communists on a purely political basis."

We should not forget that the Ky regime owes its existence neither to popular support, nor even to military power, but rather to an American initiative. On June 9, 1965, two days before Ky replaced Saigon's last civilian Premier, *The New York Times* reported the U.S. Embassy's concern about Premier Quat's interest in "a neutralist solution," and added that "The United States mission's efforts have now begun to shift . . . to paving the way for an orderly transfer of power to someone else." Six months later, Richard Critchfield reported (in what David Bell assured the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was "a very good series" of articles) that:

Only one of the ten generals now sharing power has any rapport with the masses. He is central Vietnam's erratic Maj. Gen. Nguyen Chanh Thi, who also is the only one of peasant origin. (*Washington Star*, January 24, 1966.)

On March 10, 1966, Ky dismissed Thi, and the ensuing months of conflict effectively destroyed any chance that a popular Buddhist movement might mediate between the alternatives of military dictatorship and a Com-



Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

munist take-over. Before the Buddhists were put down, however, they won from Ky the concession of elections for a Constituent Assembly in September. These elections took place under conditions of press censorship, with hand-picked candidates, active military participation, and a rigorous attempt to exclude all elements suspected of neutralism and, of course, Communist sympathies. Nevertheless, the Constituent Assembly became almost immediately a focus for civilian resentment against a military regime dominated by refugees from the North, and explicitly dedicated to a military conquest of the North.

The cabinet crisis of late October showed how deep-rooted was the resentment among Southern civilian elements in Saigon. In the end, Ky chose to keep General Loan, the military security chief who had stirred up the controversy, and accepted the resignations of four Southern civilian cabinet ministers. (He also reassigned Gen. Dang Van Quang, the Mekong Delta's IV Army Corps Commander who like Thi was relatively independent, enjoyed good relations with regional groupings in his area, and was opposed to direct U.S. intervention there.) Yet these superficial victories for the Northern military only increased the rebelliousness within the Constituent Assembly, which on November 30 voted to exclude all active military personnel from the future constitutional government and parties. The leader of this renewed civilian opposition was Tran Van Van, an aristocratic absentee landlord. In September, he had told Richard Critchfield that he hoped to appeal to the "middle-class wing" in the NLF, with a view to creating a truly peaceful and independent South Vietnam, linked economically with Japan. Its government would be purged of all Northern influence, whether militarist or Communist:

The Liberation Front is a front of Southerners while Hanoi runs things from behind, just as the Northerners do in Saigon. . . . With some of the Catholics, we are working to get these [middle-class] people in the NLF to come back on condition no neo-colonialist is elected as President. (Washington *Star*, September 25, 1966.)

By December, Tran Van Van had emerged as the leading Presidential candidate in opposition to General Ky. The Constituent Assembly was on the point of considering a provision to "require that the chief of state be at least 40 years old," despite the vigorous opposition of Premier Ky, who was only 36. But on December 7, Tran Van Van was assassinated. The police immediately produced an alleged assassin who obligingly implicated the Vietcong, but this version was more easily believed in America than in Saigon, or for that matter in London or Paris. The family of Tran Van Van refused to accept a government funeral and the offer of a posthumous decoration. The government in turn,

. . . suspended two of South Vietnam's three English-language newspapers—including one owned by a member of the Government—on charges of having reflected doubts about the assassination (*The New York Times*, December 15, 1966).

The assembly promptly voted to establish its own special committee of inquiry into the assassination, and rejected attempts by the junta to be represented. Members of this committee have already exchanged public charges with the Saigon police. On December 27 the other leading civilian

Assembly spokesman, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, was injured when an explosive charge blew up under his car. And Au Truong Thanh, the most popular of the outgoing civilian ministers, has also received telephone calls threatening his life.

Regardless of who in the end proves to be responsible for these outrages, it is clear that the Ky regime is at present no more capable than was any previous Saigon regime of happily accepting a cease-fire and a possible political settlement. It remains an artificial construct, supported from above, which has repeatedly purged itself of precisely those elements with a potential following among the South Vietnamese people. For such a regime peace, and above all genuine elections, would be a disaster. Nothing shows more clearly than the history of Saigon's political crises how quickly the Vietnamese War would have come to some kind of neutralist solution if this natural course of events had not been repeatedly frustrated by military coups, assassinations and, above all, escalations of the war.

Few U.S. authorities, whether doves or hawks, whether in Saigon or Washington, are satisfied with the present level of our commitment to the war. It seems destined to produce "a long draggy war," one which Sen. John Stennis and others have said may cost us \$25 billion a year for perhaps the next ten years. The U.S. military at Manila asked for at least 100,000 more troops above their projected Vietnamese level of 400,000; but President Johnson refused. At that time it was still argued that American troops should be confined to large main-force operations, primarily against the North Vietnamese, while the more difficult task of pacification on the village level should be left to the South Vietnamese army (ARVN). Since its white paper of February, 1965, Washington has worked on the theory that once infiltration of men and supplies from the North was stopped, the guerrilla structure in the villages would become an easy police problem.

But the more the United States believes itself to be successful at the level of main-force operations, the more it must recognize that the so-called pacification problem of the village guerrilla structure is making no progress whatever. For the U.S. Army to take over this sensitive political task (assuming that GIs could do it) might require double the present troop levels. Yet the South Vietnamese army is demoralized, corrupt, inactive; and it continues to steal the food and belongings of the villagers it is supposed to be converting (see *The New York Times*, November 28, 1966). Despite a recent decree invoking death penalties for desertions, the desertion rate is predicted by *The New York Times* to run to about 18 per cent for 1966: one man in five will have deserted. According to U.S. sources, ARVN desertions were 67,000 for the first six months of 1966; Vietcong desertions were 17,726 for the first eleven months. A top American adviser has called five of the ten ARVN divisions "combat-ineffective," and three others marginal.

In short, the war is stymied until the problem of pacification is somehow solved, even if American tanks and paratroops can now penetrate to areas never before reached. Therefore, many hawks, like Sen. Strom Thurmond, are calling for a different war, not a "long draggy war," but



Abu: Tribune, London

one that "will bring the enemy to his knees." At the same time it becomes clearer that none of the easily suggested alternatives—tactical nuclear weapons, an invasion north of the demilitarized zone, a drive from Thailand to the Tonkin Gulf—will have any positive impact on the problem of village pacification. So frustration with the war is widespread: and therefore peace initiatives like U Thant's or the Pope's are regarded by hawks as particularly dangerous—inasmuch as they might succeed.

In this context, one must consider the significance of the decision to bomb freight yards around Hanoi, and (even if without authorization) the center of Hanoi itself. Were these raids indicated on military or political grounds? It is hard to see a pressing military reason in the light of General Westmoreland's assurances that "the initiative has swung to our side" with respect to main-force operations. It is even more difficult to believe in a vital logistic relationship between the freight yards of Hanoi and the village guerrillas of the South. It makes sense only if you believe in bringing someone to his knees, even if it is the wrong person.

The political effect of these bombing raids is much clearer. In its article of last November 7, the *U.S. News & World Report* (as well as other sources) described the American contribution to a "deal" with Russia:

Mr. Johnson, for the U.S., is reported to have made a decision, revealed at the Manila Conference, not to escalate the Vietnam war by heavier bombing of really vital targets or by large-scale addition of troop strength.

Whatever the intention, the result of the December raids is to undo that decision, and effectively to minimize the threat of a *de facto* truce which might lead to negotiations. Despite Secretary McNamara's explicit assurances to the contrary, the Hanoi freight yards are a vital new target: they are the heart of the North Vietnamese rail system, and they had never been bombed before. Hanoi's

suburbs have admittedly been bombed in the last weeks, and probably its center as well. If anyone was frightened that Hanoi might listen to a Russian appeal for negotiations, that person would find it easier to relax and enjoy his Happy New Year.

It was just twelve months ago that an Italian professor came back from Ho Chi Minh with what seemed like a highly significant statement of willingness to negotiate on the sole basis of the 1954 Geneva Agreements. As we relate in our book, Ambassador Goldberg was warned on December 8, 1965, that Ho would not enter into peace negotiations with the U.S. if the Hanoi-Haiphong area were bombed.

One week later, while Secretary Dean Rusk's letter concerning the Italian initiative was being studied in Hanoi, the Haiphong area was bombed for the very first time in the war. The pause in the bombing which followed the Christmas truce was also ended, after a major U.S. escalation had spoiled its prospects. Until this pattern is somehow broken, we must face periods like the present one with the greatest anxiety. For the presence of a significant possibility of disengagement, even of negotiations, seems on past experience to increase the risk of escalation.

This is not said out of despair, or to suggest that there are now no chances for an extended *de facto* truce. On the contrary, Washington's confusion and self-contradictions with respect to the bombing of central Hanoi confirm the presence of deep internal conflicts concerning the advisability of escalation. In this context the Goldberg letter of December 19 to U Thant, like his statement of September 22, seems important—not as a solution in itself but as a symptom of greater U.S. interest in peace. The letter's wording as such contains little to attract the interest of the other side, inasmuch as it does not ask U Thant to bring about a cease-fire, but only to engage in "the necessary discussions which could lead to such a cease-fire." This can easily be interpreted as another U.S. attempt to arrange discussions which are not specifically directed to the implementation of the 1954 Agreements, with the National Liberation Front as a participant. On the other hand, the Goldberg initiative—if combined with concessions in deeds such as a cessation of bombing—quite possibly could lead to meaningful discussions and even negotiations.

Correspondents agree that President Johnson's authorization for the two Goldberg initiatives was not given easily or lightly, as to an empty propaganda gesture. On the contrary, it was probably granted over the opposition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who fear a truce which would, in James Reston's words, "leave the Vietcong in possession of most of South Vietnam" (*San Francisco Chronicle*, December 21, 1966). It does not seem inevitable that these international moves toward disengagement and peace will, as in the past, lead to a fresh round of escalation. One unknown factor which will affect the outcome will be the extent to which the Pope's initiative is supported by the American people. They must respond to it, not just passively (a 1965 poll showed that 73 per cent of Americans wished a pause in the bombing; the pause, however, soon ended), but actively through their words, letters, social and political organizations.

National Taxes and Local Needs

R. A. MUSGRAVE

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The current burst of proposals to transfer federal revenue to the individual states has produced a wide variety of response. Launched from the liberal wing as the Heller proposal, the idea has been opposed by labor, and the Administration also is said to be unsympathetic. But the idea has received bipartisan endorsement from the Conference of State Governors and now bounces back from the Republican side as their "great answer to the planned society."

The key to this puzzling pattern is simply that the transfer proposal may be supported on quite different grounds. Liberals see it as a device for placing the superior taxing ability of the federal government at the service of rising state-local needs. They consider it a supplement to, not a substitute for, the traditional type of grant programs. Its purpose is to produce a higher and more adequate level of public services, with continued emphasis on income taxation in the overall (federal-state-local) tax structure. It is also to prevent the recurrence of "fiscal drag."

Conservatives take a different tack. They see the revenue transfer as an attractive alternative to specific aid programs, a device to hold down federal spending, a base for property tax reduction, a means to decentralize fiscal control and to strengthen state power relative to that of the federal government. It is evident, then, that the plan could do quite different things, depending on how it was structured and applied.

When the Heller plan was first advanced, the step-up in Vietnam had not yet materialized. The economy had responded well to the stimulus of the tax cut of 1964, but a situation was anticipated when renewed expansionary action would be needed. The proposal for revenue transfer to the states offered an attractive alternative to federal tax reduction or expenditure increase.

Since then, the economic picture has changed. Due to sharply increased military spending, the federal budget for 1966 has been excessively expansive rather than restrictive, and as of now the winds are still in that direction. However, hopes are that sooner or later the war demands will level off. At that time, and over the longer pull, the old problem of fiscal drag is likely to re-emerge.

The difficulty, briefly, is this. As the economy grows, the level of output at full employment rises by, say, \$40 billion a year. This means that federal revenue (out of full-employment income) will automatically rise by about \$7 billion. Unless federal expenditures go up, the potential budget surplus at full employment will rise accordingly, and it will be more difficult for the economy to maintain full employment.

The "fiscal dividend" of \$7 billion, while a potential blessing, must be returned to the expenditure stream. Using

the excess receipts for debt retirement will not do this, but expenditure increase or tax reduction will. Or it might be done by transferring the excess revenue to state-local governments. If this increases state-local spending, the employment effects are similar to those of increased federal spending. If it reduces state-local taxes, private spending will rise, and the expansionary effect would be similar to that of a federal tax cut. The transfer plan thus fits the needs of an expansionary stabilization policy; and given its broad political support, it might well permit more expansion than could otherwise be undertaken.

This case for revenue transfer, as a tool of stabilization policy, is joined with another, aimed at a better matching of fiscal resources and needs. From 1955 to 1965, state and local general expenditures rose from \$34 billion to \$75 billion, an increase of more than 120 per cent. Even on a per capita basis, the increase was 90 per cent. More than three-quarters of this was financed by increased tax receipts; and two-thirds of the increase in receipts was from sales and property taxes. As a result, the state-local tax structure was placed under considerable strain, at the very time when the federal government came to be concerned with a problem of fiscal drag and excess revenue yield.

The increased cost of state-local services must not be exaggerated. In relation to gross national product, such expenditures rose by one-third only, from 9 to 11 per cent; and as a fraction of total (federal, state, local) expenditures for civilian purposes they remained about constant at 63 per cent. Nevertheless, state-local needs will continue to rise in relation to GNP. Although the pressure for increased services stemming from underlying demographic factors will abate somewhat, a severe gap remains, and the built-in growth of state-local revenues from existing rates of tax will not suffice. Moreover, the potential for increased taxation is limited. For one thing, the states wish to compete for business by offering a good "tax climate," forgetting in most cases that the "public service climate" matters as well. For another, the types of tax available for use regionally are more limited than those on a nation-wide basis. The tax base for the nation exceeds the sum of those for the states, since more efficient and equitable tax measures can be applied.

These considerations distill down to four facts: (1) The public needs serviced at the state-local level must be assigned high priority in the expanding output of our economy; (2) federal taxes are qualitatively superior to and more readily available than state-local taxes; (3) the federal tax system will be in a position of relative slack; and (4) this slack must be disposed of to maintain employment. From this summary emerges a convincing case for placing the superior federal taxing power at the service of state and local needs. The question is not whether—but how—it should be done.

We commence with the need for fiscal equalization. Local and state governments can apply taxes only within

their jurisdictions. The tax base (property, sales, income, etc.) available within the jurisdiction determines its fiscal capacity. This capacity differs widely between states and localities, and typically stands in inverse relationship to fiscal needs. Such is the case especially for health, welfare, education and low-cost housing.

Revenue transfer may be so used as to secure better balance between fiscal capacity and need. If the transfer is to the states, strict revenue sharing (returning to each state a fraction of the income tax collected from that state) would be distributionally neutral. Transfer on a per capita basis would be mildly redistributive, since per capita federal tax collections from high-income states exceed those from low-income states.

A much larger effect could and should be achieved by using a formula in which explicit recognition is given to capacity, measured by, say, per capita income; and where allowance for need may be introduced as well. Thus some fraction of the total transfer, and substantially more than the frequently mentioned 10 per cent, should be set aside for distribution in this way.

But even if this were done, the fact remains that the mismatch between fiscal capacity and need is not only, or even primarily, an interstate problem. Inequalities are even greater among localities within a state. This raises the question of whether the federal transfer, or some part thereof, should go to local governments rather than to states. The proposition seems sensible at a time when the need for regional fiscal complexes (to wit, for metropolitan areas) becomes increasingly evident, and the state has lost most of its logic as a major fiscal unit. For political reasons, however, it may still be necessary to direct the transfers to the states. In that case, they should be subject to conditions which assure their use in reducing capacity-need differentials among local governments.

But reducing the inequalities of fiscal capacity and need is not an objective in itself. Considerations of equality or equity relate to individuals, not to governments. What matters is that the federal government should be concerned first with sustaining minimum levels of public services, and failure to provide minimum levels arises precisely where capacity falls short of need. An additional dollar spent on high school education in Westchester County, N.Y., is fine, but it is much less important than an equivalent amount spent on elementary education in Harlem or in Mississippi.

This raises the question of just what kind of public services the transferred revenue is to support. Is it to go into highways, redevelopment of downtown office structures, or into human investment, such as elementary education or child care? The implication of the program will depend greatly on the answers.

By and large, the proponents of the Heller plan have held that there should be a minimum of strings, that the states should be permitted to decide how the funds are to be used. This would help to secure rapid legislation, but it now appears that there is no great hurry and the issue can be considered on its merits. The increase in state-local expenditures from 1955 to 1965, it is argued, was directed very largely at such essential categories as education (42 per cent of the increase) and health and welfare (14 per

cent). From this it is concluded that the new grants will be used similarly.

But the matter is too important to be left thus to chance. The more vital the services which are to be supported with scarce means, the more essential it is that these resources be used effectively. If the largess of the federal government were boundless, it would make little difference how the support was given. But the federal government, notwithstanding its superior taxing powers, cannot (and should not) support all things in all places. Its resources are limited, even in the context of fiscal drag, and tax reduction and increased federal programs are alternative remedies. The scarce resources should be concentrated, therefore, where they would do most good.

This poses a further point. Suppose the revenue transfers are to be made in the form of unrestricted block grants. Will such transfers be supplementary to, or in lieu of, existing (and future) federal aid programs directed toward specific functions? The originators of the Heller plan and its supporters think in terms of the former alternative, but that is hardly the spirit of Congressman Melvin Laird's proposal (according to *The New York Times* of December 20) that a beginning be made by replacing grants under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act with block grants to the states, subject only to the general proviso that they be used for education. Thereby, the program's effectiveness in the war against poverty (and a quarter-hearted war it has been) would be greatly diluted.

Undoubtedly, the revenue transfer would be seen by many supporters as a device to reduce and restrict direct federal aid programs. Therefore, the case for general revenue transfer must be discussed not in isolation but in relation to the future role of specific grant programs. There is much to be said for stressing local responsibilities and involvement in traditionally local expenditure functions, and there is no denying that the local government is in closer touch with its specific needs. But it is evident also that the technical competence of most state governments is far below that available for program planning at the federal level. Nor does the ranking of programs, as seen from the state point of view, coincide, in many cases, with the set of national priorities with which the federal government must be concerned.

Much is being said about the new look of fiscal federalism that will emerge from this program. Will it be one of directed transmission of fiscal resources from the federal to the state and local levels, adjusted to provide minimum levels of nationally important (but locally furnished) public services? Or will it be one of general revenue transfer, with expenditure restriction at the federal level, reduction in state-local taxes, and complete freedom of the states to use the funds as they see fit?

The issue here is not one of partisan political advantage. The political complexion of Statehouses changes, and reapportionment may well reverse the "conservative versus liberal" ranking of the federal government and the states. What matters, rather, is the construction of a responsible system of fiscal federalism. A basic tenet of such a system is that there should be a link between the responsibility to tax and the responsibility to spend. While differentials in fiscal capacity and need make transfers necessary, the form

of these transfers should be such as to preserve this link in some measure. There should be some assurance that funds, which originate at the national level, will be spent according to national priorities. Lacking this relationship, the revenue transfer may well result in a Balkanization of our expenditure structure, at the very time when a comprehensive national approach to public service programs is most needed.

To sum up, federal fiscal resources are not limitless, and cannot serve all needs at the same time. The most important policy objectives must be given priority, and the dispersion of funds for secondary and tertiary objectives

be set behind. The "everything-is-important" answer is no solution. The most crucial domestic issue before the federal government is the social integration of the Negro, and the closely related poverty issue. Notwithstanding all the talk, very little has been done to date to meet these needs, and that is the area where fiscal resources should be directed first of all.

State and local governments must play an important part in such an endeavor, and revenue transfers to states and localities will be needed. But these transfers should be assigned and guided as part of a broader program. They should not be applied in a shotgun fashion.

LOVESTONE, MEANY & STATE

AMERICAN LABOR OVERSEAS

HENRY W. BERGER

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When the AFL-CIO Executive Council, at its meeting in Chicago last August, offered complete and unequivocal support of President Johnson's position in Vietnam, asserting that criticism of the war "can only pollute and poison the bloodstream of our democracy," it was remaining loyal to a conservative foreign policy which the country's major labor organization has followed from the start. This outlook is characteristic of George Meany and his chief adviser on international affairs, Jay Lovestone (director of the AFL-CIO International Affairs Department), as well as Irving Brown, William C. Doherty, Jr., and Andrew C. McLellan. These men have long been associated with the AFL wing of the giant labor confederation and, in active collaboration with the United States Government, they largely determine labor's foreign policy. Moreover, they conduct these very substantial overseas activities almost entirely without consulting the rank-and-file workers who help to subsidize them. To be sure, the International Affairs Department dutifully reports its activities to annual AFL-CIO conventions and throughout the year issues a voluminous barrage of publications. The reports usually either hail the accomplishments of labor's international efforts or warn of the ever-present danger that communism will sweep the free trade union movement of the world. Such rhetoric, however, does not stem from any views the members themselves may have. Instead, the workers tend to accept what the leaders tell them.

The main tenets of organized labor's present foreign policy were established in the early days of the AFL under the leadership of Samuel Gompers. Significant departures from the essential guidelines were nearly always forced responses to specific external events, rather than fundamental and permanent changes in ideas. Nor has successive leadership produced any noticeable shifts in policy.

The major exception to the general truth of this propo-

sition was the international outlook of the CIO unions that broke from the AFL in the 1930s. On the whole, the CIO tended to be less doctrinaire, more flexible, more willing to recognize that changes could be produced by indigenous social conditions, and were not always directed from Moscow. This viewpoint helps to explain the present strain between the leadership of the two major components of the AFL-CIO.

From the beginning, the AFL viewed the international scene in terms of such narrow domestic bread-and-butter issues as overseas competition from cheap labor and cheap goods. Consequently, the federation habitually endorsed measures that would protect it from competition, including immigration restriction, improved world-wide labor standards and, for much of its history, high tariffs on many items produced by constituent unions. But these goals were tied to an outlook which increasingly emphasized the virtues of business unionism, championed liberal capitalism, espoused a conservative trade union program, promoted the export of an AFL style of union, and resisted alternative labor ideologies.

It cannot be denied that the AFL helped to create unions in some areas where virtually no labor movement had existed. This was particularly true in Latin America. In time, it was believed, this development would benefit labor in the United States because the foreign unions would reduce the competition of cheap labor as they forced higher wages from employers. Moreover, higher wages would mean a larger market for many goods produced by union members in the United States. But the unions which the AFL promoted abroad were either patterned after the AFL unions themselves or were politically allied with the American labor federation. Finally, in a number of instances the federation sponsored unions to compete with an already existing labor movement. It initiated activities in other countries

For other insights into the activities of the AFL-CIO in nations abroad see: "Meddling in South America" by Stanley Meisler, *The Nation*, February 10, 1964; "Love-stone Diplomacy" by Sidney Lens, *The Nation*, July 5, 1965.

wherever and whenever it had the resources to do so, and increasingly collaborated with the United States Government in pursuit of common foreign policy objectives.

Records to document these tendencies exist from as early as the first decades of the century and continue to the present. The work of AFL organizers in Latin America and the Pacific after the Spanish-American War, Samuel Gompers' close association with the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson, and union efforts (temporarily unsuccessful) in Europe during and immediately following World War I are but highlights of this long and conscious involvement in foreign affairs. The death of Gompers and the coming of the depression served momentarily to check labor's foreign activities, but there was no shift in basic policies. What changed was the degree of involvement.

In fact, the AFL's ultraconservative posture was confirmed and its efforts to influence the shape of overseas labor movements and official United States policy were renewed and intensified when the CIO emerged as a competitive force in the mid-1930s. While part of this attitude was in response to CIO activities abroad, especially in Latin America, the *character* of AFL policy was of its own making. William Green, then president of the federation, and his associates, Matthew Woll, John Frey, Chester Wright and George Meany, strongly opposed the progressive and nationalist Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM), led by the Marxist-oriented Vicente Lombardo Toledano, and the oil-nationalization program of the Lázaro Cárdenas regime—both of which were endorsed by the CIO. The federation chose instead to support the impotent and conservative Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers (CROM) and those in the State Department who tried to resist the nationalization decrees.

This conservative position was repeated throughout Latin America, Europe and Asia during and after World War II. To be sure, the AFL was an early and vigorous opponent of Fascist and other right-wing authoritarian regimes which set out to destroy *all* trade unions. But it tended to tolerate, and sometimes to embrace, reactionary regimes that were vigorously anti-Communist and that permitted AFL-supported unions to function. Such was the situation after the war in Greece, in the Caribbean and Central America, in Bolivia and in China. Moreover, as the fighting ended, the AFL's campaign in Western Europe, Latin America and Asia received political and economic support from Washington.

Some of this union-government cooperation held over from labor involvement in wartime agencies, especially the Office of Inter-American Affairs (OIAA), headed by Nelson Rockefeller. Men associated with the AFL, among them John Herling, Serafino Romualdi (later in charge of the federation's Inter-American Affairs), Robert J. Watt and David Dubinsky, had either official or unofficial ties with the OIAA. Irving Brown, who probably did more than any other single person to promote AFL objectives in Europe and Africa after 1944, began this involvement as director of the Labor and Manpower Division of the Foreign Economic Administration (FEA) in which he served during the critical months of April to September, 1945. Brown then resigned from the FEA because he believed that

American policy makers in Germany were promoting labor policies which, in his words, served "the interests of the Soviet Union." But this disagreement did not terminate Brown's work for the AFL in Europe, nor end AFL cooperation with the government. In fact, the relationship was eventually formalized and the government leaned increasingly toward the AFL point of view in foreign labor matters.

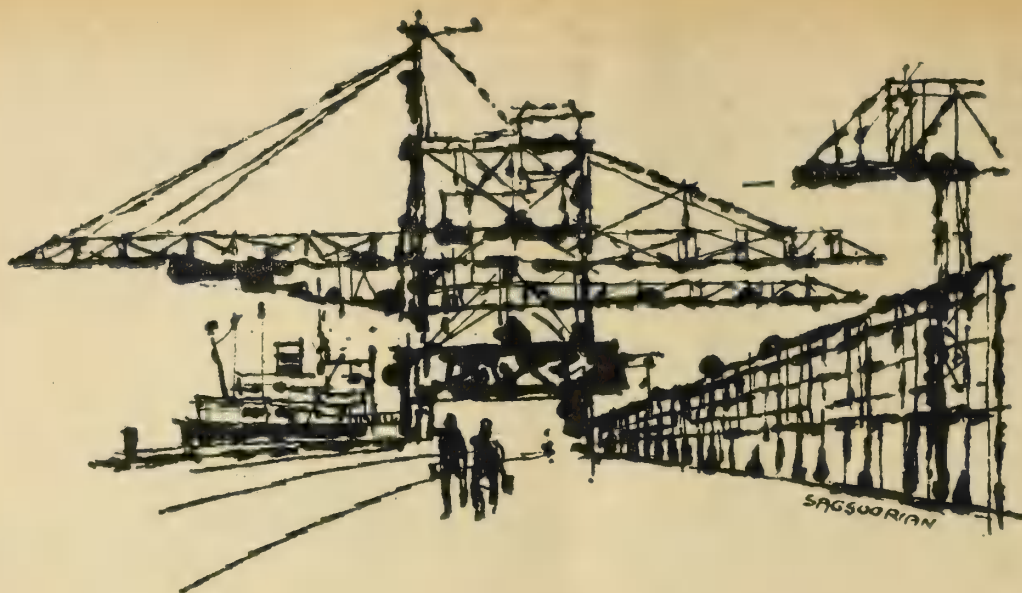
It is important to emphasize that AFL agents were proselytizing in Latin America, Asia and Europe well before it can be seriously argued that the Soviet Union was



Drawing by Anton Refregier

in any active sense intervening in those areas on behalf of Communist labor leadership. Soviet support and direction came after local Communists were already involved in unions on their own, as in France and Italy. Moreover, as even conservative journalists reported, the Communists in Western Europe were quite moderate and cooperated with non-Communist groups until 1947, when East-West relations turned exceedingly cold. The AFL intervened vigorously prior to these developments and did so on its own initiative. The intervention was surreptitious and designed to undermine labor elements already in existence or emerging from the chaos of World War II.

In Latin America the federation simply renewed its historical involvement. George Meany was sent to Mexico in December, 1944, to investigate the possibilities of working with conservative elements of the Mexican CTM in opposition to Vicente Lombardo Toledano and the hemispheric Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL) which he now headed. The AFL had changed its position



toward the CTM because it was clearly the dominant Mexican union and because it contained conservative men with whom the AFL might be able to join hands.

While the U.S. Department of State officially divorced itself from Meany's venture, it in fact gave assistance and encouragement. Meany reported on his findings to George S. Messersmith, the American Ambassador to Mexico. A year later, Serafino Romualdi, the official AFL Inter-American representative, traveled extensively through Latin America to seek support for a labor federation that would rival the CTAL. His trip was in part underwritten with public funds, since his ostensible reason for going south was to represent American labor at the regional International Labor Organization (ILO) Conference in Mexico City. State had a say in planning the rest of Romualdi's itinerary.

These events were followed by increased consultation between AFL and State Department officials, in particular Romualdi, Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, and the chief of the division of labor attachés, Daniel Horowitz. From these meetings emerged the Inter-American Confederation of Labor (CIT), predecessor to the present-day Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers (ORIT).

In Europe, the AFL set out to establish anti-Communist cadres through heavy financial assistance, generous political advice and widespread underground activities. Its major instrument was the Free Trade Union Committee (FTUC) whose executive secretary was Jay Lovestone. Lovestone's chief man in Europe was Irving Brown. The method of operation was simple—dual unionism. Thus in France the AFL urged unions to split from the General Confederation of Labor (CGT), and materially assisted the formation of the rival *Force Ouvrière* (F.O.).

Brown also intervened in French strikes. The most famous of these episodes was a strike against the delivery of American arms at French ports in 1949-50. Brown supplied the funds and the manpower to get the material landed and thus helped to defeat the unions involved.

In France, as elsewhere in Europe, AFL showed little patience with those who saw distinctions between various

factions of the Left or who refused to consider all Communists mere Kremlin robots. Thus a long-time labor attaché to Paris, Richard Eldridge—whose knowledge of French labor was extraordinary, and who suggested a more flexible policy in dealing with the French Left—ran into the opposition of the AFL "activists." The whole story of Eldridge, who seems to have had the confidence of American Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, will probably never be known, but he is proof that not all American officials shared the AFL's almost theological view of foreign labor matters.

In Italy, Brown and Harry Goldberg opposed Socialists as well as Communists, and helped to splinter the labor movement in that country too. Similar courses were followed in Greece, Germany and the Orient. Richard Deverall, the top AFL figure in Japan, had previously served with the American military government. The AFL also sent him to India, and Harry Goldberg moved from Italy to Indonesia. The available evidence suggests that a great deal of money was pumped into these missions and that it came from government sources as well from the AFL.

No one disputes the right of the AFL to take whatever political stand its judgment dictates. But what was so disturbing about the ventures cited above was the means the leadership used to approach its goals. First, the AFL became thickly involved in the labor affairs of other nations. This not only violated another AFL principle—the autonomy of labor unions—but it paralleled the very practices of the Communists that the AFL daily condemned. Second, the activity was carried on without the knowledge or prior consent of most rank-and-file union members at home. Third, the AFL increasingly tied its overseas activities to United States Government agencies, including the CIA. None of these developments fitted well into the democratic tradition of American unionism.

Meanwhile, in the increasingly bitter atmosphere of the cold war, the CIO withdrew from the Communist-dominated WFTU and, along with the AFL, affiliated with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU). Among other things, the agreement between the AFL and the CIO on foreign policy helped to create the climate for their

merger in 1955. Although many in the CIO had been disillusioned by their experience with the Communists in the WFTU, what happened in that situation was by no means inevitable. It was rather the outcome of a deteriorating relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. Nor did the result necessarily vindicate either the premises or the practices of AFL foreign policy. Even so, AFL leaders stepped up their activities after the merger, despite the formal liquidation of the Free Trade Union Committee. Lovestone and his assistants have continued to the present their private espionage efforts abroad and have remained firmly in control of the foreign policy apparatus of the AFL-CIO.

George Meany estimated in 1963 that 25 per cent of AFL-CIO income—"plus a great deal more from our various affiliates—goes into these international activities." But this statement does not suggest the very substantial income from another major source—the United States Government. It has been estimated at \$110 million.

AFL-CIO involvement with official international policy has been expanded also by the increase of government personnel working in the field of international labor relations. By 1965, sixty-five labor attachés were assigned to United States embassies, 125 part-time labor officers and miscellaneous labor personnel were attached to embassies and missions of the Agency for International Development (AID) overseas, and twenty-one persons were employed as full-time workers in the State Department and AID in Washington. Nearly all these employees were cleared for appointment by the AFL-CIO, their militant anti-Communist credentials being scrutinized with particular care.

The attitude of the men who make American labor's foreign policy has produced a continuing dispute between them and Socialist-oriented unions affiliated with the ICFTU. Many in the world labor body would like to see a relaxation of tensions between East and West and less AFL-CIO dominance of the organization. Meany, Lovestone and company decidedly oppose this view. It is this sort of issue that provides the base for argument, not Mr. Meany's alleged quarrel with ICFTU officials over administrative matters or his concern about the personal morals of some ICFTU staff members.

A similar division between the AFL-CIO and the unions



of other countries has occurred in the ICFTU's Latin American affiliate, ORIT. The AFL's first sustained overseas involvement was in Latin America, and it is still the scene of some of its most extensive activity. This is most dramatically illustrated in the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), now directed by William C. Doherty, Jr. (see "Labor Between Bread and Revolution" by Sidney Lens, *The Nation*, September 19, 1966). The AIFLD, with a budget running into the millions, maintains fourteen Latin American field offices and has trained more than 30,000 students in United States union policies, tactics and organizational procedures. Nearly 500 of these students have taken advanced courses in Washington, have been placed on the AIFLD's payroll for nine months after they returned home, and have engaged in political activities in their countries, designed to advance the interests of the AFL-CIO and the United States Government.

The objectives of the AIFLD training schools have been primarily political. Paul K. Reed, former international representative of the United Mine Workers, made this clear in an exchange with the employer of one trade unionist from Bogotá, Colombia. Requesting a year's leave for this man, a union official, in order that he might participate in the AIFLD educational program, Reed declared that "we feel strongly that through the education of the workers it will be possible to halt the wave of communism sweeping through Latin America."

What this means in practice has become all too clear. In British Guiana, the AFL, along with large American corporations, supported the successful opponents of the Cheddi Jagan leftist regime, and in Brazil the AIFLD has cooperated with the military dictatorship of Humberto Castelo Branco. Only recently, Doherty endorsed Castelo Branco during public ceremonies dedicating a housing project largely financed by AID. In the Dominican Republic, federation-supported right-wing laborites helped in 1963 to oust Juan Bosch. The American union activity was so heavy-handed that eventually the Dominicans demanded that Fred Somerford, United States labor attaché, and Andrew McLellan, the ORIT representative, leave the country. Nevertheless, the AFL-CIO strenuously opposed Bosch in the 1966 elections, following American military intervention. It accused Bosch's revolutionary party (PRD), on very little evidence, of being Communist dominated, and leveled the same charge at unions supporting him.

The AIFLD has been a chief supporting instrument of these and other AFL-CIO activities in Latin America. It has also carried on what it calls "social projects," a series of efforts largely financed by the U.S. Government through AID. These include housing developments, worker co-ops, credit unions, banks, apprentice schools, medical clinics and union halls. Many of them are impressive achievements, but all have been channeled to the "proper" political recipients and favored unionists. The money, thus, has been political money, dispensed in accordance with AFL-CIO political objectives.

In these ambitious undertakings, the AIFLD has enjoyed not only the active participation and cooperation of the U.S. Government but also the support of certain

private U.S. firms which have seen a controlled, anti-radical union movement as necessary to their well-being. The board of trustees of the AIFLD includes J. Peter Grace of W. R. Grace and Company, Berent Friele of the Rockefeller Foundation, Charles Brinckerhoff, president of the Anaconda Company, and Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways.

AFL-CIO ventures in the area have, of course, been severely denounced by Latin American Communists and some Socialists. But the opposition has not come only from the traditional Left. Supporters of former President Juan Perón of Argentina have been sharply critical and so has a group of labor organizations gathered in a growing organization known as the Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions (CLASC), with its center of operations at Santiago de Chile. CLASC is affiliated with the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions (IFCTU), with European chapters in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Holland.

Though still small in numbers (about 50,000 dues-paying members), CLASC is a vigorous competitor of ORIT and a militant opponent of U.S. union activity and what it terms American "imperialism" in Latin America. But CLASC is also strongly anti-Communist and seems to borrow much of its central ideology and appeal from Peronista rhetoric. The emphasis is upon neutralism in the cold war and a revolutionary social program in Latin America. CLASC has been able to cause difficulties for Alliance for Progress trade union operations and thus to force U.S. officials to consider giving it a role in planning Alliance labor policies. This distresses the AFL-CIO, which has charged that CLASC "has traditionally opposed the U.S. type of economic system, has been anti-Alliance for Progress, anti-Organization of American States and anti-Pan Americanism."

However, not all the AFL-CIO leadership shares that estimate. Among those who take an apparently more open-minded view are Walter and Victor Reuther. Indeed, the Reuther brothers and their friends have increasingly objected to the entire Meany-Lovestone foreign policy. This schism has long been suspected, but recently there have been sharp public exchanges between the two groups over such matters as labor's relationship with the State Department and the CIA, the AFL-CIO boycott of the ILO after a Polish delegate was elected president, the role of the AFL-CIO in the Dominican crisis, the federation's position on Vietnam, and its foreign policy theories and tactics in general.

The latest meeting of the executive council on November 14 confirmed AFL control of organized labor's foreign policy. Walter Reuther, for reasons which are not yet entirely clear, chose not to attend the council meeting, which endorsed the entire eleven-year foreign policy record of the merged federation. *The New York Times* reported that when Mr. Meany was asked whether this meant that the council felt it had made no mistakes whatsoever during this period, he replied: "Yep"—a response which may be taken to indicate that the Meany-Lovestone outlook has become more rigid than ever.

By openly disputing the position of Meany and Lovestone,



Walter Reuther has probably risked his chances to succeed Meany as AFL-CIO president, but perhaps he has also set up the nucleus of a leadership able to challenge the established foreign policy of organized labor. He may elect to do this by dissociating the United Auto Workers from the foreign policy of the national labor federation, and by adopting an independent stand. It has been suggested that Reuther's absence from the November 14 meeting of the council was a first step in that direction. Whatever the strategy, Reuther could possibly provide a different direction for labor's international activities and also restore a portion of a badly damaged democratic labor tradition.

The alternative that Reuther represents is urgent for another and perhaps still more important reason. The present foreign policy of the federation contributes to an increased cold-war military build-up in the United States, because it emphasizes military responses to situations abroad. From Vietnam to the Dominican Republic, the AFL-CIO has endorsed the use of armed force. In so doing, American labor places its own hopes for domestic economic and social advance in severe jeopardy.

Contrary to official proclamations from Washington, the U.S. cannot have its guns and butter too. Already the Great Society programs have been slashed. That fact should be emphasized now, before anyone rushes to the defense of the Administration by ascribing those cuts to a *future* political consequence of Republican election successes. The cutbacks began long before last November and are mostly the result of the stepped-up war in Vietnam.

In the long run, American labor does not benefit from this situation, even if some workers in defense-oriented industries are temporarily the richer. The war boom must finally end, but it may not do so before conditions are created which deprive workers of important social programs, result in a postwar depression, or continue the military build-up to logical and totally disastrous consequences.

So, in the end, foreign policy and domestic politics are closely allied, and the AFL-CIO cannot pretend otherwise without injury to itself. From every point of view, therefore, it becomes a concrete and moral imperative for American labor to revise its assumptions about the role and goals of American labor abroad.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Wallace Stevens: Business and a Sonnet

LETTERS OF WALLACE STEVENS.
Selected and edited by Holly Stevens.
Alfred A. Knopf. 890 pp. \$17.50.

A. WALTON LITZ

Mr. Litz is an associate professor of English at Princeton University. He is the author of *Jane Austen* (Oxford University Press), and is at present working on a critical study of Stevens.

Fame came slowly to Wallace Stevens, never completely breaking down the anonymity that he deliberately and stubbornly cultivated. In 1928, when Stevens was 49 years old, the poetry editor of a Hartford newspaper surveyed the local scene for Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry*:

No doubt you know that Robert Hillyer, Wilbert Snow and Odell Shepard live here, and that Muriel Stuart's last book was published by Mitchell's book-shop here. The Poetry Club of Hartford meets at Mitchell's and the poetry center here is really at that shop.

Miss Monroe, who had published Stevens' verse as early as 1914, added to this notice the rather acerbic remark that, in her opinion, "the poetry center of Hartford is in the residence of Wallace Stevens," but the *Letters* make it easy to understand how the author of *Harmonium* (1923) could remain virtually unknown in his home town. "Personality must be kept secret before the world," Stevens confided to his journal in 1900; and in the same journal entry he recorded his admiration for a successful Harvard graduate who "went into the shoe business & still kept an eye on sunsets & red-winged blackbirds—the summum bonum." Stevens himself, who was to become a successful lawyer and insurance executive, "kept an eye on sunsets & red-winged blackbirds." He once observed that "money is a kind of poetry," and like the hero of Robert Frost's "Two Tramps in Mud Time" he sought to unite his avocation and vocation, as the "two eyes make one in sight."

During the years since Stevens' death in 1955 his reputation has increased enormously, until today most readers of American poetry would grant him at least a place with Eliot and Frost and Pound. This dramatic increase in reputation is all the more remarkable since it was founded on the poetry alone; unlike

Frost, Stevens never sought to provide us with a personality outside the poems. Even in the last years of his life, the years of lectures and public honors, Stevens remained a remote figure, but now with the publication of the *Letters* we are at last able to establish tentative connections between the private personality and the personality which informs the poems. From over 3,000 letters covering a period of sixty years, Stevens' daughter has selected some 800 which provide a fascinating guide to the contours of his life. Since many of the excluded letters deal with business matters or with the elaborate genealogical investigations which obsessed Stevens during the 1940s, this volume contains the heart of his correspondence. Inevitably the letters are scarcest for those periods where we most desire information: the long years between Stevens' undergraduate publications and the appearance of his first mature poetry (1900-14), and the fallow period between the first and second editions of *Harmonium* (1923-31). However, the editor has filled in Stevens' early career with selections from the journal he kept between 1898 and 1912, and with letters Stevens received from his father while an undergraduate at Harvard, so that in some ways the early sections of the *Letters* reveal the most about Stevens' inner life. With admirable restraint Holly Stevens has supplied just enough factual and biographical annotation to make for continuity and clarity.

The volume opens with four letters from Stevens to his mother, written during the vacations of 1895 and 1896. Tender and amusing, they reveal a close affinity between mother and son, as well as the first stirrings of a distinctive imagination. The last letter of the four begins with the "piping of flamboyant flutes, the wriggling of shrieking fifes with rasping dagger-voices, the sighing of bass-voils, drums that beat and rattle, the crescendo of cracked trombones"—here we have that love of sound and rhythm, that feel for the density and color of words, that would one day mark the poems of *Harmonium*.

In 1897 Stevens left his native Reading, Pa., for three years as a special student at Harvard. No significant letters have survived from that period, but in Stevens' journal—and obliquely in his father's letters—we can glimpse the young

man who won the friendship of George Santayana. Witty and urbane, the letters of Stevens' father are the product of a powerful mind which his son may have found rather daunting:

You will see about Cambridge some nook perhaps seen by the eyes of those to whose greatness the world yielded niggardly homage then and who moved on to describe some other cloister in the words that never die. And who knows but bringing to its description your power of painting pictures in words you make it famous—and some Yankee old maid will say—it was here that Stevens stood and saw the road to distinction.

A little romance is essential to ecstasy.

Beside passages such as this, Stevens' own journal entries often seem "literary" and conventional, but occasionally they reflect that deep feeling for the composing power of nature which was to be the constant anchor of his imagination:

In the sunset to-night I tried to get the value of the various colors. The sun was dimmed by a slight mistiness which was sensitive to the faintest colors and thus gave an unusual opportunity for observation. In this delicate net was caught up first of all a pure whiteness which gradually tinted to yellow, and then to heavy orange and thick, blazing gold; this grew light again and slowly turned to pink. . . . The pink in the sky brightened into a momentary vermilion which slowly died again into rose-color edged with half-determined scarlet and purple. The rose-color faded, the purple turned into a fine, thin violet—and in a moment all the glow was gone.

My feelings to-night find vent in this phrase alone: Salut au Monde!

After a successful three years at Harvard, where he edited the *Advocate* and wrote a good deal of derivative verse, Stevens determined to make his way as a newspaper man in New York (perhaps under the inspiration of Stephen Crane, whose funeral he attended in June, 1900). But at this he did not succeed, and in the fall of 1901 he entered law school. In 1904 he was admitted to the bar, and after four inconclusive years as a practicing attorney he found his place as an insurance lawyer. During these years his journal provides a continuous record of his business activities and his poetry, the latter almost a subversive activity ("En-

gaged at the office all day on a sonnet—surreptitiously"). In 1904, during a trip to Reading, Stevens met Elsie Viola Moll, and began a correspondence which gradually supplanted the journal as a repository of his private aspirations. They were married in September, 1909, and settled in New York, where Stevens remained until 1916.

During these years, when Stevens was working steadily to establish his business career, his letters and journal entries reflect an intense if spasmodic interest in the making of poems. Shortly after their first meeting he wrote to Elsie Moll: "I should like to make a music of my own, a literature of my own, and I should like to live my own life." Presumably the urge to write was never completely submerged in these years, and we are not surprised to find Stevens writing to his wife in 1913: "I have, in fact, been trying to get together a little collection of verses again. . . . Keep all this a great secret." But there is little in the sparse letters of 1910-14 to prepare us for the poems Stevens began to submit for publication in 1914-15, and especially for "Sunday Morning," which he sent to Harriet Monroe in 1915. Perhaps the course of Stevens' artistic development will become clearer when the manuscript poems of the 1900-14 period are finally published, but it seems likely that the sudden appearance of the first *Harmonium* poems will always remain something of a miracle. The sensibility behind these poems is evident in the earliest letters and journal entries, but in terms of technique they represent a quantum jump over the verse Stevens was writing in 1908-09 (some of which is quoted in the *Letters*).

As Stevens' poetry began to appear in print his letters became more external, wider ranging but less revealing. It is as if the impulse to confide had been completely satisfied by his poetry. The letters of 1916-23 (especially those to his wife and to Harriet Monroe) are the work of a self-satisfied man who is doing exactly what he wishes to do. Stevens was interested in the world of letters, but completely independent of it. As he told Harriet Monroe, "having elected to regard poetry as a form of retreat, the judgment

of people is neither here nor there." Perhaps the most significant event of this time was Stevens' introduction to Florida, which was to become for twenty-five years his vacation refuge, and whose landscape was to furnish his poetry with some of its most compelling images.

With the publication of *Harmonium* in 1923, and the birth of his only child in 1924, Stevens turned temporarily away from poetry and devoted most of his time for six or seven years to his career in business. He probably had this period of inactivity in mind when he wrote to Ronald Latimer in 1937:

. . . a good many years ago, when I really was a poet in the sense that I was all imagination, and so on, I deliberately gave up writing poetry because, much as I loved it, there were too many other things I wanted not to make an effort to have them.

By the early 1930s Stevens had, presumably, achieved most of these "other things"—among them the security of a large home and the vice presidency of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company—and he turned his mind once more to the making of poems. An augmented edition of *Harmonium* appeared in 1931, and from then on Stevens composed poetry at a rate which belied his double allegiance.

But in spite of this "freshening of life," the thirties were not easy years for Stevens. The pressure of the times made itself felt in his verse, and his letters reveal a new—and defensive—concern with criticism. Stevens was eager to justify his aesthetic position when confronted with the demands for a "social" literature, and in his letters we find him countering Marxist criticism by rehearsing the arguments and justifications that are dramatized in *Owl's Clover* and *The Man with the Blue Guitar*. "The real world seen by an imaginative man may very well seem like an imaginative construction," Stevens wrote to Ronald Latimer, and in *The Man with the Blue Guitar* he seeks to defend the "reality" of that imaginative construction. Against the demands of the time Stevens poses his belief that "life without poetry is, in effect, life without a sanction."

The 1940s, the most productive decade of Stevens' career, also brought a new vitality and range to his correspondence: over half the letters in this volume come from the last fifteen years of Stevens' life. The received image of the late Stevens—"John D. Rockefeller drenched in attar of roses"—is radically modified by these letters.

At first glance Stevens' sudden obsession with genealogy and family background may appear to be pure snobbery, and an element of snobbery is certainly there; but the genealogical investigations, and the poems which came from them, are shown by the *Letters* to be an essential part of Stevens' attempt to "realize the past as it was," to join the "fellowship of one's province." Similarly, Stevens' notorious political conservatism is somewhat modified by the *Letters*. Although he could deny in 1954 that there had ever been anything "hysterical" in McCarthyism, Stevens was not a stereotyped reactionary. Like Yeats, he tended to respond to politics in personal and aesthetic terms. Thus his refusal to be associated with the defense of Ezra Pound stemmed from his theory of the poet's social role. "While he [Pound] may have many excuses," Stevens wrote to Charles Norman, "I must say that I don't consider the fact that he is a man of genius as an excuse. Surely, such men are subject to the common disciplines."

Many of Stevens' late letters are in answer to specific inquiries about his verse, and these provide a fascinating gloss for many of the poems. In his letters to Hi Simons and later to Renato Poggioli (who was translating some of his poems into Italian), Stevens patiently answered the questions that puzzle an intelligent reader of his poems. Although they are models of sensible elucidation, these letters also reflect Stevens' ambiguous attitude toward all "explanations" which tend to translate the poem's structure of feeling into a logical argument. As early as 1918 Stevens had protested to a correspondent that "explanations spoil things"; but at the same time he knew that "explication de texte," his "principal form of piety," often depended on information he could best provide. We may be glad that, in the end, he yielded to the inquiries of a few trusted correspondents.

One of the most attractive aspects of Stevens' late letters is his interest in young poets, and his willingness to help them. Another is his deep friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Church, with whom he had his fullest correspondence. Church, who was editor and co-founder of the French little magazine *Mesures*, had lived the life of Paris that Stevens chose to imagine, and he became for Stevens a kind of alter ego. "You have so thoroughly

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*I am a man in my mind.
A splendid performance!*

*The professors of patience do not applaud.
They say: "These arrangements are temporary."*

*But I am a man in my mind.
Clap! Clap! It was a splendid performance.*

JOHN N. MORRIS

lived the life that I should have been glad to live," Stevens wrote to him in 1942. Church and Stevens became the closest of friends, and after Church's death in 1947 Mrs. Church became Stevens' principal link with the world of French art and literature.

From that world, as well as from the more exotic worlds of China and Japan and Ceylon, Stevens fed his imagination during his last years. The shipments of

books and pictures from his Paris dealer, the carefully planned Christmas packages from the Orient, the letters from his Cuban and Irish and French correspondents—these enabled him to see Hartford in a new and revealing light. At the end of his life, when he could have made those trips to Europe and the East that he had so long denied himself, Stevens chose to remain at home. He had already made, in his mind and art, a more splendid voyage.

Dos Passos' Restless Times

THE BEST TIMES: An Informal Memoir. By John Dos Passos. *New American Library*. 229 pp. \$5.

WORLD IN A GLASS: A view of our century selected from the novels of John Dos Passos. With an introductory essay by Kenneth S. Lynn. *Houghton Mifflin*. 440 pp. \$6.95.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED. By John Dos Passos. *Houghton Mifflin*. 310 pp. \$4.95.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. By John Dos Passos. *Houghton Mifflin*. 446 pp. \$12.50.

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is author of the forthcoming *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön* (Oxford). He teaches American Studies at the University of Michigan.

In Edmund Wilson's *roman à clef* of the twenties, *I Thought of Daisy*, the character who portrays John Dos Passos is last seen embarking alone on a fruit steamer, bound for Afghanistan. "Why, yes—come along!" he cries, uneasily, to friends who want to come too—"if you wouldn't mind a few tarantulas and scorpions and things that go with the date and fig trade!" This restless, solitary wanderer emerges again from Dos Passos' memoir as if he had just now returned from Kabul. Three decades of political rhetoric wiped out: gone, the leftist line; gone, the Goldwater whine. The essential Dos Passos is a fellow traveler only with chance companions of the road.

It is good to have Dos Passos' memoir of his early years, as a counterpoint and in part an antidote, in the same season his publisher has reissued two of his novels and a book of selections from the whole. His list of works has been rearranged for the new editions to form not a chronological order as written but an order for the events they describe. The whole is called *Dos Passos' Contemporary Chronicle*, and he is proclaimed the author of a many-volume fictional history of our

times. A shrewd effort, even as it falsifies: how else promote an unread living writer, whose fiction and reputation through a generation have leapfrogged over each other downhill?

Most Likely To Succeed and *District of Columbia* are the novels newly reissued in uniform binding. If they are meant to preview a complete edition of the "Contemporary Chronicle," as novels from the years of tumble, they are unlikely to whet an appetite for more. *World in a Glass* is something else: a condensed version of the whole, the best or at least the most representative of Dos Passos—mainly from the U.S.A. and *District of Columbia* trilogies and *Midcentury*, with bits from several others—arranged in the new manner, by date of event rather than of composition. The title comes from a brilliant essay by Jean Paul Sartre published in 1938, in which Sartre regarded Dos Passos "as the greatest living writer of our time." Then came the disastrous fall. Now *The Best Times* and *World in a Glass* refresh the memory, and if one prefers not to affirm Sartre's judgment, at least it is possible once more to understand.

Dos Passos was a restless youth: in childhood carried to and fro across the sea; later as a young man he turned the journey almost into a way of life. *The Best Times* were times of movement. Dos Passos recalls his travels with gusto, his literary and political past only with diffidence. Fitzgerald, Dreiser, Cummings, the Sacco-Vanzetti case appear in Dos Passos' memoir as if he had only read about them—though his stories of them probably seem second hand because he generously told them to scholars a long time ago.

The most moving story in *The Best Times* is Dos Passos' account of a journey through the Near East in 1921. The last leg, from Baghdad to Damascus, he traveled across the desert on camel back, the only Westerner in an Arab caravan. He leaves his watch behind, has only a smattering of words. Detached from time, detached from language, he lives only

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with the undulating landscape, the enormous sky, the column of men and animals. He makes a note: "It's charming never to know exactly what's going on. I was never happier in my life." Arriving in Damascus, he finds awaiting him a packet of reviews on *Three Soldiers*. The novel is acclaimed, a bestseller. But it gives no pleasure. "This wasn't me. I was the nameless traveler who'd been sitting by the campfire with Jassem er Rawwif." He tosses the clippings into a wastebasket.

This is as close as Dos Passos comes in *The Best Times* to give a meaning for his incessant traveling, and one may be excused for thinking this simple polarity between nature and civilization a little sentimental. But *World in a Glass* provides another, and deeper, dimension. For the entire world of Dos Passos' fiction is constantly moving. None of his people sit still except the abject poor—and the motives for their motion convey the most important themes of Dos Passos' novels, the themes that thirty years ago were rightly so significant to Sartre.

The vast restlessness in Dos Passos' novels is a symptom of democratic society. Men are free; therefore they move. Movement is the badge of freedom, and its proof. Dos Passos' novels are about human freedom in our time. Neither bound in body nor in mind, men dream, hope, aspire. What is, no longer suffices: present time, present place, present people, cannot satisfy. They yearn for something better, at least for something different. This is the root of the immense longing that Dos Passos' people feel, a longing toward which Dos Passos creates for his readers so poignant a sense of pathos and understanding.

For his characters are free to run away, and free to run toward, yet never free to stop and stay for long. When Dos Passos' characters arrive at a place it rarely turns out as well as promised, and the old places in retrospect hardly ever seem as bad as they once did. His people are forever leaving at the wrong time, just before important events, and arriving elsewhere just too late. Thus his characters live emotionally in waves, hope turning to despair and suddenly renewing; sourness giving way to pleasure and good feeling; then again sour. Moving on, stopping, and moving on once more; no rest until death.

Freedom is a blessing and a curse, a curse of everlasting desires unfulfilled, dreams of a future that can never match the dream. Dos Passos' novels convey endless pathos without tragedy, eternal yearning without catharsis. He could not conceive a life or a society sufficient to itself; he only became, after *U.S.A.*, in-

creasingly unsympathetic to his restless characters, less and less capable of rendering his story as art. The only possibly satisfying answer stemmed from his experience in the desert: living in the pure present, neither running away nor running toward, but simply moving, without thought. Movement in itself and for itself might provide a controlling form.

Still, whatever the ultimate insufficiency, in three novels—the *U.S.A.* trilogy—Dos Passos created a world as had no other 20th-century novelist, a vast and complex place where average people lived ordinary lives, an image in art of modern society. Though it seems only a mirror reflecting the real world, in truth it is a new world, strange and distant, a world of art. "In capitalist society," Sartre wrote, "men do not have lives, they have only destinies. [Dos Passos] never says this, but he makes it felt throughout. He expresses it discreetly, cautiously, until we feel like smashing our destinies. We have become rebels; he has achieved his purpose."

And yet, as Sartre insists, Dos Passos impels the reader to rebel only against the world in the glass, not against his own world. The reader protests against the destinies of Dos Passos' characters, but can find no way to protest against his own. This is a major source of the pathos he makes his readers feel—the recognition that they are as frustrated in freedom as are Dos Passos' characters, that they too are trapped within their destinies, powerless to do anything about it. This does not detract from Dos Passos' achievement as an artist, but it suggests why he was unable to accomplish social objectives through his art, why after *U.S.A.* he turned from fiction toward history.

One way to evaluate Dos Passos for a new generation of readers is to compare him with the young novelist Thomas Pynchon, whose fiction resembles Dos Passos' in curious and instructive ways. Pynchon's *V.* is surprisingly similar to *U.S.A.* in the breadth of its ambition, in its diversity of styles, above all in the restlessness and unfulfilled longing of Pynchon's characters. Moreover, Pynchon has made the image of a world in a glass—a mirror world, a world beneath the surface world, a world *sub rosa*—his central theme. In *U.S.A.*, Dos Passos created a more accomplished work of art than either of Pynchon's novels so far. Yet Pynchon displays an intricate intelligence unlike anything in Dos Passos. The fate of Pynchon's characters may not touch the reader, but his vision of a mirror world, a secret world, is deeply moving.

In the end, for all the apparent political commitment in his fiction, Dos Passos has wanted most of all to be a free and separate self; and his freedom has been as inconclusive as that of all his characters. The excerpts from his fiction in *World in a Glass* provide no view of the century more unified than the reiterated similarity of individual destinies. Pynchon's world in a glass represents instead a social gesture; whatever its lasting value, it opens up for the reader new possibilities for society—a visionary world's challenge to the world in which we live. It comes down, at last, to the nature of the vision. For Dos Passos, the individual; for Pynchon, society—a distinction which separates one novelist from the other, and may also prove the dividing point between the last great generation of artists and seers and the one that may now be emerging.

The Infection of the World

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By David Caute. The Macmillan Company. 616 pp. \$7.95.

SOL YURICK

Mr. Yurick is the author of the novels, *The Warriors* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and *Fertig* (Trident Press).

In an effort to preserve economic and moral interests in a conquered world, men are sent to war. In the process, atrocities are committed and expediency is rationalized by the erection of ideologies whose slogans always include words like culture, freedom, dignity. Individual lives are wrecked: people are tortured physically, or internally by the contradiction between ideal sentiment and what is practice in

the world. The administrators of colonialism seem blinded to what they do; probably they commit the most barbarous acts with relish. There is no tragedy or pathos in their behavior: literature has rarely studied them long enough to invent abstract, high-sounding categories. At best, psychology settles for the term "sickness," which would put a Hitler into therapy. The tragedy lies in the fate of the man of good will who is caught up in these currents and who is unable to bring himself to act decisively (for "liberalism" is a political tragic flaw). The hope for a humanistic act of faith, in terms of commitment in the world, is what David Caute's new novel is about. It is a hopeful book and an impressive achievement.

Poets, writers, historians of the grand fictions, have always chosen certain times in history which they have designated as seminal—frozen moments which are decisive, turning points in history. For one generation it was the French Revolution, for another the Russian, for still another it was the Spanish Civil War; today it is Lyndon Johnson's Vietnamese temper tantrum.

For Caute it is the events leading to the birth of the Congo as an independent state. Caute calls his country Coppernica (named for vast copper deposits). What he means is a Copernican revolution, symbolic of a change in Western fortunes; two old worlds, in dialectic confrontation, synthesizing a third world. The original revolution displaced man from the center of the universe; Caute's revolution displaces Western man from the center of the moral universe. His novel may shock some readers (where is the old fiction gone; why are the new writers so morbid; what *personal* fantasies are they working out?) who will prefer to mistake a way of life for a catalogue of aberrations rather than truth.

To sum up the plot is difficult in short space. An African leader arises, Coppernica makes its way to freedom, forces of the West seek to preserve their investments. The revolution is dethroned and, as in the Congo, a leader more amenable to doing business in the old way replaces the revolutionary leaders: the counterrevolution stages atrocities on the *colons* . . . nuns are raped, babies spitted, bureaucrats disemboweled, but the blame is placed on the revolutionary "savages." Mercenaries, hunting down the liberation leaders, range the landscape killing and torturing in the name of a grandiose ideology whose justification is Spengler's great historical fiction.

From this, it begins to be easier to understand Frantz Fanon's fiery, cleansing appeal to destroy the colonizers and the native collaborators with their West-programmed hearts: that great hunger for a fiery simplification. Finally, one man, James Caffrey, a kind of alienated liberal who dreams of action, but can, at first, only admire activism in a book (Malraux's *Man's Fate*), a sort of intellectual Mersault, brings himself to act and kill the leader of the *ultras*, Laval. He joins the revolution not of mere black against white—primitive against civilized—but the revolution of the humanists against the enslavers. This is too simple a summation. There are many characters, many scenes, flashing back and forth across time and space.

Caute's method is that of ideational allusion in the midst of action. Wisely, he understands the plenitude of

motives that goes into decision making. He acknowledges many masters without being imitative or pointlessly eclectic. Every great political, moral and artistic event of the past generation is evoked and shown transformed in relation to this struggle. Characters in their immediate situations echo great catch phrases; a total reassessment is aimed for. And we learn how the need to preserve the best of Western culture can be used as rationalization for the protection of investments. The Bible, the divine right of taste, the primacy of personal urges, Carlylean evolution, Proust, Yeats provide touchstones. These become lenses through which to view the fight to determine which forces will rule Coppernica. In the hands of the inhumane, the humanities become another form of equity: "everything is permitted." Mercenaries bomb villages and torture resistance leaders, while quoting Spengler. People's views of themselves constantly change and become a sort of working truth. British investment is condoned by a taste for Renoirs: American pragmatism becomes an expression of density to human sensibility. Good will, pushed to the wall of dividend-loss, fails.

Possibly the best scenes, those expressive of the multiple layers Caute is working, are shown in terms of torture and perversion. These are horribly informative metaphors . . . more real than the reportage he quotes. The body is reduced to produce a fact. The tortured becomes subhuman and the torturer becomes superhuman, but neither remains a man. The mercenaries march through the jungle seeking out the revolutionaries, but in reality hunting for their lost destiny, the destiny of the West. *The Decline of the West* is a novel of ideas, but more important, it is also a work with dramatic thrust: political aphorisms in Caute's hand achieve the dignity of poetry. It is at times a brilliant performance.

There are weaknesses. The central drive of the novel is frequently vitiated by mere psychology. Caute is weak about Americans, both black and white. Carrying indecision as a literary strategy too far, Jason Powell is dissolved and becomes ridiculous. The force of the demoniac in civilization is dissipated by flash-back psychology. This is not to say that men do not have biographies, but the analytical approach is deformed by excessive rationality. It doesn't take account of the social forces; filtered through biography all seems mere personal sickness.

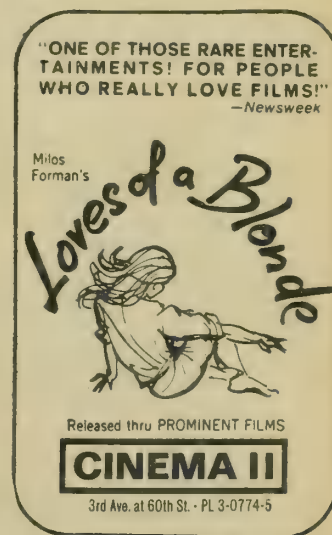
In this way we come to see Laval—at first as dedicated as any Aztec priest and as primeval—explained as a man whose behavior becomes a sum total of the frustrations of youth. Here Caute

did not learn his lesson from Proust well enough. We end up feeling a little sorry for a man like Laval, understanding him, when it is dangerous and soft to do so. Then too, as a technique, biography tends to dissipate the dramatic drive of the novel. But these are minor faults in an ambitious, engrossing, all-encompassing work.

Since this book is addressed to men of good and weak will (the oppressed do not read books, nor do their oppressors), it would seem that Caute has an indoctrinating duty. This is not to say that he should write propaganda; he would thereby lose his audience and create bad art and worse truth. But it is the gripping terror of the word, the scene, the actors, their acts, standing as dramatic facts, that must convince, telling all. Fiction can convince: sociology and history do not seem to. Fiction can place one as participant and sufferer in this horror—the deliberate killing of nations of people. Tallies of facts do not involve the reader; they even lull, convincing us that this is the way things are. How many people these days have not tired of hearing about the 6 million—what has it to do with them?

And how are we to be convinced that out of the torture of Africans, out of their crucifixions, a new consciousness, a new moral center, should arise? Short of being tortured ourselves, the involvement fiction offers can do that magician's trick. To be sure, individual schizophrenia mirrors the multiple and contradictory splits of the world, but the burden of the infection is on the world, not on the individual. The cure lies in political involvement, not on an analyst's couch. Rage should mount, not be assuaged by the technique of calling it sickness.

This book has to be read; it is that exciting and important.



Body Testing the Slogans

SAY THAT WE SAW SPAIN DIE: Literary Consequences of the Spanish Civil War. By John M. Muste. University of Washington Press. 208 pp. \$5.95.

ALLEN GUTTMANN

Mr. Guttman, author of *The Wound in the Heart: America and the Spanish Civil War* (Free Press), teaches at Amherst College and is a public affairs editor for *The Massachusetts Review*.

From the siege of Troy to the present day, important historical events have had important literary consequences, but most of the poems and novels written in response to these events have been, like most other poems and novels, trivial. Critical assessments of the literary merit of works concerned with the Jacobite rebellion or the French Revolution or the Great Depression are, generally, a waste of time. Diligence discovers that semiliterate stanzas, dissected with the fine instruments of textual analysis, are inferior in value to *War and Peace*. Although historical events cannot be fully understood without a comprehension of their artistic consequences, the events themselves should not be a principle of organization for literary studies. Anyone who has felt, however remotely, the tragedy of the Spanish Civil War, is likely to respond with irritation and ennui to the subtitle of John Muste's book. Are we to learn again that Barker's poems are more intricate than Cornford's?

Annoyed prejudgments are premature. The book is limited, unsatisfactory, intensely moral in its concerns, but quite indispensable. Too sensitive to be satisfied with frisky comments on miscellaneous books with the same ostensible subject, Muste sets forth a thesis that demands attention. He sees the Spanish war as an empirical test of the Marxism that many American and more British writers

adopted in the 1930s when the political and economic collapse of liberal democratic society, and the rise of fascism in Europe, shattered whatever complacency had survived World War I.

Marxism, argues Muste, failed the test. "The writers who went to Spain found out that war and revolution are destructive, that even Marxists are often inefficient bureaucrats, and that history does not always move in expected directions. The pressure of the new knowledge was too much for most of these writers to withstand." Why? Because no ideology can justify the horrors of war. The writers whom Muste most admires are those who abandoned their faith in socialism or communism even as they earned their red badge of courage. Men shivered in pools of mud and excrement, scratched the lice that afflict every army, and discovered, as Hemingway's *Frederic Henry* had discovered in *A Farewell to Arms*, that all the slogans are lies.

For Alvah Bessie's post-Spanish Civil War novel in defense of communism, *The Un-Americans* (1957), Muste expresses contempt, but he exempts from scorn the "painstaking honesty" of Bessie's memoir of Spain, because he sees the book as an inadvertent rejection of ideology: "Whatever [Alvah] Bessie's later experience may have been, it does not change *Men in Battle*, which remains a book demonstrating vividly the way in which prolonged exposure to violence can turn idealism into ashes, and which shows that when no sacrifice will suffice, any slogan or dogma is irrelevant."


Similarly, Edwin Rolfe's fine poem about Madrid, "City of Anguish," is praiseworthy because "the dogma is far less memorable than the experience of destruction." Novels and autobiographies by Marxists—e.g., Upton Sinclair's *No Pasarán!*—are violently condemned as "dull," "flat," "foolish," "lifeless," "lu-

dicrous," "bombastic" and "melodramatic." Hemingway's propagandistic play, *The Fifth Column*, is properly denounced, but Muste writes that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* deserves extended analysis "because it demonstrates so clearly the dilemma of writers who continued to believe in the Loyalist cause, but who had seen and understood too much to be capable of . . . easy sophistries. . . ." The extended analysis is nearly devoid of comment on the structure and the techniques by which Hemingway articulated his vision of the Spanish war. The emphasis on Robert Jordan's overt politics misses the metaphorical affirmation of the Spanish earth and the peasants who tilled it.

George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* is, of course, the touchstone, the article of apolitical faith. In this book that finds skepticism the proper moral stance, Orwell is credited with "having seen, toward the end of his life, that modern societies tend toward regimentation whether their official ideology be Fascist, Socialist, Democratic or Communist. . . ." Muste himself is a less skillful Orwell. Perhaps a better formulation is to say that he, while not openly insistent upon pacifism, has clearly followed in the footsteps of his father, one of the founders of The Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Like most polemicists, Muste excludes as well as includes relevant data. He generally ignores popular literature which was not Marxist (and some that was), and he does next to nothing with the literature of the Right. Wyndham Lewis' *Revenge for Love* is a serious omission. Anne Fremantle's *By Grace of Love* is another. The single criterion by which he measures all men has other obvious disadvantages—a tendency to shrillness is one of them. A more serious problem derives from the social bias inherent in the selection. If Marxism appears inadequate, and in the writers discussed it does, the reason might well have more to do with the writers than with Marxism. No American or British writer of the first rank has ever been a committed Marxist, but French and German and Spanish writers have been. André Malraux's *L'Espoir*, the best novel of the Spanish war, is mentioned, but Muste does not really consider the possibility that Malraux and Pablo Neruda and Ludwig Renn succeeded where Stephen Spender and William Rollins failed, because the former were more, rather than less, committed to a Socialist analysis which was, itself, more applicable to Spanish than to American or British society. After all, Orwell went to Spain a Socialist and returned one, and Alvah Bessie, whom Muste praises for *Men in Battle*, was and is a Marxist.

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Because any appreciation of Marxism is likely these days to bring accusatory letters, I should add that I am not a Marxist. But I am sure that democratic socialism's model of historical analysis is more appropriate to the war than is Muste's implicit pacifism. To insist that war is horrible, and that ideological wars are the most horrible, is part of the truth, but all ideals are not morally equal, and all forms of social organization are not equally just. In an outrageously ignorant reference to the Weimar Republic, Muste seems to suggest that the Social Democrats were right not to take to the streets against Hitler, but I am not yet ready to think that the highest wisdom consists in the discovery that "politics (whatever ideals are being served) is an activity that in-

volves intrigue, betrayal, and the multitude of confusions and compromises which are involved in making it the 'art of the possible.'" The Spanish Republic was less democratic than many of its supporters admitted, but the Republic was, as Orwell insisted, better than the Movimiento Nacional of the insurgent generals. Embarrassed as I am to praise heroism in the safety of my study, I still believe that the difference was worth the blood of men brave enough to die in mud, in rubble, in excrement, in defense of their Republic. The hopeless disillusion that Muste takes to be the most significant literary consequence of any war is, in large part, his own generous, understandable dismay, at what is probably the inevitable cost of a somewhat better world.

this passage from the seventh book before starting on the first—still one can also use it to recall the Wordsworthian child who is "father of the man." A breath of wind, a smell, a patch of sunlight on the carpet, a few bars of music may suddenly activate some memory from childhood; and then we appear to be invaded by something incredibly fresh and a lot nearer to the universe than we are.

Of course, a child has to grow up, to be (as it were) reborn in adolescence, and so on: but such memories ought to tell us how difficult and delicate the task of growing up is, how little it ought to be tampered with, and how much it needs to be understood. Readers of Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* need not be reminded of Dr. Arnold's prayer that his "sense of moral evil" might never leave him, and how there were moments when "he began to doubt whether some far more radical reforms than any he had attempted might not be necessary before the multitude of children under his charge—shouting and gamboling, and yet plunged all the while deep in moral evil—could ever be transformed into a set of Christian gentlemen." Strachey intended this sentence to be wildly funny, and so it is; but it shows that Strachey's Arnold (who may not have been the real one) was afflicted with the antinomian delusion—common in his time and not too rare in ours—that there was no moral law for childhood qua childhood, because the child was nothing more than an inferior adult.

It is, in short, always necessary to know what childhood is and not to worry too much about what it ought to be; and this is the paramount necessity to which Frances Wickes addresses her book. She tells us what it is like to be a child; she does not lay down—she carefully refrains from laying down—any rules for child guidance. Her own psychological guidelines (she is a well-known analyst) are explicitly Jungian. The reader will be asked to accept the collective unconscious and the archetypal image as working concepts; also the two "types" of extraversion and introversion; also the four "functions" of thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition. He must expect to be confronted with the numinous and the mysterious—with what used to be loosely described as Jungian mysticism—and he will be asked to distinguish between the "great dream," which belongs to the small dreamer and must not be touched, and the dream which speaks, however ambiguously, to a conflict that requires attention. As a layman, I find the Jungian system persuasive insofar as I understand it; but there are those who do not think so at all: and

The Gift of Grace

THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD: A Study in Analytical Psychology. By Frances G. Wickes. Introduction by Carl G. Jung. Appleton-Century. 342 pp. \$6.95.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

Mr. Dangerfield is the author, most recently, of *The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828* (Harper and Row). His other books include *Chancellor Robert R. Livingston* of New York and *The Era of Good Feelings* (both Harcourt, Brace).

A new edition of Frances G. Wickes's masterpiece, *The Inner World of Childhood*, first published in 1927, is a welcome and timely event. The fact that most if not all the children whom Mrs. Wickes examines here, with such rare and delectable wisdom, were children from comfortable middle-class 1920 homes, children who went to private schools, and who had the good luck to find in the author an expert who could spend long hours unraveling their difficulties, does not diminish—it merely intensifies—one's belief that the inner world of childhood is something which all children inhabit. You cannot, indeed you dare not, say that there is one inner world for children of one class or color, and another inner world for children of another.

In other words, what Frances Wickes has posited, it seems to me, is a constant psychology for children, one that is always and everywhere governed, as to its well-being, by "a sense of security in the fundamental relationships of life," and always and everywhere ravaged if this sense of security is absent. I stress "fundamental" here, because it seems to be

antithetical to "contemporary," in the sense that every child is born with certain rights which, in the course of growing up, he must adjust to the transient and possibly treacherous world in which he finds himself.

I recently gave a talk on Anthony Trollope, a novelist whom I admire; and in the course of giving this talk, it rather forcibly occurred to me that if we were able to meet those mid-Victorian men and women we should certainly think them all faintly mad: and vice versa. Between them and us there would lie such a complicated web of changed and changing social, political, economic and moral relations as to make rational discourse very nearly impossible. With a mid-Victorian child, on the other hand, we might be able to establish a reasonable dialogue, because he would probably not think us much stranger than any other casual acquaintance from his own milieu. Childhood is relatively timeless, insofar as it is a little closer to biological time than we adults are; and, conversely, because it is not yet adjusted to the frantic speed of historical time. Thus a child can be called "the father of the man" for three different reasons: because he is not yet modern; because what happens to him may powerfully affect his whole later life; and because (this was presumably Wordsworth's meaning in his great "Ode") he has a certain acute perceptiveness which is lost to us and which we can only recall through memory. In the last book of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* there is a beautiful passage about the interplay between sensation and memory; and while Proust used this to explicate once and for all his theory of art—so much so that a beginner ought to read

to them I would recommend the words of Dr. Henry N. Murray (no Jungian, I believe) who, in an introduction to Mrs. Wickes's *The Inner World of Choice* (1963) wrote: "She was in such close contact with the multifarious trends and turns of a child's fabulous imaginations that the discernment of their meanings seemed to come to her as a gift of grace."

This gift of grace, working with a humane, penetrating, loving, unsentimental intelligence, distinguishes *The Inner World of Childhood*, for me, from any other book on the subject that I have read: but here there is only space to mention one way in which it seems to talk directly to one of our great dilemmas. Obviously, the first and most fundamental relationship of a child is with his parents: this is so obvious that it was once a truism; but it is a truism no longer. Frances Wickes is careful to point out that you cannot psychoanalyze a disturbed child; you can only use his dreams and fantasies (when he becomes confident enough to disclose them) as a means of talking things out with him. Usually, as she points out in case after case, the child's disorientations can be traced to the unconscience of the parents or of one parent. Parents in any walk of life are bound to have psychological difficulties, often appalling ones: but it is by now a well-established fact that the lower the economic and social condition, the more mental disturbance there is in the adult world. Thus the child in one of our ghettos, where the parents are degraded and distorted by a society which denies them any means of escape, must be a very rare child if he is not degraded and distorted too.

When I finished reading *The Inner World of Childhood*, I began to think of those living graveyards in our great cities, and of those children who are condemned to be Gray's "mute inglorious Miltons" in the radical sense that they are denied the chance to express themselves naturally, because their families are broken, their schools insufficient, their neighborhoods filled with dereliction and abomination, and the law itself their enemy. Even the most generous mental-health facilities for parents could not really help until these conditions are radically changed. And it seemed to me that it was time to junk such vulgar solecisms as "The Great Society," and to begin to think about the Good one. Demanding for all children "a sense of security in the fundamental relationships of life," *The Inner World of Childhood* seems to me, not only a profoundly wise and creative book in its revelations and interpretations of childhood but also a revolutionary one. I do not presume to suggest that this was the author's intention. But there it is.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

It would be easy to list the faults of Cecil Dawkins' *The Displaced Person* (American Place Theatre, 423 West 46 Street). Since it is an adaptation of three Flannery O'Connor stories, and with a trace of a fourth, the play lacks dramatic propulsion. Though the interweaving of the various threads is ably done, the tempo of progression is too even: there is insufficient differentiation of accent.

While not without humor, the general grimness of the stories produces the effect of "exaggeration" resembling certain types of Russian naturalism. . . .

I shall not continue in this vein because, despite these and other shortcomings, I found myself more interested in Mr. Dawkins' play than in most of the other serious offerings of the season. (This is journalistic double talk, since the only other play of the season of which I might say the same is *A Delicate Balance*.) I was interested, which is more to the point than saying that I liked it.

As I left the theatre I questioned myself as to the source of my interest, for had I not also been worried by a certain flatness in the proceedings? What absorbed me throughout was a confrontation with life, unfamiliar, strange (the play takes place in south Georgia), yet nonetheless significant beyond the details of its environment. It may sound a little "innocent" to say that a play conveys the look and feel of life, since all plays present some aspect of life; and what in this context does one mean by "life"?

In recent years respected plays have tended more and more toward abstraction. Realism had become boring. It had deteriorated into "journalism": it did not say enough, merely presented facts, and facts by themselves are dumb. They put out one's eyes. We demand insight and personal statement. We seek a view of life, something which suggests an essence, a core of meaning even if this leads, as so often of late, to a conclusion of meaninglessness. The new drama, we are convinced, brings us closer to the truth. It recalls the great classic tradition.

The reason for this reversion to the older style is due not only to the increasing triviality of the naturalistic theatre—with its appeal to a prosperous middle-class sodden with property and creature comforts—but to our mounting awareness of crisis. We are on the verge of Armageddon and await an apocalypse. Anything less basic (at least in art) strikes us as deceptive. Literature committed to the study of life as we find it and live it seems paltry, wide of the mark.

Still we are in and of this world, and though we may diagnose our condition as chronically wretched, there is something weak and flabby about our constant attempts to achieve the summits of ultimate knowledge. This groping for divinity bespeaks impotence rather than courage.

There is a brilliantly humorous scene in *The Displaced Person*—straight out of Flannery O'Connor's story "The Enduring Chill"—in which an obtuse country

CROWNS AND GARLANDS

Make a garland of Leontynes and Lenas
And hang it about your neck

Like ■ lei.

Make a crown of Sammys, Sidneys, Harrys,
Plus Cassius Mohammed Ali Clay.

Put their laurels on your brow

Today—

Then before you can walk
To the neighborhood corner,
Watch them droop, wilt, fade

Away.

Though worn in glory on my head,
They do not last a day—

Not one—

Nor take the place of meat or bread
Or rent that I must pay.

Great names for crowns and garlands!

Yeah!

I love Ralph Bunche—

But I can't eat him for lunch.

LANGSTON HUGHES

priest is invited to advise and console a sickly youth who wants to speak to an understanding person about his despair. The suffering boy tries to get to the heart of the things that distress him, but the priest simply counters with the injunction that he learn his catechism. Maddened by the priest's obliviousness, the boy shouts "I'm dying," to which the priest retorts sharply, "But you're not dead yet!"

The boy is ill and despondent because he hates the world into which he was born (the most backward South) and hasn't the talent to create something with and through it. The priest is a dolt. Yet he speaks true. We are like the ailing boy. We are all dying but since we aren't dead yet we ought to look about us and see things by our own lights, and not wholly in the light of eternity.

Each of the episodes in *The Displaced Person* contains, in what on the surface appears to be an impassive naturalism, a larger truth. The play's lack of "lyricism" is in fact a kind of classic severity. The abject submissiveness of the Negro farm hands is seen as both ignorant shiftlessness and an evasion of the white man's blind cruelty, a retreat into a realm the oppressor cannot enter, a profound contempt, comic and obdurate. It is an impasse in which both black and white are rendered stupid to the point of savagery.

The poor white's isolation in self-protective prejudice abetted by an empty religiosity is the alleviation of his cramped estate which becomes murderous. The crippled girl whose intellectual training has turned her to nothing better than a futile nihilism because she is deprived of any warm human contact, her momentary relief in tenderness when she is able to acknowledge the brute fact of her deformity and have it accepted through a gesture of love, the general insecurity of all concerned who destroy the "displaced person"—a Polish farm hand brought into the community by the priesthood more out of guile than from compassion—all these are depicted without adornment or apology, one might even say "coldly," and yet with an understanding which extends beyond their bare recital. Flannery O'Connor was a greatly gifted artist and Cecil Dawkins has done honorable service in bringing the O'Connor material directly to the stage.

I cannot make any assured statement about the production, partly because the problem of communicating the quality of the play, an amalgam of moods and methods, is an extremely difficult one requiring much more rehearsal time than our theatre economy permits. The balance between the need to maintain the tone of dispassionate statement and the no less necessary demand to convey the

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living nerve, which is the creative root of the play, may not have been absolutely struck. It is clear, however, that the director, Edward Parone, understood the challenge. He is to be commended for having chosen a good cast—Frances Sternhagen, David Clarke, Bette Henritze, Dixie Marquis, Robert Earl Jones, Woodie King, James Hall, to name only those who play the main roles. He has directed them so that the play as a whole remains coherent and well defined. Kert Lundell, here as in *Hogan's Goat*, proves himself remarkably adept at giving the peculiar spatial accommodations of the former St. Clement's Church, the seat of the American Place Theatre, a semblance of stage reality.

Frank Gagliano, whose one-act play *Conerico Was Here To Stay* was presented by Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder and Edward Albee at the Cherry Lane Theatre in 1965, is one of the more promising of our younger dramatists. Gagliano's central preoccupation appears to be the indifference and irresponsibility in the face of evil as it manifests itself among us today.

The same producers at the same theatre now offer Gagliano's *Night of the Dunces*. One cannot tell in this instance whether Gagliano is fulfilling his promise because *Night of the Dunces*, though repeatedly revised, was written five years ago. The plot deals with a gang of youngsters ("Dunces") whose aim is destruction for its own hellish sake. The difference between this and the previously presented play is that in *Night of the Dunces* a group of citizens led by a widowed librarian, whose ill-attended establishment located in an apparently desolate area of the city the Dunces plan to wreck, fight to protect it. This makes the library something of a symbol. One is reminded of certain plays of the thirties except that Gagliano's emphasis is less "social" and rather more "Kafkaesque."

PERSONALS

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Despite overtones of contemporary terror, the play remains a naive melodrama. As such it is not without effective moments. It is well acted by Terry Kiser, Salem Ludwig, Anne Revere and all the others; it is ably directed by Joseph Hardy and, with limited means, admirably designed by William Ritman.

Seeing *Night of the Dunces* and then *The Displaced Person* brought to my attention once more how many talented people of no particular "fame" our theatre could use to immense advantage if it were not so disastrously hobbled. As for Gagliano himself, I look forward to his further work, now that he is advancing in experience and has been awarded a Rockefeller grant.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Horriification is a delicate theatrical operation; overcook it ever so little and it curdles into slapstick. That is the accident that occurred to *Night Games*, Mai Zetterling's study of impotence caused by injudicious mother love.

The picture runs on two time tracks. In the present, a perplexed young man brings his sweetheart home to his family's country estate, to test whether on this ground he can exorcise the childhood experiences that prevent him from consummating their love. These, we learn from a portfolio of flashbacks that constitute the second track, stemmed from the circumstances that his mother chose to surround herself with exceedingly bizarre companions and that she was driven by a sexual urgency that directed itself even to her son. The boy watches as his mother gives birth, surrounded by a group of revelers who look like a provincial road company specializing in witches' sabbaths. He wanders through scenes of drunkenness and *outré* lechery. He crawls under his mother's diaphanous hoop skirt while she is embracing her current favorite. In the scene which is, presumably, causing all the fevered whispering, she deliberately arouses the boy and then, in guilt, turns her scorn on him. When word arrives of her death by motor accident, the boy takes to his mother's bed, where he is joined by a wench and an obese homosexual, both intent on his inheritance. The boy's only ally in this erotic circus is a dotty old aunt, adept at cutting paper dolls and painting caricatures on eggs (which the boy derives some satisfaction from smashing). She also acts as chorus, observing that the atmosphere of the house is unsuitable for an impressionable child.

When the engaged couple returns to this scene of fancy-dress corruption, the house seems deserted; but, as if on cue, the old troupe reappears and resumes its perverse entertainments (blue home movies are introduced). Thus harassed by memory and once more in his mother's bed, the young man finds himself still incapable, and begins to fling himself about like Hamlet in love. But the girl is no Ophelia; at her sensible urging, he orders the parasites to break camp and, to make sure that they do, brings in a crew of dynamiters who blow the house into flaming rubble. This works like an Oriental potion: as the credits come across the screen, the couple is cavorting in a snowy field with every prospect of happy union.

The trouble with all this is its simple, humorless excess. Like many Scandinavians today, Miss Zetterling is awestruck by sex. She is here so intent on enlisting our indignation at its misuse that she shovels Krafft-Ebing with a pitchfork. Thus, instead of provoking gasps of horror, her stagy tableaux and italicized symbols induce ironic laughter. It doesn't take that much machinery to produce a sexual neurotic.

The proposition, widely touted, that the French-Italian *Galia* is a naughty and delicious comedy will not stand the test of seeing the picture. It opens to scenes of rolling surf—always an ominous sign in "art" films—and it is wanly dispirited throughout. It is only factually sexy (there is no zest to it) and the melodramatic triangle plot—vulgar Lothario, wronged wife, pert young fixer who gets herself hooked—is as mechanized as a switching yard. It is one of those plots so crowded with incident and so empty of content that you crack your knuckles to have it done with.

As for Mireille Darc, the "discovery," she is a twiggly girl with large breasts, many freckles, heavy lips and quite expressionless eyes. She wears pants and sweaters to advantage and moves like a boy—assets that are ruthlessly exploited. She might do very well as wry spice to a film, but she cannot carry the show on her two moods of bachelor-girl competence and bruised infatuation. The assumption of the film is that she has slept with half the men who hang out at the Select, which suggests a taste among the habitués of that movie set for immature companionship.

This, by the way, is the third picture in a row to offer me the hitherto forbidden (except in Scandinavia) sight of the naked female torso. It is undeniably pleasant, but I hope the impulse to semi-disclosure will not degenerate into an anatomical cliché.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1184

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It might be called perfect to toss paper clips at it. (4, 10)
- 9 Not likely to cause good feeling. (7)
- 10 Classic villain who might be akin to a hobo to us. (7)
- 11 and 14 Vampire's line might imply we're tied in exemplary fashion. (4, 2, 3, 3, 1)
- 12 It cheers the sort that might have been once burned. (8)
- 14 See 11 across
- 15 The part of the line that suggests you have a fish hooked? (5)
- 17 What cattle might do to suggest a certain elegy? (5)
- 19 and 27 Might Annie imply the old pump is owned by Warbucks? (2, 5, 7, 2, 5)
- 21 Marion, suggesting shallow water craft? (5, 3)
- 23 Slipped on the ice. (6)
- 25 If the show is getting out, his act would be one to follow. (7)
- 26 One might also deal with Daisy's boyfriend, for example. (7)
- 27 See 19 across

DOWN:

- 1 Clay stamping-ground — sometimes found along with popcorn and nuts. (5, 4)
- 2 Argentine products might be. (7)
- 3 Not so wild get-up in spotless surroundings, but green. (9)

- 4 What youngsters might chew on in the State Department? (4)
- 5 Correct the conservative position? (2, 3, 5)
- 6 Rather silly in an expression's beginning. (5)
- 7 In front and at the side of a bird? (7)
- 8 Very dangerous types, unless they're quakers. (4)
- 13 Doesn't stand out in smog, up in this mixture. (10)
- 15 Might it be a club for the writer? (5, 4)
- 16 Proving there's a field for stuffy businessmen. (9)
- 18 How a yardstick might be used, generally speaking. (2, 1, 4)
- 20 Any summer probably did. (7)
- 21 So honest, but homeless in London. (4)
- 22 The player's first part provides the margin in an Italian flower. (5)
- 24 Taunt, but not with holding it. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1183

ACROSS: 1 Scarlet tanager; 8 Visiting team; 10 Nucleonics; 11 Omar; 13 Swarms; 14 Reynolds; 16 Nainsook; 17 Chromo; 19 Long; 20 Pasteboard; 22 Distillation; 23 American cheese. DOWN: 1 and 2 Savings and loan associations; 3 Lattermost; 4 Tuning; 5 Attacked; 6 Adam; 7 Correspondence; 9 Ameliorative; 12 On the Beach; 15 Romantic; 18 Stolen; 21 Tier.

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LETTERS

Godforsaken

Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIR: Except for Cardinal Spellman, Carle McIntyre, Billy Graham, Billy James Hargis and possibly General Westmoreland (who recently declared that U.S. troops are fighting on God's side "in this most Christian of causes"), most religious leaders, including the Pope himself, the National Council of Churches, and the entire World Council of Churches now oppose this war. Both the Vatican and the World Council of Churches believe this war to be a crime against humanity, and urge an immediate cessation of U.S. bombing in North Vietnam. Indeed there can be only one God, and one may well wonder whose side he is really on, or if he is on either side. One thing seems certain, and that is that he is not on our side.

Reynolds Moody
Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

cost of science

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIR: I have read with interest Lord Bowden's discussion, "How Much Science Can We Afford?" [*The Nation*, Jan. 2]. The article is a curious mixture of praise for the accomplishments of science and the intellectual and cultural values it represents with criticism of its cost. The latter is particularly confusing since the article fails to distinguish between "science" and "technical development." Lord Bowden complains that not enough useful work is being done by "science," but at the same time the cost of science which he quotes includes technical development which represents 90 per cent or so of the total, and which is just the cost of those technical items which are being developed to satisfy the needs of society.

An example of the misleading nature of the article is the sentence: "Before long we shall have to decide if the world is ever to see . . . a bigger linear electron accelerator than W. K. H. Panofsky's at Stanford which is reputed to cost more to operate than the whole of the great university which houses the machine." The operating cost for Stanford University during the year ending Aug. 31, 1966, was \$108 million, not including construction of new buildings. The operating costs of the accelerator for the year starting July, 1967 (which is its first full year of operation), are \$21 million. Considering the fact that work of the Stanford Center, together with that of three other institutions of comparable size, supports the work of more than thirty universities in high-energy physics, these figures are not as unreasonable as Lord Bowden suggests.

W. K. H. Panofsky

Gerassi's point

New York City

DEAR SIR: Jack Leavitt's review ["The Ordinarity of Sodomy," *The Nation*, Jan. 9] which treated, or rather mistreated, John Gerassi's *Boys of Boise*, is a perfect example of a reviewer who forgot just what it was he was commissioned to do.

If Mr. Leavitt desired a forum to put forward his legalistic views on homosexuality he should have been honest in his intentions and not have used Mr. Gerassi's book as a shill. . . .

Mr. Gerassi's book is not so much about homosexuals as it is about a homosexual scandal that rocked Boise and the atmosphere of McCarthyism that pervaded that hypocritical city. For Gerassi, homosexuals and indeed the scandal were a point of departure and not the crux of the book. Mr. Leavitt missed this rather obvious point. . . .

Richard M. Cohen

EDITORIALS

A Message of Defeat

The State of the Union message reveals, more clearly than any poll, the decline of the President's drive and influence. The few good things in the message are mainly recommendations that, given the composition of the 90th Congress, he is well aware cannot be implemented during the remainder of his term. In this aspect, the message reflects what might be called the reality gap—the application of purely verbal remedies to the acute and worsening ills that afflict the country. The most desperate of these, whose existence precludes any significant improvements on the home front, is of course the Vietnamese War, which Mr. Johnson once more justified with specious analogies and tiresome recriminations. The one indisputable truth he spoke was that the war, as he plans to prosecute it, will bring more cost, more loss and more agony. For these evils he acknowledges no personal responsibility. It is all the fault of that ever-ready scapegoat—communism.

On domestic issues, the move to the right is unmistakable. At one point Mr. Johnson invoked the words of Harry Truman on poverty as a preventable disease. Mr. Truman had his faults, but trying to buy off or appease the opposition was not one of them. The headlong charge was his style, whereas Mr. Johnson tries to cover his submission with glowing phrases.

The trouble with the across-the-board tax increase is that it will probably coincide with the softening of the economy which is already in evidence. A year ago it might have been effective; next July, it might bring on a recession—except for the corporations that are loaded with orders for the Vietnamese War.

The President touched on the anti-missile-missile controversy but said nothing that had not been said earlier and better by others. He promises to seek the advice of Congress on the possibility of international agreements bearing on this problem. The advice he can expect is to go ahead with the manufacture of anti-ICBM systems that have only one certain capability—they will start a new cycle in the arms race.

Mr. Johnson had only sensible things to say about efforts to improve relations with the Soviet Union and the countries of Eastern Europe, but the situation here is the same as in the anti-ICBM field. The revived coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats is already preparing to sabotage what Mr. Johnson proposes. Even the treaty to ban weapons in outer space is likely to meet opposition in the Senate. Moreover, the Vietnamese War precludes any salient change for the better in East-West relations.

It is good to hear that Mr. Johnson abhors wire tapping and bugging, but Congress is more likely to heed J. Edgar Hoover's ideas in that field than the President's. If Mr. Johnson had taken timely steps to curb Mr. Hoover's influence, his denunciations would carry some weight. As it is, these will be among the first recommendations to be forgotten. But no matter; the real purpose was probably to "bug" Senator Kennedy.

The President had virtually nothing to say about civil rights. The point here is not that further legislation is

needed—there has been enough legislation but not enough action to make the legislation meaningful to the great mass of Negroes. What is urgently needed is leadership, and the President evidently has no intention of providing it. Aside from the moral aspects, a political disaster is in the making. What with the suspension of Adam Clayton Powell, and the seating of Lester G. Maddox as Governor of Georgia, it would seem that the Democratic Party is well on the way to losing the Negro vote. At the same time the President has created a painful dilemma for the leaders of the Negro Establishment.

By proposing the consolidation of the Commerce and Labor Departments into a new Department of Business and Labor (a labor "front"?), Mr. Johnson has likewise embarrassed the leaders of organized labor. It is quite true that Mr. Meany and his faction deserve what they now face, and that Walter Reuther may gain by it, but labor's support for the Democrats may be less than enthusiastic in 1968.

If the President brushed off civil rights, he was vehement on the subject of crime in the streets. His words might have been Barry Goldwater's. In the sense in which the President treated the subject, there is no crime wave. The nation's major crime problem is in the area of white-collar, largely middle-class economic crime—embezzlement, employee thefts, shoplifting, fraudulent salesmanship, auto thefts by teen-agers, etc. If the figures are properly analyzed, they negate Mr. Johnson's premise. But what he said will certainly fuel the backlash.

The fact that Mr. Johnson said nothing about space exploration, and nothing about the supersonic transport, might indicate that he has come to some sane conclusions about priorities in the nation's needs. But, on the positive side, he simply ticked off problems in haphazard order, with no attempt to establish a system of priorities. He sees no need for such a system, since most of the reforms he advocates have been swallowed up by the Vietnamese War. When a foreign policy has disastrous effects on domestic problems, there must be something wrong with the policy, but that policy is the one item on which Mr. Johnson stands firm.

The national priority which should head the list is the redirection of American power. What is needed is reconsideration of foreign policy in the light of domestic needs. When Mr. Johnson succeeded to the Presidency he seemed to be moving in that direction, and he continued on that general course during the 1964 campaign. Then he switched. That was his disaster and, unfortunately, the disaster of the rest of us; the State of the Union message is a reflection of the debacle.

A Brave Man in Seattle

Stimson Bullitt, who is attracting national attention with TV editorials critical of U.S. policy in Vietnam, is no 50-watt broadcaster. He is president of the King Broadcasting Company, which owns KING-TV, the N.B.C. affiliate in Seattle, KREM-TV, the A.B.C. affiliate in Spokane, and KGW-TV, the N.B.C. affiliate in Portland, Ore. In 1961, Doubleday-Anchor published Mr. Bullitt's *To Be a Politician*, with an introduction by David Riesman.

The Northwest was in sore need of someone to speak out, and Bullitt, who is a combination of industrialist and

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NATION

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intellectual, responded to the opportunity. He is scornful of the average run of broadcast editorials: "They endorse Christmas seals," he says. The Seattle newspapers are similarly safe and conventional. The *Times* prints as little as possible concerning dissent on the Vietnamese War, apparently on the theory that publicity plays into the Communists' hands.

Bullitt, on the contrary, could hardly be more explicit. He began his December 20-23 editorials with the statement that the war and its treatment in the news compelled him to speak. His second sentence was: "The intensity of our military action should be stepped down, and we should stop bombing North Vietnam." He went on to say that the purposes of World War II justified the cost, but the Vietnamese War neither gives us security nor defends our liberty; on the contrary, it jeopardizes both. It disrupts and degrades the country we have invaded, it is repulsive to the ideals we have held in the past, and it is turning most of the countries of the world against us.

Mr. Bullitt has reason to be pleased with the reaction to his campaign. In the period from December 20 to January 2, the Seattle station received 740 telephone calls, far above the normal level. Of these, 225 were critical in one way or another; 384 were favorable. Fifty wanted more information and eighty asked for the schedule of forthcoming editorials. Assuming that half of the 130 in the last two groups are favorable, the ratio approving the station's views on Vietnam would be 3 to 2. In the same period 300 letters were received; these were favorable in the ratio 5 to 1.

A portion of the mail fell into familiar categories. There was the expected Birch-type outcry. Some letters came from old-time isolationists, commending the program but saying we should have minded our own business in the first place. "Peaceniks" made their contribution, and there were a certain number of what Westbrook Pegler used to call "bleeding hearts," which in Bullitt's definition means people who regard foreign policy strictly in humanitarian terms.

Over and above these groups, there was a preponderance of mail to the effect that while the writers would not necessarily agree on every point, they were happy to see the subject opened up for frank discussion. Many said they were delighted to hear someone say *publicly* what many people have been saying privately, or only in their own thoughts. From this standpoint Mr. Bullitt's innovation is of great importance. The tendency, where large financial interests are involved, is to express views that will displease no one, or only those groups that are so unpopular or impecunious that they don't count. In the case of a mass medium like TV, sharp criticism of the official position is seldom heard.

In such a setting, opinion polls on Vietnam are robbed of authenticity. How can a genuine public opinion be expected to form unless the opposition case is stated *publicly* so that it can reverberate in the community? Airing the opposition case can be hazardous—and doubly so when it is adopted by the station itself, that is, when it is voiced as an editorial position. But once the wall of silence is broken down, it is often discovered that a large proportion of the people have wanted frank discussion right along. Would that there were more station managements with the courage and sense of responsibility which Mr. Bullitt and his colleagues have demonstrated.

Showmanship at Sacramento

Ronald Reagan's inauguration was, as one commentator suggested, "a mixture of Hollywood and a county fair." The good showman was sworn in just after midnight on January 2 under the floodlit dome of the State Capitol, thus avoiding conflict with TV coverage of the football games during the daylight hours. The festivities that followed neglected no aspect of the California ethos. The "cultural way" was honored by a performance of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra. A prayer breakfast was the occasion for the "spiritual way," with Ronnie intoning: "Belief in and dependence on God is absolutely essential. It will be an integral part of our public life as long as I am governor." The "official way" was represented by the inaugural itself, and the "hospitality way" by a civic luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce. Hollywood spared neither expense nor talent for its own. Five bands played at the Fair Ground and Danny Thomas exclaimed, "Is this for real or is it a movie?" It was, of course, both.

In his inaugural address Ronnie promised to lead California "down the path of the creative society," which apparently is to consist of the following steps:

(1) Cutback on welfare, with recipients to work in public institutions. The solution is not original: back in the thirties beneficiaries of state aid were threatened with being dropped from the rolls if they refused to chop cotton at 27½¢ an hour.

(2) Anti-pornographic legislation, modeled presumably after Proposition 16, "CLEAN," which was defeated at the polls.

(3) To exorcise the specter of Watts, an act to put down riots and insurrection with utmost firmness.

(4) Anti-crime legislation—always a good bit.

(5) Legislation guaranteeing every union member a secret ballot on union dues and policy.

(6) Support for Max Rafferty's proposal to give local school boards more control of curriculum and textbook selection: "Support your local school boards, support your local police," etc.

And, underlying and flanking all the above, the balancing of the state budget.

Toward this last goal, the new Governor proposes to cut the budget of the University of California and make up the deficit by charging students \$400 a year for tuition. Dr. Clark Kerr pointed out that it already costs them \$1,750 to attend and that many would be squeezed out if tuition were no longer free. It may not be true that the university ranks among the five leading institutions of learning in the world, but it is the most generously supported and, by many standards, an admirable system, befitting the largest and fastest growing state. Under Reagan, will it remain what it is today?

California has the governor the majority of its voters deserve. He is said to be plotting with John Tower to set up a right-wing national ticket in 1968. It seems a little early for such euphoric plans. There has always been a problem in California about the confusion of illusion and reality—witness Hollywood, the Disney fantasy empire, "instant cities," and the rest. But in politics, reality has a way of catching up with the dreamers. Reagan would do well to ponder the words of a fictional governor of Pennsylvania in one

of John O'Hara's novels. "Any son of a bitch who wants to be President," says this character, "should first try being governor of Pennsylvania." As he becomes enmeshed in the realities of California problems and California politics, Ronnie may wish he were back on the late show—and the voters may wish it too.

Is This Museum Necessary?

Public Law 87-186, already passed by the Congress, sets up a National Armed Forces Museum Advisory Board as a branch of the Smithsonian Institution. A general plan for the project has been approved and all that remains is for the Congress to appropriate \$40 million (which may be only a down payment) to acquire the 100 acres still needed to round out the 610-acre site in Washington, and start building.

As presently conceived, the plan calls for a complex of indoor and outdoor exhibits, including, according to *The Washington Post*, a military aviation section on about 30 acres, containing pavilions housing military aircraft from World War I to the current models; a ship basin illustrating naval history; a beachhead displaying amphibious attack vessels and wartime beach defenses; a replica of a World War I trench system (the wire specially fabricated with rubber barbs to protect the kiddies); a cut-away model of an ICBM in its underground silo; and such intellectual treats as a study center for research into the meaning of war and its contributions to civilization.

Col. John H. Magruder, USMC, director of the project, emphasizes that the proposed museum will be angled toward visitor participation and a "dynamic educational" goal. The constructive achievements of the armed forces will be featured, such as the building of the Panama Canal, the conquest of yellow fever, the opening of the West, the exploration of Antarctica, and the contributions of the U.S. military to the establishment of a peaceful world, by which is meant, presumably, a world in which the United States has so far been spared the ravages of war on its own territory.

MILITARY SEMINARS

THE MONGERS RETURN

RICHARD DUDMAN

Mr. Dudman is a Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He is the author of Men of the Far Right (Pyramid Publications).

Those cold-war seminars, institutes and workshops that caused a stir five years ago are not dead after all. They just went underground long enough for the controversy to simmer down and for people to forget their concern that high-ranking military officers, active or retired on pensions, were getting into politics by way of alerting the country to the danger of communism at home and abroad. [See "The Ultras" by Fred J. Cook, *Nation* special issue,

Something might be said for an armed forces museum and exhibition park if the idea were carried out with rigorous candor and honesty. About half of the major conflicts in which the United States has engaged could qualify as "just wars." Others, like the Mexican war, of which Gen. U. S. Grant said that a more wicked war had never been waged, are shameful chapters in our history and should be displayed for the young with due contrition and all possible prophylaxis against the viciously immoral doctrine of "my country, right or wrong." But the mere statement of any such expectation exposes its absurdity. In the eyes of the military all wars are glorious.

If the objective is to be the deification of the armed forces, just because this nation still retains a residue of coolness toward the idea of huge standing armies, or because our professional soldiers feel the need for arresting the deterioration of their image, then true patriots will oppose the idea. We do not need what some of the mothers of Washington are calling a Disneyland of Death.

Waldo Frank (1889-1967)

Robert Frost liked to describe himself as having "a lover's quarrel with the world." Waldo Frank tried to sustain the same sort of relationship with the United States, but it wouldn't love back, refusing to quarrel on his terms. Frank died last week after a writing career that endured for nearly sixty years and included fame in the thirties and near oblivion for the past decade. Such recognition he had here in his later years was usually reflected from those he had been credited with discovering: Sherwood Anderson, Hart Crane, and even—a curious tribute to Frank's unique personal evangelism—the people of Latin America.

A man of letters in an old-fashioned sense, Frank often moved beyond letters in a way that is highly contemporary. The social protest of his books was directed to action, and he frequently and dangerously found himself where the action was. Now that he is past all action, there are only the books. But every one of them is out of print today, still waiting as he did for a new audience.

June 30, 1962; pp. 594-596.] Certain changed circumstances suggest that the self-appointed cold-war strategists may be more successful this time.

Chief among the new operations is the Freedom Studies Center taking shape on a hillside estate near Culpeper, Va., as a private enterprise substitute for the old right-wing dream of a government-financed "freedom academy."

Two generals and an admiral flew out there by helicopter from the Pentagon to take part in dedication ceremonies last September. A military color guard and a section of the Navy band also helped set the tone of official approval. Speakers included National Commander John E. Davis of the American Legion; Admiral Arleigh A. Burke,

former Chief of Naval Operations and now director of the Center for Strategic Studies at Georgetown University; Dr. Walter H. Judd, former Republican Congressman from Minnesota, and Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D.) of Connecticut.

President Johnson sent a telegram of congratulations. His message began with a somewhat cryptic observation that "the will to resist aggression is strengthened by our understanding of the alternative to turning back a foe who would deny man's freedom." Mr. Johnson went on to say that private and public institutions must share a responsibility for "this great and urgent work of defending freedom and promoting peace." J. Edgar Hoover wired that "only by an informed citizenry, conscious of its responsibility in this giant ideological battle, can we hope to keep alive the flame of freedom." Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, wrote that the center promised to make "a distinguished contribution to the development of well-informed American policies."

John M. Fisher, the former FBI agent who is president and chief executive officer of the center, told the assembled group how he planned to satisfy these great expectations. He spoke of the first seminar, a four-day institute for twenty-eight Congressional aides conducted by Edgar Ansel Mower, Dr. Eleanor Dulles, Dr. Walter Judd, Allen W. Dulles, Prof. Frederick Barghoorn of Yale, and two representatives of the National Maritime Union. Fisher said nearly \$800,000 had been donated or pledged by foundations, corporations and individuals toward an \$11 million development program for a campus that would accommodate 400 graduate students a year.

Two key figures in the new academy are Fisher and Edward G. Lansdale, the retired Air Force major general who is now in Saigon as a special assistant for counterinsurgency operations to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

Fisher is also president of the Institute for American Strategy and the American Security Council, two closely related Chicago organizations. The institute operates the new center at Culpeper as "a private psycho-political warfare school to turn out finished cold-war professionals, just as the service academies turn out hot-war professionals."

The American Security Council was set up in 1955 to maintain a loyalty-security blacklist where employers could check employees and potential employees for indications of leftist or troublemaking tendencies. Five former FBI agents were on the staff. The blacklist eventually contained more than 1 million names. The council tried to obtain files left by the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, but his widow gave them instead to Marquette University.

Fisher joined the council in 1961, after eight years as a "corporate security" specialist for Sears Roebuck and Co. Under his leadership, it grew rapidly, acquiring many corporate subscribers at fees up to \$900 a year. Corporate members include Sears, Motorola, Stewart-Warner, U.S. Steel, Illinois Central Railroad, General Electric and Allstate Insurance. At that time, the council also moved into the area of opinion making, publishing a newsletter, *Washington Report*, and analyzing defense and foreign policy issues through its National Strategy Committee.

General Lansdale's name appears in the initial literature of the Freedom Studies Center as its administrative director, with a footnote to say that he is "on leave of

absence as U.S. Minister to Vietnam." Lansdale does have the rank of minister there, although his title is special assistant to the ambassador. Some of Lansdale's admirers in Washington assumed at first that he had been drawn into the operation only incidentally, as a public figure whose name would lend prestige to the new center. He had won wide respect for his successful counterinsurgency strategy in the Philippines and for his outspoken thesis that the Vietnamese War could never be won by shelling hamlets and dropping napalm on civilians.

It has come to light, however, that Lansdale was a chief architect of this new version of a United States freedom academy. In June, 1965, he circulated a "preliminary working study" for such an academy. He envisaged it as "a continuing source of expert, dedicated help to the deserving in the cause of freedom—responding to requests for advice and counsel from graduates, from institutions and leaders in the ranks of freedom throughout the world—a big-hearted polarizing force always ready to lend a hand to the best of its ability whenever truly needed."

Lansdale's 23-page study said that the academy would be developed under the auspices of the Institute for American Strategy. In that and other respects, the center has developed closely along the lines he laid out. He envisioned a modest start through popular subscription, but mentioned the possibility that the academy, "if it fulfills its true role dynamically and successfully, could well become the sole required freedom academy and could receive U.S. Government funds for its education activities of direct benefit to the United States in the winning of national security goals, including scholarships for U.S. officials."

The General proposed a permanent location at Yorktown, Va., which "carries in its very name the reminders of victory in the American Revolution and of brotherhood shared with comrades from across the sea." He warned against the temptation to develop a private intelligence organization, on the ground that it "well could grow into the tail that wags the dog, becoming more aggressively active than the needs of the freedom academy warrant." He did say, however, that the academy should have its own library of information about foreign leaders, organizations, political institutions and social structures. And he suggested that retired officials of the CIA, Defense Intelligence Agency or Office of Naval Intelligence would be well suited to head the academy's reference service.

To help draft the curriculum, Lansdale suggested Walter Robertson, former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs; Hugh Cumming, Jr., former State Department Director of Intelligence and Research, and William S. B. Lacy, former Ambassador to Korea. Lansdale's concept of instruction at the academy leaned toward the conservative. As sponsor of teaching on the theory and practice of economic free enterprise, he suggested the National Association of Manufacturers or the United States Chamber of Commerce. On the theory and practice of free trade unionism, he suggested the American Institute for Free Labor Development.

Still another field of study he proposed was "the theory and practice of revolt in a Communist-controlled country," including "role and techniques of outside support" and "tactics (simple sabotage for popular adoption, overload and disruption of bureaucracy, political-psychological actions,

socio-economic actions, use of force)." He suggested also an evaluation of *émigré* liberation groups and a study of "the potentials of 'freedom fighter' type of organizations now operating in the defense of freedom if they went over to the offensive."

Under the heading of "Advisory Teams," Lansdale said: "The freedom academy should acquire the capability of sending small teams to foreign countries, upon request, to assist with practical advice on how to resolve problems of concern to freedom. The requests might come from leaders of a foreign government, from a foreign political institution or group, or from an acceptable third party. The

propriety of such requests could be checked readily before honoring them. Consulting fees could cover expenses and add a bonus for the academy's budget."

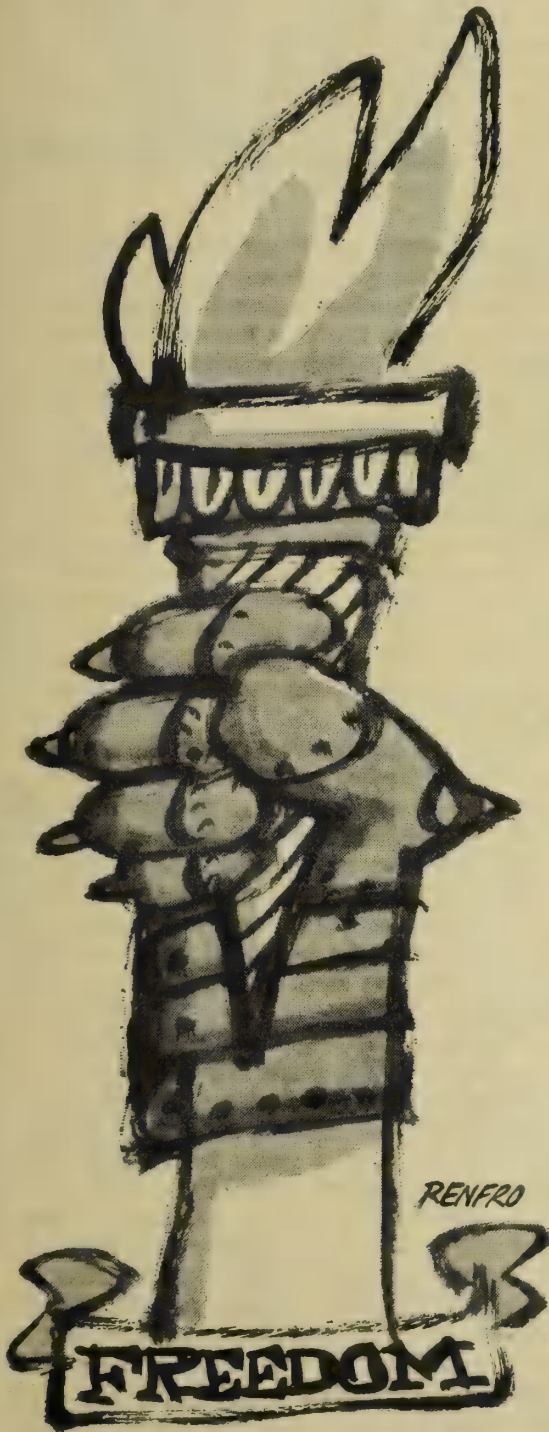
After his views on how the war should and should not be waged had led to a disagreement with Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor and a prolonged period of eclipse, General Lansdale began new efforts to get back to Saigon. Early in 1965, he and Rufus C. Phillips, former head of rural affairs in the United States AID mission in South Vietnam, prepared and circulated to friends and government officials a 6-page analysis, titled "How to Win in Vietnam."

It criticized General Taylor, then ambassador to Saigon, and what it called an overly formalized, bureaucratic approach. Its main line was that an elite group of Americans who understood the Vietnamese and enjoyed their confidence could cut through the red tape, arouse them with revolutionary fervor, and start the country on the road to a big anti-Communist victory. This recalled the strategy of *The Ugly American*, in which "Col. Edwin B. Hillandale" was recognizable as Gen. Edward G. Lansdale.

Lansdale did get back to Saigon, largely through the intercession of Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Senator Dodd with President Johnson, but he clearly achieved less than he had hoped. He now runs his own operation on the fringe of the so-called "other war" and appears to have been left in the backwash of the steadily expanding military effort.

The names that showed up eventually in connection with the Freedom Studies Center were a mixed lot. Senators Dodd and Karl Mundt of South Dakota, long-time advocates of a government-financed freedom academy, are members of the board of directors and co-chairmen of a Senatorial advisory board. Other directors include Patrick J. Frawley, Jr., chairman of the board of Eversharp, Inc., and a supporter of many ultraconservative causes including Dr. Fred C. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade; Henry Regnery, the conservative publisher; Henry Salvatori, who was Barry Goldwater's chief California fund raiser in 1964; Allan B. Kline, former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation; Dr. Myron Blee, deputy director of the Office of Emergency Planning, in the Executive Office of the President; the Very Rev. James F. Maguire, S.J., president of Loyola University; Gen. Robert B. Wood, retired chairman of the board of Sears Roebuck, and Gov. Otto Kerner of Illinois. Listed as members of various advisory boards are fifteen U.S. Senators, thirty-eight U.S. Representatives and twelve Governors, including Romney and Hatfield.

Members of the center's Educational Advisory Committee include Dr. Lynn M. Bartlett, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Education; Dr. Ernest van den Haag of New York University, and Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, executive director of the American Political Science Association. The Planning and Development Committee includes many persons active in the public information operations of the American Security Council, among them Dr. James D. Atkinson, associate professor of government at Georgetown University, international politics editor of the council's *Washington Report*; Dr. Lev Dobrianski, professor of Soviet economics at Georgetown and chairman of the National Captive Nations Committee, economics editor



of the *Report*; Dr. Stefan T. Possony, director of International Studies at the Hoover Institution for War, Revolution and Peace, strategy and military affairs editor of the *Report*; Stanley J. Tracy, former assistant FBI director, a member of the council's strategy staff, and Frank J. Johnson, foreign editor of the *Report*.

Mr. Johnson is the author of *No Substitute for Victory* (Regnery, 1962), which carried an introduction by Admiral Burke. In a chapter called "Blueprint for Victory," he said that the way to win the cold war was first to inform the Kremlin "that we intend to win." He suggested an immediate naval blockade of Cuba, followed by a new invasion by exiles, but this time with an American guarantee against failure. Next would come the liberation of Albania, to show Khrushchev "that we intend to create plenty of trouble for him in his own back yard." *The Saturday Evening Post* called Johnson's plan "a blueprint for disaster" and said that "the inevitable result of Mr. Johnson's advice would be to find ourselves fighting all over the globe and exposing vital areas to Communist conquest by the dispersion of our forces."

When cold-war seminars were active five years ago, their extremism was open and evident. One of the more dramatic outbursts came from Rear Adm. Chester Ward, now law and space editor of the American Security Council's *Washington Report*. He told a "Fourth Dimensional Warfare Seminar" in Pittsburgh that Ambassadors Adlai E. Stevenson and George F. Kennan were some of the advisers around President John F. Kennedy who "have philosophies regarding foreign affairs that would chill the typical American." Ward and similar lecturers were only a few steps behind Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, who was busy attacking Harry S. Truman, Dean Acheson, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Edward R. Murrow, Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid as being Communist influenced. Walker was rebuked and removed from his command.

Sen. J. William Fulbright exposed this cold-war activity, citing enough horrible examples to make it clear that generals and admirals were getting deep into politics. President Kennedy and the new civilian team at the Pentagon accepted Fulbright's contention that the country needed no alerting to the danger of communism. There was a crack-down—interrupted by weeks of Senate hearings on the issue of whether the men in uniform were being "muzzled"—and anyone would have thought that the trouble had ended. The Pentagon ordered that military officers stop sponsoring anti-Communist alerts and take no further part in indoctrinating the general public.

The new corps of cold warriors—whether at the Freedom Studies Center or operating from their own foxholes—includes many of the old faces, but there is the difference that they are now wary of extreme proposals and personal attacks on widely respected public figures.

One of those who saw the light early is Frank R. Barnett, a former Rhodes scholar, who attracted attention in 1951 with a plan for an American-sponsored foreign legion, recruited from iron-curtain refugees. He urged the creation of "psycho-political forces" to fight the cold war, as well as a separate cabinet office and a special joint Congressional committee on cold-war strategy, a "West Point of political warfare," and an international "captive nations



brigade," comprising refugee Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Koreans, Chinese, Ukrainians and others.

Fulbright mentioned Barnett prominently in a 1961 memorandum to President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara in which he exposed the cold-war propagandizing by military men. Barnett was then a member of the American Security Council's planning committee and research director for the Institute for American Strategy—the same outfit that now operates the new Freedom Studies Center. He was also research director for the Richardson Foundation, a fund that was supported by the Vick Chemical Co., and that helped finance the institute and other conservative enterprises. Fulbright suggested that the organizations' close relations with the National War College and the Joint Chiefs of Staff amounted to official support for a viewpoint that conflicted with Administration policy.

Fulbright's memorandum quoted Barnett as having told an Atlanta "Seminar on American Strategy," sponsored by the Third Army, the Institute for American Strategy and other groups: "There are no bomb-carrying Communists around any more, but propaganda favorable to communism is being retailed in American journals and from the pulpit . . . by good people who have not done their homework. It is within the capacity of the people in this room to literally turn the state of Georgia into a civilian war college."

The memo also told of a five-day public institute conducted by the U.S. Naval Air Station at Glenview, Ill., called "Education for American Security," at which the speakers included Barnett, Dr. Fred Schwarz, Herbert Philbrick and Richard Arens, staff director of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Ten days after Fulbright sent the memo to the President and McNamara, Barnett spoke out against "crackpot" groups that concentrated on hunting "pinkos" on college campuses. He also advised reserve officers attending a meeting of the National War College to apply "quality control" when organizing local seminars on cold-war strategy.

Barnett is still going strong, helped along by testimony from Secretary McNamara that he, as well as the Insti-

tute for American Strategy, had always conducted a "basically responsible group of seminars." He now operates the National Strategy Information Center in New York and arranges local sponsorship for seminars around the country. He provides the speakers, usually from the government and academic life. Sometimes he helps finance the conferences, and he often makes one of the speeches. For example, at a "National Security Seminar" last September at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., the sponsors were Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, Wabash College, the Liberty Fund, Inc., and the National Strategy Information Center. Speakers included Barnett, on "Lenin, Clausewitz and the Private Citizen"; Frank N. Trager, professor of international affairs at New York University, on "The War in Vietnam and the Geopolitics of Southeast Asia"; Arthur Barber, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Arms and Trade Control, and William Kintner, deputy director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, on "The Challenge of Communist Insurgency in Latin America" and "Alternate Military Strategies for the 1970s." William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, was scheduled to speak but sent a substitute, Joseph Yager, ■ member of the State Department's policy planning council.

Literature distributed to participants at the Wabash seminar included a pamphlet titled "Public Opinion, the Private Sector and National Defense," published by Barnett's National Strategy Information Center. It called for volunteer anti-Communist actions by labor unions, cooperatives, foundations, universities, professional societies and trade associations. Under "action programs," the pamphlet com-

mended the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development.

Another publicist who has learned the importance of moderation in conducting cold-war seminars and institutes is Gen. Barksdale Hamlett, U.S.A. (Ret.). As vice chief of staff of the Army, the general lived through the controversy five years ago. Approaching the end of his testimony in the 1962 hearings on the muzzling of the military, General Hamlett said: "Regardless of the means adopted, I feel that a continuing and vital need exists to keep the American public fully alert to the ever-present threat of communism. . . . But I do think that we must be very careful. There is one thing that we all know—the military just can't become mixed up in political issues, either local or international."

General Hamlett now has a good opportunity to put his precept into practice. He is co-chairman of the Educational Advisory Committee of the Freedom Studies Center.

The seminars and the center clearly have learned from past excesses. They avoid any direct indoctrination of the general public and, so far as can be learned, they refrain even in their private sessions from outrageous slurs against good Americans. Also, the more extreme speakers are now missing from the programs.

But moderation is only part of the story. The Vietnamese conflict has grown since 1962 from a minor engagement to ■ major war. The American managers of the war want help wherever they can get it. The private enterprise cold warriors posed ■ threat to the peaceful coexistence objectives of the Kennedy administration, but are welcomed as allies by leading members of the Johnson Administration.

THE COUP THAT IMPENDS

EPISCOPAL EXTREMISM

LESTER KINSOLVING

After twelve years as a parish priest, Lester Kinsolving is serving the Episcopal Diocese of California as co-chairman of its legislative division. Father Kinsolving is a columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle, a reporter for Newsweek and a contributor to Ramparts and The Christian Century.

America's 3 million Episcopalians constitute a denomination that is modest in size when compared to such Protestant giants as Methodism or the assorted Baptists, who together total almost 40 million, or a little less than the nation's nearly 50 million Roman Catholics. What the Episcopal church lacks in size, however, is more than amply compensated in prestige—whether measured by a denominational compilation of Dun & Bradstreet or the Congressional Directory. Like the state of Virginia, the Episcopal church is the "Mother of Presidents," more of its members having occupied the White House (as well as Philadelphia's Independence Hall on July 4, 1776) than have those of any other denomination. While there has not been an Episcopal President in the last two decades, there was an Episcopal headmaster at the Choate School who

frequently told the student body: "Ask not what your school can do for you. Ask what you can do for your school."

The Episcopal church is generally regarded as the wealthiest per capita of all denominations. It is also frequently referred to as "The Republican Party At Prayer."

There are, of course, some notable exceptions to this untabulated general surmise. Franklin Roosevelt, Dean Acheson and a bulk of the Sioux Indians (thanks to a devoted missionary named William Hare) have been among the church's membership. Yet despite varying degrees of Episcopal membership in every socio-economic and racial category in America, one Episcopal layman named J. Pierpont Morgan would seem to serve better as an identifying personage than an Episcopal convert named Sitting Bull, or even his tribal descendants.

If New York's Yankee Stadium is "the House that Ruth built," so New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine is "the House that Morgan (almost) built." When completed, St. John's will be America's largest cathedral—the distance from end to end being presently so great that altar hangings of especially vivid colors are required for liturgical observ-



ance, since color tends to fade across such vast distance.

St. John's took a recent cut of some \$600,000 in building pledges from assorted donors whose pledged word was discovered to be notably less than bond by New York's Bishop Horace W. B. Donegan. While Donegan permitted these backsliding pledgers to remain anonymous, he did disclose that the cause of their moral default (a church pledge is not a legal note) was the cathedral's stance on racial justice, as well as its employment of a Negro priest on the clergy staff (St. John's is adjacent not only to Columbia University but, on the other side, to an oceanic ghetto of Negro tenements in Harlem).

The financially penalized cathedral was the site, early in 1966, of a special conference which, in addition to metropolitan church people, drew attendants from a wide variety of areas. One of the featured speakers, Sen. Gale McGee of Wyoming, spoke from vivid personal experience at a conference on extremism which examined a subject of increased concern to growing numbers of Episcopal church people. The Rev. Canon Walter Dennis of St. John's Cathedral cannot reasonably be termed an alarmist. Yet he told the conference, "I may be nervous, but there is the possibility of a coup."

Canon Dennis' expressed concern was supported at the conference by one of the most prestigious clergymen in the Episcopal church, John Krumm, formerly dean of Los Angeles' St. Paul's Cathedral and chaplain of Columbia University, now rector of New York's Church of the Ascension. Dr. Krumm diagnosed the problem as "frightened people, who in the face of world revolutions—notably in

minority rights—see their whole world crumbling about them and with it their hope of status and superiority." Krumm's incisive diagnosis was only a preface to his prediction that "they're going to try to do what they can to stack the next General Convention, although the Lord knows they did pretty well in 1964."

The Triennial General Convention (meeting next in Seattle in October) is the Episcopal church's equivalent of Congress. It legislates ultimate control over the 7,500 churches and 10,000 clergy—as well as control of an annual national budget now exceeding \$14 million.

The convention's two houses (Deputies and Bishops) were originally designed by a number of the same Episcopal laymen who structured and signed the Constitution of the United States. Yet the Episcopal equivalent of the House of Representatives (The House of Deputies, comprising four priests and four laymen from each diocese) has repeatedly demonstrated itself as decidedly reactionary when compared to the Senate equivalent, The House of Bishops.

Such decided conservatism among the lay deputies is thought by many Episcopalians to be caused mainly by what amounts to economic exclusion of the poor. If Basil Broken Nose of South Dakota ever attends the General Convention, he comes as something of an exhibit—and finds himself trying to match parliamentary acumen with such as Charles P. Taft or Harvey Firestone.

If this is insufficient to discourage him, the average diocesan General Convention travel allowance will, since it falls far short of the cost of travel and residence for a

twelve-day conference in a distant city. The duration of the conference further excludes all Episcopal laity except those able to leave their jobs for two weeks in October. To make matters worse, representation in the General Convention is so markedly disproportionate that an Episcopalian in Los Angeles has *one-thirty-seventh* the voice in his church's government as does an Episcopalian in west Wisconsin.

While there can be occasional competition for convention seats in the big dioceses, all too often the small and remote diocese is confronted with not a competition but a search for someone to attend. "Someone" is all too frequently a wealthy conservative who can afford the time and expense. There are, of course, some exceptions. The diocese of Pittsburgh electrified a recent convention by sending Michael Budzenowski, an official of the United Steelworkers, AFL-CIO—but even in his own delegation he was a distinct minority. Perhaps in no other place is the Episcopal church more susceptible to the familiar accusation of being "a rich man's church" than in its highest governing body.

Disproportionate representation was the subject of an earnest appeal for reform made by former Presiding Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill in 1958 at the convention in which he retired. His appeal was voted down, but its burden was heard again early in 1966, when The Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity and the Association of Episcopal Clergy passed a resolution asking for an end to disproportionate representation, together with realistic and uniform travel allowances from the national rather than diocesan budgets, a reduction in the length of convention (which should be held annually or biennially) and the admission of women if elected as deputies.

The possibility of such reform being enacted is equivalent to the possibility that a state legislature would voluntarily reapportion itself, with the consequent exclusion of a considerable segment of its hoariest seniority-system power structure. Perhaps such reform will come about only as the result of the most serious Alinsky-type agitation (Saul Alinsky himself plans to be present in Seattle during the convention); or a demand by the big dioceses for either proportionate representation or equal assessments.

The present disproportion in the General Convention makes the Episcopal church particularly vulnerable to arch-conservatism at its highest governing level—even as there is a similar vulnerability in a great many of the local churches.

Most local churches operate on a tight budget because they are trying to meet soaring building costs, support the missionary ideal (without which Christianity would have died in Jerusalem) and pay the clergy salaries which in most cases barely approximate a living wage. While there are a number of wealthy Episcopal churches, these are the exception and it is somewhat unusual when one of these retains a clergyman who is not a proper guardian of St. Status Quo. In the vast majority of Episcopal churches there is a constant struggle to meet the budget, and even one substantial pledger is afforded considerable power. His preferences are regarded with awe—particularly if he becomes sufficiently agitated to recruit even a minuscule

company of like-minded and like-funded parishioners.

Under such circumstances it is remarkable indeed that more churches have not been taken over by well-heeled Birch types who can infiltrate the budget and then, having paid the piper (and increased the budget), proceed to call the tune, as has happened in Phoenix, Houston and Shreveport, La., among other places. Rare indeed are the instances of hungry church boards or clergy turning down any financial support unless it has absolutely blatant strings attached. What so often happens is that a building campaign or other needed expansion is undertaken on the basis of large contributions—and the strings appear only after the construction is under way.

The strings can and have been used on many occasions to hobble those clergy who, in taking Jesus and the other Hebrew prophets seriously, manifest a devotion to social justice. Despite certain protection afforded by church (canon) law there are many ways in which a pastor may be ousted—and no Episcopal clergyman has unemployment insurance. A majority of clergy have no training other than theology, having come into the ministry directly from school, college and seminary. If they try to obtain a church post elsewhere in the diocese, or in another diocese, the chances are that the bishop may be similarly vulnerable or convinced that the 11th commandment supersedes all others: "Thou shalt not rock the boat."

Clergy find that it is one thing to carry the cross oneself and be despised and the rejected of men—it is quite another to be unable to feed and house a wife and children. It is amazing under these circumstances that even a segment of the clergy has been prominently engaged on the front lines of such battlefields as Selma.

In just two years the number of Episcopal clergy who have dissociated themselves from local churches has increased from 25 to 40 per cent—or 4,000 priests. In addition to clergy service on national or diocesan staffs, institutional chaplaincies or in secular employment, a considerable number of them are now schoolteachers—and will affirm that the classroom has come to provide more freedom of speech than many pulpits.

In addition to that exodus, the enrollments in theological seminaries are down—even as a Lily Foundation survey discloses that a majority of today's seminarians have no intention of ever entering the parochial ministry.

A return to the historic clergy shortage that existed in the Episcopal church prior to 1950 (the height of the post-war Sheen-Peale-Graham religious "boom") may create a desperate need for clergy. Church boards may then be universally obliged (rather than occasionally inclined) to defend the freedom of the pulpit—or else have it uninhabited. If the majority of clergy are no longer dependent for their livelihood upon the whims of big pledgers, the church may well have a resurgence.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the transition to secular employment may be too drastic for too many clergy—or it may be too late in coming. When Rev. Dr. John Krumm warned the New York Cathedral conference that a coup would be attempted in Seattle in 1967, he also said advisedly that "they did pretty well in 1964." The record of the 1964 General Convention was for the most part

utterly dismal that a group of forty of the leading bishops held an unofficial meeting of concern after the convention had adjourned. The House of Deputies had deplored racism in South Africa, but refused to address the same issue as it applied to Mississippi and Alabama. When the explosive issue of miscegenation laws was raised (by an Arizona attorney, Edward Morgan, who recently won a U.S. Supreme Court decision against a schoolteacher's loyalty oath), it was avoided like the plague. An even more explosive topic was raised when another attorney, William Stringfellow of New York, issued a statement protesting what he and 850 bishops, priests and laity termed the racism in the then current Goldwater-Miller campaign.

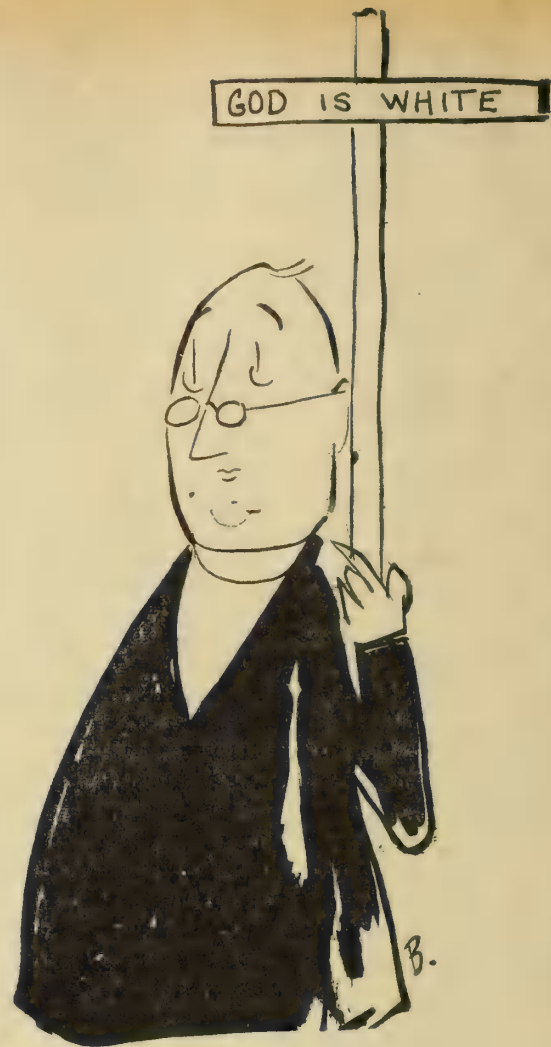
Copies of the Stringfellow statement were distributed in the General Convention pressroom, and while nothing in it could be construed as a claim that it was an official pronouncement of convention, it was carried with a St. Louis dateline by wire services across the nation and internationally. Some measure of conservatism in the Episcopal church could be found in the volume of letters, telegrams and long distance calls which transmitted the assorted screams of outraged Republican Episcopalians. California's Bishop James Pike, already under threat of heresy charges, received reports that his diocese had lost pledges of \$60,000 in two days because he had signed the statement.

In the ensuing furor, the House of Deputies sprang into action by appointing a committee to investigate the pressroom. By striking contrast, no such investigation was either proposed or conducted regarding the presence and activities at convention of assorted members of the right wing—who maintained a booth in the convention's exhibit hall. This conglomeration of such organizations as "Episcopalians for the Faith" or "Episcopalians for Christ" had made an initial appearance at the 1961 General Convention, where it lobbied in favor of an attempt (unsuccessful) to have the church withdraw from the National Council of Churches.

Coordinator of these Birch-front groups is a dynamic and handsome woman, Mrs. Dorothy Faber of Washington, D.C., who edits a periodical called *The Christian Challenge*, published in Michigan. While Mrs. Faber vehemently denies any connection with Robert Welch's organization, her editorial line is remarkably similar, the particular points of attack being Bishop Pike, the National Council of Churches and the church's activity on behalf of civil rights.

While it may be a long time before any such radical rightist as Mrs. Faber is elected to any segment of the Episcopal church power structure, the actual existence of an arch-conservative beachhead is evident in the present constituency of the Executive Council. This group of geographically elected bishops, priests, laymen and churchwomen actually operates the national program of the Episcopal church during each three-year interim between General Conventions.

Perhaps the most widely known member of Executive Council is the erstwhile ghost writer, Senate campaign manager and at present historian to Barry Goldwater—Stephen C. Shadegg. Although Shadegg is considered something of a loner on the various noncontroversial issues that fill most Executive Council agendas, he can be formidable indeed when he teams up with other leaders of



the conservative block—most notably Charles Crump (of the Memphis Crumps), Prime Osborne of Florida, and the considerably charming and persuasive Coadjutor (heir apparent) Bishop of Alabama, George Murray.

This aggregation has not yet been able to effect a complete coup in Executive Council, but it did manage to pass in 1965 a measure which in effect forbade all clergy on the Episcopal headquarters staff to participate in civil rights demonstrations without permission of the local bishop. Several of these headquarters clergy had taken part in such demonstrations and Alabama's senior Bishop, C. J. C. Carpenter, had told them all to go home instead of to Selma. The measure passed by Executive Council constituted an almost unprecedented clergy restriction. But only after receiving vehement protests from such giant dioceses as Massachusetts and California were the liberal and moderate members of Executive Council able to rescind this gag law of the Shadegg-Crump machine.

Although stymied in this particular attempt, the machine has made an impression upon national headquarters staff. The possibility of a right-wing take-over is a critical issue today in hundreds of local Episcopal churches. Yet when this writer visited national headquarters in New York City and requested material on the right wing from the Department of Christian Social Relations, not one Episcopal pub-

lication was devoted to this problem (only a group of excellent pamphlets from the Anti-Defamation League or the National Council of Churches).

Will the right wing take over the Episcopal church? A lot will depend on Seattle—and according to a number of informed sources the man to watch in Seattle is Stephen C. Shadegg. Shadegg will not be a convention deputy from his

home diocese of Arizona—he was absent during the diocesan election because he was busy helping engineer a Republican sweep in Arizona. However, he is entitled to be present as a member of the Executive Council, and he is expected to be there—particularly since he is a member of the Department of Promotion, which includes supervision of communications and, notably, the pressroom.

THE PRODIGIOUS SATELLITES

COMSAT, Ma BELL and ETV

EDMUND B. LAMBETH

Mr. Lambeth, a 1961-62 Congressional fellow of the American Political Science Association, is a Washington correspondent for Eastern newspapers.

Washington

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the late Jesuit paleontologist, once wrote that man's discovery of the electromagnetic frequency spectrum should be counted as a "prodigious biological event." Prodigious, one can agree, in that through it men are now probing the outer reaches of the galaxy, sending television across continents, dispatching taxis, freight cars, plumbers and mobile pizzerias. And it was also a biological event in that media using the spectrum play a pivotal role in the way human societies organize and inform themselves.

Indeed, if we are to believe Gen. James M. Gavin (Ret.), chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the spectrum—properly exploited by communications satellites—may well be the device that enables our species to survive. Speaking in December to the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, Gavin declared:

Those who do our work in space now know that we can communicate from any point on earth to another, at once. We also know that we live in times of terrible danger of nucleacide.

Isn't it past time, therefore, that we take the first tentative steps to establish a global communications system under an international body—the United Nations, for example—that will begin to minimize the dangers of nuclear holocaust, the danger of massive killings through war.

I would urge the establishment of a global communications network under the auspices of the United Nations. Associated with this should be a program to place receivers in almost every village and hamlet.

Such a network should broadcast nonmilitary information such as weather reports, crop information, results of sports competitions, cultural programs and nonpolitical news.

Ultimately, through an agency sponsored by the United Nations, a sophistication in communications can be realized that such a network would be useful in enabling the family of man to live together in familiarity and harmony.

Coming from the man who was given a written, pre-Sputnik order from the Pentagon not to attempt a satellite launch, this estimate is a symbolic and fitting background against which to assess the prospects of harnessing the new

technology to human needs. The assessment is timely because of five developments.

First, the Ford Foundation has proposed that satellites are ready to deliver a "people's dividend" in the form of a noncommercial, educational television network.

Second, an authoritative report now imminent from the Carnegie Commission on Educational TV is likely to recommend that ETV be transformed from a hand-me-down into a strong new medium for the intellectual and economic growth of the country.

Third, a fight is under way before the Federal Communications Commission over the right to serve the rapidly evolving market for domestic satellite service.

Fourth, it is now clear that the Communications Satellite Corp., chartered by Congress to build a global satellite system, wants and feels its health requires a stake in the domestic market.

Fifth, the Administration appears ready to recommend that Congress enact legislation permitting the merger of Comsat's competitors, the international common carriers—a combine to include perhaps even Comsat itself, as well as the domestic Western Union Telegraph Co.

The confluence of these five developments has caught short those who consigned the satellite to a sleepy future. Indeed, when President Kennedy signed the Communications Satellite Act on August 31, 1962, few realized how quickly satellite technology would advance toward its ultimate goal—taking the cost out of distance.

The Telstar-type, low orbiting satellite could "see" two points on the globe for relatively short periods of time. Therefore, upward of thirty satellites and many earth stations were thought necessary to establish the global communications system mandated by the 1962 law.

This could have meant the commitment of most of the \$200 million that the public and private communications firms invested in Comsat. But by 1964 the space agency, chiefly with a satellite designed by the Hughes Aircraft Co., had demonstrated the feasibility of the synchronous orbiting satellite, a few of which would cover most of the earth's surface. These "stationary" relays, 22,300 miles out in space, also require fewer and less complicated ground stations. The result was that when Comsat launched Early Bird on April 6, 1965, the costs of a global system had been reduced dramatically.

This sudden technical advance will place Comsat, much

earlier than anticipated, in a position to charge telecommunications users less than do the common carriers. Transmission can be cheaper via satellite than by cable because the equipment to be amortized costs less. Satellites are also more flexible than cables because the latter connect directly only two points, while with proper equipment a satellite system can reach many points simultaneously.

The failure of Lani Bird, the second commercial satellite, to attain a full stationary orbit over the Pacific indicates that satellites as reliable and long-lived as cables have not yet been perfected. Yet Lani Bird does not negate the fact that Comsat, for less than \$75 million, can provide cross-oceanic circuits equivalent to those which it costs common carriers \$500 million to provide by cable. This advantage has stimulated in Comsat management an aggressiveness toward the common carriers that was not foreseen when Congress chartered the corporation.

The Comsat stock, originally offered at \$20 per share, is split by law into two blocs, with half owned by the carriers and half owned by 150,000 persons who bought on the open market. The giant American Telephone and Telegraph Co. owns 29 per cent of the carrier bloc, International Telephone and Telegraph Co. owns 10.5 per cent, and lesser amounts are held by the other carriers.

On Comsat's board sit six representatives of the carriers, six appointed by management to represent the public shareholders, and three appointed by the President to represent the public at large. (Despite its overwhelming private ownership and orientation, most newsmen persist in calling the company a "quasi-public" corporation.)

James D. O'Connell, the federal director of telecommunications management, once described Comsat to Congress as an "organization with a built-in conflict." He was referring to the competing interest of Comsat itself and the carriers represented on its board in the ground stations which provide the lucrative up-and-down links to the relays in space. Ground stations add to a company's rate base (capital investment), against which allowable profits are calculated.

As O'Connell explained to a subcommittee headed by Rep. Chet Holifield (D., Calif.): "The more rate base which the individual carriers get out of this satellite business, the less rate base the public-owned segment of the [Comsat] stock gets. This is perhaps an oversimplification but it seems very simple. It is a fact." This corporate structure can scarcely be comforting to Comsat's stockholders, half of whom hold less than ten shares.

As operating plans have rapidly developed, the aggressive Comsat management has been handled severely by the FCC, which in the past eighteen months has:

- (1) Ruled that Comsat cannot sell its services directly to private users, but must transact business as a "carrier's carrier" for established communications firms.
- (2) Decided that Comsat can by-pass the carriers to deal directly with the government only in exceptional cases—each of which must be decided by the FCC.
- (3) Overturned its previous decision, which gave Comsat full rights to the first three earth stations, and held that Comsat will own 50 per cent of a six-station network, with the carriers sharing ownership in the other half.

Whatever else one may say about these decisions, their net effect is to protect the common carriers against the impact of the new satellite technology. In fairness, it must be added that the FCC has instructed the carriers to lower cable rates, and has promised to adopt regulations that would stimulate use of the six-station global network. But one can be forgiven for believing the cable rate reductions to be more a result of Comsat's efforts to deal directly with the government than of FCC instructions.

The FCC has a point when it notes the carriers are at a disadvantage because of Comsat's monopoly of the space segment. The terrestrial carriers, according to the



FCC, are thus under an "artificial restraint." But the public interest is not served by removing from the market the pressure for lower rates that comes from giving at least the government the right to deal directly with Comsat.

An example is the Pentagon's need for thirty more Pacific circuits. Comsat bid \$4,000 per half circuit compared to bids of \$10,000 to \$12,500 by Western Union International, ITT World Communications and RCA Communications. Seeing themselves high bidders, the carriers then countered with "composite rates" of \$7,100 per half circuit to supply not only the Pentagon's thirty new Pacific circuits (after first leasing them from Comsat) but also ninety-eight cable circuits. On a government-wide basis, according to the FCC, the common carriers' plan would offer \$5,260,000 in savings compared to \$2 million for Comsat's. The question then is whether the public interest is best served by a \$3.2 million saving or by an arrangement that preserves the government's right to have direct access to a technology that promises even cheaper rates in the future.

Perhaps the FCC's most important decision was the ruling that Comsat must share ownership of its ground stations with the carriers. This decision meant a 25 per cent cut in a projected rate base (on which profits are calculated) of \$80 million for Comsat in 1968. For the common carriers, with a collective rate base of \$490 million, it meant a 4 per cent increase.

However favorable to the carriers, the FCC's decision must be viewed in a broader light. Without some such compromise, the disputes between the carriers and Comsat would certainly have meant long proceedings before the FCC, thus delaying creation of a global system. The gov-

ernment, for reasons of prestige and diplomacy, did not wish to take that risk. For reasons of profit, neither did Comsat.

In 1969 the interim, non-treaty arrangements governing Comsat's relationship with the international consortium will expire. Unless it has a global system in being at that time, Comsat's leadership of the fifty-three other nations will almost certainly be challenged by the Europeans.

Complicating the whole picture is the prospect that the Administration will ask Congress for legislation permitting a merger of the international carriers, with or without Comsat. In the past, such a merger has been opposed by the Justice Department on antitrust grounds. No matter what form the legislation takes, it is certain to provoke deserved controversy.

This, then, is the context in which the Ford Foundation has charged into the arcane world of the telecommunications industry, proposing what McGeorge Bundy, the foundation's president, called a "people's dividend" (in the form of an educational network) from the nation's heavy investment in space. To the global competition, this proposal added a flock of questions as to how the domestic potentials of satellite transmission should be allocated.

Briefly, Ford's idea is to use a set of non-Comsat satellites to distribute network television through a broadcasters' nonprofit corporation. This would be so much cheaper than present distribution methods that the networks could be charged more than the true cost of transmission, and the substantial sums thus accumulated applied to the operation of a noncommercial network. Bundy declared:

Comsat faces international horizons which can engage its full energies for decades to come.

The prosperity of *all* does not require for any a monopoly of the space communications available to the American people.

And for the common carriers the revenue presently at

issue is less than 1 per cent of a business which grows by more than that in every season of the year.

Ford's proposal has turned much-needed public attention on the FCC's inquiry into whether private satellite systems, outside Comsat, should be authorized to meet special needs. In essence, it is a first step toward authorizing a domestic communications satellite service.

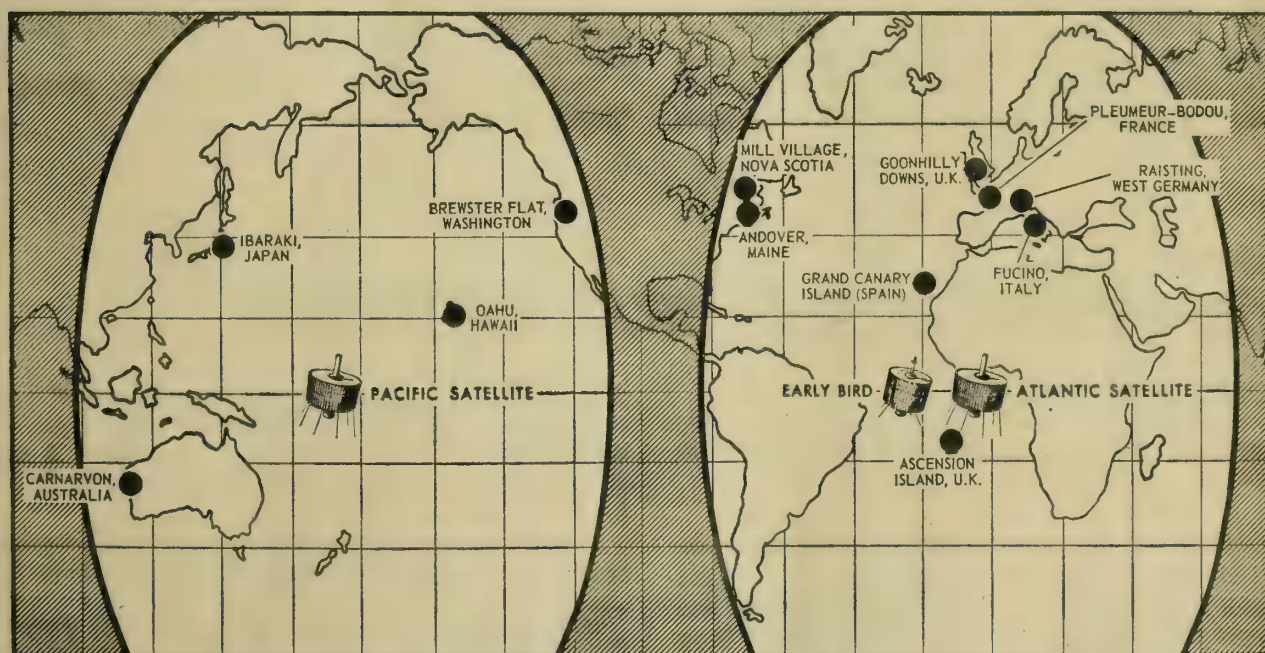
One virtue of the Ford proposal is that AT&T and Comsat, threatened with a parallel satellite system, have brought forward plans which, from the technical standpoint, can easily handle a new noncommercial network. One of the common carriers even suggested that a special low rate be allowed for ETV.

A weakness in the plan, submitted on August 1, was that it mistakenly estimated that most of an ETV network's needs could be financed by savings inherent in satellite transmission as opposed to the AT&T microwave now used. In its December 12 filing with the FCC, Ford admitted that there would be a deficit of \$100 million, even with the savings from satellites. That is the fact that must be faced by Congress and the Administration in 1967: a federal tax and/or surcharge on all satellite users will have to be enacted if an ETV network is to be established.

Unfortunately, the profound benefits possible under a noncommercial and instructional television network are not widely understood in the country. Music, art, drama, news, documentaries, closed-circuit professional conferences, classes for the poor are among the objectives outlined before the FCC on behalf of satellite ETV.

The Ford Foundation, which in the past has spent \$100 million on local ETV (far more than the federal government), plans to spend another \$10 million to put on a fall nation-wide demonstration using land lines. One would hope that it could come while Congress is in session, as a belated terrestrial reply to AT&T's launch of Telstar during the 1962 filibuster over the Comsat bill.

Many of the pieces in the complicated ETV puzzle will



First Satellites in the Global Network, with Ground Stations Thus Far Established

fall into place when the Carnegie Commission issues its report. It will assess not just satellite ETV but ETV generally. In particular it will bring into public view potentials of new and inexpensive means of video recording and playback. In general it will ventilate the issues that both video recording and satellite TV pose, namely, centralized control of instructional and other material.

One hopes that it will present a thoughtful answer to the financing question as well as to the problem of what type of organization can most intelligently handle programming. A danger is that differences of opinion over financing ETV will divert attention from the crucial question of how to establish a domestic satellite service.

The public interest is not clearly apparent in any of the rival plans now before the FCC. AT&T would have Comsat build the satellites and the carriers control the earth stations. All types of users, from telephone to television, would have access. "Ma Bell," as usual, is arguing for the "economies of scale" in regulated monopolies. The company also warns against the air-wave interference that might be expected if multiple satellite systems are authorized for special needs, such as Ford or the three commercial networks propose.

But AT&T's plan would allow carriers with their heavy investment in old technologies to control, in effect, the rate at which the public will gain access to cheaper communications tools.

On the other hand, AT&T's plan proposes the use of frequencies never before considered feasible for commercial applications. The introduction of a new frequency band would have the effect of relieving pressure on the spectrum. And that pressure is already so great that a telecommunications science panel at the Commerce Department described it as a "silent crisis" that is having a slowing effect on the nation's economic growth rate.

Ford's plan and one offered by the networks—while conflicting—speak persuasively to the basic point that there need not be monopoly in the domestic system. But these plans, concerned with specialized needs, fudge over the problem of how less glamorous uses, such as telephone, telegraph and computer communications, can be served. The American Newspaper Publishers Association found it necessary to tell the FCC that no matter what role is given

Comsat and the common carriers, the commission should not rule out one or more private satellite systems.

The allegations that such competitive systems would cause harmful interference on the air waves can easily be tested by a neutral party such as the space agency; the FCC does not have to rely on the testimony of those with a pecuniary interest in the matter.

It is easy to sympathize with the neo-Populist who yearns to clip a "people's dividend" from the new technology. Indeed, since the government through June, 1966, has spent more than \$493 million on communications satellites alone, it is not unreasonable to demand that, at a minimum, action be taken to give the nation a decent non-commercial educational network.

The situation is disconcerting, too, because the FCC, the institution with most responsibility for weighing the equities of the matter, has been intellectually and financially starved for twenty years.

One avenue of action open to concerned politicians, eggheads and citizens is to present a much richer context in which these upcoming major governmental decisions can be made. The time is ripe for an assessment in depth—from a consumer's point of view—of how the communications industry plans to use the new technology to serve its many varied clients.

A starting point would be the telecommunications science panel's report to Commerce Secretary John T. Connor, which, among other things, noted:

The electromagnetic spectrum usable for telecommunications is an extremely valuable, in fact essential, but also limited resource, which must be shared nationally and internationally.

It is an unusual resource in that it is not depleted by use. However, its value at any specific time can be drastically reduced by misuse.

It is unusual in another sense in that it is currently allocated without a use charge and with no quantitative measure of its value to the national welfare.

With its domestic satellite house put in order, the country could then perhaps get on with the nobler and knottier challenge envisioned by Gavin.

That indeed would be, in Father Teilhard's phrase, "prodigious biological event."

REUNION IN WARSAW

REMEMBERING NUREMBERG

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein, a free-lance writer, was managing editor of The Nation from 1952 to 1963. He is the author of Final Judgment: The Story of Nuremberg.

It almost seemed that the Poles had the gift of prescience. They sent out their invitations months before a resurgent German Right marched to the polls last November, and a former Nazi was elevated to the chancellorship at Bonn. I received mine early in July. "We invite you," it said, "to

take part in a Meeting of Former Nuremberg Trial Correspondents to take place in Warsaw on Nov. 11 and 12 to mark the twentieth anniversary of the trial." It was signed in behalf of an *ad hoc* committee of the Polish Journalists Association.

I was pleased that someone had thought the trial anniversary worth marking.* For eleven months in 1945-46 the

*Only after returning home did I learn that the National Lawyers Guild had noted the occasion with a meeting in Washington, D. C.

Nuremberg courthouse had commanded major headlines in a shocked world press; for a few years after that, lawyers and journalists (myself included) had published appraisals of what took place there. After that came a period of forgetting—a forgetting so complete that an American President could go before a crowd of roaring Germans and say, apparently quite without reservation or inhibition, *Ich bin ein Berliner*. Only in the last year has the word Nuremberg begun to reappear in the American vocabulary; specifically, in the speech of civil liberties attorneys, who cite the Nuremberg judgment in defense of boys who refuse to fight in Vietnam.

On our way to Warsaw, my wife and I stopped at Nuremberg. I had not been there since the trial, and I wanted to see whether Nuremberg's memory was any better than ours in America. From tourist pamphlets picked up in our hotel lobby I learned that Nuremberg is 900 years old; that during World War II Allied bombers destroyed 45.6 per cent of all homes and heavily damaged another 14.8 per cent; that the people of Nuremberg had rebuilt these structures and added more; and that parts of the old town had been rebuilt with exact fidelity to the originals. But of Julius Streicher and the Party Days, the Nuremberg Laws and the trial—nothing.

I mentioned the omissions to a local journalist—a young, well-informed German of liberal leanings. "We don't like to be reminded of our guilt," he said. "When Speer and von Shirach were released from prison a few weeks ago, some German papers gave it a big play; the Nuremberg papers buried it in a paragraph or so on an inside page." He thought a moment. "During the campaign before our last municipal election, the neo-Nazis were very active. My newspaper attacked them violently. But they won 5 per cent of the vote, and for the first time since the war won seats on the city legislature. Our editors decided that we had given them too much publicity and that henceforth we would ignore them." Ignoring them didn't help either; in the recent elections, Nuremberg gave the National Democratic Party 13 per cent of the city's total vote—more than any other large German community.

In the evening our journalist friend drove us to the grounds, once so familiar to millions of newsreel viewers, where the Nazis had celebrated their annual Party Day. The stone platform and balcony rail which served as Hitler's reviewing stand have been left untouched by man, but not by nature. Grass sprouts from crevices in the stone; and at the opposite end of the grounds, hidden now in the darkness, GIs have built a baseball diamond. Nearby stands another artifact of Hitler's 1,000-year Reich: the great coliseum, or Party Congress Hall, for which Hitler never did find the time to build a roof, and for which Nuremberg's architects and city planners have not yet found a use. "Practically nobody comes here now," said our guide, "except members of the Nuremberg Philharmonic. They use one of the rooms as a rehearsal hall."

The next morning I visited the courthouse, most of which is now occupied by administrators of the U.S. Post Exchange system for Europe. In an end wing, the German judiciary sits; and on the top floor of this wing, in Room 600, U.S. Chief Counsel Robert Jackson opened the American case twenty years ago:

In the prisoners' dock stand twenty-odd broken men. The forces which these defendants represent are the darkest and most sinister forces in society. . . . Their acts have bathed the world in blood and set civilization back a century.

The defendants are mostly gone; the trial, and time, have seen to that. The forces they represented are another matter.

From a German information clerk, I learned that Germans are not curious about the history of Room 600, but Americans are, and sometimes other foreign visitors. To meet this demand, American authorities have arranged semi-weekly one-hour guided tours of the courtroom, the prison cells downstairs and the execution chamber, now a wood-working room for German prisoners.

In the courtyard, I fell into conversation with a middle-aged German whose car was parked next to mine. "Oh yes, I remember the trial of the war criminals," he said spitefully. "Look how many wars there have been since! And have there been any more Nuremberg trials? Why did everybody pick on us?"

We arrived in Warsaw the day before the conference opened. The organizing committee had set up an information office, manned by multilingual personnel, in the hotel at which all the foreign participants were lodged. I was told there would be thirty-one conferees: six Poles, seven Russians, seven Frenchmen, five Britons, three Czechs, a Hollander, a Yugoslav, and myself as the only American.

Since hundreds of newsmen had covered the trial in whole or in part, the turn-out seemed to me disappointing. The committee chairman told me: "We could not find a complete list of accredited correspondents. Then we had difficulty making contact; many people proved untraceable and a number have died. Altogether we sent out 150 invitations. In view of the time and expense involved in coming here, especially from distant countries, a 20 per cent turn-out is not bad."

Many who did come brought with them formidable credentials. Dominique Auclerc of *Le Figaro*, Boris Afanasiev of Tass and Sefton Delmar, formerly of the London *Daily Express*, are journalists known in many countries outside their own. And since Nuremberg others among us had built reputations in fields other than journalism. Among the French were Pierre Bouzat, Secretary General of the International Association for Penal Law, and Didier Lazard of the Institute of Political Studies; the Russian delegation included several jurists and a poet, Siemion Kirsanov; Yugoslavia, too, was represented by a poet, Oscar Davico; and among the Britons was a writer, Lord Russell of Liverpool (no relation to the fire-eating nonagenarian) who participated in the British Zone war-crimes trials as a deputy judge advocate general.

The Poles had given the matter of conference procedures much thought. There would be five sessions, they said, spread over two days; they proposed that the chair be rotated among the representatives of the Big Four plus Poland. Between sessions, the five chairmen would serve as a steering committee. As for agenda, there was to be none: everyone should be free to discuss whatever was on his mind, subject only to the chairman's decision as to rele-

vance. To encourage still further the free exchange of ideas, it might be agreed that no published report of the conference would cite any speaker by name. (I have abided by that restriction in what follows here.)

The Poles felt strongly that our generation has forgotten Nuremberg, and that the younger generation has never been told about it. "I would hope," the committee chairman said, "that the conference will find a way to point up this problem." Then he added: "We have also in mind the establishment of a small office, perhaps here in Poland, to publicize the resurgence of Nazism wherever and whenever it occurs." I thought there would be much support for such an office. "But," I said, "suppose an ex-Nazi is appointed to an important position in East Germany. Will you feel free to criticize? How far does your 'wherever' extend?" One of the other Poles in the group smiled. Nothing further was said on the subject—then, or during the succeeding two days of conferences.

Our meetings were held at Jablonna Castle on the outskirts of Warsaw, once the home of Polish aristocracy, now used for conferences and as a weekend resort for Polish academicians. We sat comfortably around the rim of long tables arranged in a square. To emphasize the personal and unofficial nature of the meeting, we were placed alphabetically by name, and not by country. I sat between a Frenchman and a Russian. Four-way instantaneous translation was provided: Polish, French, English and Russian.

From the time I had received my invitation I had expected that the conference would at some point shift to an attack on American policy in Vietnam. The link to Nuremberg was plain enough: the Nuremberg judgment had laid down strictures against wars of aggression, against genocide, against the defense of "superior order." If American attorneys were citing Nuremberg against the war, could one expect the Communists to do less?

If the subject came up, I, as the only American present, would be expected to say something. And that was the trouble. If I had no desire to defend an American policy in which I disbelieved, I was equally reluctant to join in an attack in these circumstances. While I do not believe in geographic limits to freedom of speech, I prefer to do my dissenting at home.

The early sessions did not allay my apprehensions; they merely postponed them. The chairman of the organizing committee welcomed us gracefully, and summarized the questions he hoped we would discuss: What were the permanent values of the Nuremberg trial? What is the trial's relevance to the contemporary scene?

The session chairman took over and recognized the first speaker, a Russian. We journalists, he said, had the "moral responsibility" to keep alive the memory of Nuremberg. "But in this we failed, for the young generation doesn't know what happened there—and there are many people, especially across the water, who have turned their backs upon it." (So early? I thought. Is the attack coming now? No, not yet.) In West Germany, the speaker continued, "the past is becoming again a political reality." He praised West German intellectuals who opposed Nazism: "We must protect them against what may happen in their country." Europe's tensions, he went on, will continue until East

Germany is recognized, there is formal acceptance of Poland's western border, and Bonn drops its Hallstein Doctrine (under which West Germany refuses diplomatic relations with any country recognizing East Germany). Possible West German access to nuclear weapons was also a serious problem: "We are not afraid that they will use the bomb in battle; we are afraid that they will use it as blackmail to achieve their aims."

The next speaker, a Pole, picked up the problem of re-educating the world about Nuremberg. He had made a "superficial" study of the treatment given the trial by various encyclopedias, and he was not happy. His chief criticism was leveled at *Brockhaus*, the standard encyclopedia in West Germany, which he contrasted with *Meyers*, common in East Germany. He found the latter's treatment to be "correct and honest" and German war guilt discussed frankly and as frankly condemned; though, he added, "in all fairness" the *Meyers* entry should have pointed out that West Germany is still bringing war criminals into court. *Brockhaus*, on the other hand, he found "emotionally uncommitted" in its treatment. It pedantically lists what it calls the "deficiencies" of the war crimes trials, neglects to say that at Nuremberg all but one of the defendants were found guilty of crimes against humanity as well as of war crimes, and barely mentions the extermination of Jewry. "Without doubt," *Brockhaus* notes, "some of the war crimes trials were concerned with real crimes." This is the closest the encyclopedia comes to expressing an editorial point of view.

The British journalist who spoke next had arrived in Warsaw direct from a meeting of the German Right in Bavaria. "The speakers must have been educated by *Brockhaus*," he said grimly. Three thousand people had paid two marks (50c) each to hear speeches exonerating the Germans of war guilt. Most of the audience were middle-aged or older, but there was a sprinkling of youth. "If industry money ever swings behind the National Democrats, we are in for real trouble." The great menace, he thought, lies in German Irredentism: "No matter how much retribution the Germans make to Jews and their other victims, they remain a danger to peace as long as they persist in demanding the return of territory."

At this point, a French journalist added a footnote: "Twenty years ago we should have told the Germans: 'You will remain occupied until you accept, officially and permanently, your postwar boundaries.' Now it is too late."

The next few speakers swung back to Nuremberg. "The cold war," said a Pole, "buried the guilt of the Nazis." (And blunted the American conscience? It will come now, I thought. But it didn't.) "We are now forced into the position of defending the Nuremberg trial." The speaker cited the "incredible fact" that a West German has brought suit against an American member of the prosecution staff, now living in West Germany, for having helped to deliver the Nuremberg defendants to the hangman.

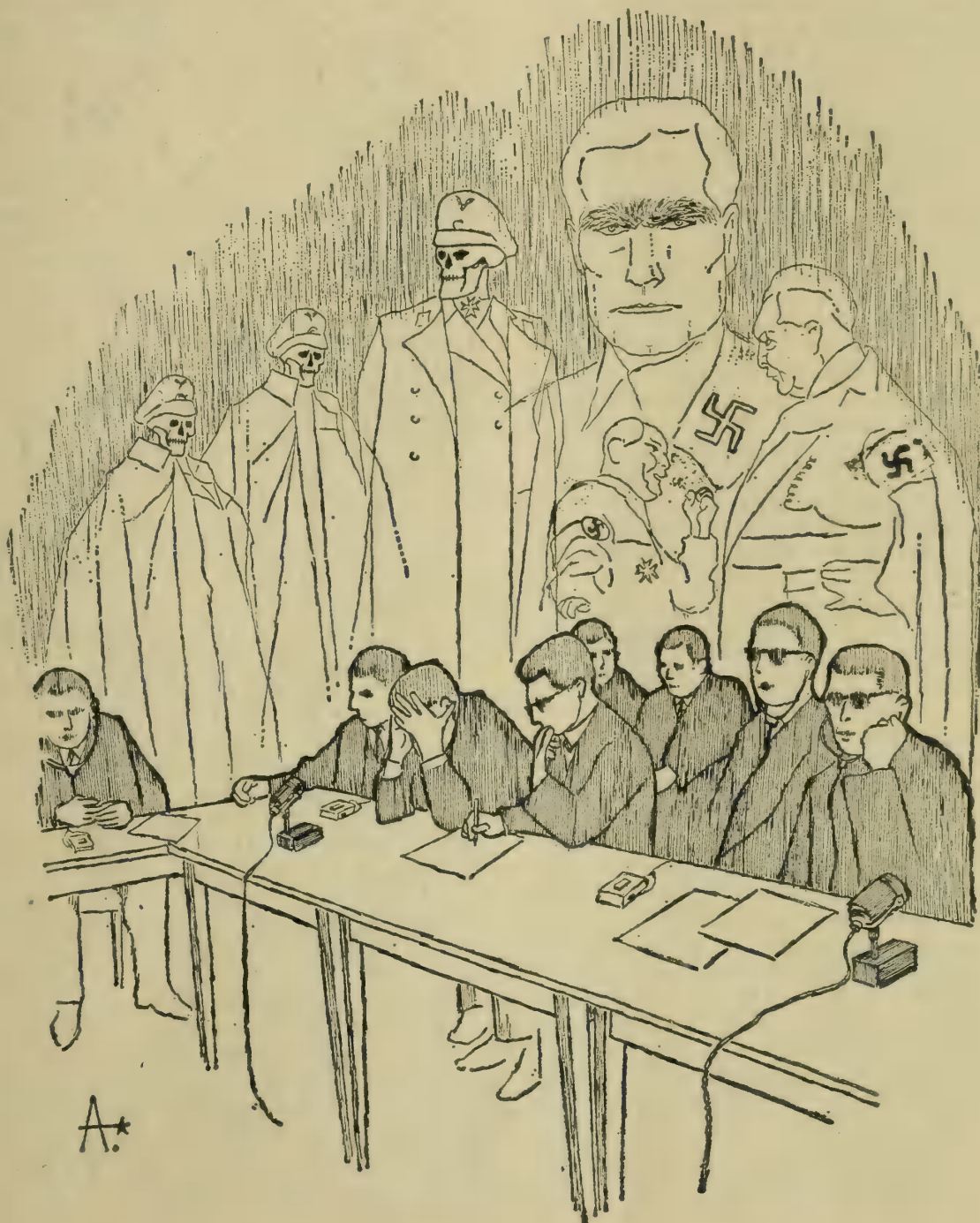
A Polish jurist depreciated the pessimism expressed so far. "From a legal point of view, the Nuremberg judgment has achieved much." Its principles are embodied in the UN Declaration of Human Rights, in the Convention on Genocide and in the 1949 Geneva Convention on the Protection of the Victims of War, as well as in the 1947 peace treaty with Italy. The Nuremberg judgment is cited

directly in the treaty with Japan of 1951. In 1949, the UN General Assembly asked its International Law Commission to codify the principles and to examine the possibility of establishing an international penal court to administer them. "The commission, technically, is still charged with the task, but has done nothing since 1950. Politics, not law, has held up this task." A French jurist pointed out that disagreement between Moscow and Washington on the definition of aggression has held up this important work.

So went the first couple of sessions. At a late dinner, I found myself next to a Polish journalist whom I had known quite well at Nuremberg and in whose discretion—and information—I could trust. We discussed the pro-

ceedings and I asked: "Who will bring up Vietnam and Lord Russell's 'second Nuremberg'?"

My friend smiled. "Nobody on our side will bring up either subject. The Russians told us, before they came here, that they didn't want the conference turned into an anti-American, anti-Vietnamese demonstration. *They were very positive about it.* The Yugoslavs wanted to bring up Vietnam, but they have been persuaded not to. As for Lord Russell's plan, we don't take it seriously, and neither do the Russians. Whatever his faults, Johnson is no Hitler." (I thought this information of sufficient importance to warrant relaying to the U.S. Ambassador in Warsaw, and so informed my Polish friend. His reply took me aback. "But



of course," he said. "Isn't it your duty as a citizen to report everything to your Ambassador?" In this instance, I took his advice. Subsequently, a Soviet journalist confirmed that his country had displayed little interest in Lord Russell's maneuver.)

My Polish friend's prophecy held up. During the final sessions, neither the United States nor Vietnam was mentioned, though there were a couple of near misses. The Yugoslav, in the course of an extraordinarily eloquent plea in behalf of the sanctity of human life, mentioned the word "napalm." And a Russian sternly reminded us that it is "the duty of intellectuals everywhere to defend humanity everywhere—in Europe, in America, in Africa and in Asia." (It is interesting that the two speakers who came nearest to attacking American policy were neither journalists, jurists nor politicians, but poets.)

In my own brief intervention, I expressed the view that there was little disposition in the United States to relieve the Nuremberg defendants of their burden of guilt; indeed, I suggested, by determinedly fixing war guilt on dead Germans, we have found it easier to exculpate the living. ("I bet a lot of Germans are thinking along the same lines," a Frenchman sitting near me muttered.)

The final session was interrupted for a visit with Poland's Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz at his offices. Over coffee, served in aristocratic purple and gold china, the Premier spoke of his days as a prisoner at Auschwitz and Mauthausen. Then he switched to relations with today's two Germanys. *On reunification:* "This can come only after recognition of the German Democratic Republic as a sovereign state, and recognition by Bonn of the border *status quo*. How can we accept as a neighbor a government which refuses to recognize our Western border?" *On democracy in West Germany:* "We support the democratic elements in West Germany, especially the youth and intellectuals. Unhappily, we are convinced that these elements exert little influence on their country's policies." *On the West German Right:* "The danger is as great as thirty years ago. The problem is not how strong, numerically, is the National Democratic Party, but whether it is in fact isolated from the German people. I am sorry to say that the nationalist program expresses the subconscious of the majority of Germans, just as the Nazi program did from the party's earliest days." *On East German nationalism:* "No doubt it exists, but what is important is the attitude of the governing circles. In East Germany the government educates its youth to the truth about the Nazis and World War II; it is eradicating many German military traditions; it has formally recognized our Western border and in other ways cooperates with us. That is why we support the regime in East Berlin."

I thought the Premier's attack on West Germany an impressive performance. It would have been more impressive had I not seen him drive off, afterward, in a Mercedes.

Back at Jablonna Castle, in the final minutes of our closing session, we approved the text of a message to UNESCO, asking that organization to review, with an eye to suggesting improvements, the sources from which world youth is most likely to obtain its knowledge of the evidence uncovered at Nuremberg: school texts, encyclopedias and mass-communications media generally. We also approved a general press release which noted, *inter alia*, that "the

conferees took notice of an appeal by the jurists among them that the United Nations complete its task . . . of formulating an international penal code to be administered by an international court of justice. . . . It was further agreed that the imposition of any statute of limitations for war crimes would be contrary to the principles of morality and justice."

The Poles' motive for calling this conference was in part intensely partisan and political: they want the Oder-Neisse border recognized, and they don't want any German reunification which threatens to dilute East Berlin with Bonn. But to emphasize these political factors is to neglect, I think, the dominating element in Slav thinking: the burning fear of a revival of the German Right. This became clear not only at the conference table (where every Slav repeatedly used the word "genocide," treating it not as a historic phenomenon but as a living threat), but also on Warsaw's streets. Scores of wall plaques, scattered through the city, mark spots where Polish resistance fighters, or Polish hostages, fell before Nazi bullets; and more often than not, a fresh flower or two lies on the sidewalk beneath the memorial. For the Pole, the remembrance of things past is ordained as national policy. Polish school children are routinely taken on tours of Warsaw and shown the plaques, the ghetto memorial and other monuments to Nazi savagery.

I am aware, of course, of widespread current reports of continued Polish anti-Semitism. I met no overt signs of this in Warsaw. There were several Jews in the Polish delegation to the conference, and they seemed neither happier nor less happy than their colleagues. Outside the conference, I heard several things which disturbed me, but I had no opportunity to check them. I did get the impression that the few thousand Jews left in the country are in process of rapid and complete assimilation. Other and more qualified observers have been similarly impressed.

For some of us, then, the conference served a useful purpose: it made us see today's Germany through the eyes of Eastern Europe. The meetings could, of course, have tried—and with the utmost relevance—to do much more. The purpose of the international trial at Nuremberg was not only to punish aggressors but to lay down the law against aggression; not only to dispense justice to war criminals but to stop war crimes and crimes against peace. Many speakers took cognizance of this broader context, but none directly assayed the implications. Perhaps it is just as well. Had the Russians brought up Vietnam, one or more of us from the West would surely have brought up Stalin's concentration camps, or Khrushchev's tanks in Budapest, East Berlin and Warsaw. And, in turn, we would have had to fight the battle of the Bay of Pigs, and of the Dominican Republic, all over again.

I think, instinctively, we recognized that there are priorities in villainies as in everything else; after all, it had been neither the Russians nor ourselves who had turned Europe into an *abattoir* a little more than twenty years ago. So we stuck to our chosen priority. The only thing is, I thought as I gathered up my notes, East Europe needs no education on this particular subject. We should have held our conference not in Warsaw but in Nuremberg.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Styles in Educated Females

LIFE STYLES OF EDUCATED WOMEN. By Eli Ginzberg and others. Columbia University Press. 224 pp. \$5.95.

EDUCATED AMERICAN WOMEN: Self-Portraits. Edited by Eli Ginzberg. Columbia University Press. 224 pp. \$5.95.

WOMEN AND THE SCIENTIFIC PROFESSIONS. Edited by Jacquelyn A. Mattfeld and Carol G. Van Aken. The M.I.T. Press. 250 pp. \$6.95.

THELMA McCORMACK

Mrs. McCormack teaches sociology at York University in Toronto.

Brainy women have always had their admirers as well as their detractors. From Héloïse to Franny, the female student has had a special place in literature. While among undergraduate women themselves, whether educated at school or privately, at home or abroad, in convents or secular institutions, life style has always been a major concern. Cushioned by wealth and leisure, exempt from work, these women were uniquely qualified to make the subtle normative and aesthetic choices that inspired novelists, playwrights and moralists (but not the social scientist). The choices, however, were narrow, variations within a class style, embellishing, refining, but not changing a culture. At best, it was an honorable tradition. Educated women dedicated themselves to art, to God, to orphans, to the deserving poor. At worst, it was frivolous, silly and childish. But either way, educated women were privileged women, providing models for other privileged women.

With mass education, educated women are no longer drawn exclusively from the upper class, and those who are wish to dissociate themselves from the unproductive life, from patterns of leisure that are synonymous with patterns of consumption. The young heiress pleads poverty and yearns to prove herself through merit scholarships and work. Like other producers, she wishes to be paid as a symbol of her achievement and her democratic solidarity with the middle class. In short, the life style of the educated woman is no longer a class style even for those who have this option.

But if the life style of educated women is no longer a class style, what is it? And if it is not contingent upon leisure, where and how is it expressed? Can work in an industrial society replace consumption as the basis of life style?

Examining the life styles of educated women in Eli Ginzberg's study of women who held fellowships at Columbia University (from 1945-51), nothing emerges so clearly as the lack of style. Having left behind them an undergraduate culture with its mannerisms or pseudo styles, these women go forth from Morningside Heights to become white-collar workers in government and academic bureaucracies, or to become suburban matrons committed to *Kinder*, CORE and gourmet *Küche*. Occasionally they surface, protesting against discrimination in hiring and promotion, the lack of domestic help and the disappearance of the extended family, bemoaning nepotism rules and the distances between home and library. But the overall impression is of a group of women who are intelligent, rarely intellectual; competent, rarely creative; performing necessary and useful services, rarely critical. Not a Beatrice Webb or a Simone de Beauvoir, not a Hannah Arendt or a Simone Weil among them. They are in every sense of the word—socially, intellectually and economically—underemployed.

Why this feminine *trahison des clercs*? The explanation lies, I think, along four dimensions: (1) the value system of women who go to graduate schools; (2) the programs of study in graduate schools; (3) the type of employment sought or available; and, above all, (4) the difficulties in a competitive individualistic society of converting job into vocation.

Graduate women in this study are generally middle class, from families where one parent was a college graduate; three out of four had mothers who worked either before or after marriage. The tone of graduate school is set, then, by a type of woman who is there for a specific purpose. Training herself for a job or economic self-sufficiency ("if it should ever be necessary"), she is not inclined to sit around speculating on Final Causes or to develop the conspiratorial group pride of an earlier generation of bluestocking renegades. Five out of six women, Ginzberg found, did graduate work in the same or closely related fields as their undergraduate majors. In other words, the women who go to graduate school do so for advanced specialization, and they are not the women plagued by self-doubt or philosophical Angst.

Graduate schools, alas, are not "think

tanks." They reflect and reinforce a narrow vision by encouraging specialization and rewarding the most promising future specialists. It is not for all minds and all temperaments. But more crucial for the development of life style is the emphasis in the American graduate school on developing a professional attitude. Professionalism is defined as methodological sophistication, detachment, noninvolvement and objectivity. In the short run, this emphasis is to a woman's advantage, liberating her from the stereotype which associates femininity with subjectivity, sentimentality and irrationality. In the long run, however, it is a disservice, deepening a separation between mind and experience, denying the fusion of knowledge and life. After all, it was not objectivity that made Beatrice Webb, Simone de Beauvoir, Hannah Arendt or Simone Weil, but history, their own direct or indirect involvement in it, their sensitivity to human experience which made them acutely conscious of where established concepts failed.

A curriculum which concentrates so strongly on method results in polarizing intelligent women between tough-minded careerists and tender-minded amateurs, between those who refuse to make value judgments and those who do nothing but. Hence, the educated woman supported by a husband may curse her good fortune instead of regarding it as a godsend, as a Fulbright without strings. She does not use her leisure to explore what Robert S. Lynd called the "outrageous hypotheses" or the speculative inquiries that are an anathema to the established profession or the long-range studies neglected by men in pursuit of promotion. Instead, her leisure is dissipated. Her face is pressed against the windows of offices, classrooms and laboratories, giving moral support to her former classmates within. Inside, the more critical women find their output increasingly irrelevant and, after a long day of committee and paper work, come to suspect that they have won a Pyrrhic victory.

Classifying the careers of graduate women, Professor Ginzberg discerns various types and subgroups within them: women striving for independence and self-expression; women who wish to be influential; a third group whose orientation is supportive; a fourth whose approach is communal. Of these, the largest statistically was the first group; the

smallest was the communal; her prototype was a nun. In view of this distribution, any comparison between the modern educated working woman and her frontier antecedent is spurious. The frontier woman was not concerned with self-expression but in protecting, maintaining and developing a viable, independent community. Her counterpart today is not found in the United States but in countries where the state has replaced the community. In this context, as on the frontier, the successful, aggressive woman does not threaten the male ego, for his ego, like hers, is subordinate to the transcending ideological task. American feminists are puzzled and dismayed to find that in countries like India and Japan women are more fully accepted in the higher echelons and in such traditional male strongholds as science and politics. They forget that their own emancipation was historically part of a laissez-faire society, that their equality, like equality generally, was interpreted as freedom from social obligation, freedom to compete. Now they are trapped with this ideology and are the victims of its backlash.

Nowhere is the problem of competition with men more brutally confronted than in the sciences; that is, in the intellectual disciplines most closely connected with business enterprise, most closely associated with power, and most richly rewarded. This is why a book reporting a conference held at M.I.T. on women in science is so interesting. All the participants recognized that women in science were viewed by men as a "threat," but none questioned the competitive ethos or its relevance in such a collaborative process as science. Begging the question, they tried to find some workable formula whereby women could compete as equals—tactfully; in other words, how to live with or live down the myth of the castrating bitch.

The answer usually given is that all will turn out for the best if women keep in mind that their primary responsibility is to their children and husbands. Alice Rossi and Jesse Bernard are among the few to challenge this sacred cow, arguing that marriage is not for all women (Bernard) and children are the joint responsibility of fathers and mothers (Rossi). In other words, a broader interpretation of the roles of women. Bruno Bettelheim took a more orthodox line with respect to *das Ewig-Weibliche*, but not as rigid as some of his colleagues in psychiatry. There is, he says, a female approach, different from the male whether it is in the bedroom or the drafting room. Its essence is to embrace rather than conquer a problem, to interiorize rather than expand the boundaries. The problem of com-

petition here is solved by complementary roles which parallel the sex roles.

Embrace or conquer, neither touches the crux of the problem which is the nature of commitment. These postures are stylistic but not style. Vocation is the only style that matters in intellectual life. It is neither the self-expression of the competing woman nor the self-denial of the ideological woman. It is more socially responsive than the first; more politically independent than the second. Science as calling, Max Weber once wrote, is total subordination to work in the knowledge that truths won in the struggle to dominate ignorance and confusion are quickly obsolete, forgotten in a ruthlessly advancing cumulative development. Personal glory is brief and cannot be consciously pursued or put aside, like surplus earnings, for future investment. Vocation, then, is not for prima donnas, entrepreneurs or martyrs, for its discipline depersonalizes ego.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that there is something unnatural or superhuman or heroic about the discipline. Vocation is like any other organizing

principle of life; its discipline is different from the others, but no more demanding in terms of human nature. Nor is vocation an arbitrary phenomenon, a voice within heard by the elect. There is nothing that we know about human nature and social organization to suggest that vocation cannot be an institutionalized pattern of social behavior in work and leisure. Indeed, one can argue that when vocation is restricted to a few, when it is the basis of an elite, the people involved develop the blind spots of an elite which distort the social function of vocation.

There is, then, a life style that is an alternative to a class style, and a life style that is based on work rather than consumption. But it has its own ground rules. American women, because they are marginal, not because they are women, are in a position to explore it. To institutionalize it, however, requires that the culture of work and leisure be changed radically; only after that, the roles of women. To change the roles of women without changing the culture is merely exchanging one form of alienation for another.

With the Saints and Martyrs

THE WOMAN WITH THE LITTLE FOX. By Violette Leduc. Translated by Derek Colman. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 297 pp. \$4.95.

MURIEL HAYNES

Miss Haynes has written reviews for The Massachusetts Review, Studies on the Left, Book Week and the English publications, Views and Tribune.

The reviews of Violette Leduc's autobiography, *La Bâtarde*, struck me as vulgar or patronizing, sometimes both. The tactic employed was that described by Sartre in *Saint Genet*: separation of the writer's talent from his being, of which it is expression. The socio-historic meanings of Mlle. Leduc's life experience and their relation to her role as artist were generally unexplored. Satisfied that this bulging suitcase held nothing more than an assortment of soiled linen, our literary censors snapped the lid shut with a burst of middle-class moral judgments in which conventional male attitudes were frequently visible. Repugnance was mingled with some pity and a pious invocation of popular psychological labels. Her idiosyncratic prose was deservedly praised, yet here, too, one was plagued by obtuseness. Poetic or sensuously rich it might be, but its repetitively revealing imagery, its func-

tion as private symbolism for her psychic attitudes, were unremarked.

It was not her book, but her "honesty" and "courage" in writing it that all agreed was eminently commendable. So much consolation can be found in the purgative of a damned soul's confession! Our society has made outcasts of its artists; therefore some, by the admission of literal sins, are more outcast than others, and for that reason alone will find esteem. Mlle. Leduc's novels had gone unnoticed in France outside that small coterie which has its own inner necessity to seek salvation through linking arms with the saints and martyrs. When with *La Bâtarde* she was cast as Simone de Beauvoir's Genet (a role clearly awaiting a woman), her obscurity was exchanged for notoriety.

This collection of three novellas (her novels remain unpublished here), confirms an impression of her autobiography as an uneven, perfervid letter to the world in which she struggled to find the communion denied her in her life and writing. She was defeated. To the reasons adduced above, we must add her own artistic failure. The extraordinary intensity of her recall of childhood betrayal coerced her memoirs, as it had her existence, into a continuous howling re-enactment. One longed for the im-

position of some distance, her release as well as ours, from that "frightful quantity of I's and me's," which Stendhal correctly foresaw could render the writer tiresome.

The fictional process has brought respite from Mlle. Leduc's self-indulgent trancelike stare at her mirrored reflection. She has shifted her eyes, as it were, to look over her shoulder. Pursuing herself from this changed perspective, backward and forward in time, she wrests from her overwhelming early experience a set of alternate possibilities. With these stories of three women, she moves us with minor, wholly original art.

La Bûtarde exasperated: the novellas are agitating. We waver between mystification and blood recognition; so, one imagines it must be, to witness primitive rites. Bits of objective information—a packet of instant pudding, typists' fingers, gift-wrap ribbon—tell us the events are of our day. But the evidence is irrelevant; we are floating in existential time. An intractable lens twists the familiar world into strange shapes which reason rejects but to which our instinct responds.

"What cause could she have for apprehension? Her world consisted of nothing but what she had invented." The old woman of the title story talks to herself as she wanders through Paris streets, back to her miserable room, hugging her mangy fox neckpiece. What we invent is wholly ours; we cannot be separated from it. In the invention lies our safety, our autonomy. The aged woman of "The Woman With the Little Fox," Clothilde in "The Golden Buttons," and Clarisse of "The Old Maid and the Dead Man," each remains the humiliated child for whom the stratagem of love is to circumvent loss by a gambit which permits absolute possession. Like herself, the old lady's love object is cast out, a foxpiece she rescued from a garbage can. Demanding nothing, eternally faithful, her little fox frees her from the agony of rejection. Her friends likewise make no claims; they are her silent familiars of the Paris scene whom she visits daily: "the gray monk, the river"; the stores whose windows' contents are "her family life"; the crowd which "engulfed her like a lover." Though she is starving, she forgoes bread to buy a Metro ticket to keep her assignation with the anonymous popsicle eater. "They sat together on the same bench, as train succeeded train, as she nibbled, as she sucked through the teeth and drank the saliva of a friend to whom she would never speak." The loved one becomes an extension of self, a self who "dreams for two," and who decides and caresses for two, the other passive, even indifferent. In the end, it is she who

commits the act of infidelity, for she, being human, is alone free to exercise her will. In repentance for her treachery, she prepares for bed and puts on her foxpiece over her nightgown. "He would sleep forever and she would wear him always, curled around her neck."

Similarly, Clarisse evades the threatening duality of love by assuming the role of both subject and object. As a young girl, fastidious, aspiringly bookish, she had held herself apart and became a spinster by choice. "I was waiting for a wise man to come to the village to learn how to hoe and lend me books." The sentence is revealing of the author's addiction to an aristocracy of the spirit in which delicacy mingles easily with a robust zest for country chores. One night Clarisse discovers a dead man in the café she owns, and succumbs to an ecstasy of tenderness. She bathes his feet, cleans his stained shirt, repairs his broken boots, and lifts his lids to gaze into his eyes, knowing "no real companion would have allowed himself to be taken care of like this." The dead man is a laborer, and she dimly senses he had come to her door earlier in the day seeking work, but her thought is fugitive, without remorse. Mlle. Leduc's subjectivity offers no room for conventional ironies. Clarisse regrets only that the man can give her nothing of himself to keep. His pockets yield no more than an old Metro ticket and an empty packet of Gauloises. "What she was asking for, what she was trying to say to him, was nothing but the sound of her voice as she spoke to him in a tone she had never heard herself use before."

The inanimate is the most trustworthy love object of all, and the dialogue of

love most satisfying when it is uttered by the subject voice, questions and answers alike. Carried to its logical end, the passion for possession, for unattainable fidelity and oneness, outwits the pain of separation by courting it and thus making it a sweetness in itself. "Yes, he was going to leave . . . that was what made him beyond price," Clothilde murmurs of Georges in "The Golden Buttons."

Clothilde is the composite Leduc heroine, a rugged farm child, rooted in the earth, whose hooded eyes and Annamese nose are the mark of the alien, the different one. She is at once innocent and wise, with a sensibility gentler than her origins. Her emotional ambition foretells her doom. The story describes her search for affinity with leisurely serenity. It is subtle, intricate; an outward simplicity masks a blend of the ordinary and the fantastic. Clothilde's quest begins when she is cast out by her coarse gamekeeper father whom she hates. She is given haven by old Mme. Relicat, for whom she is the child her husband could not give her, as for Clothilde she is the mother who is hers alone. For Clothilde's own mother is worn out with drudgery and childbearing and prefers to talk to her chickens rather than to her children.

"The Golden Buttons" is a parable, a fairy tale, for the author's anarchic reordering of the forces of good and evil. Love's perfection lies in its unfeasibility. Marriage is more often than not malign, the unhappiness of couples with each other is a betrayal shifted to their children. Women are born to indignity and their freedom lies in the contrivances by which they carry renunciation to the extreme of

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self-effacement, as for example in insanity, old age and barrenness. Mlle. Leduc sees acquisitiveness as a ravishment of human feeling as well as of nature's gifts. "His maples," says Clothilde, mocking her father's words as she trails behind through the woods. "The forest doesn't belong to him."

In the tradition of Baudelaire, nature, for the author, is not indifferent; it abounds in meanings which we must search out. "To find something, no matter how learned or ignorant we may be, is to dip one's finger into cerulean blue." Blue, the benevolence of the protective sky, echoes through these stories like an incantation. We remember the child Violette in *La Bâtarde* who buried her face in her grandmother's blue apron, and who later with Hermine, plunged into the azure depths. It is the color of the dead man's eyes, with its promise for Clarisse of self-loss in the rapture of touching. Abandonment to touch, without fear of rebuff, is love's exquisite, transitory blessing. The old women, withered repositories of thwarted longing, against whom Clothilde

hurls herself, are themselves nearly objects of nature, like the quivering trees she clasps in joy. We recognize the vision of the womb haven which repairs the rupture of birth. Cocoons, nests and burrows fill the fancy of Mlle. Leduc's characters. Wrapped, warmed, enclosed, self cherishes self, "a caterpillar eating its own tail." Clarisse slept at night "curled up like a ball" to avoid the pebbles in her life which gathered at night in the bottom of her bed.

What can we do about Mlle. Leduc's world except open ourselves to its desperate ingenuity? Perverse, absurd, at times precious—there is a whole catalog of level-headed words to fling at it. Without explanations, Mlle. Leduc strains backward for mythic unity with the gods of earth and sky. She inverts in a revenge for that which we have, in large measure, already irrevocably inverted. A child beats her fists against the walls of her prison and concocts schemes to cheat her sentence of its terror. How many among us aren't playing some form of this game?

The Surrealist Quixote

HEBDOMEROS. By Giorgio de Chirico. With an introduction by James A. Hodkinson. Four Seasons Book Society. 142 pp. \$7.95, Paper \$3.95.

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

André Breton died in Paris early in October, a quixotic old man. Until the last, he had convened a few tired surrealists each week in a Paris café, there to issue his "directives." Until the last, he had kept up the violent para-militaristic rhetoric of a movement that had become a dead letter in France, a laughing joke. *The New York Times* obituary dwelt on Breton's weak points: his humorlessness; his grim pretensions; the narrow, authoritarian way he ruled a group supposedly dedicated to freedom; the doctrinaire intransigence which by the time he died had driven every gifted surrealist from his group. It was a sad, depressing end for the man who had led one of the most brilliant artistic movements of his time and evolved a set of principles that permanently changed modern art. He ended in utter triviality.

But what of surrealism itself? At the moment it seems to be taken much more seriously here than it is in France, and in general it influences painting much

more than it does literature. There has lately been a burst of books and new translations about it: Maurice Nadeau's *History of Surrealism*, Mathew Josephson's *Surrealism and the Novel*, J. H. Mathew's *Surrealism* and Ferdinand Alquié's *Philosophy of Surrealism* have all appeared within a few months of one another (and I'm told there will shortly be a new translation of Breton's *Surrealist Manifestoes*), while certain classical surrealist heroes—Sade, Jarry, Lautréamont and Rimbaud—have all in the last couple of years appeared in new translations. The Museum of Modern Art last season gave a big retrospective of René Magritte, and the art magazines talk about surrealism constantly—indeed, *Artforum* recently devoted an entire issue to it.

The painters' continuing interest in surrealism is easily understood. The line of descent from the original Paris group to the Abstract Expressionists of the New York school is unbroken, often a matter of direct personal contact with refugees during the war. Among more recent painters, Robert Rauschenberg is explicitly "neo-dadaistic," while Jasper Johns—in a more reflective way—has pursued something like that line of glowing and elegant surrealist wit which, as Max Kozloff has pointed out, is also found in Magritte.

However, except for Burroughs, a few poets, and the accelerating influence of

Antonin Artaud's surrealist theatre in drama, nothing like the painters' pervasive awareness of surrealism can be found in our literature. Whether this is good or bad, I cannot say—but it's worth noting that the surrealists turned out much finer literature than painting. Very little of this work has been translated, and much of it is untranslatable. I suspect that Paul Eluard in English would sound like an English Imagist or a pale imitation of Baudelaire—but even less satisfactory than the English versions of Baudelaire. And the most interesting work of Robert Desnos might well be as toneless and confused in English as Burroughs would be in French. Still, there are some good translations of Artaud (though we urgently need a replacement for City Lights's wretched *Artaud Anthology*, which unfortunately remains our only collection of his poetry) and more work by top-flight translators would do a lot to clear the air about surrealism and to give us some grasp of its real achievement.

One such book is *Hebdomeros*, Giorgio de Chirico's surrealist novel written in 1929. It is particularly valuable because Chirico was also one of the best surrealist painters, one of the few whose canvases are something more than historical curiosities. James Hodkinson's translation of this demanding work—accompanied by a lucid and informative introduction—is highly literate, and in places beautiful. Working entirely without assistance from the schools or foundations or big publishing houses, he has put a great deal of care into making available a classic of surrealism which should interest anyone concerned with modern painting and literature.

Hebdomeros is a book with a hero. That is the most important thing about it, and I mention it at once because *Hebdomeros* is no ordinary "central figure"; he strikes up on the page something like the charismatic postures of the classical heroes, and like them he moves through an enchanted, awesome, magic-ridden landscape which—though a mixture of the commonplace and the otherworldly—is charged with an electrically mysterious atmosphere that goads him into heroic poses, if not heroic actions. He is a strange, sad, 20th-century descendant of Odysseus, Roland, Lancelot and the White Knight, who "dreams about battles at the edge of the sea," and stands gazing over endless vistas, singing in his "powerful, musical voice: 'Farewell, high mountains and rocky peaks! Farewell nights bathed in the light of the moon! I am not struck down by sickness, and yet I am going to die!'" But *Hebdomeros* is also the heir of Don Quixote—he is indeed the surrealist Quixote. Like the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, he

lives in a world where he does not belong, and like him, he is often a figure of fun. The mysteries he confronts are often merely amusing fetishes—"like Orestes pursued by the Furies he fled those who ate lobsters"—and the glittering disorder of his own mind is so at odds with reality that he sometimes wonders whether "life is nothing but an immense lie? Nothing but the shadow of a dream?"

But unlike the world of Cervantes' great book, there is no clear distinction between the real world and the hero's fantasy in *Hebdomeros*. Both are fused surrealistically, so that we are never asked to give credence to one or the other. Thus, when Hebdomeros enters a garden filled with old men who have turned to stone, they are neither real nor mere projections of his imagination. Chirico has rather fitted out Hebdomeros' mind as a physical landscape, and paid no attention to the distinction between the inner and outer life. Thus, if Hebdomeros is not at home in the world of the book it is because he is at odds with himself; if he is the surrealist Quixote, it is because he has an imagination that both dreams and doubts at once.

As Mr. Hodkinson makes clear in his introduction, Chirico was not—like some of the surrealists—an inspired, wild-eyed illiterate but a man thoroughly schooled by his highly cultivated Italian parents and by an Italian and German university education in the best traditions of classical European culture. He arrived in Paris at a time when such a background was being violently called into question by the *avant-garde*, and despite his training, he does not seem to have had the intellectual equipment needed to resolve the extreme contradictions that his prolix education had created in him. Though his mind was cluttered with the exalted paraphernalia of the past, he also wanted to "engage himself" culturally, to take a position, to live. This conflict is felt everywhere in his novel, as it is in his painting and biography. Though one habitually thinks of him as dead, Chirico is still alive: the ex-darling of the *avant-garde* has returned to Italy to fritter his time in a splenetic, Philistine, academic defense of "tradition."

With Chirico's background in mind, it becomes clear that the homeless pathos that pervades both *Hebdomeros* and his painting partly springs from their common struggle with an excessively rationalized past and an irrational present. It's a question of a young man wanting to express an ungovernable verve and force of feeling, but having at his disposal for this task only the musty forms of an antiquated, merely academic "cultivation"—to which he is also partly committed.

But this struggle does not ruin Chirico as an artist and writer. On the contrary, it sometimes results in a charged, haunted impasse of great force and pathos. There is an academic element even in Chirico's best paintings. Haunted and timeless and unworldly though they are, they are filled with the classical busts and heroic plaster casts of the classroom, and their schoolmasterish perspectives narrow in on faceless deserted Renaissance plazas. In typical surrealist fashion, Chirico did not create a new style in painting. He merely broke apart the conventional styles to produce his irrational "atmospheres."

This same academic element is found in *Hebdomeros*, though in a different way. Chirico (a so-called "literary" painter) is also a painterlike writer who is most at home describing visual scenes that greatly resemble the irrational landscapes of his canvases. As in the paintings, one is brought into contact with an imagination afflicted with solitude—Hebdomeros is a knight-errant, wandering alone in the past, futilely attempting to reach the present and contemporaries who are less obsessed with the past's dead attractions. The result is moving—a mental landscape filled with specters and mysteries; with heroic postures and absurdity; with doubt and exhilaration and boredom, where the hero wanders alone in much surrealist glamour, but where he can never quite liberate himself and take his own stride.

Interior Order

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: A Study in Architectural Content. By Norris Kelly Smith. Prentice-Hall. 182 pp. \$5.95. Paper \$2.45.

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time (University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought (Prentice-Hall).

One needn't accept the assumptions or conclusions of this study to appreciate the kind of inquiry Mr. Smith has undertaken. He is interested in the "architectural content" of Frank Lloyd Wright's work—in its metaphorical expression or meaning; with how it stands in relation to his awareness of the world, the philosophy and ethics he believed to be the ultimate gift of the architect. Others have contributed to such an understanding of his thought (for example, Lewis Mumford, Vincent Scully, Jr., Paul and Percival Goodman,

Morton and Lucia White—none of whose work, incidentally, is acknowledged by Mr. Smith); but no one has gone so far in treating Wright's work as a history of ideas.

Smith's concern with the history of ideas, however, is of less importance to him than the polemical ends to which he puts it. He is a partisan—rarer, it seems, in architecture than in literature—of the religious and socially conservative ideas so fashionable today. To present Wright as an advocate of such ideas, he has had to deny the importance of Wright's relation to the modern movement, and to reject the notion that the art of an age is its reflex, its expression a unity. The distinction he wishes to make between the efficient functionalism of contemporary building (and science) and the expressive vital organic functionalism of the Romantic tradition is a valuable one that could have been made without fixing religion to the latter, or pushing beyond the facts of Wright's case. He does so, I think, when with the help of a single book, Thorlief Boman's *Hebrew Thought Compared with Greek*, he presents Romanticism in terms of Hebraism—to no other purpose than to give Wright's work religious significance. "It will be one of my purposes," he says, "to demonstrate that though the Bible has played an incalculably important role in shaping western thought for some two thousand years, it was only with Wright that Biblical thought found expression in the art of architecture, which has been dominated almost exclusively by the Greco-Roman tradition."

No one will deny that Wright "disliked the Hellenic way and its principles" (I quote Scully), or that he considered himself an artist-seer, one of those great personalities that Van Wyck Brooks, for example, valued so highly for their social force in the 19th century. Like his master, Louis Sullivan, he lived in "the cause of architecture," and "total architecture" was his religion. But he would not have found agreeable the association of his work with Hebraism, for Hebraism (as Matthew Arnold, if not Boman, defined it) was for Wright connected with all that was rigid and retributive, and was repugnant to him. "The boy," he says of himself in *An Autobiography*, "grew to distrust Isaiah"—that "Mosaic Isaiah" to whom he preferred the gentle, beauty-loving Celtic prophet Taliesin, and against whom he sought refuge in his work.

As for the place Smith seeks for him in "the cause conservative," no one will deny that Wright, who needed so much the security of his ancestral valley, was conservative in some respects. Yes, conservative in impulse but radical in

idea, as Richard Chase has characterized the best American minds, including those who influenced Wright, like Emerson and Whitman. Wright was too much opposed to the institutions of our society to be conservative in the special sense that Smith has in mind: that architecture is the art of the Establishment, of constituted social relationships (not necessarily new ones). Wright, at least, thought himself radical and described the essence of his being in the anecdote of deviation from the straight way with which he begins *An Autobiography*. He was, if any American architect was, a reformer, with an "imperturbable readiness," Mumford says, "to break old molds and improvise new ones"; and he also had the radical's utopian expectation that his work would create the conditions of new life—and that others should conform to it.

The claims of growth were for Wright superior to any other; growth is the idea he dramatizes throughout his essentially open, unending autobiography. *An Autobiography*, modeled on Sullivan's, parts of which he heard the master read aloud, is an *autobiography of an idea*—of the growth and nurture of genius in the cause of architecture and in behalf of the idea of "the supremacy of interior order." The event in his life that probably disturbed him most, and that the story of his achievement was intended to justify, was the first domestic crisis, his desertion of his family in 1909. He reads it back to instances of flight in his boyhood and youth, and forward to his many *Wanderjahre*; and he gathers about it his resentment of his mother's gentility and of the sentimentality and stuffy domesticity of the time.

The reader may, with Smith, consider Wright's early houses (the Winslow house is his example) "sacramental homes"; Wright was a great domestic architect, who understood the many uses of home and was always profoundly moved by the eternal feminine. But he was also, in keeping with the realistic spirit of the age, a simplifier of relationships in the interest of truth; and his own flight, anticipated in the Coonley house, the prototype of Taliesin, was part of the contemporary sexual revolution against the hypocrisy of middle-class family life. At the end of the first version of *An Autobiography*, Wright tries to explain its lesson: "The sufferings of growth, the agony of sentimentality that tries to hold life by 'institution' and establishment and extend the fleeting hour until the simple inevitable becomes high tragedy—are they not all punishment for violation of the first simple law of Freedom: the law of organic change."

As a proponent of organic change

Wright was fully aware of the need for roots—for the ground and shelter of genius—a necessity wonderfully expressed in respect to his own life in Taliesin. With him, security is not so much a conservative idea as an aspect of the bipolar unity of his thought, and one might even say that Wright was never more radical than when advancing it. The tensions of such thought are seldom resolved, as Smith shows, in the most valuable part of his book, by analyzing its architectural expression in several representative designs: the Winslow and Coonley houses, Taliesin, the Barnsdall house, Fallingwater, the Johnson Wax Company Building and Broadacre City.

Smith follows Wright in considering the work an integral part of his life and using it for biographical purposes. His interpretations differ from those of *An Autobiography*, a book he cites but insufficiently studies as autobiography, that is, as the foundation for a much needed biography. For Wright the Barnsdall house was, in the language of Sullivan he frequently uses, a "romanza"; for Smith it is an expression of his need in unsettled years for security and shelter. This is perceptive, as are many of his insights—that Taliesin, for example, was his Camelot, and that the tree, his organic model, represented for him a free solution to the social problem of the relation of part to whole.

When one feels especially critical of Smith's study it is because of the encumbering polemical tone, the loose construction and the lack of rounded presentation and balance. He does not adequately characterize Wright's mind (in some ways a Populist mind) in terms of its time and place. And he lets his religious argument mislead him when, in a major instance, he treats Broadacre City as Wright's supreme statement—as a secular version of the City of God. Taliesin, it seems to me, would have been a better example of Wright's "vision": a vision of the natural house become a principality, where the abundant life is possible ("the exuberance of life in all these rural riches"), and all the things Wright valued—Family, Fellowship, Work, Freedom: the headings of *An Autobiography*—were brought together under one roof. Much about Taliesin is "feudal" and "agrarian," but not necessarily the joyous spirit with which Wright hoped to invest it. His genuinely conservative ideas are conserving and relate to human well-being in an urban culture. When they fail in this it is usually due to inadequate thought, for his thought was not always equal to the scope and spirit of his designs, and to the authoritarianism he sometimes permitted his genius.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* is a masterful play. (At the Music Box.) I do not speak of its content but of its construction. When a play is praised in this respect what is generally meant is that the play conforms to a past model in the tradition of that subtly logical coherence Ibsen brought to the realistic form of the 19th century. Pinter's construction is of a different sort. Not to perceive this is to misconstrue the play.

To the unaware theatregoer *The Homecoming* may seem to have an ordinary continuity. But if he regards it in this way he will find it bewildering, unfathomable, unreal, to use adjectives which have been applied to it in most of the recent reviews. The play is none of these things. In fact it may be too simple.

It is superficially a family comedy. There is a 70-year-old widower, resident of north London, a retired butcher, father of three sons. The youngest is a construction worker training to become a prize fighter. The second son, whose occupation goes unmentioned at the outset, conveys unspoken menace in tight-lipped irony. He is an adept at the "game"—pimping. The third and oldest son, absent for years, brings home a pretty wife for a brief visit. He is the intellectual of the family, a Ph.D. in philosophy with a chair at a (perhaps Western) American university. There is also the butcher's brother, a correctly efficient, mild mannered, unambitious and generally impotent chauffeur.

The plot of the play, although it is misleading to call it that, shows the men gradually converting the philosopher's wife into a consenting whore. She must engage in the occupation to put her weight into the family budget while her father- and brothers-in-law look forward to enjoying her favors. She accepts the terms after driving a hard bargain, for she—a mother of three, by the way—is as unyieldingly calculating as any of them. Her philosophical husband leaves without further ado to return to his campus.

The scene in which the deal is made is not the climax of the story or the point of the play. It is only the finishing touch. Every scene and verbal exchange is as indicative of the play's meaning as every other. They are all facets of one theme. The play is a parable of insensibility, the death of values, a world in which little remains but primitive appetite.

It is significant that the characters—particularly the butcher father who is central to the composition—talk with orthodox unctuousness of family loyalty, of the sacredness of blood ties, reverence for

mother, of all the hallowed virtues. But we see immediately that the old man despised his wife, is savage with his sons, cruelly contemptuous of his brother. What is genuine in him is his animal voraciousness, a brute clinging to existence. Since he is the fountainhead of all, the strongest too, each of the play's characters shares the same traits—except for the chauffeur brother who collapses when he announces that Jessie, his brother's wife, the family mother, had an affair at the back of his car with the butcher's much admired assistant.

What of the Ph.D.? When the family spiv asks him: "Do you detect a certain logical incoherence in the central affirmations of Christian theism?" the Ph.D. answers: "That question doesn't fall within my province." Like all the others, he's a "professional"; he refuses to extend his thinking beyond the bounds of his own interest. There is no connection with anything else.

The question and answer, funny as is so much else in the play, is as crucial to the whole picture as any of its more active or shocking moments. When, to take another instance, the youngest brother moves his sister-in-law to the couch and lies on top of her, while her husband and the others stand by and watch without a tremor, we are not confronted with a situation in a realistic story progression but an episode in a panel, an image which tells us more strikingly than some of the others what the total picture and meaning of the play are. The meaning is to be sought in the lack of feeling, absence of any moral or ideological foundation, the heartlessness which encompasses all.

This explains the attitude of the apparently wholly enigmatic character of the play: the soft-spoken philosopher's wife. There was a lack of living substance in the life she led with her husband on the immaculate campus, a place as barren of spirit and pulse as the home into which they have come. Being well taken care of as a whore will prove no worse and perhaps more honest.

How does Pinter make so absolute and damaging a statement theatrically fascinating and lucid? By constructing his play not on the basis of a simple narrative line, in which case it would indeed be incredible, but through a series of fragmented passages joined by brief but unmistakable breaks. The device renders the play abstract. There is a continuity of idea from one fragment to another, a unity of atmosphere. For example, after the bit in which the family watches the symbolic cohabitation of brother with sister-in-law, there is a sharp pause; she then gets up and says peremptorily: "I'd like something to eat," and an entirely new sequence commences in which another aspect

of the general situation is played out.

Peter Hall's direction realizes the quality and scheme of the play to perfection. The production is one of the most complete I have seen on the English or American stage in some years, less striking but more organic than that of Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade*. What is script and what staging is almost indistinguishable. The pauses or breaks are not elements of character portrayal; they are "freezes" of action to indicate that we are passing from one phase of the material to another, that the play is not continuing in naturalistic order but shifting to a new "angle."

Adding to the overall unity of impression is John Bury's setting, which bears the same relation to reality as does every other element of the play. It appears to be a real place with fatigued furniture, murky walls in mist gray and muck brown, corroded as if by dirt and fog. Yet its design is almost classically imposing, like that of an imperial mansion gone to seed and turned hollow.

The actors follow the direction with utmost fidelity. It is not psychological acting. In a vein of apparent realism consonant with the play's environment, it is chiseled and polished acting, with each line and speech sculpted to convey the incisive and mordant intention of the dramatist's thought. Paul Rogers' gross and yet towering monster of a father, sensual, hypocritical, vicious, grasping, and Ian Holm's acidly witty ponce, with the sterile power of a low-grade dictator are perhaps the best, but Vivien Merchant, Michael Craig, John Normington, Terence Rigby, in more limited roles, are nearly as good.

What is the sum of all this? Pinter's manner is icy: he does not declare himself. He leaves interpretation to the audience. (This is most brave.) He has a keen ear for dramatic speech, he writes with superb control: there is hardly a wasted word. At first one is inclined to think that he must be either wickedly unfeeling or perhaps that he has no convictions. But no! Only a prophet or a fanatic, fiercely moral, can be so damning. But Pinter is wholly of our moment: we refuse to be hortatory, to cry out, plead, condemn or call to account. Since we do not permit ourselves to "take sides" overtly, we grin or keep our jaws so tightly clamped that it becomes hard to tell whether we are kidding or repressing pain. The mask is one of horror subdued in glacial irony.

I do not see life as Pinter does. But it is imperative that he reveal his view of it; it is part of the truth. He is an artist, one of the most astute to have entered upon the world stage in the past ten years. Those who do not respect and appreciate his talent understand little of our times or its theatre.

MUSIC

BENJAMIN BORETZ

The interest of our mass-circulation journals in the views and activities of composers is so sporadic that the appearance of an extensive interview with the Italian composer, Luciano Berio, on the occasion of the first performance of his opera *Passaggio* at the Juilliard School (*The New York Times*, January 8), was a notable and welcome event. But its very rarity heightened one's concern for the content of Berio's remarks. In the prevailing vacuum of public awareness not only of what composers actually do represent nowadays but of what music represents altogether, I found particularly unfortunate the attribution to Berio of the remarks that "in tonal music there were predetermined forms; now we invent form every time. In tonal music there was a hierarchy, with melody first, then harmony and finally rhythm taking their places. Now there are no such components—no melody as such." The inapplicability of these remarks should be self-evident: "Predetermined form" is surely the least significant aspect of a masterpiece in any language, tonal or otherwise, musical or otherwise. The absence of "such components" as "melody," which is simply

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the exposed surface of pitch relation; "harmony," the sonorities resulting from conjunctions of pitches, and "rhythm," the rates of event-change, however asserted, is definitionally impossible.

But what is really distressing about such statements by a distinguished composer is the serious mischief done public consciousness not only of traditional music but of traditional composition. And this is especially unfortunate at a time when such serious work tends to be widely associated with all "modernism," however primitive, in the general category of "avant-garde." So much simplistic musical "extremism," whether of the "right" (in the manner of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, etc.) or of the "left" (the know-nothing or as-little-as-possible *avant-garde*) is in reality traceable to a lack of awareness of what music has already achieved. Here education is crucial; and those who regard the increasing orientation of composers to the university as a "narrowing" of outlook might consider how unlikely it would be for a university-educated composer to remark, as Berio was quoted, that "tonality can still work [sic] . . . for moments of escapism . . . like with jazz. But for serious art, absolutely NO!"

Yet I wonder how many readers of the *Times* felt quite sure that some similar statement would readily be made by, let us say, any "committed" twelve-tone composer, even though in fact any real understanding of the bases of twelve-tone coherence—or of any coherent musical syntax, actual or potential—would be the surest possible guarantee against the currency of such beliefs. And Berio is actually among the most responsible of the European *avant-garde*, and also makes such "ideologically" reasonable statements as that "control . . . is the *sine qua non* of composition," and that "there is a . . . global type of thinking today, a concern with musical processes that has nothing to do with geography," although the latter remark is illustrated by the mention of three European composers from the Darmstadt "inner circle" (Stockhausen, Boulez, Pousseur) who are "not compatriots," being German, French and Belgian, with no hint given of even the existence of any American compositional activity or of a single important American composer, not even Berio's Juilliard colleague, Elliott Carter. This parochialism, whether naive or "political," is another symptom of the conceptual crudity that plagues any effort to represent music, past, present and potential, with any reasonable sense of its true range of subtlety, complexity, profundity and diversity.

One of the contributory aspects to an

environment in which attitudes such as those of Berio can flourish has been the deep general unawareness of the existence and nature of 20th-century musical tradition. Thus it was particularly gratifying to hear, on the ~~same~~ weekend as the publication of the Berio interview, the Philharmonic's performance of the Schoenberg Violin Concerto, a work that seems to me one of the most profound and original compositional achievements of any time. On this occasion, Zvi Zeitlin's playing of the solo part, still prodigiously difficult in its demands on the outer limits of contemporary violinistic capacity, was especially impressive, in both its technical and musical adequacy. The articulation of pitch, duration and phrase structure in the solo part was invariably clear and precise, despite the somewhat small sonorous and dynamic range of Mr. Zeitlin's playing. And wherever the soloist was responsible for generating the entire coherence of a passage (as in the two solo cadenzas in the outer movements), the results were remarkable—the multiple-stopped trills and chords of the last movement cadenza, the multiply articulated arpeggios of the first movement cadenza, and the simultaneous bowed-plucked attacks were real feats of violinism and musicianship, far beyond any performances I had heard previously.

Moreover, after noting these qualities in the performance, it was interesting to read in Zeitlin's program note that "thinking people, who fully accept the need for some preparatory study of Shakespeare, Joyce, Thomas Mann or the Talmud, reject, on first hearing, music that needs equal conditioning. They are reluctant to apply the principles of one area of human endeavor to another." I wonder what the implications of such a remark are for the attitudes promulgated by Mr. Berio.

I do not, however, mean to minimize the orchestra's contribution to this performance; its playing under Leonard Bernstein seemed the product of careful and conscientious preparation. The crucial requirements of ensemble accuracy in reproducing the pitches and durations indicated in the score were in large part realized, far beyond the performances earlier this year of Schoenberg's *Survivor from Warsaw* and Second Chamber Symphony. Thus, that there remained such problems as the misrepresentation or even absence of dynamic differentiation, and a general uncertainty of the shaping of events and successions, seems less noteworthy at this point than that the totality constituted probably the most competent performance of a Schoenberg orchestral work in New York since Hans Rosbaud's visit to the Philharmonic in 1961.

A still more remarkable event, under the present musical conditions, was the performance by the Opera Company of Boston of Schoenberg's opera *Moses and Aron*, another monument of the 20th-century tradition which, incredibly, was receiving its first American performance. This alone would have guaranteed to the Opera Company of Boston the distinction of presenting the most significant American operatic event since *Wozzeck* at the City Center and *The Rake's Progress* at the Metropolitan in 1952 (unless inaugurations of buildings are seen as more significant musical events than performances of works).

For *Moses and Aron* represents the ultimate development of the concepts of dramatic-verbal-musical structure that were crucial for Schoenberg throughout his compositional life—from his earliest songs to the first works in which his real originality was manifest (the *Book of the Hanging Gardens* and *Pierrot Lunaire*) to the furthest extended explorations of structural ideas (*Erwartung*, *Der Jakobsleiter*, *Die Glückliche Hand*, *A Survivor from Warsaw*, etc.) And this ultimacy obviously precludes any attempt at even minimal exegesis here—except to point out that, as one might expect, the work is "operatic" in the deepest of senses: it is in fact generated out of a total reconsideration of every aspect of what constitutes an operatic continuity. This becomes especially evident in the manner in which the extraordinary diversity of resources and media—and the sense-perceptual contexts associated with each—all contribute to a unitary dramatic unfolding, not in trivial synchronism but in a fantastically complex counterpoint of rates and qualities of unfolding in the several domains.

In a direct sense, *Moses and Aron* is also the ultimate realization of the potential of German Expressionist theatre, a musical and dramatic purification of its resources that reconceives its characteristic "devices" as the generators and projectors of a unitary structural continuity. Thus the constant interplay of the two "dramatic" levels—the verbal, intimate and "abstract" dialogues of Moses and Aaron, on the one hand, and the externalized pure action of the massed crowds, on the other—is realized through an extraordinary development of a single set of presentational qualities—orchestral, vocal and visual—for each scene. The "expressionist" idea of the unseen murmuring chorus whose location (the spatial sense of the source of sound) constantly shifts to represent the "burning bush" idea—a great stroke of musical theatre in itself—is immediately juxtaposed with the chamber-music, recitative quality of the Moses-Aaron dialogue. The

continuity of ideas thus created, each sharply characterized by "profiles," relates *Moses* to the heart of the operatic tradition from the upper-lower world juxtaposition of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* to the outdoor-indoor, natural-supernatural musical correlates in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, to the merging and interdevelopment of a multitude of such identities in Wagner.

But beyond the virtue of the mere fact of the presentation, the Boston company's performance was extraordinary in the ingenuity and discipline of many aspects of the production. Throughout, the accuracy of the chorus, which is virtually an ensemble soloist—and frequently an ensemble of differentiated ensemble soloists—was phenomenal, and perhaps contributed more than any other factor to the projection of the special sonic-articulative qualities of the work. Above all, however, the settings and the stage direction by Sarah Caldwell—under the most inadequate conceivable of physical conditions in an old movie theatre—were the uniquely imaginative and original aspects of the production, brilliantly "effective," yet at almost every point deriving evidently from an awareness of what was going on, musically and dramatically, in the work.

The transformation of a ridiculously shallow stage by vertical, lateral and even circular extensions (the orchestral ensemble was entirely surrounded by stage aprons), and the sense of relations of space, volume and (visual) speed and shape of events were strokes of authentic genius that make the presentation by the financially affluent but conceptually indigent New York companies quite ludicrously pathetic. Miss Caldwell must immediately be given an adequate orchestra, an authoritative conductor, and all the funds, stage resources, electronic equipment and mechanical devices she requires. At the very least, the old Metropolitan ought to be rebuilt to her specifications and turned over to her. For her work (beginning more than ten years ago with the first, and thus far only, American performance of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, and continuing with Berg's *Lulu*, which has not yet appeared at the Metropolitan or the New York City Opera, and Nono's *Intolleranza* of last year) has been the only sign of vitality that American operatic activity has produced (excepting individual productions in Santa Fe and Washington). Even if all the compositional activity in America is worth only 50,000 matching-grant dollars to the National Foundation on the Arts, it still seems possible that our national reputation for operatic incompetence might appear worthy of the rectification uniquely available through activities such as Miss Caldwell's.

ART / Max Kozloff

Some day it might be profitable to examine the unexpected affinities between various isolated members of the artistic generation now in their 50s or 60s, and the impulses of their colleagues, twenty and thirty years younger. For instance, Ad Reinhardt and Barnett Newman, or even old Josef Albers, still occupy respected and relevant positions as far as young abstract art is concerned. They bask in an aesthetic look backward, behind or to the flank of Abstract-Expressionism, which is motivated by a fondness for geometric idioms as clear as it was in Constructivism, but now far less utopian. The much touted "reductionism," which in the early days of the modern tradition signified a compression of pictorial or sculptural energies, currently stands for their drainage.

Or to put the situation in another way, Western technology is no longer seen as the life-giving potentiality that, between the wars, it was somewhat defensively construed to be. Rather, we now have a quite numbed appreciation of its patterning, expressed in forms as neutral as chevrons and parallelograms, in which human affect dissolves into an alarming ennui. The industrialized circumstances in which we find ourselves are not, it seems, conditions that can be crystallized into affirmation, but produce instead a brand-new detritus of indifference. The environment of much American art today is such that power is perceived as mindless and enervating, and scale grossens beyond measure into a species of physical "overkill." Moreover, the machine seems only to have disarticulated artistic notions of formal relationships, rather than mobilized them. In this light, the older artists I mentioned are like way stations between two alien sensibilities, preserving a vocabulary base to concepts within which they themselves have not been able to participate.

An altogether astonishing exception to this state of affairs is Tony Smith, professionally unknown, who, in his fifty-fourth year, has just made his debut as a sculptor (in a joint exhibition at Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum and the Institute of Contemporary Art, at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia). In many respects, he seems to be in advance of his youngest colleagues in realizing giant images, or rather structures, that are based on modular units, regular volumes, inert compositions and, above all, hollow masses. This last point, hollowness, is important not so much because it answers the practical problem of attaining great bulk, without the corresponding deficit of unmanageable weight

but because it also registers a psychological response to a peculiar American experience. Rather than monuments whose status is reinforced by their density, this sculpture gives the impression of vast surfaces that act as spatial occlusions, and planes that are less the terminations of matter than containers of voids. These works are enormously inconvenient, even intractable presences, which are yet bodiless and provisional—like more cryptic versions of the urban-scape itself. In such perceptions, Smith, effortlessly moving away (yet also drawing nourishment) from the backlog of more than thirty years as a teacher, designer and architect, strikes a comfortlessly contemporary note.

Its force, oddly enough, lies in its rationalistic origins, diverging radically from the hyper-stylized, almost precious aesthetics of his juniors, men like Donald Judd or Robert Morris. For them, art breeds in the avoidance of the anthropomorphic insinuation, and the meaning mongering of social significance. In leaning so far back from "artiness,"

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they risk tumbling into a rejective stance that is almost metaphysical. They want to foist upon us an acceptance of their work as devoid of appearances, almost to the degree that we were once asked to view Purism as their platonic essence. The Smith exhibition, so close in its physical look to the output of these younger artists, has an entirely different context. Here is an engineer who, to the extent that he is theoretical, makes hypotheses about various three-dimensional forms, and then has the occasional curiosity to have his working drawings tested through outside fabrication. The result is a population of mock-ups, made of plywood sheets painted featureless light gray for the indoor pieces, and smeared with black automotive undercoating for those that are to be placed outside. If, as the catalogue indicates, Smith sometimes draws his inspiration from such things as an index-card box, or the problem of covering a Baroque fountain in the Athenaeum's Avery Hall, he supervises the production of his works, which sometimes require as little time as a few hours, without fuss. It is in the judging of various alternatives, represented by preliminary models, that one imagines him to take a more active hand in sculptural process than is fashionable in minimal art these days. In addition, Smith is not particularly concerned with "finish"—either the totally impersonal quality of, say, a fiberglass mold, or deliberate patina or textures, and that indifference sets his work apart from almost all current sculpture in which some decision about surfacing is crucial. Practical in that he causes constructions to be built to see how they "look" (and then mostly on commission, as with architects), he is also enigmatic in that he is evidently not involved with the formulation of an overall "statement" or ideological position.

The experience of the works themselves is quite out of the ordinary. If one turns into Avery Hall from the museum proper, the first view is of the fountain piece, "Fixture," looking disconcertingly like the conning tower of a nuclear submarine that has arisen from the floor of the exhibition hall. This room, a deep well rimmed with rectangular balconies, has become the setting for what



seems to be a schematic turbine works, a lifeless dynamo. One wanders about, a trifle disoriented, among rectangles and blocks and free-standing walls—nothing substantially more complicated than that—to find oneself intermittently cornered or blocked out. Tons of air seem displaced by these static presences. (The one diagonal, in "Fixture," has a clattering force.) But at the same time, the way the structures pick up and echo the cubic nature of the architecture in more truncated form reinforces the stability of the environment. This truncation is significant. Though the pieces themselves can be as high as almost a couple of stories, they are clearly fragments—elbows or buttresses, defunctioned and unsupporting of anything in particular. As a result, the implications of a sculpture of such scale as to dwarf even architecture are staggering to contemplate.

Outdoors, the work has altered to create an extremely different spectacle. Smith's response to landscape, in any event, is rather special. He speaks of having discovered "some abandoned airstrips in Europe. . . . Surrealist landscapes, something that had nothing to do with any function, created worlds without tradition. Artificial landscape without cultural precedent began to dawn on me. There is a drill ground in Nuremberg, large enough to accommodate 2 million men."

An artist kindled by such observations, was bound to murder Hartford's Tower Plaza, which is not sufficiently polite to conceal its Miami-modern grimacing. Looked down upon from a helicopter, Smith's outdoor sculptures might, I imagine, resemble enormous black arachnids menacing pigmy humans. On the ground,

they are reproachful enough—domineering arches or bulky tetrahedrons, with their blunt spreads and straddling ways. Remarkably, they are constructed on modular forms whose repetition and parallelism are hidden by awkward turnings. The effect is always asymmetrical, with angle changes that equalize proportions without indication of center, or stop short or shave off the extension that would complete them too neatly in the memory.

The great success is a piece called "Cigarette." Other works, especially those few gotten up in black steel, appear, as Smith himself admits, simply malignant. Probably the most concise statement on their overall content is given by Sam Wagstaff, the Wadsworth's very enterprising curator of paintings and the director of the exhibition: "These heavy, primitive organisms embrace space through volume and deep thrusts. Romanesque rather than Gothic. . . . They are related to early cultures intentionally or through sympathy—menhirs, earth mounds, cairns, and to this culture with equal sympathy—smokestacks, gas tanks, dump trucks, poured concrete ramps. No focus, no detail, no symmetry. They are plain but constantly changing. They are grave without being heavy, ordinary and mystical at the same time. . . ."

Surging up only within the last five years, the premier work of a creator already in a fairly late period of his maturity, they comprise one of the most unusual and, I think, moving, expressions of vitality in current American sculpture.

Representative examples of Tony Smith's work will be exhibited in New York's Bryant Park, toward the end of January.

PERSONALS

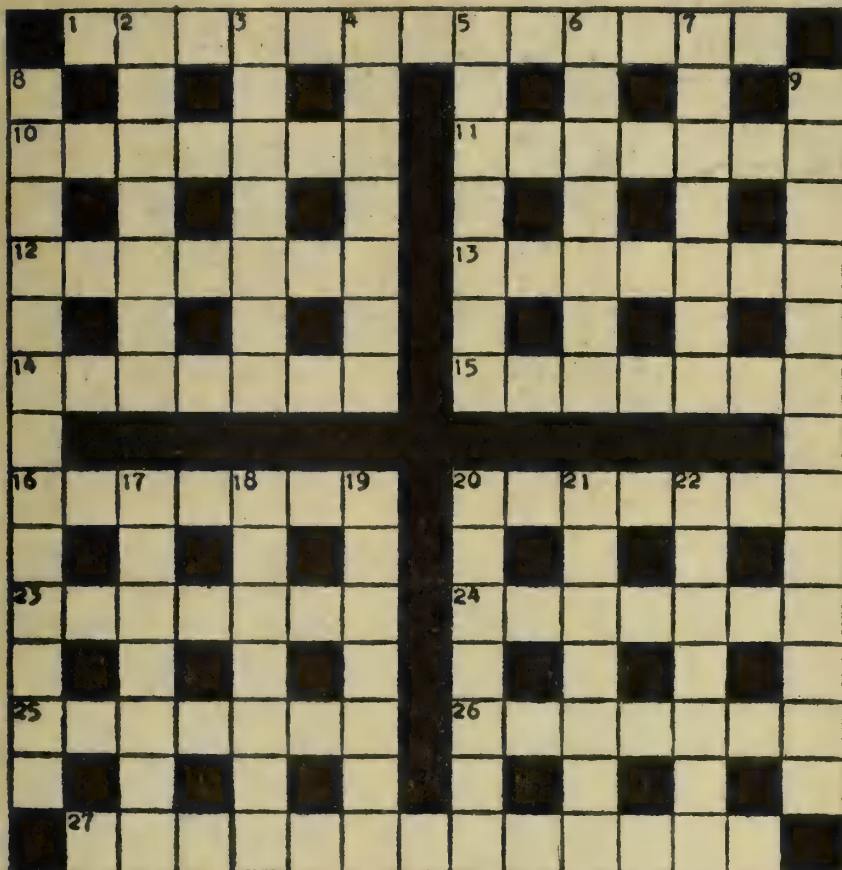
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ACROSS:

- 1 An understanding there might be no more pinches, however bad. (13)
- 10 Ranked as a ham on rye might be. (7)
- 11 From which a daring young flier took off in the air. (7)
- 12 Timely, in a distinctive way. (7)
- 13 Train. (7)
- 14 Its offspring is supposed to be graceful. (7)
- 15 One is likely to be given the air, if high. (7)
- 16 Possesses what one might put his foot in, or what one might put his foot on. (7)
- 20 The character of vegetable fruit? (7)
- 23 It might be made with 20 across, but it's rather hard. (7)
- 24 Expecting this at one time? (5, 2)
- 25 Seems to be coming to the point, eventually. (7)
- 26 Care to be disturbed about him? Foolish fancy! (7)
- 27 When the players hope to get a run started? (7, 6)

DOWN:

- 2 How to make a bad loser do something with a shade of difference? (3, 4)
- 3 Needing water, like corn sometimes.
- 4 The final gun might, but it could affect the score. (3, 4)

- 5 The wrong sex, wrong at heart, obtains things wrongly. (7)
- 6 What the crank used to do with a heavenly body, such as the ram. (5, 2)
- 7 Pacific lands. (7)
- 8 To appear near the strip? It's the most! (2, 4, 3, 4)
- 9 Even blue law towns might show it, but thus! (5, 2, 6)
- 17 Even one who soars over obstacles sometimes puts his foot in it. (7)
- 18 Wordsworth's pagan had such a creed.
- 19 Not a smooth mounting, but craft is strengthened by it. (7)
- 20 An unusual place in the state of Louisiana? (7)
- 21 Living with your surroundings, or just putting up with them? (7)
- 22 Salvagers might have it on them. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1184

ACROSS: 1 Past participle; 9 Illness; 10 Trampus; 11 and 14 Even as you and I; 12 Heretics; 15 Bight; 17 Graze; 19 and 27 My Heart Belongs to Daddy; 21 Swamp Fox; 23 Skated; 25 Houdini; 26 Wheeler. DOWN: 1 Prize ring; 2 Silvery; 3 Premature; 4 Rusk; 5 In the right; 6 Inane; 7 Lapwing; 8 Asps; 13 Unimposing; 15 Black lead; 16 Taxidermy; 18 As a rule; 20 Totaled; 21 Soho; 22 Primo; 24 Twit.

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LETTERS

numbers in the news

Maryville, Mo.

DEAR SIR: The virtual blackout of the 18,000 who demonstrated in Madison Square Garden for peace in Vietnam seems in strange contrast to the round-the-clock reiteration given the "only 75 out of 1,800 eligible" who showed up for a draft protest in another large city. The important "news" about the seventy-five was rushed to me via my car radio during my vacation, but I had to return home and read *The Nation* [editorial, Dec. 26] to find out about the 18,000.

Joe Wetzel

provocative aggression

New York City

DEAR SIR: Your editorial ["When Will China Intervene?" Jan. 16] states categorically that "... our military planners have no intention of opening fire on China. . . ." Our military planners, however, have for years been carrying out against China a variety of actions so provocative that it can be stated with equal assurance that our military would welcome a situation where the Chinese entered the war without a first open attack from the United States.

The crux of the situation is the attitude of the USSR. By treaty, the USSR is bound to support China if the United States openly attacks. If, however, the Chinese enter the war without such an attack, the USSR is not bound to enter. So far the Chinese have put up with an unceasing series of major provocations, but as we are so fond of saying about ourselves, it may be that their "patience is not inexhaustible. . . ." I can hear the President solemnly telling the nation: "This unprovoked, premeditated act of aggression. . . ." We may not live long enough to hear the end of it.

Helen Mears

use of silence

New York City

DEAR SIR: It was good to learn from Robert H. Simmons' letter [*The Nation*, Jan. 9] that weekly silent vigils against the war in Vietnam are now being held in many localities. Your readers may wish to know that a two-hour silent vigil has been held at Times Square in New York City every Saturday since October, 1964—without any interruption for well over two years. These vigils . . . are now being sponsored by fourteen peace organizations. Anyone is welcome to participate (from 12:30 P.M. to 2:30 P.M.).

Otto Nathan

plea for incompetence

Harrisburg, Pa.

DEAR SIR: John Paul Scott, reviewing *The Territorial Imperative* by Robert Ardrey [*The Nation*, Jan. 9], seems more perturbed that a non-scientist should venture into his domain than in what this engaging writer has discovered and offered to the world. That is just the trouble with science and the growing trouble with *The Nation*. The world has been divided up into spheres of competence and God help the interloper who dares to think outside his specialty. We need more playwrights writing about science and more scientists reviewing novels. . . .

Robert B. Dennis

correction

New York City

DEAR SIR: My review of Giorgio de Chirico's *Hebdomeros* [*The Nation*, Jan. 23] mistakenly attributes the translation to James A. Hodkinson, who wrote the introduction. The publishers have informed me that the translation is anonymous, a fact omitted in the title credits. It's a shame, since it is also first rate.

Stephen Koch

EDITORIALS

Romney the Rambler

When George Romney, the automobile magnate, held a press conference, the jaded newsmen responded with unusual enthusiasm. They came not only for the liquor and the luncheon but because Romney had something to say and could be relied on to say it. He spoke scornfully of "road locomotives" and called on Americans to buy compact cars. He knew what he was talking about, he left no one guessing, and he boldly committed American Motors to his concept. The only way the Big Three could fight him off was to imitate him. And, like any individual plugging a good idea with verve and clarity, he radiated personal charm.

If George Romney, the GOP Presidential aspirant, had the same qualities as George Romney of American Motors—if he had even a fraction of them—he would be a godsend to American politics. Instead he equivocates on the crucial questions of the day. Nowhere is this more evident than in his ambivalence on Vietnam. He has received a sketchy briefing from Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and he is leaving soon on a much publicized visit to the unhappy country. *The Nation* hopes he will return with something to say to the American people—anything, as long as it is specific.

Apologists for Romney say he has not made up his mind on a firm 1968 foreign policy position, hence the appearance of unmanly irresolution. When a politician is uncertain, he usually keeps his mouth shut, but Romney refuses to follow the normal course. He talks when asked, he talks when he is not asked, he issues dope stories through reputable political correspondents like David S. Broder. The more he talks, the thicker the fog. He has hawkish moments, then again he coos like a dove. He seems on the verge of calling for all-out bombing and to hell with civilians and the shipping in Haiphong harbor, but he stops at the verge. He feels the President should have secured a "broader understanding" of the issues before involving us so deeply. If this led to a sharp critique of Mr. Johnson's policy, coupled with ideas for repairing the damage, it would make some sense, but Romney does not come up with either specific indictments or specific remedies.

It is sad to contrast Romney of the later 1950s, kicking General Motors in the teeth and with two or three Ramblers in his own garage, with the Romney of today, trying to explain that he did not mean what the reporters thought he meant at any earlier press conference or interview, and leaving them more puzzled than before. But the trouble is not with Romney alone but with the GOP. One has only to look at Romney's own state. The Michigan right wing, which is now well to the right of Goldwater, hates him because he is not an unequivocal hawk on Vietnam and a complete troglodyte in economics. Richard

Durant, the Grosse Pointe leader, brought in D. Bruce Evans of United Republicans of America to talk to Republicans in Bay City, Flint, Lansing and other cities. URA is for Sen. Strom Thurmond, Gov. Ronald Reagan, and others of that category. Durant is a former member of the John Birch Society. Then there is the 1976 Committee, which wants Ezra Taft Benson, Romney's fellow Mormon, for President in 1968. The 1976 Committee is headed by William J. Grede, a Milwaukee industrialist long identified with right-wing enterprises, and Charles R. Slight, Jr., a Holland, Mich., furniture manufacturer, like Grede a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Associated with them are Dean Clarence Manion; Admiral Ben Moreell (Ret.), chairman of Americans for Constitutional Action; and Loyd Wright of Los Angeles, former president of the American Bar Association and a right winger of right wingers. And this is only a partial listing of the gentry who are intent on building a fire under George in his own bailiwick. But if politics is too hot for him, he should never have got into it. He cannot join such bogus conservatives as these; they won't let him. What he could do is take heart, remember the past, and lay about him. Politics is not all that different from business. If he follows that course, he still may not be President, but people will again respect him.

Winning the Hearts of the People

Saigon is the capital of South Vietnam, but it is described by *Time* (January 20) as "a garrison without walls in a countryside alive with enemy bands." The U.S. lieutenant colonel who is head of security at the immense Tan Son Nhut airport says his job is "like defending a stockade in the days of the Indian wars." The U.S. Army decided that something should be done about it, and the solution in some respects resembled that which the Nazis applied in Lidice, Czechoslovakia, twenty-five years ago. There are differences: the Nazis shot all the men of Lidice out of hand and sent the women and children to concentration camps before razing the village. When our men set out in operation "Cedar Falls" to eradicate the settlements in the "Iron Triangle" north of Saigon, they shot only the Vietcong, and the camp is a resettlement camp. What is the same is that the four villages in the triangle have been leveled, and ours is a much bigger operation. Lidice had only about 500 inhabitants, while we have moved 6,000 Vietnamese, practically all of them women, children and old men, into what Tom Buckley of *The New York Times* describes as a settlement of "canvas-topped sheds thrown up on a wasteland," surrounded by barbed wire.

From this quarter, at least, the Vietcong will no longer issue from their tunnels to harry Saigon. However, some officials at the camp are said to be dubious. Except for the 286 Vietcong who were killed in the operation (a mere by-product), the rest of the men fled. In effect,

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THE
NATION

Volume 204
No. 5

we are telling these unreconstructed, and unreconstructable, Vietcong that we will feed and care for their families, however miserably, while they fight on.

What a dilemma—for us. And what further problems it brings to light. It has been suggested that the way to end the war is to clear the entire countryside of Vietnam and pave it, like a vast parking lot; then we can control the population. What even that would not accomplish, and what a succession of Cedar Falls will achieve no more successfully, is the oft-reiterated American objective of winning the hearts and minds of the people. The Iron Triangle was a bastion for the Vietcong, but it was also, in Buckley's words, a "fertile 60-square-mile area of paddy fields, orchards and rubber plantations." One of the refugees, a pregnant 24-year-old woman, said, "I was very poor in my village, but I didn't mind that. I wanted to stay." Her husband had been killed just before the evacuation. It is a strange way to win the hearts and minds that still survive.

Texas Ueber Alles

The Kennedys and the Johnsons are at it like the Hatfields and the McCoys, and the feud is heating up. During LBJ's delivery of the State of the Union message, the cunning camera kept turning to Senator Bob; a more limp attempt at applause has not been registered on TV in years.

The most amusing feature of the great vendetta is the way in which it has aroused the provincial passions of prominent Texans. It was foreseeable that LBJ would wait until the Hatfields had deployed their forces before launching his counterattack, but anyone knowing him could be sure that a counterattack would come. Nor is it a feeble riposte. The whole force and majesty of the greatest state in the Union (California may be more populous, Alaska have more square miles, but Texas is the greatest) has been mobilized in defense of LBJ. He is its highest avatar since the Alamo, and a lot richer than William Barrett Travis, Davy Crockett and James Bowie combined; thus he integrates the spiritual and material aspects of Texan pride. To lay rude auctorial hands on him, as William Manchester has done in *The Death of a President*, is to insult Texas itself. Nor is the Texas nobility of oil and land and space and politics taken in by the secondary feud between Manchester and his publishers on the one hand, and the Kennedys on the other. In the eyes of the barons, the Kennedys repented too late.

The orchestration of the Johnson-Texas counterblast cannot but command respect, however reluctant. They do things down there in such a big way. The big push led off with a series of Drew Pearson columns, larded with information that had all the marks of coming straight from Ole Hoss's mouth. Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez contributed his memories of the scene at Parkland

Hospital; the horror and pathos are genuine, but have little to do with the feud. Then came the redoubtable Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., roaring that it was "common knowledge" that the trip on which President Kennedy was slain was no doing of Johnson's but of Kennedy's own making, "planned in the wake of polls reflecting declining popularity." By God, Connally will write a book himself, or have one written for him.

William S. White, a long-time Johnson idolater, writes in *The Washington Post* that Manchester's much touted book "turns out to be a pedestrian, if incomparably savage, exercise . . . in the sort of yellow journalism that was a great social problem fifty years ago." Sen. John G. Tower inserts this evaluation, so pure in its objectivity and sure in its historical sense, in the *Congressional Record*, and adds his own comment: "Dallas was and is a city of churches and schools; a clean and progressive community; a city of considerable style and erudition; a warm and friendly city unplagued by race riots or civic unrest."

In short, Dallas remains Dallas, and Texas remains Texas. Will it work? In a full-page *New York Times* ad, an editorial from the *Dallas Times Herald* is reprinted to rebut the slings and arrows of those critical of Texas. "Very patiently we have labored to close the wound," the editorial ends. "We wince only when the misinformed outsider rips the sutures." There are those who would have been willing to forget about Dallas and its gun-toters, its right-wing spitters and howlers, its morbid hate editorials and all the rest of it, but that was on condition that the Texans kept quiet about themselves for a while. Instead, their howls resound over the nation, and they rally around their illustrious son as if he were without fault. They may be doing him no service.

Why Not Hoffa?

The Teamsters' union has offered a \$100,000 reward for information leading to the disclosure that the Department of Justice relied on illegal wire taps or "bugs" in securing the conviction of James Hoffa. William Loeb, the New Hampshire publisher whose newspaper once secured a substantial loan from the Teamsters and who apparently wants to demonstrate his gratitude, has put up another \$100,000 on the same terms. But are either of these rewards really necessary?

In the recent case involving Joseph Schipani, the Department of Justice consented to a reversal of the conviction because illegal wire taps had been used. In this case the Solicitor General, Thurgood Marshall, stressed the point that since the Supreme Court exercises a supervisory role over methods used in federal prosecutions, he felt it his duty to inform the court of the taps. Mr. Marshall also said that the government had initiated an intensive survey of pending cases to determine if convictions had been obtained by "tainted" or illegally obtained evi-

dence. Reports from Washington indicate that as many as 200 cases are being scrutinized as part of this general survey. This month, in a case involving seven Florida residents, Mr. Marshall informed the court that although none of the seven had been under "direct electronic surveillance," two of them were participants in conversations which were electronically monitored. This is the ninth instance in which the Department of Justice has volunteered a disclosure of this kind. Is the Hoffa case included in the survey? If not, why not? Have the records of the case been investigated to determine if any illegal wire taps or bugs were used? If Schipani was entitled to a frank statement of the facts, why isn't Hoffa entitled to the same treatment? After Fred Black's conviction (see "A Dirty Business," *The Nation*, December 26), the Department volunteered the information that illegal wire taps had been used. If Black and Schipani, why not Hoffa?

Blitzing the Consumer

The President is said to have readied a plan that will remove Esther Peterson, his adviser on consumer affairs, from the White House staff. In announcing her departure, the President will probably say that the work of consumer protection is being "upgraded" by being transferred to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and that new legislation designed to protect consumers is being requested. Few administrations have been more adept—or cynical—about using new legislation, without adequate enforcement provisions, to appease aroused interest groups. *The Wall Street Journal* recently quoted a Negro as saying: "Passing a law with no teeth in it isn't much good. They gave Negroes hope but they haven't given Negroes what they hope for."

Consumers will probably find themselves in the same position. The decision to blitz the consumer was made as early as mid-June of last year (but delayed until after the election). "Though the Administration wants to be known as the consumer's friend," reports *Advertising Age*, "the outpost at the White House level has proven to be a political liability. Strategists feel it produces few votes and antagonizes businessmen. . . ." Mrs. Peterson had succeeded in inducing members of the Consumer Advisory Council to delete from their report some "incendiary references" to advertising, but when the report went to the President on June 12 a majority continued to insist on calling for a Department of Consumers. (In Canada, incidentally, a parliamentary committee has just issued a report containing a long series of consumer-protection proposals including the immediate creation of a Department of Consumer Affairs.)

"The White House," according to the same source, "displayed its anger by bottling up the report, even though most of it was unusually well done. When the report was finally distributed last month, it was mailed out without any covering observation by the President. Moreover, no one has heard about the Consumer Advisory Council since the report was filed. When the terms of the council members expired, no successors were named." It would seem to be a fair inference also that the President was annoyed by the active help Mrs. Peterson gave housewives in organizing last year's successful supermarket boycott. Yet when he appointed Mrs. Peterson to the post three years ago he announced that he had made the move to "assure that the voice of the consumer will be loud, clear and uncompromising in the White House." Apparently it was so loud, clear and uncompromising that it gave him an earache.

California Revolution 1

The simplest, least disputable thing to say about California, now our most populous state, is that it is, and always has been, a revolution. Revolutions, of course, are creative and destructive, and just now it is important to take a look at the startling gains and distressing reversals which the ongoing California revolution has left in its wake since 1945. Such a survey is imperative not merely because of California's increasingly important role in national affairs but because it provides a preview of things to come. Recently the B.B.C., desiring to project a vision of the 21st century, presented a television documentary entitled "California: Year 2000." Some of the British critics came up with better titles: "Our Californian Future" was one. In general, the critics wrote glowing notices, but one, Nancy Banks-Smith, was obviously appalled by the vision. "With a spot of luck," she wrote, "I hope to die before it happens!"

But whatever feelings one may have in surveying the post-1945 scene, reflection is in order, for California is the future. So *The Nation* has projected a series which describes certain salient aspects of the accelerating California revolution in the period since 1945, the advances and reversals, the fine creative achievements and the mindless destruction. The series will be published in book form later in the year by Grossman Publishers. We cannot say how many articles in the series we shall be able to publish in these pages—pressure for space being what it is—but we shall publish a good sample. Included in the series are: "Disney's Fantasy Empire" by John Bright; "The Rebel Arts" by James Schevill; "California's 'Instant Cities'" by Theodore Roszak; "Revolution by Internal Combustion: California and the Automobile" by Richard Lillard; "The Freeway Revolt" by Samuel E. Wood; "California: Laboratory for Social Change" by Jennifer

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THE DYNAMICS OF REPULSION

D. B. LUTEN

Though a chemist for most of his professional life, Mr. Luten is now a lecturer in geography at the University of California. His particular concerns are the interaction of populations with natural resources and the rise of the conservation movement.

Edmund G. Brown, when he was governor, would speak with enthusiasm in election years of the growth of California. In the alternate, budget, years, he spoke with concern of the numbers problem. Late in the evening of November 8, 1966, when he conceded the election to Ronald Reagan, his own feelings were not in evidence. But Mrs. Brown stood by his side with an undisguised grin on her face. One wonders if she was thinking about 1967, a budget year. One also wonders how other Americans, the one-tenth who are Californians and the nine-tenths who are not, should look at the problems of California and its growth.

Everyone knows that California grows, and it is common to think of this as a recent phenomenon. Thus, the increase of 3.5 million (from 15.7 million in April, 1960, to 19.2 million in July, 1966) is greater than that witnessed in any other 6-year period for California or any other state. Again, between 1940 and 1950, the population grew by 5 million—surely a state record for a decade and as sure to be broken in 1970.

However, there is another way to look at population growth, a way we use all the time in other contexts. This is to measure the annual increase as a percentage of the existing population. For comparisons, it seems more rational. For instance, you will jeer at me if I say, "Imagine, the Rockefellers made a million dollars from their investments last year!" But you will be impressed if I say, "J. Doe made a million last year on a capital of \$10,000." So, also, an increase in Wyoming's population by 5 million would be more startling (and more traumatic) than the California growth.

It may be objected that California's growth is not all internally generated; the major part of it has always been by immigration, some from foreign countries, most from other states. Thus, while growth before 1849 was internally generated and small, with the gold rush it became enormous. Putting aside qualms on this score, how has the state grown?

The record is unexpected: viewed broadly, the growth rate of California's population has been constant for a century. While it has grown more rapidly in one decade than another, ranging from least (2 per cent) in the depression to greatest (5.2 per cent) in the 1920s, if

you look at the entire interval from 1860 to 1960, the tale is simple: the population, on the average, has grown at 3.8 per cent per year, doubling each 18.5 years, over the century. The increase totals more than 40-fold. The slow decades and the fast decades were so closely associated that the overall trend is one of spectacular regularity. The 1890s were slow but were followed by the prosperous 1900s and the deficit in numbers was made up. The depression was a period of low birth rates and, contrary to popular belief, also of low immigration. But it was preceded by the 1920s, with heavy immigration, so that by 1930 the population was "ahead of the curve." Then followed the war decade which made up the deficit, so that by 1950 the state was back on the curve. And it stayed there in 1960.

Natural increase has ranged 8-fold from a low of approximately 0.3 per cent per year for the depression decade to a high of about 2 per cent in the 1870s. The general trend has been one of slow decline, with a sharp drop in the 1930s, followed by a postwar upsurge almost to the level of a century ago. During most of these hundred years, Warren Thompson has calculated, families were too small to have maintained a constant population had immigration ceased.

Immigration, surprisingly, has varied less, ranging from a low of a little over 1 per cent per year in the 1890s to a high of more than 4 per cent in the 1920s. It has always carried the burden of growth, providing from 55 per cent (1870s) to 85 per cent (1930s).

When one looks at the state regionally, similar irregularities appear. In 1860, a third of all Californians lived in the San Francisco Bay Area and another third in the Sierra foothill gold country. Less than 5 per cent were in the south coastal region. Today, the Bay Area has shrunk to a fifth, the mountain counties to less than 5 per cent, while the south coast has grown to half.

So much for the past. Today, many of the trends persist. First, California's birth rate remains lower, but only a shade lower, than the nation's, and it has declined, as has the nation's, from a postwar peak in 1957. From this high of almost 25 infants annually per 1,000 persons in California, and just over 25 for the nation, the rate dropped in 1964 to 20.6 for California and 21.7 for the United States. Whether it will rise again within the next few years, when the postwar babies marry, is still uncertain. Californians will probably continue to have slightly smaller families than Americans as a whole.

Second, distribution of growth within the state con-

tinues to deviate widely from the average. Between 1960 and 1965, Orange County on the fringe of Los Angeles grew at 10 per cent per year, while five other counties had a very slight population loss. Four of these counties, in the northern Sierra Nevada, were small. The fifth is San Francisco, city and county, so urban that increasing metropolitan functions leave less and less room for living. Los Angeles County grows at about the rate for the entire state; the San Francisco Bay Area grows more slowly. Suburban counties grow more rapidly. All of these trends are plausible.

Although doubts may be voiced as to the urbanity of California's cities, statistically it is the least rural of the states. Close to 90 per cent of its residents are classed as urban. Among the many causes which could be cited the most obvious is the mechanization and low manpower requirement of its extractive industries. Do not, though, overlook the effect on the great cities of national publicity. With immigration providing the bulk of growth and immigrants educated by press and TV, growth gravitates to massive centers. Everyone in New York has heard of Los Angeles, but how many know of Placerville?

Third, age distribution in California is not as usually imagined: compared to the United States as a whole, California is a little deficient in elderly folk and has a small surplus of young adults.

Fourth, it is commonly thought that migrants be-

come more and more the disadvantaged, the deprived, the poor, who escape from a bad into what they hope will be a better environment. Whether this is so I cannot say. At one time it appeared that immigrants from the Southwest came to the agricultural land of the Central Valley, were only transiently employed, and had to return to the family farm for the winter. They commonly made the seasonal migration for summer farm work several times before developing a niche of stable employment in California. How many times might such an immigrant be counted? In contrast, immigrants from the Northeast were believed to be going to California's cities, already assured of jobs or confident of employment. For example, within a stone's throw of my home, three new families arrived from out of state within a year. But all of these were corporate transfers, and were replacing equal numbers of emigrants. How shall we count these migrants?

In fact, one must hedge today on the patterns of immigration. Assessment of immigrants by automobile has been undertaken, but did the poorest arrive by car? Was the state of previous registration the state of origin, or did the person or family reach California only after several stops along the way? Disregarding these substantial doubts, immigrants today seem to obey reasonable laws of diffusion: more from populous areas, fewer from remote areas. Net annual immigration per 100,000 persons in the area of origin amounts to about 200 for



the eleven Western states, around 75 for the plains, 85 for the Southwest, 25 for the Southeast, 50 for the North Central, and 30 for the Northeastern states.

One pattern that emerges clearly is that the slightly younger California population is being made still younger by immigrants. Those entering the state are rarely elderly. The proportion of persons over 40 years of age is lower than in the state's population. The fraction of immigrants between 20 and 30 is almost twice the fraction of residents of the state in that age group. Children under 5 are also more frequent among immigrants than among residents, but older children, plausibly, are scarcer. The picture, then, is one of immigration of young adults with young children.

In recent years, approximately 60 per cent of the state's growth has been due to immigration, 40 per cent to natural increase. This comes to 1,000 per day net migration, the difference between 2,000 immigrants and 1,000 emigrants. These numbers reflect the high mobility of the American population, the loss among many of them of traditional attitudes about where to live. Americans will go where they are attracted, will leave places which repel them.

At present, however, a decrease is occurring, as shown in the tabulation below.

But one year does not make a decade, much less a century. What comes next? Early last year, a brief press flurry arose when the State Department of Finance, the reputable and competent source of most of my data, released a statement that immigration to the state had ceased. Stopped dead. The test, a neat one, was that the population of school children in the third to the eighth grades was no greater than the population the year before of children in the second to seventh grades. The test is good because no children are born into this group, very few die out of it, very few drop out of school; the only change is due to migration. It assumes only that family patterns do not change rapidly, an assumption justified by experience. A week later the statement was retracted and it was explained that a change had taken place in the manner of assembling the data and that some reports had stuck in the new channels and had been overlooked. Immigration has not, in fact, ceased.

Enough of the present. What of the future? First, note that California cannot continue to grow forever, or even for a very long period, at a greater rate than the nation. Simple arithmetic shows that if California maintains its growth rate at the traditional 3.8 per cent per year and the nation maintains its rate at the 1.6 per cent of 1960, then in about 110 years, say 2070, the populations of both the United States and California would be

about a billion. That is, all Americans would live in California. This seems unlikely.

No one expects such a result. Continuance at 3.8 per cent per year leads to 72 million Californians in the year 2000, 100 million in 2020. But estimates have rarely been for more than 45 million in 2000 and no one cares to project to 2020. Recent projections suggest less growth by century's end, and the State Department of Finance's current projection is for 39 to 42 million.

If there are not to be 72 million Californians at the end of the century, then California's growth rate must diminish. What will cause this to occur? The answer can be given in the form of a truism, and it must be emphasized that this answer is only a truism. It was phrased a few years ago in these terms:

California will stop growing one day because it will have become just as repulsive as the rest of the country.

The phrasing is provocative because of the twofold implications of "repulsive" meaning simply to repel like a magnetic field, but also carrying the sense of "disgusting," "repugnant," "distasteful." Taken at its face value, it says Americans will go where they are attracted, will leave where they are repelled. Today, they are more attracted than repelled by California; the day must come when as many are repelled as attracted.

Chemistry has an analogous term, the "fugacity," the escaping tendency, the tendency to flee. A gas tends to flee from a region of high fugacity to a region of lower fugacity and, as a result, its escaping tendency approaches equality in the two places. All people have tended to escape unhappy environments, to seek better ones. This is one of the essences of humanity. What else is hope? In the past its expression was slow; migration reflected bitter unrest. Today, it is easier.

The analogy suggests only that migration will continue until the escaping tendency is equal everywhere; until, on the average, for each Easterner who sees greener pastures in the West, a Westerner will see them in the East. How fast the adjustment will occur, how fast reaction to a vision of withering pastures will take place, is another matter. Willingness to migrate has been increasing for centuries, but even in the 19th century, migration was not for the timid, the secure, the provident, the affluent; rather it was for the bold, the disinherited, the wastrel, the indigent. Provincialism, ignorance of remote lands, myths of perils along the way, all of these limited equilibration. Today, most Americans see California daily on the TV screen, know that its customs, its hostilities for the itinerant differ but little from those of Maine or South Carolina, and they have a pretty clear notion of job opportunities in Los Angeles and San Jose. "If you think California is the promised land, fly out this weekend and

Year	Population (millions)	Natural Increase (thousands)	Net Immigration (thousands)	Growth Rate, per cent per year		
				Calif.	U. S.	Calif. minus U.S.
1960	15.6	240	370			
1963	17.3	230	370	4.0	1.6	2.4
1966	19.2	(220)*	(230)	3.7	1.6	2.1
				(2.3)	(1.1)	(1.2)

*Numbers in parentheses are tentative.

have a look. But be back for work Monday!" Or case the entire state next vacation.

By and large, it is inescapable that equilibration is more rapid today than yesterday. If the fugacity relative to the rest of the country has not changed, then migration should have increased. Since it has not, the attractive force of California must be dropping.

A reasonable corollary of this combination of increasing mobility and decreasing difference in escaping tendency is that migration will not dwindle slowly, in a "normal" fashion, but rather will drop quite precipitately, "abnormally."

This does not mean that every American is on the move. What concerns us is marginal mobility. Correspondingly, if California becomes repulsive, not all residents will be repelled. Some are immune to smog, many are protected against most aspects of repulsiveness. But the quite few marginally mobile people reflect and influence social and economic conditions and cannot, therefore, be ignored.

If growth will end with nationally uniform repulsiveness (and attractiveness), what is the anatomy of repulsiveness and attractiveness? A host of visions comes to mind. On the one hand: roses and sunshine in December, cool fog in summer, picnicking without rain, sunny beaches, magnificent mountains, coast lines, forests, vast empty lands, all near at hand; action, the metropolis of glamour always in the very pupil of the public eye; the metropolis of beauty, ringed by sea, hills and bay; great universities. But on the other: crowded, stinking, smarting air, crowded highways, whether at weekend's close or workday's end; crowded schools, crowded prisons, crowded sewers; exorbitant taxes, instability, cranks and extremism from wing to wing; dissension, incipient revolution, unrest, unrest, unrest! Did everyone who went to California go because he couldn't get along with his neighbors?

Visions and knowledge of nearer places also swing the balance. What makes the climate of the Northeast repulsive? Those midweek winter storms, when you must shovel the driveway and hit the road in the gloom! Our grandparents stayed in and read "Snowbound"; we must go to work. Where have the water shortages been close to home? In the East.

At the base of all of this must lie jobs. A man does have to make a living. Where are the jobs? Are the space age contractors hiring? Fifteen thousand new openings at Lockheed, in Sunnyvale on the San Francisco peninsula, mean 15,000 new employees, 30,000 new dependents, and perhaps another 25,000 workers, and their 50,000 dependents, to supply and distribute goods and services to the entire 120,000.

The greatest determinant of immigration must be the assurance, the realistic prospect or the vision of employment. Unemployment is higher in California than nationally. One of Governor Reagan's first campaign promises was that he would do better at creating new jobs than had Governor Brown. But, transparently, if he does create new jobs, resident Californians will not have a prior right to them. New jobs will create new immigrants. The only thing proved by high unemployment

in California is that the state is still more attractive, less repulsive, than the rest of the country. The mobile American will still take a greater chance on being unemployed in California than elsewhere. This, too, will change.

Three years ago, a conference entitled "Man in California, 1980's" spent two days on the almost insuperable problems facing California in the next two decades: polluted air with the prospect of \$2 billion a year to be spent merely to maintain the present distressing status, polluted water, growing imbalance in water supply; agriculture disappearing under suburbs, deteriorating urban transport and an unremitting struggle to improve highway transport; overcrowded parks, littered beaches, vanishing wildlife; urban slums, a perennial focus of unemployment; increasing crime, disturbed minds. All of these typical American phenomena, the discussion made quite clear, were to be most severe in California because of California's unremitting growth. The last act of the conference was to present a most convincing outline of the enormous task involved in attracting new industry to California, burdened by high taxes, long hauls, restrictive legislation. And yet, by virtue of the extraordinary competence of those searching for new industry, complete success on this score was to be expected. So here we have it: entire agreement that the state's problems are associated with its growth, and yet growth must be maintained. Do we conclude that a fate worse than an environment in ruins is an economy in ruins?

Growth means new jobs and new jobs mean growth. On this merry-go-round, which is cart and which is horse? And what drives the merry-go-round?

It must be suspected that claims on the national economy drive the state's economy. If California can buy from the nation what it wants, first with gold, then wheat, then citrus fruits, then retirements, then oil, then movies, tourism and entertainment, California can grow. But the gold is gone; the wheat has given way to barley to feed livestock consumed in California; Florida and Texas competition is rough on citrus; the subdivisions creep over the Class I crop land; Florida and Arizona have the retirement market; the oil is dwindling, natural gas is imported from Texas and Alberta; movies are made elsewhere; Californians spend as much outside California on vacation as outsiders spend in California; only a small portion of entertainment receipts is spent in California. What, then, is left?

Three items: First, cash receipts from agriculture are still great. Second, more of California's industrial needs are being provided locally; California needs less per capita from outside. Third, California's immigrants bring credit from the East and an insatiable appetite to consume. California has sold its resources, now it is selling its future.

"Foster City—Lagoon Living, 3 bedrooms de luxe, \$31,750, \$233.27 per month, taxes and insurance included, for 35 years." To the end of the century.

"How much is this mountain side (with a narrow overlook of Lake Tahoe)?" "\$700 an acre." "But last year that Saxon Creek land sold for \$350." "\$350 last year, \$700 this year; isn't that about right?"

As long as the immigration continues, California can continue on the merry-go-round, can continue to live in

the land of the Red Queen. But the Red Queen is debt, and she is in splendid running condition. How long will the race last?

The answer is easy. So long as Eastern creditors believe California's growth will continue. If a state has a housing industry growing at the interest rate (say, 3.8 per cent per year) and financed from outside, then for the first amortization cycle of 25 years the region receives more credit, can buy more from outsiders, than it has to return in monthly payments. After a full cycle of payments, each month's payments just provide the credit for next month's new starts. But when growth slackens, the monthly payments will be more than the credit advanced for the current starts. And when the growth stops, credit for new houses becomes zero, but the payments will continue for another 25 years. The assumptions that the housing industry grows at the interest rate and is financed from outside are not quite true, but each of them is close enough to outline an ominous picture. When the growth stops, what will California do to pay its way, to buy what it needs from the other states, in addition to paying off its mortgage holders in those states? And if householders come to be without jobs,

will foreclosure help creditors? Will the householders already have emigrated or, still in occupancy, will they offer to protect the house from the neighborhood kids if the title holder pays a nominal watchman's fee?

The forecasts of California's growth are self-fulfilling forecasts. As long as they are believed, growth will continue. When they become incredible, growth will end. The mistaken announcement last February that growth had ceased was a remarkable act of bureaucratic integrity. If the statisticians had, in fact, decided that growth was about to end, would growth have ended?

Look now at the record of housing starts, of savings and loans failures, of residential vacancies. In spite of this record, which is disturbing, if we may judge from the level of unemployment, which remains high, California is not yet repulsive.

Finally, it has also been said that when growth ends in California, the party out of power will be congratulating itself for a decade. So the final questions remain. What was Governor Brown thinking of when, after that dead political campaign, he conceded the election to Ronald Reagan? And how can California remain attractive without attracting its ruin?

INDIA CAMPAIGNS

Cows, Corruption & Demonstrations

**LLOYD I. RUDOLPH and
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Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, both of whom teach political science at the University of Chicago, are presently in India as Faculty Fellows of the American Institute of Indian Studies. They are joint authors of The Modernity of Tradition: Political Development in India, to be published by the University of Chicago in the spring.

Delhi

The cold weather has come to Delhi. The farmers and herdsmen along the Ring Road wear heavy wool cloaks pulled over their heads, the young men congregating in front of the Regal Cinema sport thick, fuzzy hand-woven sweaters. Middle-class householders huddle before small electric heaters and the poor before smoldering fires of wood shavings and cow-dung cakes in tiny braziers. With the cold weather has come election fever. Members of Parliament have left the capital for their constituencies; ministers must postpone less urgent decisions to tour the states. The national dailies devote large space to special reports from the states, and the director of India's Institute of Public Opinion writes columns predicting the election's outcome on the basis of survey data.

The level of excitement seems even higher than in the months before India's previous three elections. Larger, more numerous problems, and a serious case of hyper-politicization have raised the capital's chronic sense of crisis to new heights.

Food heads the list of problems, though what its effect will be on the election is difficult to predict; the

Congress Party will be blamed for the scarcity and high cost of food but will get credit for relieving the distress caused by an unkind nature. It was another drought year, not nearly so bad as the year before when annual average rainfall over large sections of the country dropped to the lowest level in sixty years, but bad enough. The Minister for Food and Agriculture, C. Subramaniam, has indicated that food production may go up from last season's disastrous 72 million tons to 80 or even 85 million tons, a considerable improvement though still well below the 88 million tons grown in 1964-65.

The minimum required to feed the country in 1966-67 will be about 90 million tons, leaving a gap of from 5 to 10 million tons to be filled by imports. The annual addition of 12 million persons to the half billion total population places agriculture—and family planning—at the forefront of the nation's problems.

The 1966-67 shortage is regional, affecting Bihar and eastern Uttar Pradesh. President Johnson's widely reported delay in authorizing food shipments under the Food for Peace Act was for a time linked in the local press to his alleged displeasure at Indian criticism of U. S. policy in Vietnam. This strengthened the argument of those critical of American pressure and "interference." When Washington explained that its reluctance turned on a desire to internationalize India's food problem, its stock made a small recovery. The Administration's claim that it was also holding back food until it was satisfied that India was making a maximum effort to become self-sufficient was hard to criticize but no less resented. Be-

ing a beggar was bad enough, but proving oneself a worthy beggar was worse. The country has shown maximum concern for some years now; the government has raised the level and proportion of agricultural investment markedly, and multiplied and expanded programs. But there are no panaceas or overnight solutions in food production.

The inability of the central government to procure the small food surpluses that exist in a few states troubles Indians who worry about the increasing power and independence of state governments. A cartoon in a major daily showed central government ministers preparing a check list: "Let's see. We'll go to Canada, the U.S., the USSR, and—oh yes, Andhra." Better cooperation from Andhra and other surplus states would relieve, but could by no means solve, the problem. The whole of the estimated internal "surplus" comes, at best, to 1.8 million tons. It will, of course, be sold and eaten but not always by those who most need it.

The two pre-election sessions of Parliament spent some time on the food crisis, but the events that attracted most attention were the opposition's sweeping attack on corruption in the Congress government and the cabinet crisis that ensued when Home Minister G. L. Nanda was replaced as a result of the cow-slaughter agitation. In the monsoon session which ended in early September, the opposition gave government an unprecedented battering. Key cabinet ministers were attacked for tampering with steel licenses or favoring former law clients; Mrs. Gandhi was accused of accepting a mink coat from a shipping magnate, a charge later withdrawn. Outside the doors of Parliament an unending series of demonstrations by opposition parties and organized interest groups, from Communists demanding the government's resignation over high prices to goldsmiths demanding an end to the ban on the manufacture of 24 carat gold ornaments, forcefully reminded legislators of the public's distress. Prices, up 15 per cent in the past year, had made inflation a potentially explosive issue.

When the winter session convened in November, it seemed that the outer limits of public demonstration and criticism of government had been reached. But the scheduling of two further agitations, one by *sadhus* (holy men) to achieve a complete ban on cow slaughter, and one by students to air their grievances, raised political pressure still higher. The mishandling of the *sadhus'* demonstration was followed by the badly managed attempt by Mrs. Gandhi to shuffle her cabinet. Some say these events are only the usual indications of an approaching general election; the opposition is preparing its ground and the charges and demonstrations are part of the campaign. Others think the attacks reflect a deeper malaise.

Charges of corruption against the Congress Party are an old story in India; they go back at least to 1937, when popular governments took full charge in the provinces. Indians, like most peoples, relish political gossip and scandal; at the same time they hold public men to such high standards of probity as to make indiscriminate accusation easy. What is new this year is the shift from the usual target, the state governments, to the central

government. It is unlikely that the present cabinet ministers are any less honest than their predecessors. Mr. Nehru lost two senior colleagues, Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari and Minister for Oil and Fuels, K. D. Malaviya, after Parliamentary accusations and subsequent investigations. Three state chief ministers whom he supported suffered a similar fate. Mrs. Gandhi has so far lost none, although the attacks have drawn blood and may yet result in resignations. But even if the present cabinet is no worse than those that went before, and may contain a higher concentration of administrative talent, the country for some reason feels its leadership less worthy of respect and support.

The present cabinet members are more vulnerable than those under Nehru. Those holding important portfolios lack the honorable scars of jail-ridden years in the nationalist movement. Parliament does not accord them the



respect of founding fathers. They are attacked more viciously, and do not defend themselves with the self-confidence or self-righteousness of their predecessors. Mrs. Gandhi lacks the combativeness, Parliamentary skill and short temper of her father, who often waded in to defend a beleaguered colleague.

The appearance in Parliament of representatives speaking for a new spirit of Populist radicalism has also changed its atmosphere. The Samyukta Socialist Party (SSP), centered mainly in northern India, dedicated to a rigorous and indiscriminating egalitarianism, and manned by a flock of unruly M.P.s did most of the damage during the monsoon session, seizing the initiative from the old radicals, the Communist Party of India (CPI) and the Jan Sangh.

There is much talk in Delhi of the decline of Parliamentary dignity and much concern for the effect this may have on political conduct generally. The SSP regards Parliament as a slow-moving and ineffectual talking shop; they find "struggle"—demonstrations and direct action—more congenial and believe that it is more apt to yield results. The party is fiercely inimical to anything that smacks of privilege or un-Indian ways. In a recent defa-

mation suit (against *Time* for attributing to him scurrilous remarks concerning Madame Pandit's beauty that he claims not to have uttered), Dr. Ramanohar Lohia, the SSP's leader, made plain that he had regarded Jawaharlal Nehru as excessively sympathetic to the British. Lohia's charge was aimed more at Nehru's style, his Harrow-Cambridge manner, his cosmopolitanism and scientific impatience with what he regarded as parochialism and obscurantism, than at his nationalist record. Members of Lohia's party are apt to make a minister who answers in English repeat himself in Hindi. They launch campaigns against statues of Queen Victoria and other impedimenta of the late British *raj*. They demand to know why government is giving money to a postgraduate institution which allows students to write Ph.D. theses on such valueless topics as President Hoover's views on public administration and, what is more, to do so in English. And Dr. Lohia, while deploring in Parliament the burning of cars during the *sadhu* demonstration, attacked the motorists' arrogance and lack of respect for pedestrians.

SSP members do worry about the poor and the dispossessed, the marginal tenant, the untouchable landless laborer, the petty clerk in city or town, living on a fixed salary. While the party is not taken seriously as an alternative government federally or in the states and will not poll a large vote nationally, when Dr. Lohia speaks of the international conspiracy against the egalitarian movement, he strikes a responsive chord in many breasts. The SSP summons up a vision of the late 19th-century Southern and Midwestern Populism which damned as exploitative and un-American the banks, striped pants and Anglicized ways of the East Coast.

Concern over the decline of Parliamentary proprieties is matched by concern over the increase in urban political demonstrations at the expense of constituted channels for political participation. Everybody expects that in Calcutta periodic street demonstrations will be organized by trade unions of various leftist shades, by students and by the CPI. Lately the *hartal*, a popular strike to close shops and other public services in sympathy with some cause or another, has been replaced by the *bandh* (from *bandh karo*, to close) which is more sweeping. Moreover, the *bandhs* are affecting not only Calcutta, which had a (peaceful) two-day super *bandh* in September, but also Bombay, traditionally more staid in its politics, and other cities. The demonstrations before Parliament during the monsoon and winter sessions were massive street marches rather than *bandhs*. The Right (Moscow) CPI brought as many as 100,000 marchers to Delhi, mostly from nearby states but some from those more distant. There has been speculation that the money required to finance this grand and somewhat artful affair came in part from Moscow. It is doubtful that Moscow agrees with its principal slogan, "Indira Government Resign," although its slow and niggardly response to India's request for emergency food aid (200,000 tons), and the postponement of Premier Kosygin's visit until after the election, has raised the question. However, the Kremlin may very well have been interested in strengthening the Right CPI against the Peking-oriented Left CPI. When a reporter at a press conference asked the general secre-

tary of the Right CPI if the party was opposed to the political and material support being extended to the Gandhi government by Moscow, he failed to answer.

To the general confusion surrounding Communist motives and purposes was added the macabre affair of the obscene posters (concerning Mrs. Gandhi) which, on the day of the Right CPI march, were placed about Delhi. All parties denied responsibility, and *Blitz*, the muck-raking leftist weekly, blamed it on the CIA.

Behind the increase in *bandhs* and other forms of direct action lies the reality of great hardship for the urban salariat and enhanced malnutrition in the countryside. The drought made food scarce and expensive, while devaluation in the context of stagnant production has driven up the price of consumer goods. Government efforts to distribute food in the cities at controlled prices has alleviated but by no means solved the problems. Dealers operating fair-price shops are often without supplies of wheat or rice, which are available elsewhere at black-market prices. City dwellers on fixed small incomes and villagers living in the backwaters of food deficit states feel the pinch sharply. It remains to be seen whether their distress will send them to the polls and, if it does, whether they will vote against the Congress, increasingly the apparent source of emergency work and food.

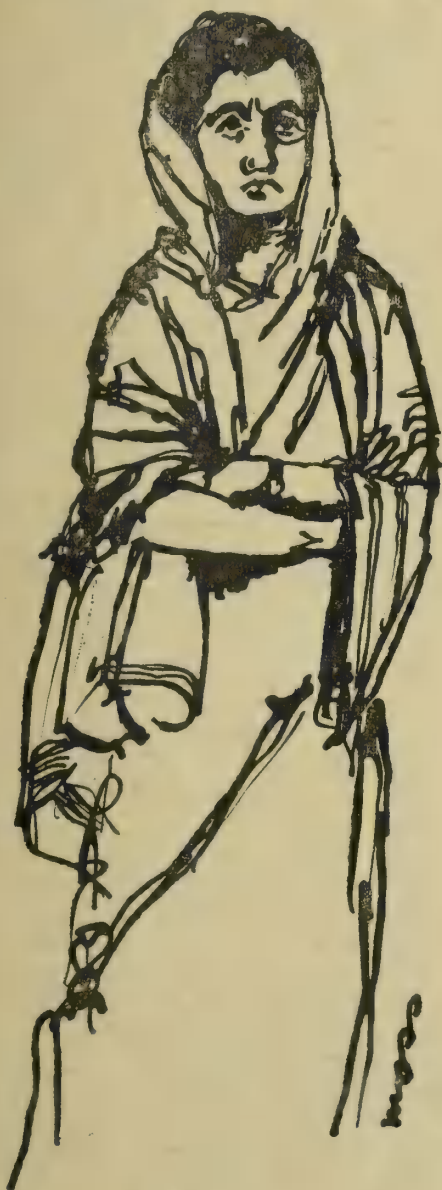
Until the violent outcome of the cow-slaughter demonstration, Delhi and the states had pursued a mild policy toward various forms of direct action, attempting to control violence but not, for the most part, forbidding marches and *bandhs*. The Right Communists received permission to use the capital's huge Ramlila Ground, generally reserved for public meetings and religious festivals, to pitch their tents and assemble marchers during the week before the grand demonstration. L. P. Singh, the able secretary to the Home Ministry, traveled to Calcutta in anticipation of the super *bandh*, to advise the West Bengal government to use restraint. The policy of moderation arose out of the realization that many of the grievances were real and widely shared. The leaders also calculated that, in face of the impending general elections, they could only hurt themselves by giving demonstrators the additional grievance of "police brutality."

The *sadhus* and their unruly friends caused the government to reverse its earlier lenient policy. The former Defense Minister, Mr. Chavan, known for combining judiciousness with firmness, replaced Home Minister Nanda, who was felt to be insufficiently resolute. The students, who were next in line for a major demonstration, were put on notice to cancel their plans. The preventive measures, which included closing all colleges, stationing police at the borders of Delhi, and the arrest of the M.P.s who promised to lead the students, were so effective that only a handful remained to shout slogans and be arrested. Greater firmness seems to have restored public confidence in the government's will and ability to maintain law and order and to resist coercive tactics. The government, in turn, seems to have concluded that firmness is less damaging politically than it feared.

The test of these perceptions and resolutions was not long in coming. Mass demonstrations, followed by rioting, broke out in Andhra to force a commitment from

the central government that it would build India's fifth giant public sector steel plant there. The *shankaracharya* of Puri temple, formerly a leading member of a reactionary Hindu party (the Ram Rajya Parishad), undertook a fast unto death on behalf of an assurance from the government that it would ban all forms of cow slaughter. At about the same time, Sant (Saint) Fateh Singh, a Muslim convert to Sikhism and political leader of the Akali Dal, a community party, announced that he would immolate himself in the Golden Temple, the Sikh St. Peter's, unless the government agreed to turn over to the newly formed Sikh-majority state of Chandigarh the Le Corbusier-designed capital of the undivided Punjab, the Bakhra Dam (highest in India) and certain disputed enclaves. In none of these instances did the government give in, although Mrs. Gandhi's eleventh-hour agreement, at the request of the chief ministers of Punjab and Haryana, to arbitrate the Sant's demands, appeared to some too high a price to pay for saving his life.

The *sadhus'* demonstration and the ensuing violence



Indira Gandhi

weakened the government in the short run but may have strengthened it for the future. Mrs. Gandhi's response to the government's humiliation before Parliament was to use the occasion to strengthen her cabinet. Central to her purpose was dropping Gulzarilal Nanda, the Home Minister. Twice Acting Prime Minister and the most senior of her cabinet colleagues, he is also patron of a national *sadhu* organization and a true believer in cow protection. His decision not to bar *sadhus* from the Parliamentary area looked, in retrospect, most unwise.

Dropping Nanda put portfolios in motion and Mrs. Gandhi moved to settle a few other problems as well. Finance Minister Sachin Chaudhuri and Commerce Minister Manubhai Shah had been warring ever since devaluation was announced in June, 1966. To drop antagonistic colleagues and adopt a strong line of policy in this vital area seemed Mrs. Gandhi's intention. But on this occasion, her decisiveness proved her undoing. When news of the contemplated changes reached the press, both the attempt to replace Nanda with Chavan and to remove the warring economic ministers were blocked by political pressures from within the party and the cabinet and from the state parties.

In the event, she overcame the resistance to Chavan's appointment but not to other changes. Not having gained the support or acquiescence of key political figures, and without the kind of close security that so sensitive a political maneuver requires until it has been successfully executed, Mrs. Gandhi acted too quickly and too much in the open. She may have overestimated her freedom of action; if so, the result narrowed it still further, at least for the short run, by lowering her prestige, reducing her authority and tarnishing her image. But she is the stronger by Mr. Chavan.

The resurgence of opponents who find Congress too secular and insufficiently nationalist has, in recent years, become increasingly apparent. The assassination of Gandhi, at the height of the Hindu-Muslim killing which followed partition, by a Hindu who thought him soft on Pakistan and Muslims, did much to discredit all parties and organizations that favored a strong Hindu state. Nehru, too, always regarded Hindu communalism as one of the greatest dangers to India. His views, policies and actions did much to discourage it among his colleagues in Congress and to create a public ideology against it. But Gandhi died in 1948; Nehru in 1964. The war with Pakistan has clothed anti-Muslim symbolism with the respectability of national struggle against a foreign enemy. The Jan Sangh, a less fanatic and more secular version of the earlier Hindu communal parties, benefited from this Hindu resurgence in the 1962 election, and is likely to gain again in the northern, Hindi-speaking states.

The anti-cow-slaughter demonstrations are part of this Hindu revival. There are good reasons to suppose that the furor was supported, if not directly organized, by the Hindu political parties, who recognize the electoral appeal. But a much broader group supported the cow protectors, including Congressmen. The Congress Parliamentary Party, just before the *sadhus'* march, urged the government to press states that had not done so to ban cow slaughter. The new Home Minister, Mr. Chavan,



like Nanda before him, has urged the same. The cow is a basic issue, a symbol of Hinduism in danger from the forces of secularism and modernity. The cow's defense helps mobilize India's latest potential for religious fundamentalism and revivalism. William Jennings Bryan's stand on behalf of Genesis against Darwin in the Scopes trial is the most recent American equivalent that can help to evoke the context in which such battles are fought. It is difficult for politicians to resist such fundamentalist currents frontally, and few in India are doing so. Still, a good many ministers and state governments are aware that the constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court prohibits a total ban on slaughter. Article 48 of the non-justiciable Directive Principles provides that "the state shall endeavor to organize agriculture and animal husbandry on modern and scientific lines and shall, in particular, take steps for preserving and improving the breeds, and prohibiting the slaughter, of cows and calves and other milch and draught cattle." Efforts in the constituent assembly to narrow this language by confining animals eligible for protection to "useful" ones or to broaden it by listing bulls and bullocks were defeated.

Agriculture being a state concern, it was left to the various states to implement these "directives." Four have no legislation after seventeen years, while others have drawn the terms of protection rather narrowly. The "cow wallahs" now want the central government, through constitutional amendment and legislation, to do what the constituent assembly in 1949 refused to do: prohibit absolutely the killing of cattle.

Political support for a total ban is less strong than the events of November 7, and the publicity given to the

fasts of the *shankaracharya* of Puri and other holy men, suggest. Indian non-Hindu minorities, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs and tribal peoples, constituting about one-fifth of the population, do not hold the cow sacred. Nor have India's scheduled castes (untouchables), one-seventh of the total population, any special regard for the cow or those who fight its cause. Indeed, Swami Karpatri, the *shankaracharya* of Puri's chief in the Ram Rajya Parishad (God's Rule Party) and a key organizer of the November 7 demonstration, fasted some years ago to bar untouchables from a temple in Benares. Congress' increased vulnerability to "cow wallah" pressure is related to its declining fortunes in the Hindu heartland where religious revivalism makes its strongest appeal. In the other three-fifths of the country, the rimland that encircles the Hindi heartland, greater prosperity and education provide support for the secular principles laid down in the constitution and given expression during Nehru's seventeen years as Prime Minister.

Despite evidence of widespread and organized discontent, it seems certain that Congress will capture a majority of seats in the lower house of the Parliament, and quite likely that it will win legislative majorities or be able to form governments in fourteen of India's sixteen states. At the same time, this election, fourth since independence, should mark the end of Congress' dominant role in the Indian political system. Whether Congress can survive transition from a dominant to a majority party, and if it does whether it can govern vigorously and effectively enough to revive the pace of national development, staggered by two wars, two droughts and the

deaths of two Prime Ministers, are some of the important questions that this election will help answer. The challenge to the opposition parties is equally great; can they, after fifteen years in the wilderness, often as satellites of political tendencies in the Congress, use creatively and responsibly the increased power they will gain?

According to estimates by the Indian Institute of Public Opinion, Congress' proportion of the popular vote for members of Parliament, never more than 47 per cent in previous elections and 44.7 in the last, is likely to fall to 40 per cent in this one. Its vote in state assembly elections, institute forecasts indicate, will go a shade lower.

In previous elections Congress won 70 per cent or more of the seats in Parliament and legislative majorities in the states with less than half of the popular vote because the opposition was divided in ways that enabled more Congress than opposition candidates to win with pluralities rather than majorities. Of 491 Parliamentary contests in 1962, sixty-nine involved two candidates, 141 three, 126 four, and 155 five or more. The Communist Party of India, the Praja Socialist Party (PSP) and the Samyukta Socialist Party to the Congress left, and the Jan Sangh and Swatantra parties to its right often were as interested in defeating one another as they were in defeating Congress. In multi-cornered contests, Congress' nationalist heritage, its association with the names of Gandhi and Nehru, its identification with government and the allocation of resources, and its superior all-India organizational capability gave it a marked advantage.

The opposition's opportunity to do better in this election lies in the capacity of its various parties to make electoral arrangements that will result in the Congress facing fewer opponents in most constituencies. Given a decline in Congress' popular support, the higher level of consolidation among its electoral opponents and the fact that eighty-seven of the 361 seats it won in 1962 were "marginal," a loss of seventy seats seems likely. S. K. Patil, Congress boss in Bombay, predicted in mid-December that the party would lose 20 to 25 per cent of its seats. The opposition parties may gain by a higher percentage, since the seats in the lower house have been increased from 496 to 520. By the same token, net Congress losses may be lower, depending upon how the new

seats are divided among government and opposition parties.

The absence of a nationally united opposition reflects the incompatibility of Congress' opponents and the capacity of Congress to forge a national consensus. Some find Congress too Socialist, while others find it insufficiently so. Its "mixed" economic policy builds through planned development an ever-larger public sector, restrains but does not discourage a lively private sector, and ministers to a massive peasant sector. By these means it assimilates, partly through design, partly through inadvertence, almost the whole political spectrum.

It seems likely that in this election, as in the previous three, to him that hath shall be given. Those who control the government, its prestige, power and resources, have an advantage in competitive democratic politics and nowhere more so than in India. There are still peasants who believe that British *raj* has been replaced by Congress *raj*, and give it the respect to which the government is entitled. Businessmen who might prefer more conservative policies realize that Congress will win again and wish to retain some influence over economic policy and allocation of licenses and foreign exchange. And there is a tendency, more apparent in some states than in others, to use administrative discretion in the allocation of resources and patronage to favor the governing party, a phenomenon not unknown to the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. If there is a lack of enthusiasm for Congress among intellectuals, the modern middle classes and organized public opinion generally, it remains true that the party retains the support of that vast voting public not easily visible to the modern political eye, the propertied peasants who dominate the countryside and the state governments.

For Mrs. Gandhi, however, the 1967 election will be a critical test. The more seats Congress loses, the less her chances are of staying on as Prime Minister. Kamarah Nadar, the powerful and taciturn president of the Congress Party, has had a larger voice than she in the selection of party nominees; these men are more likely to follow his than Mrs. Gandhi's lead in the selection of the party's Parliamentary leader after the election. Her political future is very much at stake.

CURRAN'S NMU

Headquarters vs. the Men at Sea

DORIAN J. FLIEGEL

Mr. Fliegel, now studying in the field of contemporary American social problems at Amherst College, has worked and traveled for a total of six months aboard merchant ships.

The 45,000-man National Maritime Union is the largest American union for unlicensed seamen. For these men, spread out around the world on their ships, seafaring is a job in which it is physically impossible to escape the conditions of work. The union is their primary means

of relating to society; it is also their primary source of frustration. I have listened to the problems of seamen while working with them. The sense of powerlessness they feel toward their working lives is profound. The seamen are cynical about the "one party-one man" administration of Joseph Curran, now in his thirtieth year as the only president the union has ever known. They realize that the union is not democratically run. They believe their officials are more concerned with personal power and loyalty to Curran than with the

well-being of the membership. That is the voice one hears from the rank and file on the ships.

If the seamen have accepted the situation, they have done so because the union has absolute power over their economic lives, and because they believe, in the final analysis, that the system is delivering the most that they can expect. But rank-and-file discontent is not without its representatives. Last spring, five men opposed the Curran administration in the NMU national elections and were defeated. Under the provisions of the Landrum-Griffin Labor Reform Act of 1959, they immediately filed protests with the Secretary of Labor, charging fraud. Accordingly, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz has filed action in the New York Federal Court, seeking to upset the election. The Labor Department's case takes notice of the charges of election irregularities, but concentrates on a provision in the NMU constitution which restricts candidacy for national office to members who have already served in certain designated posts—a provision which reduces the pool of possible candidates to 400, or less than 1 per cent of the membership. The suit notes further that 4,800 seamen were at sea during the period when nominating papers could be filed, and that 2,400 were at sea at the time of the election, with no provision made for them to cast absentee ballots.

Striking back vigorously, Curran claims that the union is being persecuted for its dispute with the government over maritime policy, and holds that the eligibility rule for national office is only a realistic recognition of the need for basic experience. He concludes by observing that, under Landrum-Griffin, the conditions of the workman have advanced much too far toward those prevailing in the Soviet Union, and that "the right of free men in a free labor movement is at stake."

One of the five unsuccessful candidates, James M. Morrissey, has not been content to wait for court action. Morrissey began in August to write and distribute his own newspaper, *The Call*. His program asks for a return of the NMU to democracy through rank-and-file control, and his openly declared strategy during the summer was that the opposition should organize for the NMU's 14th National Convention, then two months away.

On September 14, two weeks before the convention, Morrissey was attacked by three large men with lead pipes, who beat him and broke his skull. He had just left NMU national headquarters, the Joseph Curran Building in New York. Morrissey's "Open Letter to All Convention Delegates," urging them to gain control by rejecting the Curran-appointed committee members, was not well circulated. His message went unheeded.

The national convention, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore October 3-6, was a complete victory for the administration. Curran handled the job of chairman so well that the revolt, if it existed, never materialized. He used his personal toughness and his well-coordinated administrative organization to get passed exactly what he wanted and only what he wanted.

Since I had recently been on an NMU ship, the unanimity at the Commodore astonished me. If there was any opposition among the seamen, their delegates did not

present it. The issues generated by the Curran administration were distant from the concerns seamen express to one another in the fo'c'sles and mess rooms.

Precisely because conditions at sea are still rugged and perilous, because they exact a psychological price in the monotony and abnormality of the life, because men exhibit at close range the most vicious kinds of pettiness, the values of equality and human dignity become vital. The NMU, built in the tradition of radical trade unionism, was organized around these values.

Seamen, who have always been shortchanged by society, have a direct sense of what has happened to them. They understand the importance of the union. Since its founding in 1937, wages, conditions and the public image of the merchant seaman have all improved. From 1936 to 1954 alone, base wages increased fivefold, the basic work load decreased 30 per cent, and living conditions improved from the inhuman to the tolerable. At the same time, the number of married seamen increased from 8 per cent to 64 per cent. Today the NMU likes to picture the modern seaman as a suburban family man.

Few union movements have so altered the bleak conditions of work, but the initial conditions were so miserable that the spectacular success of the union has brought the merchant seamen only up to the level of shore-side trade unionists. "Old-timers" who remember working conditions during the depression have become the exception. The majority of the men on the ships today are concerned primarily with what their union is now achieving, and what it has become. In this context the questions of wages and union structure are most important.

A remarkable letter from the crew of the tanker *S.S. Texaco Nevada*, addressed to Curran and circulated among the crews of other NMU ships last July, started a flurry of rank-and-file discussion. The letter begins:

We have gotten no report on wages and overtime review from our agents and patrolman, who claim they know nothing about it. We want a wage and overtime increase. Since 1961 there have been two social security increases, dues increase, and constant cost of living rise without increase in take home pay.

Since 1961 NMU seamen have worked under a contract which has a number of soft spots from their point of view and which does not expire until 1969. Seamen have not had an increase of take-home pay in five years. Yearly percentage wage increases specified under the contract have not been paid to them, but have gone directly into a general twenty-year pension fund for which many members cannot qualify. Base wages are extremely low. On nonpassenger ships, for example, one-third of the crew, men with the lowest ratings such as ordinary seaman and messman, are paid \$300 per month. After they pay union dues, the base earnings of these men for a forty-hour week are close to the minimum wage.

Figures first made available in detail to the rank and file in Morrissey's paper show that the West Coast maritime unions secured contracts in 1966 that prescribed base pay running in many cases \$100 to \$200 more per month. In these contracts the overtime which the NMU members must work extra for, and often do not get, is automatically guaranteed and computed within the base



Joseph Curran

pay. Finally, these contracts include higher overtime rates and specify still higher wage levels for 1968, a year before the present NMU contract runs out.

In the light of such facts, what particularly embitters NMU seamen is the class difference between them and their union officials, whose salaries and privileges have wonderfully mounted. At a salary of \$86,000, on which the NMU pays full taxes, Curran ranks second among union executives to Jimmy Hoffa, and the NMU is twenty times smaller than the Teamsters. Curran also has a personal chauffeur at \$13,000 per year, and a personal assistant, William Perry, who runs the national office in Curran's absence (frequent), with a salary and expense account that total more than \$30,000. Members are further outraged by the expensive building program the union has undertaken and by the hierarchy of union officials with salaries in the \$20,000 range, large expense accounts, new Lincoln Continentals and pension, severance and strike pay plans that dwarf benefits received by working seamen.

Even at this high price, the situation might be acceptable if the rank and file had a sense that their officials were truly their representatives. But the trend of the last fifteen years, with the polarization of power around Curran and in the national office, has resulted, seamen fear, in a hierarchy of officials who owe loyalty only to Curran. A major issue has become the question of patrolmen.

When a ship returns to home port, the union patrolman comes aboard to settle any disputes which may have developed between the crew and the company during the course of the voyage, and to do union business. Until

1963, patrolmen were elected by the membership in each port. Curran charged that this system led to "irresponsible" men winning office, and initiated a successful move to have the patrolmen appointed by the president. One of his primary examples of the need for an appointive system was the case of Joseph Padilla, an elected patrolman who used his position to campaign against the union administration in 1962. Padilla claims he was physically beaten in that campaign while attempting to speak aboard a ship, and his suit against the union is still tied up in the courts. Padilla, who ran for national office in the last election, is also one of those who are now protesting the results.

In the letter from the *S.S. Texaco Nevada* the crew states: "It is a well-known fact that our Patrolmen have little interest in settling beefs, since he is no longer an elected official. Which may be beside the point but nevertheless is true."

But it is not beside the point. The allegiance of the patrolman is vital, for in his person the union structure meets the rank and file at the job. A patrolman has a great deal to say about whether a man is in good standing with the union, even whether he can remain on the ship. Seamen can remember too many shipmates who lost their jobs for being militant in their criticism of the union. For example, Morrissey himself first became disenchanted with union officials when in 1953, while serving as patrolman, he was given an order to fire a boatswain who had been critical of the union leadership.

Why then did the concerns of the men at sea about the undemocratic structure of their union, the weak contract, the class privileges of the officers, and the need for more democratic structures not penetrate the convention? Curran has built an effective organization which excludes criticism from within. Furthermore, his definition of union policy is itself a defense of the system he has organized. Any successful rank-and-file movement must recognize it as such and answer it.

In his opening address to the convention Curran laid down the basis of his policy. The American merchant marine faces an ominous future. Since World War II it has declined from first to sixth place among the maritime nations of the world. It now carries less than 9 per cent of the country's foreign commerce. One of the main factors in this decline is the device of "runaway flags" whereby American-owned ships are registered abroad to avoid American wages and taxes. This practice has put Liberia ahead of the United States in the size of its merchant marine, with Panama and Honduras close behind.

Union leadership, wishing to reverse this decline, has altered its traditional economic tactics, which once centered around the strike. As Curran states: "We want gains in our contracts, but we have to make sure first that we have jobs to apply these contracts to. We have a vital stake in the preservation and well-running of our industry." On this basis, Curran describes the extension of the contract of 1961 until 1969 as a major achievement in labor-management relations.

Curran's strategy has defined neither the government nor the shipowners as an enemy, but calls simply for tougher government restrictions against "runaway" ship-



ping, and a broader-based subsidy for American ship operators. According to NMU officials the major problem the union faces is the indifference and ignorance of the public and the government.

Thus the Curran administration sees its task primarily in terms of political action. To this end Curran has linked the NMU program with the welfare of the nation through a rigid anti-Communist position. He points to the rise of the Soviet merchant marine, which is already larger than that of the United States, and at its present rate of growth will overtake the British by 1975 as the world's largest. The positive way to fight Communists, Curran says, is to build fleets and compete with the Soviet Union.

The existence of a class system within the union between officials and members is justified as political expediency. Bernard Raskin, public relations chief and editor of the NMU paper, *The Pilot*, has said that salaries are high because "we feel that our officers should be paid in accord with executives in industry . . . poorly paid union officials don't carry as much social and political prestige."

The last point is crucial to the policy of Curran's administration. Since the union must make gains through political action, the interest of the members can be served only by officials under the Curran banner, who, having the unified backing of the membership, are able to act as free, prestigious and powerful agents within the society. Thus Curran defines union strength as unified support of Curran. Opposition to Curran and his policies is opposition to the welfare of the union, and even to the welfare of the nation.

In an open letter to the delegates entitled, "Target NMU," Curran associated the leaders of the present rank-and-file opposition with past Communist conspiracies against the union. Without naming Morrissey or his paper, Curran spoke of him and his associates as "elements which use anti-labor laws to do as much damage to the union as possible," and concluded: "We do not intend to answer the collection of slanders, distortions and lies which are in the publication these people are distributing."

Morrissey, just dismissed from St. Vincent's hospital, observed the convention from the balcony of the Grand Ballroom, guarded by a plain-clothes man. For a number of delegates, I imagine, Morrissey had been given his answer.

In an unusual move on the first day of the convention, Curran broke the monotony to announce that a reporter from the *Daily Worker* had been admitted. He did not point out this embarrassing guest, and the effect was profound: no outsider, with or without a press badge,

could find a delegate willing to discuss openly anything critical of the union.

Beneath the superficial banquetlike joviality of the convention the atmosphere was strained. Out of 454 delegates, the representative from the rebellious *S.S. Texaco Nevada* was suddenly discovered to have allegedly forged his past union dues receipts and was denied his seat and publicly condemned. Two delegates—one who rose to suggest that the business of the meeting was being railroaded, the other a Negro who appeared to be suggesting that the NMU improve the run-down neighborhood where it has built its spectacular new \$3 million Joseph Curran Annex—were shouted down. The only member of the insurgent group seated on the floor as a delegate was Richard "Dutch" Haake, who had attempted to run against Curran but had been disqualified. Both union officials and delegates saw him as potentially capable of leading a floor fight. Yet as Haake explained to me:

My personal dilemma is whether to make a move in the convention. I'd be willing but it may be suicidal. I have my family to think of. . . . I see only twenty who would dare to go down the line with me, fifty perhaps who would go part way. Besides I have to keep my eye on the election appeal. The only way to fight against this group would be with the secrecy and rights of a national election run with government supervision.

Haake elected to remain silent for the entire four days of the convention.

Curran and the officers looked at times like men under siege when delegates unknown to them got the floor, but their wary glances changed to smiles of mutual congratulation when time and again nothing developed. The core of Curran's support came primarily from delegates who were part of or allied with the administration's organization. Some fifty-five delegates representing thirty-two ports were in fact members of Curran's administration and repeatedly made key motions. In addition there were the men whom Curran had appointed to the various committees to which the delegates submitted their proposals. Some anti-Curran proposals were thus submitted, but not one of them emerged from the committees. Finally, the presence of a large and strategically stationed "master-at-arms" squad exerted a sobering effect.

Curran was justified in being pleased with what he called "the best convention ever in demonstrating the unity of the union." Final proposals for constitutional change will further strengthen the control of the administration by giving the national office additional power to establish penalties against seamen not cooperating aboard ship with union regulations. The convention passed resolutions backing all aspects of Curran's policy. Finally the convention backed Curran's desire to put off opening contract negotiations for at least a year.

The voice of the rank and file on the ships was not heard at the convention, partly because seamen, skeptical of their power, sent delegates who had no intention of testing it. After all, so goes the most common argument, no democracy is perfect, no administration without self-interested officials. Sailors have no illusions about the moral perfectibility of man. But this is exactly the point from which Morrissey's paper can build its force among

the rank and file and become a threat to the administration. For Morrissey is seeking to explode the theory that "one party" rule does about as well as can be hoped by making available detailed information on wages and conditions in other seagoing unions, information not available in *The Pilot*. And by publishing information on the salaries and privileges of union officials he has pointed out the cost of the present system.

In 1960, in one of the original trials of the Landrum-Griffin Act, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell initiated a suit against the NMU to invalidate the national elections of that year because of evidence of illegal practices. The suit was dropped in October of 1961 after Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg made the union promise, in effect, that it would not happen again. It was during this period, in the summer of 1961 when a general maritime strike was in progress, that the NMU broke with the other major union, the Seafarers' International Union, and dropped the demand for the right to organize the crews of "runaway flag" ships. The NMU then signed the contract which has lasted until now and has caused so much criticism from the rank and file.

Many of the opposition see a relationship between the signing of a weak contract and the government's willingness to drop its case against Curran. Moreover, the insurgents fear that the pattern is repeating itself. In 1966

Curran would certainly have been justified in seeking wage increases within the existing contract, yet at the national convention he succeeded in putting off negotiations until next year. Furthermore, he has already indicated his willingness to accept wage increases within the guideposts recommended by President Johnson.

These are conservative positions for a union leader to take when rank-and-file discontent is growing. But Curran has taken them precisely when the government is seeking to nullify the elections and supervise a rerun.

For the leaders of the opposition the convention proved to be an impossible setting in which to challenge Curran. Yet they are still confident that the majority will be with them once the men are given information in detail which makes explicit the cost of the present "one party-one man" system. The opposition must now count on the possibility of government intervention and a rerun of the spring election.

Morrissey's program is no cure-all. A democratic structure for the NMU will not solve the problem of a declining merchant marine industry nor the ultimate problem of automation. But, beyond bettering wages and conditions, unions exist to give the worker a sense of his role in the industry through the democratic process of electing the officials who negotiate for him. A "one party-one man" system can never serve that function.

AWAKENING OLYMPUS

MORDECAI ROSHWALD

Mr. Roshwald, author of Level 7, a novel of a future war, teaches at the University of Minnesota.

Olympus has been undergoing a veritable renaissance. The once mighty gods of the Greeks are resuming their former position. No longer have they to weave dreams out of memories of old glory: new vistas are opening before them. All this may surprise the reader. Aren't gods supposed to be immortal? If so, how can they be reborn? Or, if renaissance is not taken literally, why the awakening all of a sudden?

To answer these questions we must first make the reader acquainted with some basic laws of the pantheon. Indeed, gods *are* immortal; they have to be by definition. Yet being immortal does not necessarily mean being alive and kicking. In fact, the Olympian family went into a prolonged hibernation with the ascendancy of the Judeo-Christian monotheism. For monotheism—again by definition—cannot coexist with a jolly company of quarrelsome gods. Under the impact of the purposeful, single-minded, aloof God from Jerusalem even the self-confident Zeus, not to mention minor deities, retreated step by step, till in despair they sought and found solace in sleep.

Their sleep has been long—too long. For while of the God of Jerusalem it was said that a thousand years in his sight "are but as yesterday when it is past," the Olympians felt that a hundred years weighed more than

a week, and they had been asleep for a good many centuries.

But, while gods can go into hibernation at will, they are not free to awaken. In that respect they resemble the sleeping princess who could be roused only by a princely kiss. In the case of the deities the trick is done by simple humans, by mere mortals: they wake the gods up when they evoke them in prayer, in worship, in animadversion at least. True, from time to time a poet, even in the dark ages of Christian devotion, would refer to Zeus, to Apollo, to Aphrodite, but this rather occasional turning of the mind was not sufficient to wake the gods. All it did was induce pleasant dreams or at most made them turn in their beds.

That was the situation until recent times when all of a sudden the evocation of the Olympians was resorted to by a different type of men—men of action, not poets—and therefore in a manner that startled the gods out of their slumber like an alarm clock ringing at 6 A.M. on a Sunday morning. For this waking up was not done by animadversion, or prayer or worship; it was effected by the most potent of potions—POWER.

Ironically, it came about because of the devoutness of the mortals to their Christian God. The generals and admirals who had to baptize one of their offspring could not bring themselves to name it the "Almighty," though almighty it may have seemed to them. Nor could they possibly call a rocket "Jesus": imagine yourself

talking about the deployment of one-megaton Jesuses! Even the name of one of the angels, or, for that matter, a saint, seemed inappropriate: somehow one did not think of a missile as a saintly creature. The fallen angel—perhaps: he seemed powerful enough and sufficiently far from saintliness. But there was the rub: it was not fitting for the United States Air Force or Navy to be associated with the Evil One. You could no more call a particularly effective missile Lucifer or Mephistopheles than, for different reasons, you could christen it Michael or St. Peter.

The military were at a loss until one of them, who in his college days had been a member of Mu Alpha Delta, had a brilliant idea: if Greek letters were good for a fraternity to whose members Greek was Greek, why not borrow the names of the Greek gods for the



rockets? Divine names were appropriate for the new titans and yet these would offend nobody's religious feelings, for the Greek gods were long dead. Or so he thought.

In fact, the moment the first rocket was baptized "Atlas," or whatever the name was, the Titan jumped up rocketlike from his slumber. Then there was no need for the humans to wake up the others. For another theological rule governing the Greek pantheon is that one awakened god starts a chain reaction which wakes up all the rest in no time. For this purpose, the Titans and the Olympians are connected by a "hot line."

And so the Greek gods are awake again and, after their old custom, annoying one another with petty jealousies and intrigues. That Atlas should have the distinction of commanding an ICBM could not be forgiven by more prestigious deities. And so, in search of new status symbols, they started once more to interfere in human affairs.

Versed in intrigues as they are, it was a minor enterprise for the Greek gods to make the mortals dance to the Olympic tune. A whisper in an American general's ear and another rocket came into being to glorify another deity. A whisper to a Russian general, and a Communist counter-rocket moves the spiral of competition one spin higher. Rockets and counter-rockets; missiles from the ground, missiles from the sea, missiles from the air. . . . There are many gods in search of status and there is no end to divine ingenuity in fomenting competition among human beings—*ad majorem deorum gloriam*.

The competition in Olympus is no less fierce, though. For it is now no longer enough to be honored with a rocket, any rocket. Now the game is to be one up, to have a rocket which will make a former rocket obsolete.

Thus Polaris will soon be replaced by Poseidon: twice the pay load and accuracy and eight times the killing power of the once mighty North Star. But Poseidon's brother, the mighty Zeus, has already set his intrigues in motion in the Kremlin to get the Russians to produce a Socialist answer to Poseidon. Once the Reds are set on the right track, the Americans will build the anti-missile missile, Nike-Zeus. (That Zeus is ready to share this distinction with the rather minor goddess Nike has a threefold explanation: inveterate liking for female company, tribute to our own, progressive, democratic era, and, for the sake of political impartiality, show of respect for the hyphenated Marxism-Leninism.)

Zeus is already rubbing his powerful hands with glee at the prospect of outdoing Poseidon and his Russian counterpart. But behind Zeus's back lurks Atropos, the unavoidable fate. A hardly noticeable smile is playing round her narrow, tight lips. She knows that the trump card is in her hand.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Playing the Game — for Fun and Profit

KOUFAX. By Sandy Koufax (with Ed Linn). The Viking Press. 293 pp. \$4.95.

PAPER LION. By George Plimpton. Harper & Row. 362 pp. \$5.95.

THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES. By Lawrence S. Ritter. The Macmillan Co. 291 pp. \$7.95.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Collected Poems of Rolfe Humphries was published in 1965 by Indiana University Press.

"A professional, whether paid or unpaid, is the man that counts. An amateur is a clumsy bastard." So wrote the late Stanley Woodward in the autobiography he called *Paper Tiger* and, one way or another, this theme is developed and varied in the three books under consideration here. *Koufax* recounts the progress of its protagonist from amateur to professional; its concluding chapter presents in full and poignant detail the struggle for the professional to escape from the unpaid into the paid-what-he-deserves category.

One thing about the "as told to" or "with" kind of book is that we can never feel sure whose voice we are hearing. How much of this one is Koufax, how much is Linn? To whom do we attribute the occasional flashes of insight, the moments of nice and witty prose, the expert non-clumsiness? The early parts of the book are more than a little on the dull side, the figures seem pasteboard rather than real, the tone conventional, duly pious, just not engaging. Nobody comes very much alive—not Sandy himself, or his family, or the sand-lotters, supernumeraries, scouts; we have read this sort of thing before.

With Act II (if we translate into dramatic terms) our involvement becomes more natural, requires less conscious effort. "Six bad years," the author reminds us, "and six good ones. Six years of drought and six years of plenty." We had almost forgotten, and it is salutary for us to be reminded, for how long Koufax was, in the Woodwardian sense, just another clumsy bastard, with seasons of 2-2, 2-4, 5-4, 11-11, 8-6, 8-13, years when he was called on to start few games, and finished fewer, years when he was shelled out of there in seven, eight, nine, consecutive efforts. The story of these years proceeds with

a minimum of excuse making, alibi offering, self-pity—of course, Walter Alston did not understand him absolutely—and an increasing command of the tone and attitudes, if not the full accomplishment, of the professional.

With the years of success, the scope narrows, the intensity increases, the concentration focuses, and we come to identify with the complete absorption of the skilled performer in the detail of his craft. He recalls how, and, more important, why, he pitched as he did to not quite every batter in not quite every inning of not quite every game, but certainly enough so that we get the idea, the feel of it all. Some of this, I have little doubt, is actually remembered, for a great memory is one of the requisites, not only an attribute, of the real professional. More of it is recalled through the keeping of records, the charts of every performance. I do not mean the kind of silly nonsense the radio and TV announcers proclaim—how this is the first time a batter whose name begins with L hit the third pitch in the second inning for a bloop double to right field on the first Thursday in October in the north temperate zone. No; but the relevant record—where the pitches were, high, low, tight, wide, curve, fast ball, swing, take, fouled off, hit to whom, past whom, grounder, line drive, pop-up, shot. Through all this narration we sense not only the skill of the performers—their devotion to the game, the dramatics, comedy, pathos—but also what these men are like; John Roseboro, for example, Gil Hodges, Willy Mays. Above all, we get the sense of delight, of rejoicing; this is what these men really like to do, and of course they like doing it supremely well.

Once the reader gets over being irked at George Plimpton's gall in horning in where he does not really belong, his book gives pleasure for the same reasons as the Koufax-Linn job. Plimpton is the editor of the *Paris Review* and in an earlier book, *Out of My League*, he took on baseball. This time the players are football pros, members of the Detroit Lions in the year 1963; the author aspires to be their last-string quarterback, to play, however briefly, in a real game; he does get as far as one series of downs in a pre-season intersquad exhibition scrimmage, and he is

terrible. But nobody cares about him, really; the least interesting parts of the book are those where he describes his humiliations or traumas, or is making himself out a sort of lovable type whom the players more or less deemed a great guy, and even adopted and protected after their fashion. But the sight and sound of the real pros is of major interest—the highly technical lingo of their business, its bruises, its heartaches, its laughs, its tribulations. And Plimpton does a very good job in his treatment of individuals: Night Train Lane, John Gordy, Gail Cogdill, the 300-pound rookie Lucien Reeberg. There's a very moving bit about Earl Morrall, long after practice was over, staying out and throwing the ball around with a bunch of kids, one of them a rascally little thief. "They'd stay until the moon came up—and they'd play by its light," Morrall is quoted, "and I'm not so far from wanting to stay down myself. There are not so many better ways of fooling around." For this, and for much more in the same vein, we can forgive him the impudence, the abundant pictures of his good-looking self, the ignorance of what the word *bemuse* means; and can even look forward (I'd not put it past him) to the next item in the series, where he wants to give us the feel of riding in the Kentucky Derby, what goes on in the jocks' room and along Shed Row, and so gets his 195 pounds on the back of some \$1,500 plater, with a 3-furlong handicap, at Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May.

"They told their stories," writes Lawrence Ritter in his introduction to *The Glory of Their Times*, "with pride and with dignity, and also with joy." They, this time, are twenty-two professional baseball players, most of whom played in the major leagues during the first two decades of this century. Tommy Leach, who played third and the outfield for the Pittsburgh Pirates from 1898 to 1918, is the oldest; the youngest is Paul Waner, outfielder for the same club, from 1926-45. The stories were told on tape recorder, and subsequently edited by Mr. Ritter, who does not tell us on what principle he selected the men he did, how he found them, where they live now. (I suppose too many of us might make nuisances of ourselves if we

knew.) A splendid book, copiously illustrated (the Koufax book might have been improved by more illustration, and the Plimpton book improved by more Lions and less Plimpton in the pictures) and provided, beginning and end, with box scores, headlines, and even ads—Macy's in 1902, was attracting customers in July, before the move to their new quarters in the fall, with offerings of men's bathing suits, two piece, heavy cotton, plain navy, strongly sewed, priced at 59c; and ten years later you could get the Ohio Forty Motor-Car somewhere on 50th Street for \$2,150.

But do not think this book is quaint, or its appeal solely to the nostalgic. For myself, whose father was with the Giants in '83, who remembers Bob Emslie visiting our home in Yeadon, Pa., who saw my first big-league games in Philadelphia in 1902 or 1903, a box score with the names of Hartsel, Seybold, Davis, Murphy, Powers, Waddell and Plank is pretty evocative and moving. Lave Cross, 3b, and Monte Cross, ss., were before that 17-inning game with Detroit whose box is photostated in the front matter; Ritter may well expect fan mail from other men the country over whose memories go back as far as mine, or farther.

He brings old heroes back to us, so we see them as they were. Not only that, but as they are now; and, in addition, we see more of what they used to be than we ever realized. "They recreated their lives," Ritter writes, "with warmth, insight, and compassion." With magnanimity and generosity, also; and with literacy. Where Plimpton had us see the Detroit Lions as individuals, through his closeness to them, through what he observed and recorded, our editor here has let the characters present themselves; there is a common idiom, to be sure (there would have to be, considering the vernacular of the craft), and there is a common tendency to use *like* as a conjunction and *ever* as an intensifying adverb. But Marquard does not come out sounding like Snodgrass, or Smoky Joe Wood like Rube Bressler. Some of them are dead serious, some clown it up a little. None of them sounds like a dese-and-dose thug; and Sam Crawford, from Wahoo, Neb., contributes at least one sound item of perceptive literary insight, his admiration for Balzac as a great writer.

"Of course, it's ridiculous to think that only college men are gentlemen," says Harry Hooper, the old Red Sox outfielder, "or are intelligent." But he does go on to remind us that the college-educated man was by no means a rarity in baseball during the first two decades of this century. Of the dozen

or so whom he cites, two speak out here, Davy Jones from Dixon College, and Chief Meyers who matriculated under the single name of Tortes, at the age of 22, at Dartmouth.

"And this," he says, "is quoted from Chaucer: once a Dartmouth, always a Dartmouth." Here on the Hanover plain, in the days of the vogue of the anti-hero, trying to instruct his future fellow Dartmouths in epic ways, in the terrifying dilemma confronting Achilles when he must choose between a short and glorious life and a long inglorious one, I am struck by the notion that the Chief and his peers were blessed in having it both ways—the bright renown of their careers in sport, and the relative obscurity that followed. Into that obscurity they had satisfactions to carry, and, one hopes, some preparation for tranquillity and ease. "Life has been good to me since I left baseball . . . things have gone well, very well, through these many years. In contrast, my years in baseball had their ups and downs, their strife and their torment.

But the years I look back at most fondly, and those I'd most like to live over, are the years when I was playing center field for the New York Giants." That was Fred Snodgrass; remember him? Or hear Bob O'Farrell, catcher for the Cubs, who came into the league the year before Snodgrass left, and departed in 1935: "Of course, when you play every day it gets to be sort of like work. But somehow, way down deep, it's still play. . . . It is. It's play."

"Games are childish," our wives remind us, "when are you boys ever going to grow up?" Sure, sure; we know. But why not? To whom else, in our degenerate times, is vouchsafed so happy a combination?—collaboration, rivalry, supreme skill in the craft, joy and pride in the skill, innocence. Not in the solemn professions; not even in the arts; not in trade. Let's turn to Goose Goslin for the benediction: "It was just a game, that's all it was. They didn't have to pay me. I'd have paid *them* to let me play. Listen, the truth is it was *more* than fun. It was heaven."

The Johnson System

LYNDON B. JOHNSON: The Exercise of Power. By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. *The New American Library*. 597 pp. \$7.95.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON AND THE WORLD. By Philip Geyelin. *Frederick A. Praeger*. 309 pp. \$5.95.

THE JOHNSON ECLIPSE: A President's Vice Presidency. By Leonard Baker. *The Macmillan Co.* 280 pp. \$5.95.

MARVIN E. GETTLEMAN

Mr. Gettleman is assistant professor of history at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He has edited *Vietnam: History, Documents and Opinions (Fawcett)*, and is co-author (with David Mermelstein) of the forthcoming *Lyndon Johnson's Great Society (Random House)*.

Writing just before the Presidential election of 1964, Washington journalist I. F. Stone dismissed a whole crop of pseudo-biographies of Lyndon Johnson as little more than sycophantic caricatures. He called for a contemporary Theodore Dreiser to narrate the saga of this legislative wizard and Presidential titan from Texas. Though a new Dreiser has not yet appeared, necessary material is being assembled for him by an enterprising group of Washington journalists.

Leonard Baker, Washington correspondent for *Newsday*, a Long Island

daily, has provided a fascinating insider's account of the frustrating thousand days of Lyndon Johnson's Vice Presidency during which the Texan attempted to retain in his new office a measure of the immense power he had wielded as Senate Majority Leader. Although the Vice President enjoys some constitutional authority over the Senate, Johnson's former colleagues resented and soundly rejected his bid early in 1961 to continue participation in the deliberations of the Senate Democratic caucus, a sobering moment for the man who had been such a ruthless manipulator. This humiliation at the hands of his former Senate intimates prepared Johnson for the Vice Presidential role of underling that he was obliged to play—eclipsed by the intellectual style and ambition of the Kennedys.

Baker's decision to begin his study of Johnson's political career with the formal accession to office on January 20, 1961, seriously weakens his account of the thousand days. For Johnson, by that time, already had made his greatest contribution to John F. Kennedy's Presidency as his Vice Presidential candidate; his campaigning in 1960 had been instrumental in putting Kennedy into the White House. Once in office, Johnson made little use of his talents to push New Frontier legislation through Congress.

However, what may be overlooked by Baker's book is admirably made up for in the more ambitious exposé of Johnson's wheelings and dealings by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, nationally syndicated columnists specializing in attacks on the New Left. Evans and Novak have produced a massive work, more lavish with inside dope and rich in Washington lore than anything hitherto published. The theoretical aspects of their analysis are rudimentary and unsophisticated. The notion that a "single theme, the theme of power" runs through the political career of Lyndon Johnson is a superficial truism that will raise few eyebrows. However, the account of *how* that power was used is the real contribution of the Evans and Novak book.

Close analyses of such episodes as the Senate's censure of Joseph McCarthy, and the Civil Rights Act of 1957 reveal what the authors call "the Johnson System." The System was a subtle amalgam of stratagems, including aborted quorum calls, night sessions, and a planned stop-and-go legislative pace. The System, Johnson found to his regret, was inapplicable outside the Senate, and even in that august body nobody but he could use it.

The System was held together by the periodic activation of a "network" of reliable Senators loyal to Lyndon. It will be a surprise to liberals, who have been wondering how Hubert Humphrey can do what he is doing these days, to find out that early in his Senatorial career Hubert Humphrey became Johnson's pliant satellite. Humphrey was recruited as early as 1952 into a body diverse enough to include Republican Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, and the Virginia Bourbon, Harry Flood Byrd, who were almost invariably willing to vote as Johnson instructed, and to reap the substantial rewards that he dispensed in the form of patronage, committee assignments and other emoluments.

In writing their book, the authors must have had to give up any hope of being admitted into the inner sanctum of Johnsonian journalistic favorites, of which William S. White is the acknowledged dean. They reveal too much that is damaging. Despite an announced determination to write of the public man, they cannot avoid spilling whole vats of beans which reveal the obsessive vulgarity and immense egoism of the private Lyndon Johnson. Every reader will find his favorite story: mine concerns Johnson's 1954 miscalculation of support for a tax amendment which was apparently beaten by one vote. "The Minority Leader shouted across the Senate floor

to the conservative Delaware Democrat, J. Allen Frear: 'Change your vote!' Surprised, almost stunned by the command, Frear hesitated. Johnson shouted again, 'Change your vote!' Frear did, and the amendment carried."

It is by such tactics that Johnson earned the reputation of legislative wizard. But his career was not marked, like that of his predecessor in the White House, by a steady ascent from one triumph to the next. Evans and Novak explore the many detours and frustrations weathered by Johnson. They find the President constantly haunted by his unstable political base in Texas, but able gradually to shed identification with oil interests, with Texas shenanigans, and eventually with the South as a whole, to emerge as a truly national political leader by the early 1960s.

The story of Lyndon Johnson's exploits in foreign policy are related in the closing chapters of the Evans and Novak book. Despite the venom with which they expose his maneuverings in domestic matters, they are sympathetic to what they describe as merely all-too-human blunders abroad. Equally hostile to the style of Johnsonian diplomacy but in favor of its ends is the shrewd account of *Lyndon B. Johnson and the World* by *Wall Street Journal* columnist Philip Geyelin. Early in his book Geyelin quotes Johnson as saying that the trouble with foreigners "is that they're not like folks you were reared with." Both books contain half-mocking descriptions of Johnson's attempts to handle international affairs as if he were dealing with dissident political factions in Texas. (Incidentally, both books err fundamentally in their adoption of the widespread myth of Johnson's "Populist" roots. No use seems to have been made of *Lyndon Baines Johnson: The Formative Years*, published by the Southwest Texas State College Press and written by three Texas State professors, which would have helped in getting the Texas origins of Lyndon Johnson into better perspective.)

As journalistic efforts these books are high-level, serious productions, not to be confused with the spate of superficial biographies and slender accounts of LBJ's "inner circle," or the "Johnson treatment," current a year or so ago. Yet the Evans/Novak and Geyelin volumes may fairly be charged with adopting a level of analysis, especially in regard to foreign policy, that does not advance our understanding beyond that achieved by political practitioners like Johnson himself.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Johnson's policies in Asia and Latin

America are actually defended. The barely disguised contempt that these working journalists entertain for the President (Leonard Baker excepted) spills over into hostile conclusions about the ineptitude of his conduct of foreign affairs. Geyelin, for example, laments the Texan's tendency to look upon the Dominican Revolution of April, 1965, as some sort of re-enactment of the 1836 assault on the Alamo. Evans and Novak similarly deplore the way in which Johnson explained his Dominican actions. But the authors seem to support the substance of these actions.

In the case of Vietnam too, Johnson is sympathetically portrayed as responding to an agonizingly difficult situation not of his own making. Geyelin shows how the struggle in the Indo-Chinese jungles was a conflict that no one wanted, but by a series of decisions which seemed unavoidable at the moment, the war became the President's own albatross. Evans and Novak are even more prone to defend Johnson's Vietnamese policy in terms of pragmatic necessity.

Harsh judgments on the methods Johnson uses, but not on the substance of what he does, are the results of a particular mode of inquiry. These books

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contain analyses restricted mainly to the elucidating of *how* power is exercised. By this approach, the authors hope to give an air of objectivity to their work. But by confining themselves to the workings of the political machinery and the tactics of its operators, the authors are implicitly adopting the standards of Washington decision makers as their own value criteria. Nowhere in the three books under review do they escape from the confines of their method to ask: *in whose interest is power exercised?* And this is after all the key question.

Sometimes the authors, especially Evans and Novak, have to go to great lengths to avoid dealing with the crucial issue of *interest*. Although they are perceptive in viewing Johnson's Texas political base in terms of the oil interests dominant in that state, they refuse to draw any conclusions from the evidence of concern for Johnson's *national* political career on the part of *national* business interests. Particularly superficial

is their treatment of the unprecedented support given a Democratic-reformer candidate by directors of America's great corporations. Evans and Novak view the matter as the visceral "front-lash" of a business community duped into believing that Barry Goldwater was a dangerous threat. No deeper interpretation is attempted because of the dogged determination of these journalists not to stray from what C. Wright Mills has aptly called "middle-level analysis."

A deeper, historical perspective would reveal Lyndon Johnson (Texas idiosyncracies aside) as the mid-20th-century representative of a business-oriented ideology committed to the use of government power for domestic reform, as well as counterrevolution abroad. With this in mind it becomes more difficult to entertain the popular illusion that once the uncouth Texan is replaced in the White House by some more stylish gentleman, our problems will be on the way to solution.

buries his argument in page after page of facts and figures, some interesting and well told, some confusing and not quite relevant, and occasionally peppered with errors which, though secondary, tend to undermine the credibility of the more serious things he has to say. After reading and rereading the book, it is still not clear to me what evidence Brynes offers in support of his thesis, except for the truism that competitively extended foreign aid is a form of big-power conflict, and as such fraught with danger. What worries Brynes is that the recipients of aid (or some of them) develop a taste for what a former foreign minister of Ghana once called "polygamous" expectations from all donors, and that even certain forms of developmental aid (not to mention direct military assistance programs) encourage young nations to try small-power violence which threatens the whole world because "small wars have always led to large." So stated, it simply is not true, certainly not "always" (a most unhistorical word). Small wars are indeed bad, but their implication becomes universally threatening only if they tend to suck in big powers with quasi-ultimate means of destruction. In spite of the brittleness of relations between the two superpowers at present realistically capable of destroying us all, the evidence indicates that they are determined to avoid such catastrophic involvements.

The remedy suggested by Brynes is to remove the sting of imperialism by an internationalization of development aid programs, by putting them under United Nations auspices, or using the channel of the World Bank (whose objectivity as against the built-in bias of national American agencies the author seems to overestimate if only by ignoring the World Bank's sources of capital formation and its methods of determining soundness of requests!). Brynes also suggests that small nations in the process of developing be offered what he calls a "peace bonus," under an all-or-nothing rule: "should the peace be broken by any of the developing nations none of them is to get anything . . . until the aggression stops." The United States is in a position to make such an offer attractive, according to Brynes, by announcing the earmarking, say, of a fifth of its defense budget for the bonus, a move that powerfully would call attention to our primary concern for peace everywhere and, but for an occasional compulsive aggressor, keep the smaller nations "cool" through fear of forfeiting any claim to the bonus.

Since the author himself admits that it would be premature to discuss the

The Dangers of Aid Overkill

WE GIVE TO CONQUER: A New Look at the United States Foreign Aid Program. By Asher Brynes. W. W. Norton & Co. 219 pp. \$4.50.

SAMUEL L. SHARP

Mr. Sharp is professor of international relations at The American University in Washington, D. C. He is currently in Germany on sabbatical leave.

No, Virginia, Uncle Sam is *not* Santa Claus. This is not a direct quote from the book under review, but the message is there and it may not be a bad idea to puncture once more the notion that foreign aid programs are an exercise in competitive charity. According to Asher Brynes, all unilaterally extended aid, whether by the United States, the Soviet Union or mainland China ("a shabby superpower" itself in need of development aid), is essentially imperialistic, even if "actively profitless." It is imperialistic, he states, because its aim is "to create, maintain, and defend spheres of influence."

Thus the old game of international statecraft is continuing in new forms, disguised as philanthropy. But even this is not really new, as we find out from the author's own review of the historical antecedents of foreign aid programs. The Romans already were in the habit of "relieving the poverty of the barbarians," ostensibly, as Gibbon says, out of generosity or gratitude, but actually to

buy clients and allies. What is new, in the opinion of Mr. Brynes, is the systematic and universal scope of American aid programs. Their very globality has "provoked" the Soviet Union and Communist China into similar gestures, although neither is really equipped to sustain such efforts. Hence the Communist powers engage in flashy though limited programs, mostly by jumping in to capitalize on occasional failures of American endeavors, or the frustrations of recipients suddenly cut off from expected subsidies or faced with American insistence on internal reforms.

Because of its wealth, and its traditional belief in the feasibility of progress through deliberate improvement measures, the United States has been engaged in what the author calls "aid overkill," a pursuit potentially as dangerous as the stockpiling of thermonuclear weapons. Brynes is only mildly bothered by the lapses, errors, confusion, extravagance and occasional graft that are part of the execution of aid programs. His central thesis is that by offering aid to a number of poor countries on an almost universal basis, the United States may be backing into a third World War.

If correct, this is certainly an important point to a world capable of destroying itself. However, in spite of his repeated insistence that peace, rather than universal economic betterment, is our main problem, the author somehow

feasibility of such a proposal, his book must be taken for what it represents in essence: a rediscovery of the basic fact of international life under a system of competitively operating nation-states, namely, the intrusion of nonrational considerations and the resulting unwillingness to concentrate on peace as "absolutely good." Like so many nice people, Brynes is impatient with the mere recognition of the impracticability of all-out war, a point of view he finds "plainly . . . insufficient now." Perhaps, but feasible. And fewer people will die from "aid overkill" than from that other variety.

A great deal of knowledge and sincere passion have been invested in *We Give To Conquer*, but it has tried to cover too much and to tie together several themes, such as the questionable wis-

dom of foreign aid programs ■ presently administered, and the primacy of peace as a global concern. The connection has not been satisfactorily established.

The author also would be well advised to check some of his facts more carefully. Pilsudski was not "prime minister of Poland" when pressured by Hoover to appoint Paderewski. He was chief of state. Czechoslovakia does not include territory that "belonged to old Germany," unless the author means territory grabbed by Hitler and restored to the Czechs after World War II. Nor has the Soviet Union added to its territory parts of "Balkan states" other than Rumania during the war or, for that matter, at any time. To use Brynes's own thesis, small errors lead to big ones, though not "always."

Searching for Kicks

THE ORIGIN OF THE BRUNISTS.
By Robert Coover. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 441 pp. \$6.95.

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is a member of the English Department at Long Island University and is the co-editor of a three-volume reference work, *A Library of Literary Criticism: Modern British Literature* (Frederick Ungar).

When Timothy Leary climbs on the stage of the Village Theatre on Second Avenue in New York, I feel like a romantic Irishman who's with O'Leary in the grave. Tim Leary himself prophesies his downfall, though he is a bit immoderate in urging his parishioners to buy other people's books on psychedelics. When I heard him several weeks ago, he made sure to mention the title of his book in the same breath he warned his audience that the movement would go beyond him.

The movement has grown so fast, as a matter of fact, Leary said with his boyish charm, that "now we're accused of making too much money—which, incidentally, is not true." Leary revealed he had just come back from a visit to Michigan State University, where he had been invited to speak before several fraternities; he had gone from one Greek letter to another instead of from pad to pad. When the rich and the establishment invite you in, Leary was telling his audience, it is an end, and a beginning had better be on the way.

I've started off with Leary and his romantic messianism, because if his is

the new religion, its origins are not that different from the origins of another—and much more conventional—religious movement, the ferment of hopes and illusion described in Robert Coover's first novel. Coover's subject is a matter more familiar to the average reader, the evangelical fervor engendered in a coal-mining community after a catastrophic mine disaster. While the geography of Coover's novel is removed from Leary's Eastern-based religion, the human territory of both are much the same. Both Coover's and Leary's characters take trips—one to a blissful pot, the other to a mythical Mount of Redemption. Both get high on religion, even if one of the religions is based on getting high first. And both are searching for kicks, though one dignifies it with a bath of Christian euphemisms.

All religions are founded by well-meaning people who have a passion to communicate; any effective religion goes beyond its originators to its disciples. The religion Leary has helped to spawn may well move out of his hands into a less tolerant grasp. The Brunists of Coover's novel fell into the clutches of hysteria, exploitation and euphoria before it had its second coming. Even though worlds of socio-economics—and fact—separate the psychedelic and the Brunist experience they have a lot in common.

Coover's literary brilliance is displayed in his first chapter, the description of the march to the sacred place where the Brunists go to meet their final judgment. Through an association of

dates and a message left by the Rev. Ely Collins, who died in the mine disaster, the group has come to believe that the world will end on the 18th or 19th of April. On their way to the Mount, the Brunists find they must march through a carnival tent jerry-built to light them up as they pass through; when they reach the top of the hill, photographers and newspaper men swarm over them. In their exaltation over the sister of their prophet, a girl who has just been killed by an automobile—their "Madonna" whose crushed body they have carried to the top of the hill—they sing and dance. They run naked around the dead girl, kissing her dead mouth, "clearly expecting her to rise up off her litter." They grovel in the mud, and whip themselves and one another with tree branches. And finally their energy concentrates on a sacrifice—a newspaper man who has mocked them and deceived their "Madonna." They kick and whip him, stomp and crush him.

And then they disperse. The Last Day is followed by every other day.

Coover's first chapter is followed by the past—by an investigation into the causes of the rise of the Brunists. The "origins" began on an average night when hundreds of men descended into the coal pits outside West Condon. One of them was a recruit, an 18 year old, on his first day on the job. His new and pressed dungarees, his clean appearance, annoy one of the men who organize a party to initiate the "dude." The "dude" is rescued by a has-been, a man who once had chances to blow the coal dust away by going into the big world of basketball; in the "dude"

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he perhaps sees his own lost hopes. But while the under-30 has been able to rise to a crisis, he is not able to face gratitude. When the "dude" thanks him, the older man shrugs it off and lights a cigarette. The roof falls in, and ninety-seven men die. Only one man, Giovanni Bruno, survives.

Bruno had wandered away from the others because in his panic he feared others might block his way to escape. His fear saved him. When he is found and carried aloft, he is considered a message from God, a savior.

The first of Bruno's supporters is a quack, who through her occult readings is convinced that though her Guide inconsiderately forgot to foretell her of the disaster, He does speak to her of Bruno. Another is the widow of the Reverend Collins who died in the blast. The legion grows—all who are looking for a message, a communication. The movement envelops the local prostitute, the meek man full of subterranean rage, and teen-agers looking for an unconventional release of expression. And last but not least it tempts its mockers. The hero of the novel is Tyger Wilson, an ex-basketball ace who runs the town newspaper and regards every enthusiasm with a distrustful leer. Wilson seizes his opportunity, inveigles himself into the group, and writes reams of lurid copy on the Brunists for the wire services.

The Old New Wave

LA MAISON DE RENDEZ-VOUS. By Alain Robbe-Grillet. Translated by Richard Howard. Grove Press. 154 pp. \$4.50.

SOL YURICK

Mr. Yurick is the author of the novels, *The Warriors* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and *Fertig* (Trident).

Robbe-Grillet is a brilliant writer who is tiresome; he has written four novels that are stylistically indistinguishable; only the subject changes. His newest novel is again a textbook of ambiguity, a budget of slight coincidences which turn out to be literary exercises on how to shift perspective. As in all detective stories we are supposed to enjoy not so much the solution, which Robbe-Grillet makes sure will be banal, but the act of detection. This five-book indulgence amounts to tedious didacticism, the manual writer demonstrating how to do one small thing superbly.

The setting this time is Hong Kong, but it might be the glamorous Hong

But in gaining his story, Wilson undergoes a kind of conversion. His laughter is interrupted by doubt; in the prophet's beautiful sister he finds an innocent who has no area of corruptibility. Wilson destroys the sister by his cynicism and saves himself for a larger, more tolerant view of humanity.

The strength of Coover's novel lies in his wide range of human characters, his perceptiveness of their paradoxical nature, and his scope in painting a small town. He can capture a group scene beautifully; he can detail a revivalist meeting with accuracy and without gimmicks. What he fails to do is establish a central character who can carry the weight of the novel's tremendous detail. Tyger Wilson's cynicism and his downfall and his salvation are all worked out in fairly sentimental terms. His love affair with Marcella is believable but unconvincing. And his final decision to stay in the town he has mocked and denigrated—to make peace with his "origins"—is right in conception but wanting in execution.

In his insights into the passion for communication, the need for wonder, the love of surrender—whether in the Hindu sun, the tent camp of a coal-mining town, or the psychedelic pad—Coover has created a novel worth reading and displayed a talent worth watching.

Kong of the jaded mind. There are prostitutes, Communist agents, entrepreneurs in dreams and flesh, drug traffic, voyeuristic theatre (which is life which is theatre in which the author is the audience who are the actors who in life . . . etc.); perversion (or then again it might be anti-perversion); murders, interchanges of people and events. All this takes place in a brothel called the Blue Villa or "Le Grande Monde": how heavy-handed. The *Maison de Rendez-vous* is merely located between the boards of the book.

All literature attempts to pique interest by the device of the mystery. The entertainment mystery conceals the human agent. The philosophical mystery hides a revelation. Conrad, dissecting an onion, sought to find mystery in a code of behavior which was already outmoded. Faulkner learned from Conrad and badly digested Joyce. Beckett, trapped in the ennui of ambiguity, almost disappeared in wordplay. Now Robbe-Grillet. It has been said by

mystics that the universe is a sphere whose center is everywhere. For Robbe-Grillet the universe is a sphere whose surface is everywhere; there is no center, and therefore he can only mystify. Or possibly Robbe-Grillet's novels are really only notebooks: the author getting ready to write, trying out the variations. The writer in Camus' *The Plague*, who couldn't get past the first sentence, has triumphed after all; his indecision has been made into a new wave of art.

Is it a new wave? Are we given a new theory of reality? The scientists have already shown us that all experiments must take the observer into the account of results. In this sense Robbe-Grillet succeeds only in being fashionable. We all know that motivational certainties are subject to a variety of amusing or horrifying interpretations. We quiver to the excitement of the possible. Here Robbe-Grillet trails those old conservatives, the therapists. But can we deny that something has happened in fact and this is the most important thing of all? The brutal world of engineer-reality mocks gameplay. The policeman's night stick—no matter from how many angles it is viewed, or even if we doubt its very descent—is not even slowed, and Zeno's paradoxes are knocked out of the bemused and impotent head. Possibly, therefore, Marx, denying idealism, understood fiction best of all. Is the new wave that far behind?

With his fine mind, this meticulous craftsman must be writing about something profound! Possibly Robbe-Grillet has set out to inform us that the acts which give body to the great mythic processes are unimportant? He has not succeeded. The possibility of insight and cathartic growth is denied by the use of elegance, ritual, mask and attitude alone. How carefully he works to flatten the effects of sensuality, passion, dirt, violence, so that we may be intrigued by a stylization reminiscent of medieval symbolic painting in which the lineaments of agony are more important than the agony itself, in which sense-data become pale reflections, more important to observe than to experience. Possibly Robbe-Grillet is trying to tell us how trivial human experience is. Such a commentary might be tragic if he were concerned with pain instead of shading shape-shifting abstractions with residues of emotion. Jorge Luis Borges, who is also intrigued by variations, transcends this decadence by his concern for the human within the gameplay: the comparison demonstrates how shallow is Robbe-Grillet's dogmatism.

Richard Howard has translated this puff with elegance and musicality.

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"No conflict, no drama" is a classic axiom. It seems to be borne out even today when the conflicting forces are not readily identifiable. Protagonist and antagonist appear to merge. *Avant-garde* plays reflect (I can hardly say "dramatize") conditions rather than situations. A man in a state of collapse is in a "condition"; if he does something to recover, or if someone comes to help him, we have a situation. The lack of purposive action makes many contemporary plays on the whole less interesting to wide audiences than the older drama. It is in the nature of human-kind to act, and once you begin to do so you are likely to encounter hardship, hence conflict. That is why drama interests us: we participate in its "stories." Quiescent drama is rarely rousing. Yet even in such drama there is some implicit conflict: the conflict may resolve itself to the difficulty of staying inactive.

I have been thinking on these matters because many of the plays I have recently been reading by would-be playwrights are little more than yammers of prostration in which four-letter imprecations are hurled against nothing in particular—not even destiny or God—and I have come to the conclusion that the artists who most firmly hold my attention are those in whom the conflicts they depict arise in the first place within themselves. When such conflicts are settled once and for all, when the warring elements within them are completely subdued, they have for me very lit-

tle of interest to say. Peace of mind in the artist is gratifying only when we realize the desperate struggle that he has gone through to achieve it. And even then we must not be certain that the battle has come to a full stop.

The impression we gather from most of Ibsen's critics is of a grim and resolute moralist. He was a dogged and implacable warrior who knew what he wanted. When so presented on the stage, he becomes gray and slightly dull, worst of all, "old-fashioned."

There can be no question about it: Ibsen was a severely logical artist. He came of age in the heyday of scientific rationalism. This was the weapon with which to annihilate the hierarchy of bugaboos. He would give no quarter to the constriction of social-ethical notions that no longer corresponded to the facts of the industrial era. He was going to batter falsity down with moral and intellectual rigor. He wasn't joking about it.

Such characters now strike us as unsympathetic, insufficiently human. We prefer greater flexibility. Humor, we believe, is the saving grace. Chekhov maintained that Russian actors couldn't play Ibsen because Russians (those in Chekhov's time at any rate) were more vulnerable, softer, less consistent—delightfully or frantically bewildered. Compared to characters in Turgenev, Chekhov or even Gorky, Ibsen's people are unyielding.

But just as we are eager in our theatre today to discover the comedic

aspects of Chekhov's plays so that we may not suffer their intrinsic sadness, so we are beginning to look for Ibsen's lighter side. In both cases we fall into error. For Chekhov's laughter arises from tenderness and compassion; it is not escape from pain. It is an embrace of our total human experience in which the tragic and the comic are complementary, the two being more semantical-ly than substantively differentiated.

Comedy in Ibsen is a symptom of a laceration in Ibsen's spirit. Chekhov smiles because he forgives and accepts. Ibsen is tougher; he is too "logical" for such an attitude. He is fighting all the time, and—this is his pathos—he is generally fighting himself. He says "either, or." Since neither the one nor the other quite satisfies him because he contains both, his laughter is harsh, a godlike judgment, proud and inexorable. Ibsen is relentless, constantly punitive. Neither Chekhov nor Ibsen is "funny."

In a little-known play, *Emperor and Galilean*, Julian the apostate says: "The old beauty is no longer beautiful, and the new truth is no longer true." Throughout his life Ibsen was haunted by a vision of grandeur which was being destroyed and had to be destroyed, while he felt trapped in a world which diminished manhood. He was torn by the conflict between justice and love. He sought the ideal and demanded the practical. He was divided by contrary impulses, and each of his plays is the justification of one or the other of his urges: Christianity and paganism, aristocracy and democracy, individualism and socialism.

Brand insists on self-abnegation and wrecks everyone as well as himself. Peer Gynt wants to be triumphantly independent and constantly compromises with all that stands in his way, finally becoming attenuated into a dry and empty shell, waste matter for the Buttonmolder. Hedda Gabler, a general's daughter, desires a life of glorious splendor and finds herself reduced to a middle-class housewife. Solness dreams of building towering mansions but succeeds only in constructing ordinary dwelling places. In devotion to his art, Rubek in *When We Dead Awaken* renounces passionate fulfillment through the love of a woman and finds that in doing so he has failed both as artist and man. Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck* pursues truth unrelentingly in the belief that it will save, only to find that it may ruin.

All this may explain something about the APA production of *The Wild Duck* at the Lyceum. It is decent and intelligent enough. It is not so trim a

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HARVEY SHAPIRO

production as that of *Right You Are* because the latter is, for all its twists and turns, a simpler, more linear play. *The Wild Duck* demands far more from its actors.

The weakling Hjalmar Ekdal, your "average man," and his sensible peasant-like wife, both brilliantly drawn and on the whole comedic figures comparatively easy to project, never fail to register. But Gregers Werle, presumably the butt of Ibsen's criticism (directed, it may be, against himself), carries the real challenge of the play, and it is rarely met in performance. The reason is that directors try to make a pathetic caricature of him. His idealism is naive to the point of folly; his motivation neurotic. But though there is a certain mockery in Ibsen's portrait of Werle, he must not be made petty. (Dr. Stockman, the "enemy of the people," may also be given a humorous touch as a fumbling innocent, but in the end he must retain something of the heroic.) The bourgeois realist Ibsen was ultimately interested in nothing less than the grandiose: his "cottages" are really cathedrals. The weakness of the APA production—and one should not be scornful of it on this account—is that its Werle is a slight, almost an inconsequential, personage.

Werle may be cramped, even a little absurd, but he is still Ibsen and, despite all, a mighty being. For what does Werle say about himself as the curtain falls: that he is forever destined to remain "the thirteenth man at the table." Yes, says Werle-Ibsen, I may be a troublemaker, a spoil sport, even "crazy," but my function is incessantly to go on clamoring for the truth and the ideal, even if I never attain them or am never able to ascertain their exact nature.

I have seen *The Wild Duck* in many different productions. It is still worth seeing at the APA-Lyceum.

Debonair and cultivated Michael Flanders is attractively sophisticated in humor; Donald Swann suggests a state of embarrassment because of what he

understands but will not utter, while he seems at the same time to be quite pleased by this condition and hopeful that it may go unnoticed.

At the *Drop of Another Hat* is not "theatre," though it is housed at the Booth, and is more than ordinarily agreeable. Matisse once said that he wished his paintings to be as restful as an armchair. Flanders and Swann provide us with an armchair which keeps us alert and rested. They make excellent hosts.

By an error for which he was not responsible, Harold Clurman was made to refer to Miss Cecil Dawkins as "Mr." in his column of January 16. The editors apologize to Miss Dawkins and Mr. Clurman.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The problem in reviewing Lincoln Center's four evenings of New Cinema (week of January 15) is not to let irritation with the pompous *avant-institutional* presentation rub off on the works themselves. Most of the films shown (in the first two evenings, which were all I could attend by press time) are capable short works (from three minutes to half an hour) and would embellish any commercial showing that needed a little padding of the feature. But many of them are not new in the literal sense and none that I saw offered any inventive or artistic novelty. The occasion seemed to be a celebration of the unremarkable. Janus Films, the co-sponsor, was given a gold-plated send-off for a series of packages it intends to send out on the college circuit; Lincoln Center once more gave the impression of sweating to fill its real estate.

On the first evening, I actively disliked only one picture, *Corrida Interdite*; and that partly because the cult worship of torturing bulls to death offends me, and partly because I am tired of the device of running film at reduced speed and calling the effect ballet.

The program offered two animated cartoons—*Enter Hamlet* (U.S.) and *The Do-It-Yourself Cartoon Kit* (England) that were funny at a sight-gag level, and a very short (three minutes) fable in line, *Two Castles* (Italy), that was a wry comment on human tomfoolery. It was probably the best moment of the evening.

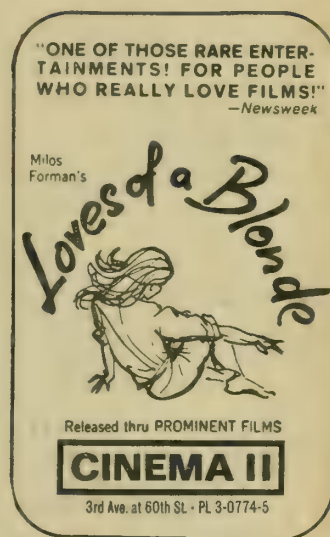
Renaissance (by the Polish Borowczyk, but produced in France) reconstructed the corner of a living room that had been destroyed by a hand

grenade by running the film backward, and *Allures* (U.S.) was an abstract fireworks display that made me wonder how much you would have to pay for a really good kaleidoscope. The program note refers to the "overwhelming emotional effect" of *Renaissance* and finds in *Allures* "the subliminal rhythms of the inner cosmos," which is saying a lot for a couple of routine, if skillful, trick films, and shows how exciting the trade of blurb writing can be.

The three larger offerings, the mini-features of the first evening, were by François Truffaut, Roman Polanski and Chris Marker; all three were made in France. In *Les Mists '67* (*The Mischief Makers*), Truffaut weaves the summer idyll of a gang of pre-adolescent boys plaguing a young couple in love. The children are beautifully directed in the style of a host of French films that have learned from *Generals Without But-tons*, the lovers behave as though they were well aware that their embraces were being spied upon, the ending is mawkish (arbitrarily sad). This pleasant banality is made endurable by the punctuation of Truffaut's wit.

The Fat and the Lean (Polanski) is a parable about how we skinny dopes slave to take care of you fat slobs, while all the while our eyes yearn for Paris on the horizon. Two tramps enact the pantomime, Polanski himself playing the lean one with much gymnastic virtuosity. It was repetitious and ponderously obvious, and I kept wishing that people would let Beckett make his own films.

The evening ended with *La Jetée* (The



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Deck) which Marker may intend to carry a timely message but which gets tangled in a sleight of hand about time. The film begins and ends at Orly in the present tense, but the main action takes place after World War III, and concerns the desperate efforts of the doomed survivors to send a messenger for help into the future or the past. There is a small romance in the misty-melancholy tone of Robert Nathan, there are a few eerie moments, mostly occasioned by hypodermic needles and futuristic eyeglasses. The denouement should be guessed early by anyone with a working knowledge of time travel.

At the second evening, the audience threatened to mutiny during the projection, surprisingly enough, of a film describing the execution of a set of doors for St. Peter's, Rome. The combination of Carlo Levi's portentous text, John Huston's unctuous voice, a grandiloquent score and the hammy notions of the artist, Giacomo Manzù, as to how the rigors of creation might most effectively be enacted provoked hoots, boos and ironic applause. Janus representatives in the house no doubt reported back to the home office that this picture is a non-starter.

Also on the bill was an animated rendition of Beckett's *Act Without Words* (France), which employed a Tinker Toy puppet in the solo part and thus destroyed the meaning of the piece—man's defeat by a dehumanized society.

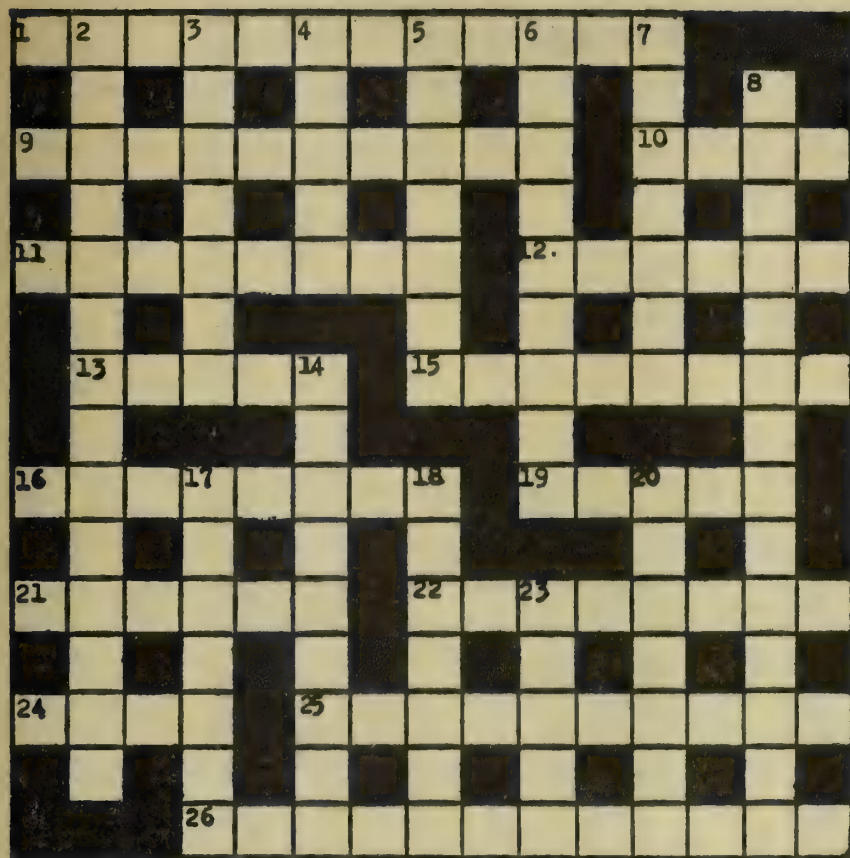
The jewel of the evening was *The Most*, Ballentine and Shepard (Canada), which is the now-famous 1962 documentary on Hugh Hefner, his philosophy, his girlie empire, the sycophants who surround him. Hefner, his fanatic's eyes glittering, avers that he is the Scott Fitzgerald of his decade and by any normal definition a genius. The half hour catches him putting out *Playboy*, apparently with the help of a secretary, a cleaning woman and a model, and presiding over an orgy of what he calls sophisticated relaxation at his Chicago town house. The liquor flows, the girls wiggle, the bathers gambol in the subterranean pool (I was alarmed by the absence of a sober lifeguard), and the hired hands testify that they "love the guy."

The key to a man like Hefner (Huntington Hartford is another, as a rollicking TV profile once proved) is that he does not demand the instant destruction of the film. Indeed, he "performs" himself with a fatuous self-satisfaction that reduces an audience to gasping, incredulous laughter.

THE NATION / January 30, 1967

Crossword Puzzle No. 1186

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Money in the container might surprise you! (4-2-3-3)
- 9 The hockey coach's concluding remarks might be at the bottom of the business. (6, 4)
- 10 Coward, for example, one might now find on Sixth Avenue. (4)
- 11 On the wrong basis, tease the type like Wilde? (8)
- 12 In Utah, it is considered a romantic spot. (6)
- 13 Love might make the heart; problems might make the head. (5)
- 15 Lean, only more so, as one who might be on the run around the hotel. (8)
- 16 Rash would certainly be no description for the brachycephalic! (8)
- 19 Painting style of "Composition in Green"? (5)
- 21 Make a mistake, and it might provide a job for one of the 9. (6)
- 22 In the tropics, a strange fruit! (8)
- 24 Meal ticket? (4)
- 25 All nature, I find, is presenting one view. (10)
- 26 Might is provide the additional power needed to hold up a Valkyrie? (12)

DOWN:

- 2 A lousy baker's stand-in — Danish didn't come out well with him. (6, 3, 5)
- 3 Jersey might provide suitable work for one. (7)
- 4 Relative point in fine surroundings.

(5)

- 5 The sort of horse likely to be found in vaudeville? (7)
- 6 The sun might at a different time in winter, coming in on all sides. (9)
- 7 One might have to get madder to find it, with a number attached to the article on the weak end. (7)
- 8 Life's staff being unavailable, this was a less professional comment during the rioting. (3, 4, 3, 4)
- 14 It involves take-off and landing at some distance. (5, 4)
- 17 Some distribute a limited number of suits, while others handle a full line of clothing, appliances, etc. (7)
- 18 The body's cold, but still shows some movement. (7)
- 20 If the head of such a power were turned, the results would be far from certain. (7)
- 23 There might be a tack on each side of such a leg. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1185

ACROSS: 1 Comprehension; 10 Ordered; 11 Trapeze; 12 Epochal; 13 Retinue; 14 Tuesday; 15 Soprano; 16 Hassock; 20 Peanuts; 23 Brittle; 24 Lying in; 25 Narrows; 26 Chimera; 27 Opening nights.
DOWN: 2 Old rose; 3 Parched; 4 End play; 5 Extorts; 6 Start up; 7 Oceania; 8 To beat the band; 9 Never on Sunday; 17 Stirrup; 18 Outworn; 19 Keelson; 20 Pelican; 21 Residing; 22 Unguent.

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too much gravy

Long Island City, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: R. A. Musgrave's thoughtful piece ["National Taxes and Local Needs," *The Nation*, Jan. 16] omits any mention of the main objection to sharing federal tax collections with the states. That is the prevalence of corruption in the state legislatures. Aside from the few house-keeping chores they perform (the licensing of saloons and doctors, and the extraction of loyalty oaths from suspect occupations such as teaching), the states are chiefly engaged in the manufacture of gravy for the politicians and their businessmen friends. . . . My best guess is that not more than one-tenth of returned federal taxes would be applied to stated purposes. . . .

Emmett Swisshelm

communications gap

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Douglass Cater, of Mr. Johnson's staff, informs me that he has never suggested that U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II should clear his speeches with the White House.

The quote attributed to him in "Guidelines to Frustration" [*The Nation*, Jan. 16] was given to me by a responsible member of Mr. Howe's staff who said that he was present when the remark was made. Mr. Cater insists that my informant misunderstood him.

Robert Sherrill

Jews in Russia

New York City

DEAR SIR: In his article ["Kosygin in Paris: Differences Within Amity," *The Nation*, Dec. 26], Alexander Werth writes with astonishing presumption that only "a minority of old-fashioned, orthodox or Israel-conscious Jews" resent the measures taken by the Soviet Government against Jewish cultural expression, and that "approximately 2 million Jews (of the less than 3 million in the country) . . . do not in the main want to rank as Jews." I cannot imagine what authority Mr. Werth has for this allegation. . . .

Those of us who seek wider rights for Soviet Jews frequently are confronted with the argument that we have no mandate from Soviet Jewry. . . . And it is true that there is no way of knowing adequately the desire of Soviet Jews except by a host of inferences. We don't know, and neither does Mr. Werth. This indeed is our principal complaint. There is no permitted address for Soviet Jews, there is no central organization, no representative body, no one to ask.

Soviet authorities insist that the paucity of Jewish facilities in the USSR reflects a lack of desire among Soviet Jews for them. But the available facts of Soviet life decisively refute this claim. In 1959, almost half a million Jews recorded Yiddish as their first language. Every time a Yiddish book appears its supply is exhausted immediately upon publication and copies become unobtainable. Yiddish concerts—intermittent and inadequate though they are—because they are the single cultural medium still available to Jews, invariably attract overflow audiences. The festival of Simchath Torah each year finds Jews crowding the streets as the simplest form of affirmation of this Jewish identity.

In any case, there is no need to rely on conjecture, or even on the contradictory anecdotal accounts of travelers in the Soviet Union. (Reports of Jews with shadowed eyes who implore, "Do not forget us" are offset by other reports of somebody else's cousins who say, "We're fine the way we are.") No one desires that Soviet Jews be coerced into a feeling of fellowship or identity that is not authentic. We therefore propose a simple test: We challenge Soviet authorities to let there be established in the Soviet

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EDITORIALS

A Better Purpose

In exactly 915 words, Archibald MacLeish has managed to sum up twenty years of cold-war history (*The New York Times*, January 21). "Like a badly constructed concert hall," he writes, history has occasional "dead spots where the music can't be heard." We are caught in one of them today, as shown by the confusion and lack of clear purpose in our national life, the frustration, the boredom, the stalemated reforms, the backbiting, the eclipse of social idealism. And the reason is clear. "We can't make out the tune of the time because we are still back behind it in the 1950s with the dilapidated bulk of 'Anti-Communism' against our faces." Like all the "anti-isms," "anti-communism" is not a policy but an expedient to conceal the fact that we have no policy. An "anti" policy does not define a goal or point a direction; it merely insures an automatic response to whatever initiatives the opposition undertakes. Containment—an attempt to formalize an "anti-Communist" position—has meant a "redefinition of the American purpose in the world as the negation of the Russian purpose"—or, more recently, the Chinese purpose or the Cuban purpose, or any revolutionary purpose. "If we could bring ourselves to look around, it might occur to us that we are not, whatever the ushers may have told us, in the best seat in the house. Some, of course, have already noticed. Even fifteen years ago when the place was first proposed to us a few protested. 'Anti-Communism,' which meant McCarthy at home and Containment abroad, looked like a queer location for the United States, a nation not previously given to squatting in the lee of anything."

But can we now bring ourselves to take that "look around" or would it be too painful? Are we willing to abandon the pursuit of affluence long enough to take such a look at ourselves and our position in the world? Mr. MacLeish hopefully notes that "the perspective alters" and indeed it does. But "anti-communism" is still the prime determinant of American policy, or lack of it. Dean Rusk's demonstrated inability to define American purpose in Vietnam in other than "anti-Communist" clichés is a measure of our continued entrapment by the compulsive ideology that masquerades as "anti-communism." Senator Fulbright complains that Mr. Rusk won't admit that Vietnam is a civil war; but how could he make such an admission? How then would he justify our presence there? Similarly the circumstance that a policeman—Mr. Hoover—is permitted a right of veto over even such a minor modification of our rigid "anti-Communist" position as the proposed consular treaty with the Russians is another measure of the extent to which we are prisoners of an ideology we neither acknowledge nor discuss. Since our adherence to this ideology, we have steadily lost the freedom of action which we possessed in 1945.

But Mr. MacLeish is right: the perspective alters. Under

the impact of new realities, the hypnotic effect of "anti-communism" has begun to abate. An indication that the winds are shifting slightly is to be found in an article by Max Geltman, "The Decline of the Anti-Communist Left" in a recent issue of *National Review*. Mr. Geltman is keenly distressed that the shrill voices of the "anti-Communist Left"—really the cold-war liberals—have turned strangely silent. A group of American intellectuals who, fifteen years ago, helped to establish the moral and political climate for McCarthyism have now adopted a modified posture. Examples abound—you have only to scan the signatures on the petitions and published statements calling for an end to the war in Vietnam.

There are other indications. For example, the current issue of *Partisan Review* contains an interesting symposium on "What's Happening to America," from which one learns: "There is a good deal of anxiety about the direction of American life. In fact there is reason to fear that America may be entering a moral and political crisis." Quite true—and the crisis has been maturing for fifteen years. Today we are told that Vietnam is a "bitter heritage"; so it is, the heritage of two decades of intensive "anti-Communist" activity at home and abroad.

The perspective alters, but our policy makers are still prisoners of the ideology in which they have imprisoned themselves. The "anti-Communist Left" may be less venomous than it was and, now and then, some of the scaffolding of McCarthyism is dismantled. The Supreme Court's recent decision invalidating New York's teacher loyalty program is a case in point. But as Mr. MacLeish notes: "McCarthy has disappeared—but only to be replaced by the apparently ineradicable rock of McCarthyism. And Containment has turned into the disaster implicit in it from the start—the disaster of Vietnam." Nor is the end in sight: in the intervening period the power of the Right has steadily grown as the power of the Left has steadily declined. As a result of this change in the relative power of the two wings, the Center position has swung much further to the right. A well-organized and heavily financed element now exists well to the right of Goldwater. On today's spectrum, the late Sen. Robert Taft would appear as left of Center.

Fifteen years ago a few political observers were willing to protest that "anti-communism" could never define an American purpose. Today there are more, but still not enough. At some pain and discomfort, *The Nation* insisted then—and has continued to insist—that the only answer to communism is, as Mr. MacLeish puts it, "a better purpose of our own." And the pity of it is that with all the frights and alarms, crises and debacles of the last twenty years, we have always *had* a better purpose at hand. The Revolution of 1776, not the Revolution of 1917, is, as Mr. MacLeish points out, today providing "the dynamics of the waking world from the west coast of Africa to the islands of Japan." Perhaps, by some miracle, we may yet recapture the spirit of that revolution.

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The Big-Guns Budget

Mr. Johnson's budget is a multiple effort such as one would expect from a politician seasoned in dispensing rewards and foreseeing the effects of what he gives, and what he withholds. It contains potential goodies for each Congressman: opposition cannot be disarmed, but it can be minimized. The aged and other deprived groups are given special treatment, special commiseration, special promises. The space boys receive about the same funds as in the earlier stages of Apollo, which at the present stage of the moon race is more than enough. A show of moderation is based on cutbacks of atomic missiles. The Johnson flank is protected by a start on an anti-missile defense, and so on.

The submittal of the Presidential budget is of course a ritualistic exercise. Its underlying aims are political, despite its economic façade. The President can only make recommendations. He does not spend the money (nor adjust the taxes); all that is up to Congress. When the President submits the budget, he lays down the preliminary outlines for debate. For the moment he is on the spot, while Congressmen wring their hands at his extravagance and his wild ideas, and others dutifully praise him for his loving solicitude toward the common man. The same Congressmen who are now calling him names will soon be voting for pork-barrel projects for their own districts, and logrolling with their colleagues. When it comes to "defense," they will be appropriating funds that the Administration has not asked for and will not spend.

"Defense," current spending for war, preparation for future wars—these are the solid parts of the budget. These are the parts that Congress will not cut. The knife will be out for everything that contributes to peace and welfare—the two sides of the same coin. The economizers will zero in on all these items and pare them just short of the point where public outrage might be aroused. If they stop short of making a shambles of the Great Society, it will not be from statesmanship or good will but from prudence. To batter LBJ too hard would not be safe, but they will know how far to go.

This is not a guns-and-butter or even a guns-and-margarine budget. The guns will remain and the margarine ration will be lowered. With \$73 billion for defense, including \$22 billion for the Vietnamese War, the hawks will still not be satisfied. The gentlemen of the Air Force Association, representing some of the big arms contractors, listened the other day at New York's Twenty-One restaurant to Barry Goldwater calling for more war and more military spending. The Army and Navy contractors will be equally importunate.

Nor should it be forgotten that the budget is based on the premise that the defense of civilization in Southeast Asia will continue at the present level. "The national defense program for the current and coming fiscal year," Mr. Johnson intoned, "bears the deep imprint of our commitment to preserve the independence of South Viet-

nam and to bring peace to that nation." He added that this part of the budget would be for the entire year, "*barring unforeseen developments in Vietnam or elsewhere in the world. . .*" He also said: "In Vietnam, *as throughout the world*, we seek peace, but will provide all the resources needed to combat aggression." (Italics added in both cases.) With such a blanket commitment, unforeseen developments can be foreseen.

In short, this is a war budget by a war President, and not much else.

The Perils of Overexposure

It would not be fair to say that the Kennedys seek publicity. They don't need to. Their present plight, however, is a horrible example of what overexposure can do to the image of a once popular group. Actually the application is only to Jacqueline Kennedy and Sen. Robert Kennedy. The old people no longer count except within the family, and Sen. Edward Kennedy has been on the sidelines of the current squabble.

The Manchester-Kennedy controversy reflects no credit on anyone involved. The latest episode, in which Manchester, before high tailing it to a jolly retreat in the Caribbean, fired a gratuitous parting salvo at Mrs. Kennedy, at the unhappy Bobby, at Richard Goodwin and others, only added to the unpleasant effect of the earlier proceedings. His two principal targets have temporarily been driven from the country. Bobby is leaving for London and Paris; Mrs. Kennedy, after her own trip to Southern waters, plans to visit Asia.

The commissioning of an authorized account of the terrible events of 1963 was a mistake to begin with. Mrs. Kennedy's pouring out her heart on tape to Mr. Manchester was a second mistake. Apparently, she has never heard Somerset Maugham's aphorism: "You can't be a writer and a gentleman too." If Maugham, who was a gentleman and at times a distinguished writer, couldn't manage it, how could Manchester?

The subsequent attempts on the part of the Kennedys to control the text of the book and its serialization gave the impression of an arrogant use of money and power. They may have been within their legal rights, but that is not the point. Apparently most of what they objected to was of little moment one way or the other. The public was not in a mood to go along with them, whether they were right or wrong. The John F. Kennedy aura was blown away by the exchange of recriminations.

At a given point of idolatry the public turns from adoring its idols and begins to examine their feet. Once celebrities reach a certain level of overexposure, there is just as much mileage to be gained from cutting them down as there was from building them up. The writers and broadcasters who provide this sort of fare are familiar with the reaction, and when some of them sense the turning point, the others follow. All of the overexposed live

in the shadow of an obloquy. It is one of the hazards of publicity.

When the assault begins, no holds are barred. A British journalist now accuses the Kennedys of trying to establish a power base at Harvard through the John F. Kennedy School of Government. This is scurrilous nonsense. Harvard was there before the Kennedys, before the U.S. Government; it is well able to protect itself against wealth and power, from whatever source. Yet now, because of some mistakes in taste and judgment by a prominent family, not only is the family the butt of any scribbler, but a Harvard dean, and even the president of the university, must speak in its defense. Really, it's too much.

Winter of Discontent

Brandt, es ist aus. . . . Thus begins a sharp and bitter little poem addressed to the head of Germany's Democrats by F.C. Delius, a poet of the younger Berlin set. He belongs to the group of writers who supported Brandt—both in federal politics and against the power wielders in the apparatus of his own party; now, this group feels, Brandt has betrayed them: *Brandt, it is over.* . . .

It is an open question, however, when this betrayal took place, and whether it was not partly self-betrayal. The Berlin climate of the last few years was kind—suspiciously kind—to a politicking intelligentsia; Brandt, Arndt, Professor Schiller mingled freely with Günter Grass, Hans Werner Richter, Uwe Johnson and the younger set mentioned above. It looked as if, for the first time, the old curse of German authoritarianism, which relegates writers and thinkers to the sidelines of society, could be attacked successfully. And the bitterness resulting from the new SPD “sellout,” the Grand Coalition, was correspondingly great.

But was it really a sellout? The Grand Coalition was certainly an attempt to forestall the worst: a general and widespread distrust of the “system,” in other words, of democracy. Can it succeed? Cartoonists spoofed the coalition as a society wedding—Kiesinger as the groom and Willy Brandt as the bride; they may not be far off the truth. The coalition is, fundamentally, a nonpolitical way out; it tries to replace the old father figure (Adenauer) by the image of a “happy family.” It tries to reconcile democracy to the German petty-bourgeois mind which still abhors “bickering,” “sterile antagonism” and the like—in other words, abhors the fundamental principle of democracy: institutionalized conflict.

Herbert Wehner, the powerful SPD boss, contends that his party has to be made respectable by participation in government before it becomes truly acceptable to the floating vote. He also asserts that the coalition should be a passing phenomenon; that it should pave the way to a true Anglo-Saxon democratic system by adopting, for future elections, the two-party setup and the abolition of splinter representation in Parliament.

But does the German mind understand what a two-party system must be? Does it realize that both parties must become “democracies”—establishing within their own realms some sort of majority-minority consent before they become viable as political alternatives? There lies the new and very necessary field of action for the German intelligentsia.

But to occupy that field, the progressive spirit in Germany must overcome its old handicaps: perfectionism in political demands, dogmatism in principle, feebleness in action. The political climate in West Germany has moved to the right; not as much as international publicity has made out by trumpeting NPD successes but perceptibly enough to cause real worry. The nation cannot afford any longer to ignore its intellectuals—and the intellectuals cannot afford any more to stay aloof. C. AMERY

Up to Our Necks in Thailand

The early history of our involvement in Vietnam could be rewritten as current history in Thailand. Only one qualification is necessary: in Thailand new heights of deceit, double talk, obfuscation and plain lying have been reached. As in Vietnam, we are sending in troops (preponderantly airmen for the present), building bases, “advising” the Thai military, financing the ruling class lavishly, introducing the GI culture—including admiration for local womanhood—and making this sizable country (it is about as large as France) the fifty-first state, as Senator Fulbright has called it.

There are also a few differences from the story of Vietnam. One is that we did not need to put in our own boy to rule the country; no Ngo Dinh Diem was necessary. When we came on the scene the Thais already had a royal house of ancient lineage and a military dictatorship headed by Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, who amassed a personal fortune of \$140 million in five years, largely from our bounty. Sarit died, leaving not only this goodly estate but wives and concubines to a number remarkable even for Thailand.

As everyone knows by now (though no loyal Thai or loyal American will publicly admit it), since 1965 the major part of our air attacks on North Vietnam have originated at Thai bases. Eleven U.S. fighter-bomber squadrons are now stationed there. Although it is no longer denied that these forces have wrought considerable havoc, both military and civilian, in North Vietnam, their operations are relatively small stuff, as are the air operations over Laos. A modern fighter-bomber may be the peer in payload of a World War II heavy bomber, but it is rated as a tactical weapon.

The Strategic Air Command naturally wanted to exercise its muscles in Southeast Asia, and has been doing so since 1965 with B-52 raids on South Vietnam and the demilitarized zone between the two Vietnams. But these giants had to fly from Guam, nearly a 5,000-mile round

trip, and some of them will now be more conveniently based at our airfields in Thailand. In fact, a number of B-52s are already there and have engaged in operations, although this is stoutly denied by the Air Force.

Since the United States can admit to being in Thailand for only one purpose—the defense of Western civilization against communism—we needed there the equivalent of the Vietcong in South Vietnam, and an insurrectionary force was duly detected in the northeast section of the country, adjacent to Laos. As earlier in Vietnam, the State Department denied that we were fighting the restive peasants; all we were doing was supplying helicopters to ferry Thai troops into action.

By U.S. accounts, Thailand is the most fiercely independent nation in the world, a kind of Switzerland of Asia. It has never been a colony and will never bend the knee to a great power. It is because of this almost neurotic sensitivity that we are forced to deny that we have 40,000 men in the country and that the bases are ours. It is a question whether this immemorial attitude of Thailand-for-the-Thais will long endure. It may be that the Thais will gradually be colonized, American style; they have only to look to the southeast to see how it comes about. But what matter? The top Thais are getting well paid for the services we render them.

Reagan's Lesson

The firing of Clark Kerr by the University of California Regents is the latest and most extreme example of the irresponsibility that has come, in just two weeks, to characterize the Reagan administration.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* of Saturday, January 21, carried the headline:

UC REGENTS FIRE KERR
—BIG VICTORY FOR REAGAN

And so it was—in his battle to hamstring the university and destroy the state's tradition of free education for all. It has often been said that the University of California demonstrates that it is possible to have *both* class and mass, for it is certainly the most distinguished state university in the country and one of America's greatest educational institutions. (See article by Mel Wax, p. 178.)

Reagan has advocated charging tuition, and many think that Kerr's strenuous opposition to this policy was one of the main reasons for his abrupt dismissal. But it has also been known that Reagan was out "to get Kerr," on the matter of handling the students during the recent strikes. Kerr is "soft on students," which is close enough to being "soft on communism" to warrant the guillotine in Orange County.

In addition to sacking Kerr and advocating tuition, Reagan has also requested large budget cuts, for both the university and the state-college system. Quite probably he is maneuvering: he will reduce the size of the cuts he is requesting (and perhaps even the tuition he advocates) and thus will emerge as a "moderate."

Regardless of what happens in the future, the immediate result of all this is that neither the university nor the state colleges can attract new faculty members, since the salaries are no longer competitive and the political climate is no longer so "sunny." This has long been a problem, especially in the state-college system, where faculty members carry heavy loads for only mediocre salaries. As a result, only about 50 per cent of its teaching staff have doctorates. Last year the system had half a dozen openings for *presidencies*—and had to go begging to fill them.

Thus, the educational system in California, in the control of such luminaries as Max Rafferty and Ronald Reagan, is plunging into a smog of despair. And "who shall lead it out?"

RHODESIA: SANCTIONS ON TRIAL

JOHN HATCH

Mr. Hatch is Commonwealth correspondent for the New Statesman and director of the Inter-University African Studies Program, University of Houston. He is the author of Africa Today—and Tomorrow.

London

On the evening of December 5, 1966, we waited outside the cabinet office in Salisbury, Rhodesia, a crowd of some 1,000, to learn whether Ian Smith and his cabinet had clinched the deal with Harold Wilson or were to fight on against the world. It was a hot, tropical night—during the day the temperature had risen to nearly 100°F. We had been there since morning, for the deadline agreed upon with the British was now eight hours past. A few black faces mingled with the white, but Africans kept

mostly to the fringes. Despite the importance of the decision, there was an unreal, amateur air about the scene. We could even see Ian Smith's back through the open window as he sat at the head of the cabinet table. Occasionally, as the long hours ticked away, he would turn to the window and wave to us. For some minutes he was on his feet, clearly reading a document to his colleagues.

It was 8 P.M. when the double doors on the ground level swung open. To a shout of "Good old Smithy," the Rhodesian Prime Minister led his cabinet out into the forecourt beneath arc lights, flash bulbs and television cameras. He stood in the center of a semicircle formed by his colleagues to read the statement responding to the document produced two days earlier with Mr. Wilson aboard the British naval ship, *Tiger*. His first two sen-

tences indicated agreement. A murmur through the crowd suggested that they believed the quarrel with Britain to be at an end. But his next word was "however. . . ." Then we knew that it was to be rejection. For Mr. Wilson had made it very plain that there was no longer room for reservation or amendment. Indeed, the rest of the statement represented a total rejection of the method laid down by Britain for the Smith regime to return to legality. It concluded with a ringing cry, "The fight goes on." At that, one man in the crowd called for three cheers for John Vorster, South Africa's Prime Minister; another



Beaton, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

shouted "out with the moderates"; and members of the cabinet grinned self-consciously.

This was the climax to one of the most astonishing episodes in British colonial history. To explain the significance of the drama we need to recall the events leading to this tableau outside the cabinet office in Salisbury.

Rhodesia is legally a British colony. However, it differs from all other colonies in that it has never actually been ruled by a British Government. It was colonized toward the end of the last century by Cecil Rhodes's British South Africa Company. Agents of the company made agreements with the chiefs of African tribes, in particular with Lobengula, King of the Matabele, to prospect for minerals. When the Africans found that white men were also beginning to take their land, they objected and several wars took place. The African tribes, mainly the two groups known as the Matabele and the Mashona, were conquered. The BSAC then ruled the country until 1923 when its charter, granted by Queen Victoria, was due to expire.

In that year the British Government stepped in. It allowed the 35,000 Europeans to vote in a referendum on the alternative of becoming a self-governing colony or joining South Africa. In the proportion of about 4 to 3, the white settlers chose self-government. They were allowed their own parliament, civil service, police force and armed forces. Only external affairs and a veto on discriminatory legislation remained in the hands of the British Parliament.

This remained the position until 1953. By that time the European population, swollen by many refugees from postwar Britain's austerity, had grown to nearly 150,000. In 1953, Southern Rhodesia was joined with Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia in the Central African Federation. Injected with the rich copper profits of its northern neighbor, the economy boomed again. Immigrants from Britain and South Africa flocked into Salisbury and Bulawayo, where manufactures and service industries rapidly augmented the tobacco farming and mineral mining which had formed the country's staples.

But the federation failed. Despite the fact that it was ostensibly based on "racial partnership," the Africans soon found that this principle had been aptly described by the first federal Prime Minister, Godfrey Huggins, as the partnership of horse and rider. In Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia African political parties grew strong enough to break down the federal structure and establish their own independent, African-governed states, which in 1964 became Malawi and Zambia.

This left Southern Rhodesia (now known as Rhodesia) on its own. It had about 225,000 European inhabitants and 4 million Africans. But before, during and after federation it had been governed by the white community. Indeed, despite the radical changes which had taken place all over Africa during the 1950s, no African was allowed to sit in the Rhodesian parliament until the end of 1962. Even then, only fifteen out of the sixty-five seats were filled by Africans, and they were elected by only a tiny section of the African population. This was partly because of the limited franchise, partly because African nationalists boycotted the constitution in protest against its undemocratic character.

With the grant of independence to Malawi and Zambia in 1964, Britain was left in an embarrassing position regarding Rhodesia. Inevitably, seeing their two neighbors becoming independent states, Rhodesian whites demanded complete independence themselves. They pointed out that the African ministers of the two new states had virtually no experience of administration; while they, themselves, had governed their country for the past forty years.

Yet throughout the decolonization period from 1947 on, British Parliaments had always adopted the principle that independence would be granted only after the whole population of a colony had expressed its desire to end colonial status. This had invariably been achieved through an election held on the basis of universal adult suffrage. But the Rhodesian franchise had always been heavily qualified in favor of the white man. Only a handful of Africans had ever been able to attain the financial and educational standards demanded for the right to vote. It was a small white oligarchy that demanded independence from British rule. The Africans, so far as they were able to express their wishes, urged that Britain retain its ultimate authority until the majority—obviously African—had gained the power to rule. This was what Britain had done in all its other dependencies, but in Rhodesia it had neither soldiers nor police nor civil service to insure that its wishes be carried out. Moreover, 225,000 Europeans were living in Rhodesia, compared with only

about 70,000 in Zambia or 50,000 in Kenya, the other two principal multi-racial colonies. And many people in England regarded these Rhodesian whites as their "kith and kin."

This was the situation during the last year of Britain's Conservative government under Sir Alec Douglas-Home; it remained the position when Harold Wilson took over in October, 1964—with a majority of three!

Both Conservative and Labour governments refused the demands for complete independence. Each government insisted that before it would grant independence certain conditions must be fulfilled. The way must be clear for progress toward eventual majority rule, with safeguards to insure that there should be no turning back after Britain had surrendered sovereignty—as occurred in similar circumstances in South Africa. There must also be some immediate advance in African political status, abolition of racial discrimination, and the new constitution must be acceptable to the country as a whole. And, since the British Parliament alone could grant legal independence to Rhodesia, the British Government's policy represented the terms which any Rhodesian regime would have to fulfill in order to obtain constitutional sovereignty. In the event, the Smith regime decided that it would not accept such terms, but would take unconstitutional action. On November 11, 1965, Ian Smith declared Rhodesia independent, in defiance of British authority. The Wilson government immediately termed the declaration an act of treason, the Smith regime illegal. It called on all other states to refuse to recognize the regime, and no state has recognized the illegal government during the ensuing fourteen months.

It might have been expected that the other African states, hostile toward the white supremacy administrations of southern Africa, would have eagerly joined Britain in action against Smith and his colleagues. But two issues divided black Africa from Harold Wilson. In the summer of 1965, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania had quarreled with Wilson at the Commonwealth conference because the British Prime Minister refused to give an undertaking that he would not grant Rhodesia independence before majority rule had been established there. By the time Smith had declared unilateral independence in November it seemed to most Africans that nothing short of British military intervention could prevent white domination. Yet Wilson, with his meager majority of three, feared unpopularity with the British electorate and openly disclaimed any intention of using force. The Africans read these two lessons as proof that Wilson's government intended to make a deal with Smith's insubordinate regime, being unwilling to use the methods Britain had employed in the past against Africans and other non-whites in rebellious colonies.

So Tanzania and some other African states broke off diplomatic relations with Britain at the end of 1965. The key African position was held by Zambia. This northern neighbor of Rhodesia was heavily dependent on the rebellious colony for coal supplies to its vital copper industry, for the railway line which carried most of the copper exports, and for provision of most of its imports.

President Kaunda of Zambia was prepared to cut off some trade to help the British sanctions policy against Smith, but was not willing to sacrifice his infant country's economy permanently on the altar of a policy he did not believe could succeed. The past year's experience has left Kaunda very angry with Harold Wilson. When, even after Wilson's majority was increased to ninety-seven in last March's elections, the British Prime Minister began to conduct talks with the Smith regime, Zambian suspicions of British intentions were confirmed. When I met President Kaunda over breakfast one steamy December morning, he made it plain that he and his colleagues were in the process of developing their potentially rich economy independently of British desires. In particular, they are turning their communications as fast as possible from the south to Tanzania and the Congo in the north. But, in the meantime, they look first to Zambian interests, even to the point of accepting South African supplies as substitutes for Rhodesian.

The Zambians are enthusiastically confident about their economic prospects; but I found Kaunda deeply worried lest the conflict with Rhodesia should disturb the racial peace which he is painstakingly building. Already some of the 70,000 Europeans in Zambia have shown overt or covert support for the Smith regime. Some Africans in Kaunda's party have retaliated. Riots have taken place on the Copper Belt; during one of them a European woman was killed, though accidentally, when a stone was thrown through her wind-screen. But Kaunda cannot afford to lose his skilled white workers, and he rightly feels apprehensive that confidence is ebbing as the ripples of the Rhodesian conflict spread to the north.

It was in this context that the meeting took place on H.M.S. *Tiger* at the beginning of December. Inevitably, it roused African suspicions to explosive levels. Again it confirmed the belief that Wilson was more concerned to reach any kind of settlement with Smith than to replace white supremacy by democratic rule. Nor were these suspicions confined to Africans. Several members of Wilson's government and more backbenchers were ready to resign in protest against the deal. When the document produced in this bizarre conference at sea was published, it was seen that Wilson had been prepared to sacrifice any appearance of democracy in the constitution he offered to Smith. Its acceptance would certainly have led to a furor in the Labour Party and have severed relations between Britain and Africa for many years.

As it turned out, Wilson was spared resignations and diplomatic ostracism by Smith's rejection of the document he had participated in drafting. Frankly, when those of us who have been concerned over the years to prevent Rhodesia's following the South African pattern heard Ian Smith pronounce the words "the fight goes on," we breathed a sigh of relief. For we recognized that now, unless there was further backsliding, Britain would be forced to follow the policy spelled out at last September's Commonwealth conference. This included asking the UN Security Council to declare mandatory sanctions on specified Rhodesian imports and exports, and a declaration that now Britain would withdraw all previous offers to Smith, refusing to grant independence before ma-

majority rule had been established. And this latter pledge, known as NIBMAR (no independence before majority African rule), I knew to be crucial to future British-African relations. Only a week before, Julius Nyerere had told me in Dar es Salaam that this pledge, and evidence that it was to be carried out, would restore his trust in Britain.

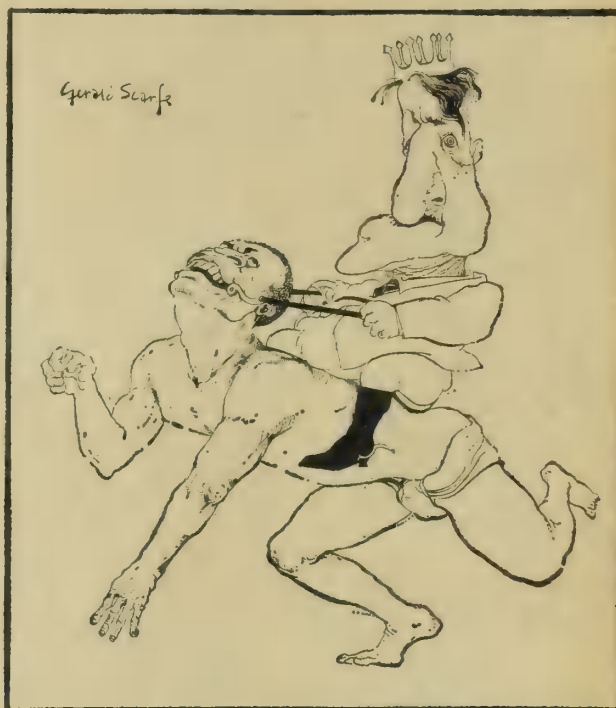
Why, then, if the *Tiger* offer appeared so favorable to the Rhodesian whites, did Smith and his cabinet reject the settlement? The answer is that they did not believe they could secure the constitution they were offered. The document was in two parts. The second, outlining a constitution under which Wilson would grant independence, was eminently acceptable to Smith. Indeed, he said at his TV press conference that if it had been offered last year he would not have declared UDI. But, according to the first part of the offer, to reach the constitutional settlement Smith would have to resign his independence and agree to four months' interim rule under the governor. Moreover, during this period a commission would have tested public opinion on the new constitution. Smith and his colleagues reckoned that public opinion—which would include the 4 million Africans as well as the 225,000 whites—would reject the constitution. It may be that Wilson thought the Rhodesian public would prefer the new constitution to Smith's present rule; or he may have estimated that the commission, on which Rhodesians would sit, would have been of such a character as to recommend acceptance. But Smith and his ministers were not prepared to take the chance. They feared that once they had surrendered independence the Rhodesian public would reject any constitution which restored it to them. They therefore were prepared for public opinion to be tested on the draft constitution only *before* they handed over power to the governor. They believed that in these circumstances, when the choice would appear to be between continued white autocratic rule or the new constitution, there would be a chance of public acceptance of the settlement. If not, they would still hold the reins of power. Whatever Ian Smith's own views on the *Tiger*—and he is a weak, indeterminate man who likes to agree with whoever he is talking to at the moment—as soon as his cabinet saw the document it was unanimously rejected.

But the *Tiger* incident has created a new situation. After the first brash cries of defiance, opinion among many whites began to waver. The business community, always opposed to UDI, although making it work, was strongly apprehensive of UN sanctions. The farmers—both tobacco and mixed—are in a bad way. Last year's tobacco crop paid them 23 pence a pound compared with 35 pence the year before. And, for the first time, the white community had believed when Smith went to the *Tiger* that a settlement might ensue. When they asked themselves whether they preferred a settlement to a fight to the finish, most answered that they hoped that the quarrel with Britain could be ended—though not by handing over government to Africans.

Since the rejection of the *Tiger* document, Wilson has moved forward along the lines laid down by the Commonwealth conference. The Security Council has approved

sanctions on selected Rhodesian trade, though disappointing the Africans by not mentioning the use of force or confrontation with South Africa and Portugal if they refuse to apply sanctions. On December 20, after a painful delay, Wilson also announced that independence would not now be offered to the Rhodesians before majority rule had been introduced. Immediately, President Nyerere declared that his country's quarrel with Britain was over.

What happens now? A great deal depends on how seriously Britain and America apply the sanctions. If sales of tobacco, chrome, asbestos, pig iron and meat are denied to Rhodesians, they will find it difficult to gain foreign currency to buy essential imports. And South



Scarfe, London Daily Mail; Ben Roth

Africa will find it increasingly expensive to support the Smith regime.

But oil is the vital issue. So long as the South Africans continue to supply Rhodesia with oil, the economy can be kept going, though on a lower plateau. Africans will judge the sincerity of Britain and America in replacing a white oligarchic regime with eventual democracy by their policy on oil. If they command their oil companies—and their South African subsidiaries—to stop the supply of oil; and if they warn South Africa and Portugal that they do not intend the UN will to be flouted, then the Smith regime can be defeated. Already, the Nationalist Cape Town daily, *Die Burger*, has told Smith to drop UDI. This will then be seen as a victory for the West's determination to secure democratic, nonracial societies. If there is any fudging of the issue, any appeasement of South Africa, any further negotiations with Smith, then the West will be damned as hypocritical and racist. It is not, then, just the future of Rhodesia or even of southern Africa which is at stake here; the reputation of the whole Western society is on trial for proof of its sincerity toward racial equality.

Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal

HOWARD ZINN

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Senator Hickenlooper of Iowa was questioning George Kennan at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings in early 1966:

HICKENLOOPER: Now, there are problems facing us and others. . . . How we disengage ourselves without losing a tremendous amount of face or position in various areas of the world.

KENNAN: Senator, I think precisely the question, the consideration that you have just raised, is the central one that we have to think about; and it seems to me, as I have said here, that a precipitate, sudden and unilateral withdrawal would not be warranted by circumstances now.

A bit later in the questioning:

HICKENLOOPER: Do you think the rather immediate withdrawal of the United States forces and our activity in South Vietnam from that country could be used effectively as a propaganda tool and weapon in Africa and in the emerging nations of Africa?

KENNAN: Senator, it would be a six months' sensation, but I dare say we would survive it in the end, and there would be another day. Things happen awfully fast on the international scene, and people's memories are very short. . . .

Kennan's testimony on the matter of withdrawal is important because it is representative of a large body of influential opinion which says flatly we must not withdraw, but then cannot really give persuasive reasons why we should not. Prestige, Kennan says, is the "central question" if we withdraw, but then he adds that it would be a "six months' sensation" and "we would survive it in the end."

In *Triumph or Tragedy*, Richard Goodwin argues that withdrawal "would damage the confidence of all Asian nations, and of many other nations, in the willingness and the ability of the United States to protect them against attack." But it seems that most Asians and "many other nations" disagree completely with Goodwin; they would like us to leave Vietnam. And one can readily see why: we are "protecting" Vietnam by killing its people and destroying its land. Who else would want such protection?

Toward the end of his book, Goodwin makes an odd statement. He says: "In the South we have no choice but to continue the war. We are under attack and withdrawal is impossible and unwise." Are we not "under attack" because we are *there*, and is it not true that if we withdrew we would no longer be under attack?

General Gavin, who preceded Kennan as a major witness before the Fulbright committee, had an exchange with Sen. Frank Church of Idaho:

CHURCH: Now, if we had not intervened in the interim

since . . . and if we had not made the pledges that have been made to the Saigon government, and committed American presence and prestige there; in other words, if you were again faced with the same question . . . would you still be of the same opinion that the vital security interests of the United States from a military standpoint do not require the deployment of American troops in Indo-China?

GAVIN: Yes, sir. I would say so. "Vital" is the key word there.

It turns out that a remarkable number of high-placed officials agree that the United States should never have become involved in military intervention in Vietnam. But now that we have done so, they feel an important matter of "prestige" is involved. For instance, in a roundup of opinion in the Senate which *New York Times* reporter E. W. Kenworthy made in the summer of 1965, he found that "many of these silent Senators" told reporters off the record that they wished the United States "had never gone into Vietnam; they would like to get out, even at the cost of a political compromise amounting to defeat, but they will not advocate military withdrawal under fire."

We are dealing here with an odd logic: that it was wrong for the United States to get involved in the first place, because Vietnam is simply not "vital" for American security, but that we must not withdraw from a move that was both wrong and costly because now our "prestige" is involved. This must mean that the stake in prestige is enormously important. It was so important to Sen. Frank Church that when Gavin said he *still* felt no vital United States interests were at stake, Church immediately said:

I wanted to get that on the record, General, because there has been so much discussion of withdrawal, and I do not know anyone around this table, certainly no member of the Foreign Relations Committee, that has advocated a withdrawal . . . under the present circumstances . . . in Vietnam. But . . . we have made a very great commitment of American prestige and a very solemn political commitment that has to be thrown into the balance. . . .

Not one member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee would advocate withdrawal, even those as critical of United States policy as Fulbright, Morse, Church, Gore and Clark. The "solemn political commitment" to General Ky could hardly be considered more solemn than the nation's commitment to the Geneva Accords, to the United Nations Charter, to the Constitution of the United States, all of which have been ignored by United States policy in Vietnam. What is left is "prestige," and it must be that even for the Senators criticizing the Administration this weighed so heavily in "the balance" Church spoke of that none would call for withdrawal. The factor of "prestige" would then have to outweigh all else that stemmed from the admitted original error of engagement in Vietnam: billions of dollars, thousands of lives, and also untold dollars, lives and dangers in the future.

To balance all *that* the prestige factor would need to be of overwhelming significance. Let us see.

Kennan himself, in his testimony, talked about "the damage being done to the feelings entertained for us by the Japanese people" by the present policy, and said "the confidence and good disposition of the Japanese is the greatest asset we have had and the greatest asset we could have in East Asia." Does not the loss of United States prestige in Japan—"the greatest asset . . . in East Asia"—rank at least equal to the "six months' sensation" that Kennan said would be the cost of our withdrawal? And if to Japan we add Great Britain, France, indeed, most of Western Europe, as well as Africa and Latin America, where our prestige has suffered heavy reverses as a result of the Vietnamese policy, does it not seem likely that the result of withdrawal would be a net *gain* in prestige?

History does not show that a nation which liquidates a bad venture suffers a serious loss of prestige where it can compensate in other ways. Proud, powerful England surrendered to the ragtag thirteen American colonies, removed its armed forces ignominiously, and did not suffer for it. More recently, and more pertinently, France moved out voluntarily from Algeria and from Indo-China; today it has more prestige than ever before. The Soviet Union pulled its missiles out of Cuba; its prestige has not suffered, and many people who feared World War III was

coming feel a certain gratitude for its prudence. Hans Morgenthau, who has spent a good part of his scholarly career analyzing international relations and who made his reputation as a hardheaded "realist," not as an "idealist," has written: "Is it really a boon to the prestige of the most powerful nation on earth to be bogged down in a war which it is neither able to win nor can afford to lose? This is the real issue which is presented by the argument of prestige."

So far I have been talking only about prestige as a flat, one-dimensional quantity. But more important is its *quality*. There is a kind of prestige this nation should not worry about losing—that which is attached to sheer power, to victory by force of arms, devoid of moral content. Which is more terrible: to have people in the world say that the United States withdrew from an untenable situation, or to have it said, as is now being said everywhere, that the United States is acting foolishly and immorally in Vietnam?

For George Kennan, there is no vital reason for the United States to stay in Vietnam, even knowing its withdrawal would probably lead to a Communist-dominated Vietnam, *except* for prestige. As he told the committee:

If it were not for the considerations of prestige that arise precisely out of our present involvement, even a situation in which South Vietnam was controlled exclusively by the Vietcong, while regrettable and no



Vow of poverty

Abu, London: Ben Roth

doubt morally unwarranted, would not, in my opinion, present dangers great enough to justify our direct military intervention.

And if, upon examination, this "prestige" turns out to be empty (using Kennan's own example of Japan, plus what else we know), there is hardly anything left to support our "direct military intervention."

Then why, instead of simply urging immediate withdrawal, do Kennan, Gavin and Morgenthau advance the "enclave" theory: that United States forces should stop bombing and retire to a few strong positions on the coast? All of them, not believing that a United States presence in Vietnam is vital, are really suggesting this as a halfway step to withdrawal. The presumption is that holding on to enclaves would also hold on to a bit of prestige, and unlike "precipitate, sudden, unilateral" withdrawal, would give us time to negotiate our way out of Vietnam.

This proposal, however, comes too late in the history of the conflict in Vietnam. By now, the war against the Vietcong is mainly an American war; by September, 1966, United States forces were larger than the regular forces of the Ky government. With American bombings ended and troops withdrawn the Saigon government would collapse. Would it serve American "prestige" to stand by in enclaves while the Ky government fell apart to be replaced by a government which—whether Buddhist-neutralist or Vietcong—would ask or tell the United States to leave?

It would be far less ignominious for the United States to decide to leave on its own—before it is asked by a new government in South Vietnam. Speedy withdrawal need not be shameful; this is not a Dunkirk situation where decimated troops, harassed on ground and air, scramble into boats and flee. The United States controls the air, the ports, the sea; it can make the most graceful, the most majestic withdrawal in history. Of course it could not do this in a day or a week; it would need to pull its troops from the interior to the coast (so that temporarily there would be something like "enclaves"), and then transport them away from Vietnam as quickly as ships and planes could carry them.

The enclave proposal comes too late in another sense. The supposition is that United States troops could be concentrated in enclaves while negotiations proceeded, at the end of which they would come home. But what would be the point of this? At one time, it might have been argued that this would create the show of force on the spot which would enable the United States to negotiate from a position of some strength. But this implies there is something to negotiate *for*. If there once was, that time is past. Earlier in the war, the National Liberation Front might possibly have settled for some solution less than a dominant position in South Vietnam. For instance, right after Diem's assassination in November, 1963 (according to *The New York Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and cited in the American Friends Service Committee's *Peace in Vietnam*), Hanoi was willing to discuss a coalition, neutralist government in South Vietnam. But at that time Rusk turned down a French proposal for a neutral,

independent South Vietnam, and the following July the United States rejected a suggestion by U Thant, accepted by France, the USSR, Peking and Hanoi, to reconvene the Geneva Conference. On July 24, 1964, responding to de Gaulle's plea to reconvene at Geneva, President Johnson told the press: "We do not believe in conferences called to ratify terror, so our policy is unchanged." (See Schurmann, et al., *The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam*.) By April, 1965, the negotiating position of Hanoi had become hardened into four points which included settling Vietnamese affairs "in accordance with the program of the National Liberation Front."

It is an old story in the history of rebellion. The American colonists would have been ready to accept some solution less than independence in early 1775, but by January, 1776, they were committed to no less than independence. Negroes in Montgomery, Ala., were ready at one point in the 1955 campaign on bus desegregation to accept merely a modified form of desegregation; but by the time their movement had crystallized, they would accept nothing less than total integration. Richard Goodwin points (in *Triumph or Tragedy*) to the increasing militancy of the other side, despite our ferocious bombing, and says:

We cannot know the will of men we do not understand. From Thermopylae to the Japanese-infested islands of the Pacific and Hitler's Berlin bunker, history is full of individuals and fighting forces who chose to fight against impossible odds and accept certain death.

Goodwin points to the dilemma of negotiations *at this stage*: the Vietcong will not accept any settlement that does not give them "a role in the political life of the country"; and at the same time, "it is unlikely we will permit any government to come to power which would inflict on us what some would see as the 'humiliation' of requesting our withdrawal."

By now, the Vietcong (and their friends in the North) have sacrificed too much to settle for anything less than a South Vietnam in which the NLF plays the major role, and from which United States troops completely withdraw. And if this is the only possible successful outcome of negotiations with a determined revolutionary foe, what is the point of negotiating? It might be argued that such a settlement might be made in effect, but tied with enough pretty bows and frills to make it *look* as if the United States had gained something from it. The world will hardly be deceived; the deception will last a short time, and there will be a much longer time—no matter what we do—for other countries to contemplate the fact that the United States had, whatever the niceties, departed from Vietnam.

True, there are certain developments to be hoped for when the present government and its American military support are gone. But none of these—except one—depends on the presence of United States soldiers. That one positive thing which the United States can do, as it departs, is to take with it those government officials, army officers and others who fear for their lives when a new government comes in. These people could be resettled in any of a dozen places. Are we required to stay in Vietnam, as some have suggested, in order to "meet our

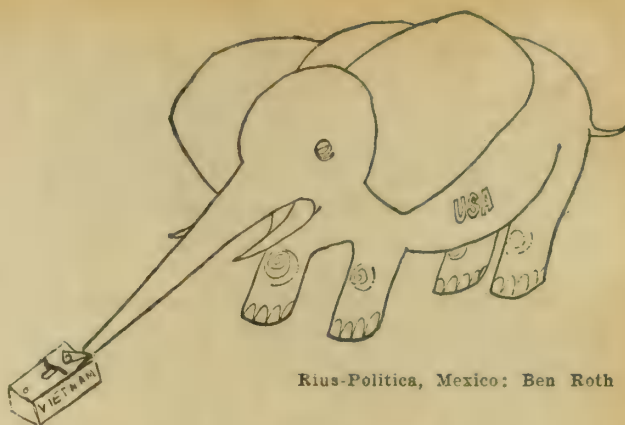
pledges" to the present officialdom, when this seems to require killing their fellow countrymen in large numbers? Surely our job is not to go around the world protecting semi-feudal dictatorships from the wrath of revolutionaries. It is a historical fact that revolutionaries, after victory, are merciless with those of the old regime. After World War II, Frenchmen executed—without benefit of trial—thousands of former Nazi collaborators. (We might note that the United States Government, which seems very concerned with what might happen to Vietnamese officials, was silent when 250,000 Indonesians, said to be Communists, were massacred.) With a bit of inconvenience, we can save many of those in Vietnam who are in danger.

The other desirable developments cannot be guaranteed, indeed can only be thwarted, by United States military presence. One of these is the establishment of a government in which not only the NLF but Buddhist, Montagnard and other elements play a role. This we will have to leave to the Buddhists and others to work for; they are quite militant and capable of pressing for their rights. The United States cannot negotiate, for any future component of government in South Vietnam, a strength which does not exist. If it does exist, then the Vietnamese must negotiate it for themselves. The presence of the United States can only distort the true balance of forces, and only a settlement which represents this balance can be stable.

What was fundamentally wrong with the Geneva Agreements was that the great powers dominated it and falsified the real relationship of forces. All the North and half the South were under Vietminh control, and the division of the country into two equal parts was bound to fail. Not only the United States but also the Soviet Union and the Republic of China were responsible for this development, because their own national ambitions required a peaceful settlement, even at the expense of the Vietminh. Neither communism nor capitalism, it seems, can be depended on to look out for the interests of *other* nations.

We say we want economic well-being for Vietnam. But this, too, is more likely to be hurt than helped by our military occupation. We can be quite sure that an independent South Vietnam, first alone and then in union with the North, will engage in the kind of economic experimentation and development that Communist countries in different parts of the world have done, and quite successfully. This is part of the modernization process that other, non-Communist nations of Asia and Africa are going through. It will be hard, progress will be uneven, and there will be sacrifices, unjustly distributed perhaps. But that is how it was in the West in its period of swift industrial growth.

What else would we presumably like to get out of staying and negotiating: political freedom? This is hard to come by in any part of the economically undeveloped world, whether Communist or non-Communist. We have not been very successful in developing it in those parts of the world dominated by the United States, though we fondly include them in "the free world." Vietnam will probably have to go through a long evolutionary struggle



Rius-Politica, Mexico: Ben Roth

for freedom, as have most countries in the world, whether Communist or not.

There is a good deal of evidence to show that political liberty is related to economic security. As nations grow less desperate in the struggle for necessities, as education spreads, as young people speak out, society becomes more open; this has been happening in the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe. It means that the best way we can show our concern for both the economic well-being and the political freedom of the Vietnamese is to take the billions that have gone for death and turn them to the service of life. We should offer several billions in economic aid to North and South Vietnam, with no strings attached; or, better still, we can put that money into a UN fund which will then go to Vietnam under international sponsorship.

A United States military presence is a danger to the Vietnamese and to us. Its withdrawal is neither "abdication of responsibility" nor "isolationism." Our bombing and shooting are irresponsible. In the future, we can show our responsibility by giving economic aid, when invited. We can be isolationist in the military sense; we can be internationalist in the economic and cultural fields.

The United States, thus, cannot gain anything for Vietnam by negotiating, and it *should not gain anything for itself*. Since this country does not belong in Vietnam it has no moral basis for negotiating any status for itself—certainly not military bases or troops; Vietnam has had enough of that.

There is something intrinsically wrong in the idea that the United States should participate in negotiations to decide the future of Vietnam. We are an outside power, and the fact that we have inundated the country with combat soldiers does not thereby give us any moral right to decide its fate. Perhaps might makes right, as a historical fact, but it *should not* make right; and it is the duty of citizens to assert the "shoulds," however statesmen behave.

This is true also for China, the Soviet Union, England and all other great powers. To have the future of Vietnam decided by these outside parties at an international conference is as much a violation of self-determination as was the settlement of Czechoslovakia's fate by Hitler, Mussolini, Daladier and Chamberlain in 1938 at Munich. Whatever negotiation goes on should be among the Vietnamese themselves, each group negotiating from its own position of strength, undistorted by the strength of the

great powers. This would give the present government virtually no voice in the future of the country, because it has—without United States backing—virtually no strength. It would give the Buddhist groups an important voice because they represent significant numbers of people, whose support any future government must have. And it would undoubtedly give the National Liberation Front the major voice. (In September, 1966, the NLF reasserted its willingness to work with other Vietnamese groups in a future government, and to desist from reprisals against former foes. This has been a basic part of its program, as Staughton Lynd and Tom Hayden point out in the book, *The Other Side*, reporting their trip to Hanoi.)

In this light, to ask whether the United States will be willing to negotiate with the Vietcong seems strange. Rather, the question is: should the Vietcong be willing to negotiate with the United States? From a standpoint of moral principle it should not; from the standpoint of military reality it may have to. But it is the oppressive power of *our* country which forces this violation of moral principle, and it is the duty of American citizens—whatever the reality of power—to try to bend the power of government toward what is right.

For the United States to withdraw unilaterally, leaving the negotiating to the various groups in Vietnam, would avoid the present impasse over negotiations. This impasse is founded on a set of psychological realities which protract the war. The NLF, imbued with the spirit of patriots driving off an invading army, is willing to continue its guerrilla tactics until the United States is worn down. Besides, the Geneva experience taught it to distrust international agreements; it is confident of its skill in the jungles of Vietnam, not so confident it can outmaneuver great powers at conference tables.

To wait until all of the sensitive and stubborn elements are fitted together in that intricate mechanism of negotiation—the NLF, its sympathizers and advisers in Hanoi, the split personalities of the Johnson Administration, plus its client government in Saigon—is to consign thousands more each month to injury or death. Does it really absolve us of guilt to say that “they” won’t talk with us, and so we must continue killing? Does “their” stubbornness end *our* responsibility? No actor in this complex situation has more freedom to act, has less to lose by so acting, has greater resources to fall back on, than the United States. The sanity of unilateral withdrawal is that it makes the end of the war independent of anyone’s consent but our own. It is clean-cut, it is swift, it is right.

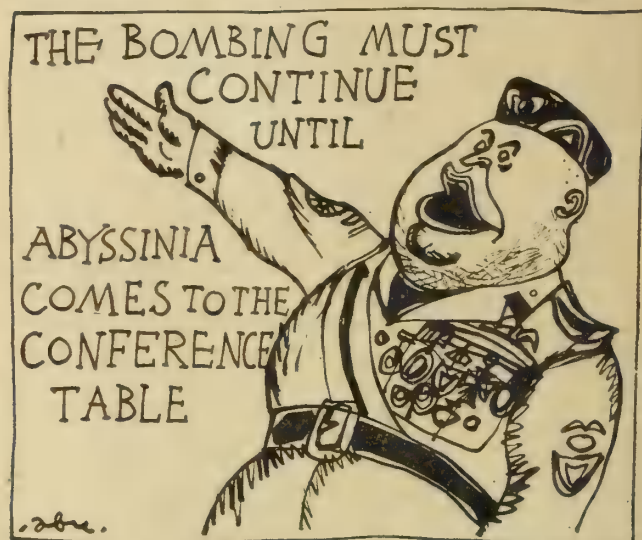
Some say that the Administration, even if it decided on such a move, could not do it, because it is not feasible “politically”; that is, the American public would not accept it. According to this argument, the “prestige” that everyone talks about our losing by withdrawal is really prestige at home.

But the argument is feeble. The Johnson Administration has *not* gained prestige from its Vietnamese actions. The national polls show that the public has gradually, steadily, lost faith in this Administration. In September, 1966, less than half of those polled throughout the country voiced support for the Administration’s Vietnamese

policy. It is true that the polls do not show a substantial number of Americans in favor of withdrawal. But it is also true that most Americans are tired of the war and wish we would get out, one way or another. Many think this is best done by military escalation; others by de-escalation; but the idea of *ending the war* is the most common feeling.

Withdrawal has not drawn large support, because it has not been put forward either by the Administration or by its most prominent critics. And so the public has been forced to choose within a limited set of respectable alternatives. If the Administration were to advance a new alternative, it would soon gain the respectability that *any* proposal gets which is made by the leaders of government.

It may be sad to note, but the American public (and probably *any* public anywhere) is extremely changeable and open to suggestion, especially when the suggestion comes from above. When Woodrow Wilson said the



Abu, Tribune (London): Ben Roth

United States was too proud to fight in World War I, the public went along. When he then said the United States must fight in World War I, the public again went along. FDR said he would keep the nation out of war and was re-elected. He took aggressive steps toward the Axis and we became involved in the war; he was re-elected again. When Truman got us into the Korean War, the American public supported him. When Eisenhower got us out, the public was even more enthusiastic.

The President is the most powerful molder of national opinion; he has access to television, radio, the press. Everything he says carries the weight of tradition and patriotism with it—even when he changes his policy, as so many Presidents have done in the past. Political sociologist Seymour Lipset (in *Transaction*, September-October, 1966, “The President, the Polls and Vietnam”) analyzed the national poll results: “Though most Americans are willing to keep fighting in Vietnam, they clearly would prefer not to be there and are anxious and willing to turn over the responsibility to someone else. . . . The President makes opinion, he does not follow it.”

The memory of the public is short; it takes little time to adjust to new realities. It accepted American tough-

ness toward the Soviet Union. It also accepted American agreements with the Soviet Union on nuclear testing. The President has it within his power to *make* a policy politically feasible; the nation tends to rally around him, especially in foreign affairs, whatever his policy is. We must remember, too, that President Johnson, running on a platform of peace in Vietnam, defeated Goldwater by an overwhelming majority when Goldwater was asking military escalation in Vietnam. That constituency for peace still exists, waiting for Johnson to give the word.

Of course it takes courage to change a policy, to withdraw suddenly from a situation in which one has become more and more involved. It takes courage to fight off the snipers, the critics, the militarists, the fanatics. It requires either open or implied admission of error. But this is what genuine leadership is.

President Johnson has repeatedly asked his critics: "what do *you* suggest?" I am suggesting that the President should appear on national television one evening, announcing beforehand that he will make a major policy speech on Vietnam. If he goes before the nation, announces the withdrawal of American military forces from Vietnam, and states cogently, clearly, the reasons for this withdrawal, the American people will unite behind him, the editorials of support will blossom everywhere, and the angry cries of the fanatics will be drowned in an immense and overwhelming national sigh of relief.

Many critics of our policy, who know very well that the United States should leave Vietnam, do not want to ask immediate and unilateral withdrawal. That is not because they find powerful reasons against it, but because

it is not a good "tactic," not "popular," not acceptable to the President and those working with him.

I believe this reasoning is based on a false notion of how political decisions are made—the notion that citizens must directly persuade the President by the soundness of their arguments. This makes two assumptions which I think are unfounded. One is that the interests of the citizens and the President are the same, so that if they both think straight they will be led to the same conclusions. Robert Michels long ago made the classic case for the fact that once we elect our representatives, they develop interests of their own; the history of human misery under government does much to support his view.

The other assumption is that the President is a rational being who can be persuaded by rational arguments. We have seen—and our recent foreign policy illustrates it—how our highest officials have become the victims of myths which they themselves help to perpetuate.

The so-called "realists" who urge us to speak softly and so persuade the President are working against the reality, which is that the President responds to self-interest rather than to rational argument. In a country where political power passes easily from one major party to another, even a minority can create a new self-interest for the President. But this cannot be done by those who dilute their passion and say only half of what they believe. The critics must begin to speak their full minds, to declare boldly what the logic of their criticism demands: that the U.S. is doing no good in Vietnam, that it is doing a frightful amount of harm, that it should immediately withdraw.

RETIREMENT BENEFITS

PENSION PLANS ON THIN ICE

ANTHONY PRISENDORF

Mr. Prisendorf is a reporter on the New York Post.

Private pension plans—those set up by employers for their personnel—are meant to be a vital element in achieving "the right to a meaningful retirement," as President Johnson said not long ago when he proclaimed the start of "a great new era for older Americans." But the sad truth of the matter is that because so many pension plans fail, only about 40 per cent of the 25 million nonagricultural workers enrolled in these plans will actually receive the cash benefits to which they are entitled. What this means in terms of the country's total work force of 80 million is that only one out of every eight wage earners can count on retirement benefits to supplement social security.

These arresting percentages, based on the findings of the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Labor, make it apparent that the whole nation has a major stake in the future of private pension plans. Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz emphasized this point early in his testimony last August before a hearing of

the Senate Finance Committee that was exploring ways to protect employees' pension rights. "By 1980," Wirtz said, "coverage of these plans is expected to increase from the approximately 25 million employees now covered to about 42 million. Over the same period, the present \$85 billion held in these funds will probably grow to \$225 billion. I can only point out that these are figures of magnitude which in my judgment warrant the country's most serious attention to this problem."

Even more pertinent to every taxpayer is the fact that the federal government indirectly subsidizes the nation's 34,000 private pension plans by more than \$1 billion a year. The \$6 billion that corporations contribute annually to these plans is tax-deductible as a business expense, a concession granted by the government to stimulate the continued growth of the plans. And employees who receive retirement benefits do not pay taxes on them until they begin to draw them, usually when their incomes and consequently their tax rates are lower.

The basic flaw of the plans is that they do not afford those covered adequate protection against the loss of their accrued benefits. Employers customarily reserve the

right to discontinue contributions at any time, and do not assume contractual liability to make up the difference if the assets are insufficient to pay the benefits. If the plan is terminated for any reason, the employer has no further legal obligation to contribute to the fund.

And terminations occur in alarming numbers. Although neither the Internal Revenue Service nor the Department of Labor can say exactly why, they do know that since 1954, 4,243 private pension plans, covering 183,699 workers, were discontinued. The classic illustration of what can happen occurred in 1964 when the Studebaker Corp. closed its South Bend, Ind., plant after twenty years. Through a negotiated agreement with the United Automobile Workers, the company had paid steadily into the pension plan for the previous fourteen years, amassing \$25 million for benefits. But 10,500 workers were waiting to lay claim to that fund. Consequently, 3,600 who had already retired or had reached retirement



age, in this case, 60, were given first priority. Then, 4,000 employees who were between the ages of 40 and 59 and had worked for Studebaker for at least ten years, were given 15 per cent of their rightful benefits. The remaining 2,900 workers received nothing.

Aroused by the impact the Studebaker plant closing had on the economic well-being of South Bend, Sen. Vance Hartke, an Indiana Democrat, introduced bills in August, 1963, and again in March of the following year that would have provided for federal insurance of private pension plans, the insurance to be self-supporting and at no cost to the public. It would guarantee workers with vested rights in plans that they would receive up to \$500 a month if the plan lapsed by the bankruptcy, closing or merger of the company, the most common causes of terminations. Premiums for the insurance would be paid by the corporations; the rates, determined by the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, would be based on the ratio of assets to liabilities in each plan. To assure maximum participation in the insurance program, the bill would have amended the Internal Revenue Code so that only those corporations subscribing to the insurance could qualify for favorable tax treatment.

In tepid response to Senator Hartke's persistent legislative efforts, Sen. Russell B. Long, a Louisiana Democrat and chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, held a hearing on August 15, 1966, for "exploratory" purposes. The committee called more than fifty witnesses, from government agencies, major corporations

and organized labor. From the outset of the hearings, it was evident what course of action the Johnson Administration had charted for the bill. In his opening remarks, Senator Long acknowledged that pension plan "shutdowns" raise serious questions. The Hartke bill, he then said, "does not get at these issues directly, but it does present a possible approach, which is appropriate to explore, to assure that workers actually get the pension benefits they earn." The bill expired with the 89th Congress, but Senator Hartke promises "to keep the issue alive" by offering another bill in the present 90th Congress.

Even before Senator Hartke had recognized the need for pension plan reforms, President Kennedy had taken the initiative. On March 28, 1962, he created a seven-member Cabinet committee, headed by Secretary Wirtz, to "review legislation and administrative practices relating to [private pension] programs." In its January, 1965, report to President Johnson, the committee concluded that while social security "will continue to be the nation's basic instrument for assuring reasonably adequate retirement incomes to workers, their widows and dependents," private pension plans should continue as "a major element in the nation's total retirement security program." It went on to say that the social purposes served by private pension plans constitute the "basic justification" for continued indirect public subsidy through favorable tax treatment.

The Cabinet committee made two recommendations of potentially far-reaching consequences. It said that the minimum standards of funding (accumulating sufficient reserves to assure beneficiaries that they will get what they have been promised) should be raised so that contributions to these plans "realistically relate" to the indicated benefits. In this connection, the committee thought that the overall funding process should be subject to constant review by the Internal Revenue Service. Closer scrutiny, it felt, would minimize the risk of mismanagement, and would further discourage "overfunding," a technique corporations use to abuse tax concessions.

The second, and perhaps more important, recommendation concerned vesting—a legally binding promise to pay a worker, upon retirement, benefits that correspond to his length of service. The procedure is also intended to protect employees who have built up substantial "credits" in a pension plan, but who may leave the company before retirement age. The Cabinet committee conceded that any form of benefit—pension or seniority—tends to reduce labor mobility "by tying workers to a particular employer." Nonetheless, it felt that pension plans that lack vesting provisions, or adopt unrealistic vesting criteria, have an even more deleterious effect on the labor force for three major reasons: skilled workers are tied to a declining industry longer than the prevailing job market requires; employees are inhibited from shifting to other companies, thereby curtailing their usefulness and earning power; and laid-off workers are discouraged from seeking new fields as long as they still hope to return to their former jobs and their accrued pension rights.

Vesting, as it exists today, is not geared to the facts

of employment. When the concept was advanced in 1875, employers saw it as an effective lure to reduce the mobility of the country's labor force during Reconstruction. Today, however, technological advancements in manufacturing are displacing workers faster than they can meet the 19th century qualifications for vesting. Further, the cancellation of one relatively minor defense contract can utterly disrupt the livelihood of thousands of workers and their families. In the two-thirds of the private pension plans that offer some form of vesting, to qualify for the first level, an employee must have accumulated ten, fifteen, or even twenty years' service, and must have reached the age of 40, 45, or in some cases, 50. Aware that these arbitrary conditions are no longer practical, the Cabinet committee recommended compulsory, uniform vesting requirements—50 per cent vesting after fifteen years, full vesting after twenty, with no age qualification; it urged further that only plans that adopt these conditions be considered eligible for tax concessions. To offset anticipated objections from corporations that such recommendations would be too costly, the committee said that eliminating the age requirement would have only a slight effect on the cost of a pension plan "since relatively few workers withdrawing before age 40 are apt to have much more than fifteen years' service."

Even so, the vesting recommendations came under strong attack, surprisingly enough, from the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, composed of men prominent in the fields of labor, management and public affairs. This group agreed that vesting is "desirable," but thought it should not be mandatory or a condition for tax concessions. "A vesting requirement may unduly burden the maintenance of existing plans or hamper the establishment of new plans, and may interfere with decisions regarding the allocation of resources available for pension benefits."

Despite the committee's recommendations, now two years old, and Senator Hartke's legislative efforts to bring about pension plan reform, the only discernible action on the part of the Administration—beyond the hearing on the Hartke bill before the Senate Finance Committee—has been a joint study now being conducted by the Department of Labor and the Internal Revenue Service to determine why so many plans fail. The Hartke bill's dismal record thus far may be due, at least in part, to the ill will that the President reportedly bears toward the Indiana Senator. One of the President's protégés, Senator Hartke incurred Johnson's wrath by breaking ranks and joining the Senate's "Peace Bloc" on Vietnam. In their book, *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power*, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak give an ample illustration of the President's sentiments: "When another Democratic Senator delivered a speech on Vietnam, Johnson telephoned to congratulate him on a constructive suggestion, and gratuitously remarked that he was 'not like that obscenity Hartke.'"

According to Merton C. Bernstein, professor of law at Ohio State University, President Johnson "has pussy-footed on pensions" and has treated the Cabinet committee's report "as if it were an orphan" because the Administration has been unwilling "to do battle without

supporting troops." Organized labor, "the logical interest group to back such proposals, is missing," Professor Bernstein contends. A consultant to the departments of Labor, HEW and the Treasury, as well as counsel during the 86th Congress to a Senate subcommittee on railroad retirements, he is well qualified to make such an assessment. [See Bernstein: "The Pension Mirage," *The Nation*, June 15, 1964.] In a speech last August before the American Risk and Insurance Association, Bernstein said that organized labor has been reluctant to press for pension plan reform because "the institutional interests of some powerful unions are in conflict with the retirement security interests of many of their members." Moreover, Bernstein maintains, several unions with weak plans do not want to allocate the resources that pension reform would require. As a result, he said, the opposition to the Cabinet committee recommendations from "some important unions . . . leads the AFL-CIO not to press for either the Cabinet report or other pension reform." However, at its December, 1965, convention, the AFL-CIO did adopt a policy resolution which reads: "We renew our demand for the enactment of pension [insurance] legislation. We call upon the appropriate congressional committee to begin hearings and to report a measure to afford full protection to workers against the catastrophe of the loss of accumulated pension credits."

Although the Hartke bill was introduced while the Cabinet committee was conducting its study, there is no specific reference to the bill in the report. But the committee did make a brief comment on the general concept. While pension plan insurance "appears attractive" and is "worthy of serious study," the committee said, it raises a number of difficult questions, which the committee felt itself unqualified to answer: "Is a plan's termination an insurable risk? What types of termination could be included? Is experience available on which to set a premium? How would such an insurance program be administered?" To be consistent, representatives of HEW, the Labor Department, and the Treasury, which took part in the Cabinet committee study, recited these same questions at the Senate Finance Committee hearing to explain why they withheld endorsement of the Hartke bill.

Corporations, however, did not feel constrained to exercise caution or discretion. Without exception their officials criticized the bill as an un-American attempt to overturn the free enterprise system. Characteristic of this discourse was the statement of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which said the Hartke proposal created "a climate of uncertainty about a federal take-over of the voluntary pension plan system." The National Association of Manufacturers resorted to outright intimidation: "Any increase in cost resulting from unwarranted federal regulation . . . would inhibit the start of new plans, thereby depriving many employees of pension coverage."

Choosing to ignore the corporations' protests, Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, admonished the Johnson Administration for insisting on exhaustive research before taking a stand on the Hartke bill. "Data collected will be of great value in implementation of a sound and effective program," he told the Senate committee members. "But the filling of every last

data gap should not be allowed to become a basis for delaying responsible consideration and early action on the legislation here under discussion."

Private pension plans are an indispensable supplement to adequate retirement incomes that will fulfill President Johnson's rosy expectations for "older Americans." But the plans are riding for a fall, says Bernstein, unless those primarily responsible for their design—banks, employers, insurers and unions—"develop a broader conception of the role of private plans and recognize their responsibility to achieve their potential." The alternative, he warns, is "for private plans to take their place alongside the

dodo bird and the dirigible, which simply could not adapt to changing circumstances."

Whenever Senator Hartke explains his pension insurance bill to his constituents, he compares its merits to those of the bank deposit insurance provided by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. It should be remembered that in 1907 William Jennings Bryan made an impassioned plea for this type of insurance, but his admonitions went unheeded by lawmakers until twenty-six years later, when the country was wallowing in the depths of the depression. "Those who do not remember the past," observed Santayana, "are condemned to relive it."

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 2

THE KNOWLEDGE BONANZA

MEL WAX

Mr. Wax is an urban affairs writer for the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Outside California the state's seventy-eight junior colleges and eighteen state colleges make, perhaps, less of an academic, social and psychedelic splash than do the nine campuses and 87,000 students of the University of California. But within the state's tripartite system of higher education, established under the 1960 Master Plan for Higher Education, they loom very large indeed—and larger every year.

Right now, for example, nearly 600,000 full- and part-time students, ranging from overblown teenie-boppers to overaged grandmas, are enrolled in two-year junior colleges, and the number grows by more than 10 per cent a year. And 172,000 students in the four-year state colleges are studying everything from aeronautics to zoology. Some are heading for master's degrees; others for doctorates.

There is nothing like this, anywhere else in the world. If you're fortunate enough to be a Californian, you can now advance from kindergarten to doctor of philosophy in tuition-free public schools that are said to compare in quality with the best anywhere in the Western world. In quantity, there is no comparison at all.

But less than one week after Ronald Reagan was sworn in as governor, he was hung in effigy by the students of Fresno State College. He had recommended a 10 per cent cut in higher education budgets, and had added the suggestion that it might be a good idea for university and state college students to pay tuition. Students, educators, politicians, and even such stalwarts of conservatism as Republican regent Dorothy Buffum Chandler, of the powerful *Los Angeles Times* dynasty, were furious.

While California's sun-kissed students are charged no tuition, they do pay relatively modest "fees," and in junior colleges they also pay up to \$10 a year for health services and parking privileges—the *sine qua non* of California life. In state colleges, annual fees range from \$96

to \$102, at the university—depending on the campus—they might be as much as \$243 a year.

Louis H. Heilbron, state college trustee and former chairman of the State Board of Education, justifies the system:

Educators believe that, in the long run, California will suffer rather than benefit from any kind of tuition charge. The dollars spent on higher education usually come back multiplied in the form of increased tax contributions to the local federal and state governments after the student leaves the college or university campus.

While junior colleges are supported, for the most part, by local communities, state colleges operate on state funds, as does the University of California. For the eighteen state college campuses (four more will open soon), Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke asked \$252.8 million in fiscal 1967-68. New state colleges, each of them expected to zoom to an enrollment of 20,000 students soon after their parking lots open and their pom-pom girls are chosen, cost \$120 million apiece, about the price of a nuclear submarine.

Four of five California high school graduates live within commuting distance of a junior college. All they need to enroll is a high school diploma, and if they are 18 years old, they don't need even that. For the high school dropout, or the late educational bloomer, junior colleges offer salvation. Under the Master Plan, the university accepts the top 12.5 per cent of high school graduates in California; state colleges, the top 33⅓ per cent, and junior colleges take the rest.

Many junior college students later transfer to state colleges, and some make it to the University of California. During the first semester, transferees to the university score from .1 to .2 points lower than their new colleagues. Thereafter, academic performance is the same. This probably says a lot for the motivation of the students accepted by the university, and for the quality of junior college teachers.

The quality, personality and goals of state colleges vary. Some are strong in agriculture, others are urban-oriented. Some specialize in engineering and science,

others in the arts and humanities. All told, they produce three-fourths of California's elementary and secondary school teachers. But they are not mass educational factories, as some of their critics insist.

At San Francisco State College, for example, students run their own Experimental College. They have a staff of eighty-five students and forty faculty. Paul Goodman, the noted critic of stereotyped education, was a visiting professor last year. Under this plan, more than 1,200 of San Francisco State's 18,400 students have participated in seminars ranging from "Cybernetics and LSD: A Study of the Application of Consciousness-Expanding Drugs to Technology," to "Revolutionary Capitalism" and "Conscientious Objection." And balancing these esoteric topics, seminars have dealt with such conventional subject matter as "Soviet Civilization" and "Human Growth and Development."

"I've been through the panty-raid period of student activity," said San Francisco State College President John Summerskill, commenting on the experimental college, "and visited campuses where the rah-rah spirit prevails, or where students are making direct attacks on authority as such.

"Here we have hundreds of students concerned with education, and I can't think of a better thing for them to be concerned about. The main business of the college is learning; that's what the taxpayers provide our salaries and buildings for."

Growth of the state colleges and junior colleges boomed in California following World War II. It thus parallels the state's spectacular population explosion, but, while the overall population of California is increasing by 38 per cent between 1960 and 1970, the college-age population will grow by 90 per cent. And the end is not in sight.

In 1921, there were seven teachers' colleges in the state, and this count remained steady until 1935, when they were officially designated "State Colleges." California State College at Los Angeles had 147 students when it opened in 1947, in skimpy, borrowed quarters on the Los Angeles City College campus. Ten years later it had moved to a lavish 97-acre spread and attracted 8,383 students. Today it has an enrollment of 20,000. California State College at Long Beach began in a rented apartment building in 1949, with a handful of students.

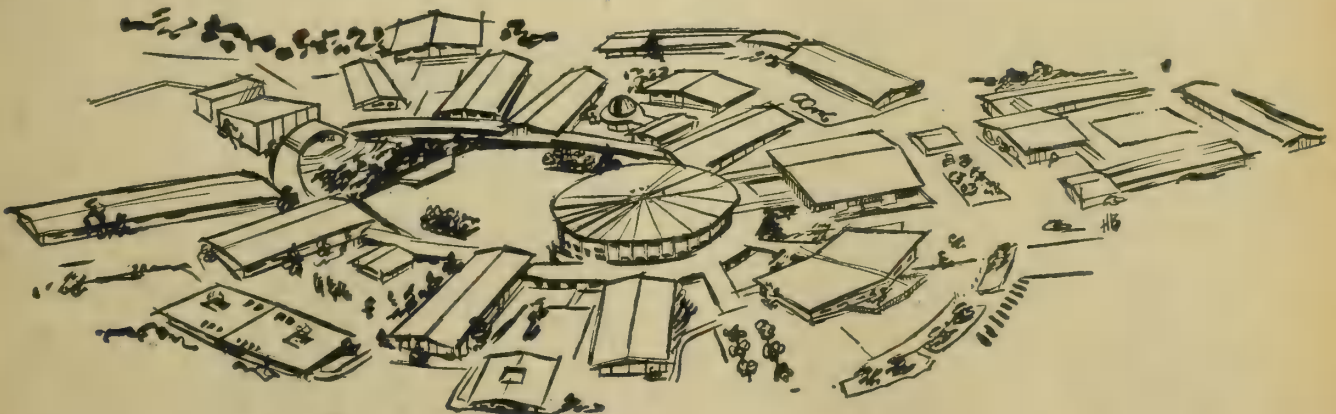
It moved to permanent facilities in 1954. Eleven years later it had an enrollment of 20,845. A new state college—they stretch from Humboldt State near the Oregon border to San Diego State on the Mexican border—is built every other year. From 1935 to 1953, enrollment in state colleges jumped from 8,230 to 41,000 full-time students. Four years later, it had doubled. Today's total of 172,000 is expected to reach 225,000 by the end of the decade, and Chancellor Dumke predicts that in 1981 there will be 300,000 students on twenty-five campuses at a budget of \$500 million.

California junior colleges date from 1907, when an enlightened state legislature told high schools they could expand to include the first two years of college. None took advantage of this opportunity until Fresno City College was created in 1910, the second oldest American public junior college in continuous operation. (The oldest is Joliet Junior College, in Illinois.) The next year, Santa Barbara High School became a junior college and, by the time the United States was fighting in World War I, there were sixteen, with a total enrollment of 1,259.

After World War II, when everything big in California exploded into something bigger, junior colleges tried to become four-year colleges, and state colleges, universities. The pressures on the legislature were tremendous. In 1959, for instance, twenty-three bills were introduced on behalf of various communities wanting their own college or university. Higher education has become the status symbol for the insecure Westerner, proof that each mountain town or desert hamlet has achieved culture, or at least knows some place close by where it can be had for the asking.

The legislators then decided it was time to call a halt to the uncontrolled, unplanned mushrooming of higher education—no matter how offensive such a check might seem to ebullient Californians and to their faith in an unlimited horizon. A commission of eight top California educators, headed by Dr. Arthur G. Coons, president of Occidental College, was told to bring order out of the jealousies and internecine warfare that threatened to split the strata of California's education mountain.

In 1960, the commission drew up a plan that nobody completely endorsed. It called for separating state colleges from the State Board of Education, and giving them their



own Board of State College Trustees, modeled on the university's Board of Regents. Junior colleges would remain with the State Board of Education.

Some thought state colleges should stay where they were; others favored a super board of education to ride herd on state colleges, junior colleges and the university. Finally, Gov. Edmund G. Brown called warring factions to his office and told them they had labored too hard and too long for a Master Plan to lose it in the end. "Let's make it the law." They did, by unanimous legislative endorsement. Looking back recently on his eight years as governor, Brown called it his proudest achievement.

The Master Plan decreed that the University of California should be empowered to teach all subjects, and be the primary research institution. It would be the source of doctorates, but a state college, in collaboration with a university campus, could work out a "joint doctorate" program.

The university was to have sole jurisdiction over education in law, medicine, veterinary medicine, dentistry and graduate courses in architecture. This, it was hoped, would concentrate teaching talent, and occasion a minimum duplication of expensive equipment.

State colleges were given jurisdiction in the liberal arts and sciences, plus such professions as teaching, engineering, social work and other disciplines, up to and including the master's degree, that had not been staked out for the University of California.

Junior colleges, under the plan, could offer two-year associate in arts degrees, and were given exclusive rights to terminal vocational education. They were also entrusted with the task of providing two years of general education at the college level for students planning to transfer to state colleges or to the university.

It was proposed that by 1975, 50,000 undergraduates who otherwise would enter state colleges or the university would be diverted to junior colleges for their freshman and sophomore years. Sixty per cent of the enrollment at state colleges and the university would then be upperclassmen. In 1965, for the first time, more than half the new state college students came from junior colleges. The ratio was lower at the university.

The Master Plan called on the state of California to pay 45 per cent of the annual operating costs of the junior colleges by 1975, freeing them to that degree from dependence on local property taxes. (The state, through a series of bond issues, has since helped junior colleges substantially with plant-expansion programs.)

The Master Plan for Higher Education in California has served as a model not only for other states but also for other nations. Great Britain sent a delegation to study it when the English were planning for expansion; so did France.

How well has the Master Plan worked? Better than expected, but not so well as it could. The statistics on California's knowledge bonanza are impressive, but the ultimate measure must be whether or not the educational program achieves the goals assigned to it.

In 1967, for the first time, junior colleges decreed that a "C" average would be required for graduation. As Thomas W. Braden, former president of the Board of

Education, carefully explained, that doesn't mean a "get tough" policy for junior college students. Anybody failing to achieve a "C" average for three consecutive semesters is subject to dismissal, but he can be readmitted. "The junior college," said Paul Lawrence, head of the State Department of Education's Division of Higher Learning, "is a place of opportunity, so he can come back again and again."

But in Braden's view junior colleges are not fulfilling their role. "The weakness of the system is that, as it has grown in California, it has tended to neglect its role as a terminal institution for vocational preparation," Braden said. "It has done so for two reasons: First, the vocational role is expensive; second, it is unprestigious."

Braden, an Oceanside newspaper publisher, suggested



that the state might set up a new and separate set of vocational colleges, supported by state rather than local funds. He made the same proposal to Governor Brown some time ago. It received passing notice in a campaign speech, but nothing has been heard of it since.

Prestige is a disease that afflicts state colleges as well as junior colleges. It is significant that almost every one of the seventy-eight junior colleges in California has dropped the offending word "junior" from its title. They are trying to build faculties of Ph.D.s, not auto mechanics. The state college system, with a faculty of some 10,000, also has recruiting problems. California must lure most of its college teachers from outside the state, and pay higher than average salaries. However, the professional status, the big federal research grants, the easier teaching loads go with university appointments, not with state college jobs.

Marc R. Tool, a professor of economics at Sacramento State College, was commissioned recently by the Academic Senate of the State College System to study the effect of the Master Plan upon these colleges. He has found, in a 200-page report, that they are "victims" of academic discrimination:

The Master Plan, by design and by interpretation, has become a vehicle through which the California State Colleges have been relegated to an inferior and

subordinate position relative to the University of California.

Given the directive that each segment shall strive for excellence, the Master Plan has created a condition in which the State colleges cannot aspire to excellence because they are not provided with adequate financial means and the relevant policy options to make possible the achievement of excellence of which they are capable.

According to Professor Tool, the university gets 58 per cent of state support funds for 38 per cent of the students, while state colleges limp along with 42 per cent of the money for 62 per cent of the students. He contends that the university professor gets more pay, more sabbaticals, more secretarial and technical help, more research money, and a lighter teaching load than his state college counterpart.

Junior colleges make similar complaints. The Arthur D. Little Company, a private research firm, recently recommended that they be divorced from the State Board of Education and given their own chancellor, and their own bureaucracy, as are state colleges and the university.

Junior college faculty members consider themselves oppressed. A teacher at College of Marin, just north of San Francisco, complained that when he gave his students failing grades in English he was rebuked by his superiors on the ground that either his course was too difficult or he was grading too hard. The possibility that his students were not bright enough was not considered.

"If what they want is some kind of social welfare program to keep kids off the streets for two years after high school, O.K.," added his wife. "But let's be honest about it. Let's not call it a college. And let's use social workers for teachers."

The junior colleges, like state colleges, observe varying standards of excellence, and they have different missions. Some offer strong academic courses in general education, and are successful in producing transfer students for state colleges and the university. Others concentrate on terminal education, and still others on vocational training.

At one time, the ratio of academic and vocational programs in California junior colleges was half and half. Now the pendulum has swung heavily to the academic side. The new trend is typified by Foothill College, which has an extensive liberal arts curriculum. Less than ten years old, this campus in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains of Northern California has more than 7,000 students on its magnificent 122 acres.

Foothill's thirty-six brick and redwood buildings, including an Olympic-sized swimming pool and a 1-acre library, and its sheltered, car-free pedestrian walks, give it an atmosphere of quiet, rural peace and isolation. Within a 1,000-seat auditorium, blessed with near-perfect acoustics, students learn the performing arts by performing them, and both students and nearby Los Altos residents enjoy guest performances of the San Francisco Symphony and other traveling artists. One of the great benefits of the state and junior college system in California is their intellectual and cultural impact on communities where they are located.

Foothill also has a 3,500-car parking lot, the essential ingredient for a community college that depends on

commuters. There are no dormitories at Foothill, nor are there any at most junior colleges, or at many state colleges. Foothill puts heavy emphasis on liberal arts. But it also offers associates in arts degrees in data processing, electronics, industrial ceramics and other arcane specialties. Graduates frequently are snapped up at starting salaries of \$900 a month.

Whatever its faults and problems, California characteristically and vigorously has launched a massive program of democratic higher education on a scale never before attempted by any state or nation. That there are shortcomings is not surprising. What is remarkable is the abounding optimism, the monumental scope and the high promise of the effort.

LETTERS (continued from page 162)

Union a single Yiddish school, a Yiddish newspaper, a Yiddish theatre, a Yiddish publishing house, as a means of demonstrating the response of Soviet Jews. And if the school is not filled to capacity, and if the newspaper is not oversubscribed, and the theatre is not sold out, if the supply of books is not exhausted—then we may be persuaded of the reality of alleged Jewish self-alienation. . . .

Absent this test, we challenge such unwarranted speculations as those of Mr. Werth, especially when deceptively decked out as hard fact. . . .

*Phil Baum, Director
Commission on International Affairs
American Jewish Congress*

Paris

DEAR SIR: Mr. Baum seems to suggest that I am speaking from hearsay, or on the basis of some casual visit to the Soviet Union. May I point out that I spent seven years there between 1941 and 1948, and have since gone there on several lengthy visits. I have met thousands of Russians and hundreds of Jews in the Soviet Union. I do not deny for a moment that there was officially whipped-up anti-Semitism in Russia during the last Stalin years; nor do I deny that there is some discrimination even now. There are very few Jewish generals in the army, very few Jews on the party's Central Committee, and Jews are entirely, or almost entirely, excluded from the Foreign Service. But in most other fields of activity they hold a prominent and honorable place.

I don't think it can be denied that the assimilationist tendencies are strong among the 80 per cent of Jews who, under the 1959 census, declared not Yiddish but Russian or Ukrainian to be their first (or only) language. Nevertheless, I agree that the situation continues to be anomalous, both as regards the Yiddish-speaking and the would-be assimilationist Jews.

But instead of making unrealistic proposals like Mr. Baum's, would it not be much more important to assume that Mr. Kosygin means what he says, and take steps to permit Jews wanting to leave the Soviet Union actually to do so? As far as I know, Kosygin's "pledge" is the first of its kind ever made by a top Soviet leader, at least in the last thirty years or more. I cannot make out whether Mr. Baum refuses to take Mr. Kosygin's pledge seriously, or whether he is simply not interested in it. And if not, why not? In any case, he does not mention it. Yet, assuming that there are many Jews who would like to leave Russia (and there seems little doubt about that as regards some of the "unassimilated" Jews), the Kosygin statement surely offers opportunities for action which should not be neglected by the major Jewish organizations outside Russia. I do not believe that Kosygin had not carefully considered in advance every word of his statement.

Alexander Werth

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Frost's Way: Making the Most of It

ROBERT FROST: The Early Years, 1874-1915. By Lawrance Thompson. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 641 pp. \$12.50.

QUENTIN ANDERSON

Mr. Anderson teaches English at Columbia University and this year is visiting professor at the University of Sussex, England.

The Frost I loved as an adolescent disappeared down a corduroy road laid with honorary degrees. It was vulgar of me not to remember that the poems were still there—even though they ran counter to the grain of impersonal modernism. But my feeling that the man was somehow indispensable to the poems was right, though inarticulate. (Little I cared that Eliot was a churchwarden!) And the fuss about Frost was embarrassing in the later years. Zealous middle-brow devotion lapped the hermit crab, and made a final shell for him against his lifelong terror of abandonment. The poems seemed to have entered the civil service; their character and their genesis were accidentally obscured. Lawrance Thompson's *Frost Letters* (1964) had an editorial acerbity which cut through much of the guff, and the letters themselves had enough of Frost's wit, charm, slovenliness, meanness, fidelity to his powers, to make an image of sorts. They also revealed a habit of involvement with persons of insufficient character, on whom he turned savagely when they began to tug at him for narcissistic supplies. But the poems were those of a man in a terrible fix, and the letters, increasingly and gracefully public in later years, hid the fix.

This first volume of a two-volume biography quickly tells us what armed Thompson against the obvious guff; the story he had to tell is a story of agonizing personal extremity that, once you have grasped it, blows away popular pieties. Thompson has made it possible—within limits I'll note—to understand Frost. It ought to be explained that this biography is said to be an instrument to play one's own Frost upon. I quote the beginning of the headnote to the index:

NAMES, PLACES, DATES are correlated with topics, interpretations, conclusions—all previously deployed on three separate levels: Introduction, Central Narrative, Notes. Because this Index

thus makes available some outlines, configurations, summaries, which are not explicitly given elsewhere, it amounts to a fourth level of ordering.

Readers are particularly invited to browse through the Robert Frost entries under the forty-three topical subheads. . . .

The internal limitation is that the "Central Narrative" lacks the crispness of the editorial work on the *Letters*, or the Introduction and Notes of this book. Thompson lived over twenty-five years of his life as Frost's official biographer. The tone of their conversations appears to have gotten spilled on his narrative. The laxity of the prose allows of such phrasings as "mother's heartfelt grief," or "deeply ingrained fears," or "memorable and panoramic views," or "thought-felt justification," and of this sentence: "Under the circumstances, it was fortunate for him that he had inherited from his grieving mother the balancing instinct for enjoying the comic aspects of life." Such sentences lie like logs across the path of Thompson's story. But the story does get told: Frost lived a desperate life in his formative years, and he, quite as much as Emily Dickinson, literally saved himself with poetry.

I see two external limitations as well. To cover the years 1874-1915, as Thompson does in this volume, is to show what made Frost Frost, and to encounter enough of his mature accomplishment to make the account dangerously complete. Taking Thompson's collection of Frost's letters for granted, I'm not sure I want to know any more about Frost. I can read the later poetry for myself, and as for the honorary degrees, I've been there before. The second bother comes later and has to do with the literary biography as a kind. Meanwhile, what is the essential part of Thompson's account?

The forty-three topical subheads under "Robert Frost" in the index do not include "Mother," but that is what they spell. If I understand the two careful sentences in the book, Frost slept with his mother from the time of his father's death when he was 11 until he was 16; and thereafter, until his marriage at the age of 21, on a cot in her room. His father, a Harvard graduate of 1872, who had had Copperhead sympathies, moved to San Francisco from

the cotton mill town of Lawrence, Mass., to which the family returned after his death, and was a graduate of the same high school in which Frost won his first distinction as a poet and, with his future wife, co-valedictorian. (Frost remembered his father, a newspaper man and minor figure in Democratic politics, as a poor speaker.)

Frost's father, often drunken and violent, had had sharp difficulties with his Scotch wife, who was older, a bit fey and withdrawn, a devout Swedenborgian. She brought her children up on tales of moral heroism. Mrs. Frost returned to schoolteaching after she was widowed, and one of the attempts her son made to fulfill the emotional demands of his relationship to her consisted in leaving Dartmouth to replace her in a class infested by bullies, whom he, as a beginning teacher, beat into submission. Thompson notes that his mother could easily have been transferred without her son's intervention. Frost's sister was queer as a child and always at odds with him. She became insane in middle age.

Frost had an absolute need to be enfolded—and, of course, a bitter resentment at being enfolded. Tugging at apron strings and reaching behind to be sure they were securely knotted was his pattern until he discovered the possibility of anchoring himself in poetry. Thompson says that his speech had been markedly cultivated until the period in Derry when he began to take on Yankeeisms; the wryness and the spiritual drawl were lightning rods to draw off the terror of being an identifiable husband, father, farmer. When—earlier—his high school lover refused to marry him until she had finished college, he made a symbolic plunge into what he feared most, the darkness—of Virginia's Great Dismal Swamp. He was beset by a fear of abandonment, and prone to alarm that his wife would think he had abandoned her when he made a daylong excursion. In one of his letters to Louis Untermeyer, Frost makes this apology to account for a difference that had arisen between them: "I was once gone back on cruelly though deservedly and ever since I have once in so often had one of these mad paroxysms of unbelief in human faithfulness."

Frost staggered and almost went down in the crucial years just before and dur-

ing his life on the farm at Derry. He moved, one imagines, back and forth between asking more of a woman than any woman can give, and demanding of himself a heroism, an enfathering, more complete than the world affords. The poems are not identifiable with or accounted for by either impulse—even though Frost often made immediate subjects of his fears of darkness and emptiness, his ambivalence about being sheltered. They are brave and successful counterattacks, each a “momentary stay against confusion,” in Frost’s famous phrase. The farm at Derry had been bought for him by his paternal grandfather whom he hated, gratuitously, as it seems to Thompson, but that hatred appears a part of the pattern as does the denunciation of a remote, Indian-killing Frost in a poem Thompson prints in an appendix.

In an enthusiastic review of *Georgian Poetry: 1911-1912*, D. H. Lawrence wrote: “The time to be impersonal is gone. We start from the joy we have in being ourselves, and everything must take colour from that joy,” and he is referring to the Georgians, of whom at that moment he felt himself one. Frost’s first volume, *A Boy’s Will*, was being assembled in that year, his first in England, and in the next year, 1913, when that volume was published and Frost was putting together *North of Boston*, he came to know and prize Lascelles Abercrombie and Wilfred Gibson, contributors to the volume Lawrence (also a contributor) had reviewed. Frost’s mode of asserting his existence was indeed to put persons, to put the cadence of the voice, into poems. The “sound of sense,” playing against the iambic beat was to be his way of describing his poetic aim in the period of Thompson’s first volume; in practice this meant an identifiable human voice or voices.

Pound was quick to admire and review Frost, but what he and Eliot were actually elaborating could hardly have been more at odds with what Frost was doing, what Lawrence had happily proclaimed. Whatever else their strain of modernism came to mean, it didn’t mean making persons, in this direct sense, poetic presences. It was storing humanity in poems, not manifesting it. This is simple and explicit in Eliot’s declaration of the impersonality of poetry. Words must be rescued from every kind of character-building, mores-endorsing use and devoted to the making of structures. Lawrence has ever since endured the peculiar modern and post-modern hatred felt for those who insist

on the being and the primacy of persons; Frost has been slathered with love. I mustn’t try to discuss the quality of that love before trying to say what writing, as if speaking to other men, meant to Frost.

Frost lived his most desperate years in the company of demons, darkness, a wife whom he persistently—though not of course wholly—misconstrued as obdurate, chilly, angelic. In his world without scale, of enormous magnifications and terrifying minutenesses, the man of average sensual endowment was a princely wonder whom he created for himself and made the bearer of his frightening news. The region of measured things—orchids, fields, selectmen, constellations, everything taken for granted by others—was an exhilarating marvel for him, which he proved his title to by representing them in human cadences. The voice he contrived handled matters both large and small: the nuisance of feeding the chickens presented itself, together with the fear of darkness and death outdoors; there was no scale in him except the one the voice created.

Having built his shelter of cadences he added to it and remodeled it; he could not step outside it. Some people still write about Frost as if he had chosen to celebrate a particular region or the pastoral realm, but his actual awakening was not to a particular choice but to the very possibility of speaking to others in print. That he thereafter stuck with New England is the consequence of the fact that his whole usable past was his own poems, which meant that it was also his present. He said very firmly that he had never changed, though he could hardly explain why. But so it was. Robert Frost was co-eternal with *Collected Poems*.

Most criticism of Frost is too much impressed by his ideas and not perhaps enough by his poetry as it comes. Here Randall Jarrell is indispensable: no less indispensable are the remarks Lionel Trilling made at the dinner on Frost’s 85th birthday, which let the cat out of the bag. Thompson’s first volume provides a permanent home for the cat. Thompson’s readers are not likely to be surprised that a man so circumstanced became “a terrifying poet.” But I read no signs anywhere that Trilling has been followed up, and we only have to turn to Jarrell’s brilliant parade of appreciations, which concludes with fervid praise of Frost as a “complete or representative poet” who rendered the whole world of his experience, to see how much opposition one is likely to

meet in saying what sort of personal voice Frost achieved. Jarrell is obviously right and just as obviously wrong: Frost is magnificently what he is, but where, through what fluke of fatal resignation, did we lose the right to say what he is, and not only the right but almost the terms and the ability?

Thompson, in his preface, bows nervously to the stony orthodoxy which proclaims the dangers of the intentional fallacy, making the minimal plea that “Frost made his imagination work primarily with actual images and events familiar to him from his own experiences at first or second hand.” He goes on: “He did endow these images with poetic meanings which do indeed face two ways, and his best poems are esthetically viable without any reference to his biography. But any reader who understands the relationships between the inner and outer faces of these poems is able to derive from them two different kinds of enjoyment which are not necessarily unrelated.” *Not necessarily unrelated!* Shades of epistemology! How do ideas get into our heads? asks the 18th century; how can a body of poetry possibly be related to the quality of somebody’s humanity? asks the 20th. Instead of psychophysical dualism

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we have a dualism between makers and things made. But Thompson has a better case than he seems to know. It just happens that Frost is not a modernist poet in the sense that he is *aiming* at impersonal structures; he is of the old world in which persons counted. The central trouble with Thompson's book is that he hasn't been brave about the relation of persons and poems: he writes a rather flabby narrative because he deep down feels that attention to the man he found so fascinating isn't finally the same thing as attention to the poems. The finality is unreachable, but it is no less his job. In these cultural circumstances, or in the response of Thompson and most of his colleagues to them, literary biography is demonstrably an impossible form, and Thompson's characterization of his book as an engine offering four levels of approach to Frost is testimony to his awareness, his somewhat imperfect awareness, of the problem. He cannot be wholly blamed, and I admit that I feel as if I were interrupting him, since this is only the first volume.

People do not now have the authority of existence in the same measure that poems have such authority. This makes difficulties for biographers. But it also troubles people at large and explains, I think, why Frost is a popular poet. Part of the explanation is clearly that he offers an apprehensible surface, but the more interesting possibility is that the poetry of this man without a scale, this intransigent man, was couched in the spoken mode. His poems lend to persons some of their lost power to connect

an assertion of self with the particular circumstances of their lives. The rather awful pathos of the Goldwater followers arises out of their desire to do this, although they clearly can't. It is a marginal humanity that the poems express; it is a poetry very much after the fact of the world, a clinging to the raft of existence. It is extraordinarily good of its kind, and for readers who are not asking for glorious possibilities (each

of us is such a reader at times), readers who are not canted toward a transforming hope, it affirms, even though barely, or better just because barely, our heavily circumstanced lives.

Perhaps Frost really is that rarity among moderns, a good poet who is popular for the very reasons that he is good, voicing an invitation to climb to that isolated ledge on which he makes "The Most of It."

Real American Life

CHICAGO RENAISSANCE: The Literary Life in the Midwest 1900-1930. By Dale Kramer. Appleton-Century. 369 pp. \$7.95.

DAN LEVIN

Mr. Levin is the author of *Mask of Glory*, a novel of the Marines (McGraw-Hill) and *Stormy Petrel*, a study of Maxim Gorky (Meredith). He teaches creative writing and comparative literature at Post College, Long Island University.

Dale Kramer returned at last from the big cities to his home town, Sigourney, Ia., where he wrote two books of importance.

In *The Wild Jackasses*, he saluted the American Populists—knightly native radicals without fear or theory. His lens swept from the 1870s to the 1930s. In the final chapter he presented a rather stirring picture of a special Valhalla with reserved space for the agrarian warriors—Sockless Jerry Simpson, Ignatius Donnelly, General Jim Weaver, Mary Ellen Lease, George Norris, Bill Lemke, Art Townley, Milo Reno. There the confused heroes of the common folk would "celebrate their many, if usually belated, victories."

His last book, *Chicago Renaissance*, has more depth and a sharper focus on the first two decades of our century. In it he traces the rise of modern American realism, our main literary heritage, by following the interwoven lives of ten figures: Floyd Dell, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, Francis Hackett, Maurice Browne, Harriet Monroe, Margaret Anderson. The book re-establishes—even for those who know this but sometimes forget—the nature of the American writing that counts most in the world's literary history, and its origins in real American life.

Markers are set up (some known, some perhaps not so well known) for those who care about American society

and literature. They are useful, although markers are always too general and partly misleading. For example: that the publication of Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, in 1900, opened in literature our modern age. That the literary renaissance was borne by the energy and dreaming ambitions of small-town Midwestern boys (and girls) who came into electric contact with the big cities. That native radicalism, anarchism and socialism were elements in forming the emotional and intellectual lives of most of the renaissance makers; this is important for any historical understanding. That Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine, and Margaret Anderson's *Little Review*, and the Chicago Little Theatre, were crystallizers.

Dale Kramer called it a *Chicago* renaissance. No name is completely truthful, but some are better than others. Like the Populist movement, the literary one rose in the Midwest, and Chicago was the gravity center. He could have called it the American renaissance and been just as right, but "Chicago" gives focus and structure. He believed its salient achievements in literature were Dreiser's; and Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*; and Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*. He felt the renaissance crested around 1916, and that by 1921, "the stream was no longer vigorous." This makes sense, for the First World War, like all great upheavals, was necessarily destructive, and the impact of the mental catastrophe would need a few years to be charted.

Maybe the most important point he makes is the absolute relation between literature and life. The creative impulse works mysteriously, but always on the basis of the human facts. Dale Kramer's tracing of the origins of Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, Jennie Gerhardt and the Cowperwood novels, Masters' *Spoon River* poems, Anderson's *Winesburg* and other writings, Lindsay's wonderful "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," makes clear again what should always



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have remained clear. It is a service to literature.

His method is careful collation of details, then linked and illumined (in his case, often by side-of-the-mouth comments). It is the method par excellence of cultural history. He garnered the details from long talks and correspondence with those yet alive, like Dell, and from multitudinous books, memoirs and letters, doggedly researched. Here is Dreiser's estimate of his father: "... a crank, a tenth-rate Saint Simon or Francis of Assisi ... an illustration of the beaten or at best psychologically depressed"; and of his mother: "... one of the most perfect mothers a man ever had ... a happy, hopeful animal mother, with a desire to live, and not much constructive ability wherewith to make real her dreams. ..." Kramer tells of Dreiser's

poetry being rejected consistently by Eugene Field, writer of sentimental verse and (typically) a power controlling access to publication, and affords a glimpse of Dreiser at the height of fame, in a phone booth, kicking backward "like a bull elephant" at a girl clinging to him, while he phones another. Sherwood Anderson's father as a motivating force is illuminated by Kramer's comment: "Rarely has anyone been so corroded by hatred of a parent, or been so relentless in seeking imaginative vengeance." The whole texture of Anderson's work is clarified, including the reasons for the failure of so much of it, and the achievement of *Winesburg*, where hatred is held in leash and the work becomes art.

His portraits are vivid. Sandburg, the "monolith," riding the rails on the bum (and careful, as always, with his money);

at the same time his "Chicago poems" are put in needed social perspective. Masters, too-good boy, yanked around by his family like a sack of potatoes, then morose Greek scholar, undistinguished law partner of Clarence Darrow, unhappy married man who lost a girl he had courted to the prize fighter, Gentleman Jim Corbett, finally standing at Emerson's grave and admitting that life had "cornered" him; starting his *Spoon River Anthology* (on the conscious level) as a doodle, a morose spoof on *The Greek Anthology*. Vachel Lindsay, prolonged adolescent with his cult of male and female virginity, battling all his life against his home town (Springfield, Ill.; even issuing war bulletins); tramping the country (map of the soul's universe in his pocket) reciting "rhymes for bread" to startled or bemused farmers. And Vachel Lindsay draining a bottle of Lysol to end the visionary inner struggle which gave the land some of its true, exciting poetry.

The thousand details make the difference. They are the reality of life and show the springs of creativity. The stress on social ideas and on "love and marriage and freedom" is correct; these are components of literature.

The flaws in the book are those in Kramer himself. Largely, they are inextricable from the virtues. In many ways he was an heir of the Populists. (In the thirties, he edited the *Farmers' Holiday* magazine, organ of the last Populist hero, Milo Reno.) This back-

THE HARVESTERS' VASE

All Things are gods.

*After having accomplished
the embarkation of the lion there was the
unearthing of the orange sarcophagus and the
polished stone gaming board and its tourmaline
counters. And it could not be but a sign of their
desire that they painted fish upon their corpses'
heads and necks.*

*The entire world for them
was gods.*

*At a harvest festival, fifty men stepped
into a line of march and crossed this black steatite
field on the ripe earth; the wheat shoots were
sharp as crystal on the naked feet of those gleaners
of the Wheat-God's pleasure.*

*The wine pouch flew
from man to man. The sheaves' dried seed fell
and stuck to their brows; their skin pulled tight
across their skulls for the harvest was hard and
winds curled that summer from the air harrowing
their bodies into craters where they stood all day
collecting the ripe lava of the fields.*

*When
the temple came in view, cocked on the hill
preened and unconsolable, riot struck the
harvesters in their inner ear. They fell into a
run, belching, clutching at rocks, bleeding,
their bodies bare and black in the sun's mill and
slammed into the sacred magazines where they upturned
jugs of wine and sacred creams and muted by this
sacral fancy, in the steatite thunder of their feast,
they climbed into the precincts of the
Mother-Goddess-of-the-Country-Side who ran
out of their ears and mouths like a heavy wine.*

NED O'GORMAN

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ground saved him from theory, Communist or other, and theory ruins most writers. But the very independence (and know-nothing tang) of the Populist tradition, combined with the romantic newspaper man ideal, made him diffident, for too long, about approaching literature seriously. He wasted years on unpromising subjects like Ross of *The New Yorker*. His biography of Heywood Broun is valuable, but Broun (model of the hard-drinking newspaper man and social fighter) lived on his own surface, and so Kramer stayed there with him. Only in *The Wild Jackasses* did he find real scope, and then *Chicago Renaissance*. In these last books, his diffident image of himself as the wise-cracking reporter, the Yank correspondent who tracked down Tokyo Rose, the man who worshiped Broun and feuded with Westbrook Pegler, gives way to the image of the writer who deals firmly with a large theme, from both outer and inner experience.

Like the gallant Populists, Dale Kramer will have to celebrate his belated victory in some Valhalla. He died just as *Chicago Renaissance* was being published. The country, hardly knowing it, has lost one of its best social and literary historians.

Bright Graffiti

UP THE JUNCTION. By Nell Dunn.
J. B. Lippincott. 127 pp. \$3.95.

WELLINGTON ROAD. By Margaret
Lassell. Penguin. 169 pp. \$1.25 paper.

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of *The Bowery Man* (Thomas Nelson).

Any observer who sets out to depict the poor as merely people who happen to be broke will miss the flavor and significance of the brash outlaw who passes his life scrawling witty obscenities on the pedestals of majestic monuments to piety, virtue, honor and affluence.

In Britain, it seems, the graffiti are brighter than in the United States where the white working class tends to behave like financially embarrassed bourgeois. Nell Dunn, in her slender volume of vignettes, *Up The Junction*, lovingly depicts the leather-jacketed motorcycle set of Battersea, fornicating happily in the hallways of housing projects with girls who make candy in sweat shops or act as come-ons in clip joints.

Her lovers are at once brittle and tender, like the lad who woos his girl

to a private doorway and then at a loss, pleads: "Do me a favor." "What is it?" she asks. "Seduce me," he says.

Nell Dunn's Battersea people are brought to life with sure artistry and a remarkable economy of words. Truth is summed up almost too neatly, but that may be a failing of the form. Many of the pieces in this book were written for magazines and meant to glow briefly in perishable newsprint. In book form the vignette becomes self-defeating. Literary devices—such as the quoting of lyrics of popular songs as a kind of counterpoint—are good when used sparingly but lose effectiveness with repetition.

But if Battersea, in Nell Dunn's handling, becomes almost too beguiling, *Wellington Road* by Margaret Lassell is good to keep handy as an antidote. Miss Lassell stayed with a family in a modern housing project, a new slum on the edges of a British factory town. And here—with fidelity but without artistry—is a

bleak record of unmitigated dreariness.

In this diary she chronicles the defeat of a man injured in an industrial accident, eking out a life of sorts on a pension. He maintains a semblance of usefulness by doing the housework, thereby depriving his wife of her function. He sends her out to whore when cash is low, and whines jealously when he suspects a lover.

Somehow the children grow up feeding on crumbs of love amid the shoddy spectacle of adult striving and failing. Small crimes and multiple abortions mark the passing of the days and nights on Wellington Road where nobody starves and nobody lives. Margaret Lassell's diary convicts a way of life on circumstantial evidence alone. If the reader wants to people the scene with flesh and blood he can call on Nell Dunn.

Both in Battersea and Wellington Road the disasters of life are shrugged off with a plucky "never mind." But one of Nell Dunn's boys sums it all up when he says: "It's 'never mind'—for life."

myself in Newhaven last July, on my way home after a year in Cairo, I remembered that the Woolf's old home, Asham House, was not more than 10 miles away, and I resolved to see it. No doubt even then I had a half-formed desire to see the owner himself, forgetting for the moment that he had said in *Beginning Again* that he and his wife had moved to the nearby village of Rodmell in 1919.

But my conscious motive was Asham House itself. I inquired in the village of Iford, on the Lewes road, and a tractor driver said he knew just the man for me. I followed his Fordson through the village lane—southern England; is there any place like it?—to a dairy where I met an ex-German with some milk pails who smiled broadly when he saw the German tourist plates on the Volkswagen, and greeted me with "*Wie gehts?*" He'd come over after the war; loved England, knew that Mr. Woolf was a famous writer, and knew also that he no longer lived at Asham House. But why not call on Mr. Woolf himself, he suggested, as my face sagged; he's just down the road at Monks House in Rodmell. Probably gardening just about now. Ask anyone you see, they all know him. Left off the main road through the village, Monks House on the right. Good. Cheer-o! 'f wiedersehen!

Monks House, a rambling, pleasant, overgrown old cottage which Leonard Woolf has owned for forty-seven years, sits at the edge of the lane through Rodmell, like most houses in the villages. (The reader will find Woolf's own description of Asham House, Monks House and a brief commentary on life in a Sussex village fifty years ago in the early chapters of *Beginning Again*.) We knocked at the gate. Waited, admired the old place with its profusion of flowers, trees, vines and shrubs, its winningly irregular air of having "just grown," its Mother Goose quality. No response. Knocked again, entered cautiously. "Hallo! Is anyone there?" Large spaniel rushed barking upon us but only to fawn and horse around. "Nice dog, good dog." Then around the corner came a slender old man in flannels, blue shirt, vest, heavy shoes, gardening gloves, trowel. White hair like a brush and faded bleak eyes—no glasses—peering from a long, thin, tough, aristocratic, unself-pitying old face. A formidable face, a stoical face, an unsurprisable face, just seeing for the five thousandth time what's going on. "Mr. Woolf, is it?" I mumbled through the explanation and apology, more conscious than I wanted to be of that wintry gaze and, behind it, the un-

To the Woolf House

STANLEY POSS

Mr. Poss teaches English at California State College at Fresno.

Outside of graduate students grubbing up dissertation topics no one reads Leslie Stephen today. One remembers him vaguely as a late Victorian worthy (like Archer or Butler or Gosse) who did some good work shattering idols, but one remembers rather more vividly his fictional counterpart in his daughter's *To The Lighthouse*, the academic philosopher Mr. Ramsay, vainly struggling to get to "Q," vainly, that is, because his thought is limited by its empiricist preconceptions to "P." Similarly, Virginia Woolf's husband had long been for me a shadowy presence; a good liberal, no doubt, a capable editor, even, one had heard somewhere, a writer of some distinction. But Virginia's was the dominating if sibylline personality, and when she died in 1941 I should imagine that few persons outside the immediate group doubted that the Woolf name was dead also. Indeed it was something of a shock to realize that Leonard Woolf was still alive when the first of his memoirs, *Sowing*, appeared in 1960. This marvelous evocation of Edwardian Cambridge during the days of Moore and Russell, McTaggart and Wittgenstein, Keynes and Forster and Strachey and Clive Bell, and The Apostles (the elite

group of undergraduates who clustered around Moore), was followed a year later by *Growing*, which describes the author's life as a civil servant in Ceylon between 1904 and 1911. Then came *Beginning Again* in 1964, a book whose rigorously honest and precisely detailed account of the early years of his life with Virginia (1911-18), their discovery that she was subject to fits of insanity, and his attempts to deal with them is compelling from the first pages and once and for all establishes Leonard Woolf as an important writer. No reader who has been harrowed and delighted by these books is ever likely to place their author merely as Virginia's husband, the fellow who turned the crank at The Hogarth Press.

So one's initial feeling of mild surprise that Leonard Woolf had survived into the sixties changed to—well, whatever it is one feels on encountering a mind of utter candor and independence, stoical, fearless and compassionate, represented in a prose combining art and force. After *Growing* I found myself hoping that he would be able to round out his autobiography, and when *Beginning Again* appeared two years ago I felt that a solid blow had been struck for our old mortality. But after all, that book took him only to 1918, and clearly he needed at least two more volumes to finish his story. Thus when I found

asked question: "What do you *really* mean by that?"—the question with which, according to Leonard Woolf's memoirs, G. E. Moore so often paralyzed The Apostles at Cambridge, freezing their undergraduate fluency into sheepish inarticulateness.

He accepted what I said, however, not surprised, not put out. I asked about Asham House, as a pump primer. He told us that it now had a cement plant for a neighbor, that he supposed it had fallen on hard times. He wrote in the morning, gardened after lunch. Care to see the garden? So for forty-five minutes we meandered about the very extensive grounds admiring the orchards and garden, enjoying the sun, and learning that he regards Charleston as the one American city the tourist must not miss. Had we seen it? No, we. . . . Had we ever been to the South at all? Well no, but. . . . Typical Americans, he thought; travel all around Europe but never think of South Carolina. He was fascinated by the South, like Quentin's roommate Shreve ("Tell me about the South. Why do people live there? Why do they live at all?"), and I felt I had let our side down rather badly in not being an expert on the region. Texas, however, really was beyond the pale, he believed, in spite of what a friend at the university had written extolling Austin as a Periclean Athens of the New World. Dallas; Kennedy: simply impossible. He thought that it had been two and a half centuries since the English had murdered their king or prime minister.

But this was as close as he came to the role of entertainer. As one may imagine, he is not frivolous. The years lie on him. He does not sparkle, though the books reveal a humor with a cutting edge. He has long passed the stage of thinking about making an impression in either appearance or speech. He is no fashioner of *aperçus*; one would no more expect to find him guilty of the vanity of epigrams than of clothes. His virtues as a human being and as a writer are the virtues of the plain style. He was not inclined to talk of his work or his wife's. But what did I do, now? (Teach, write some.) Teach what? (Englit, Am-lit.) Impossible task, he should think. Can one really teach literature? And American literature is English literature, is it not? Well, I said, that was the general impression in Cairo too. He was interested in Cairo; was it anti-Semitic? The regime distinguishes theoretically between Jews and Zionists, I replied, but in practice most Jews turn out to be Zionists. Most unfortunate, he said. Now when he was in Germany in the thirties anti-Semitism never touched him

personally, though the regime was pouring out diatribes night and day. He wondered whether political propaganda really worked, an observation which, coming from a man who had written a dozen books on history and politics, struck me as unexpected, to say the least. Can he really have said that? Perhaps my memory deceives me.

Anyhow, he'd had enough. We took a last look south from the slight eminence of his garden at Asham House (barely visible) and the cement plant (very visible) and the Channel, thanked him for his courtesy in admitting

strangers to his house, and started to say we hoped we'd soon be reading the fourth volume of his memoirs, then caught ourselves in confusion, conscious of a *gaffe* since we were saying in fact "hope you live long enough." He got it, all right; his January face creased, he gave us a look both bleak and kind, frosty and gentle, and said that he would take the liberty of joining us in our hope; perhaps indeed he could count on our understanding that his was even more fervent. We shook hands, he bade us goodbye, and returned to his phlox and roses, his cabbages and currants.

Gourmet Theologian

THE NEW THEOLOGIAN. By Ved Mehta. Harper & Row. 217 pp. \$5.95.

GABRIEL VAHANIAN

Mr. Vahanian is associate professor of religion at Syracuse University. His newest book, *No Other God*, has just been published. He is also the author of *The Death of God* (both Braziller).

First published by *The New Yorker* in the fall of 1965, when the news of the death of God caught the Christian masses in theological slumber, this peripatetic essay had the audacious merit of turning theology not quite into a circus but at least into a sophisticated form of entertainment, meandering from anecdote to vignette, from table talk to speculation, and from God to Mehta's private disclosures about the problem that precisely God had become.

The result had a touch of piquancy and was especially commendable since it attempted to popularize the "agonizing reappraisal" of today's theological debates without doing violence to their integrity. And yet one had the feeling, now confirmed by the slightly amended book, that one must resist the mercurial brilliance of Mehta's performance.

This is not to say that his book does not intrigue us. But its brilliant sketches and its "travelogue" style confine it—as the title indicates—to the kind of men today's theologians are. Nor does the book come to grips with the radically new questions theology is raising, or is confronted by, in its attempt to survive in a world where the Christian faith seems to have become superfluous. Mehta's portrait of "the new theologian" is not without its own legitimate justification. But he overestimates his effect if he believes that he has elucidated the major problems simply by de-

tonating a theological mini-bomb between two courses of a meal, or by connecting portraits by way of choice quotations—much as one might select an appropriate wine. The famous map of the United States, as viewed by a resident of New York, told a truth only by dislocating geography. Ved Mehta's view of contemporary theology stands in the same tradition.

The New Theologian thus begins with the sensational question raised by the celebrated Bishop John A. T. Robinson's title for an article published by *The Observer*, which became the apocalyptic "overture" of his 1963 best-selling book, *Honest to God*. The title was: "Our Image of God Must Go."

Robinson's thesis itself, of course, was not new. One can only wonder why it appeared to be so shocking, considering the extent to which the West has been de-Christianized, and that most people have long been living according to the implications of a *de facto* atheism. Many a theologian had in the past done exactly what Robinson seemed to advocate, though without sensationalism. What was new, however, was the confusion that followed when, on the authority of Tillich, Bultmann, and especially Bonhoeffer (the German theologian who was executed by the Nazis for his part in the plot to assassinate Hitler), the Bishop, followed by a host of "new theologians," seemed to be implying that not only our image but God himself must go.

What little Bonhoeffer wrote in his prison cell on the theme of God's superfluousness to modern man scarcely warrants the conception of a godless understanding of Jesus. It has nothing to do with the one thing that Robinson and his confreres share, i.e., a feeling of being more at ease with humanists or with atheists than with churchgoers. As far

as that sort of argument goes, and taking into account the kind of world in which we live, Marxists who concede that some of their best friends are Christian seem much bolder.

Mehta's book deals with another theme borrowed from Bonhoeffer: "religionless Christianity." What Bonhoeffer meant by that phrase is not clear, since for him religion mainly signified what Christianity should *not* be or should *not* tolerate as its vehicle. He saw between Christianity and religion the same kind of opposition as the prophets of the Old Testament saw between loyalty to Yahweh and perfunctory sacrifices or ostentatious ritualism. In turn, we must remember that Bonhoeffer's phrase derives from the views of Karl Barth.

"Religionless Christianity" has become the shibboleth of the theological *nouvelle vague*, recalling theological debates about the number of angels that could stand on the head of a pin, while Byzantium was falling.

Mehta's lively book offers us a deception, for which he cannot be held entirely responsible, nor entirely blameless. After all, no matter how brilliant and versatile one is, a serious report on this subject based on interviews requires some technical competence and demands some preliminary homework. Some theologians can switch from their technical jargon to the language of the man on the street. Others can't, or won't. In this case, it is entirely up to the reporter to ask the complicated questions in such a way that they are simply formulated and elicit an equally simple answer. One has but to compare Mehta's interview of Rudolf Bultmann with the one published in *Der Spiegel*, an English version of which appeared recently in *Christianity and Crisis*. In the former we get the picture of a man who is over 80 years old, whose health is failing and who has practically completed his life's task, and states that all he has to say about "demythologizing" has already been said in his books. The man from *Der Spiegel*, suspecting that this was the case, had familiarized himself with Bultmann's thought so appropriately that he did produce a real interview. Mehta's conversations with Bultmann (mainly about the weather) are "prefaced" by a full page and a half of quotations as if to justify Mehta's trip to Marburg. Still, *The New Theologian* does introduce some of the best theologians of today and exposes the reader to some aspects of their controversial ideas. In ■ sense, it is a banquet of ideas.

However, like dining out in certain blue-law states, it is a feast which requires that you supply your own spirits.

ART / Max Kozloff

Although I've had occasion to discuss the paintings of Larry Poons with some frequency in the past, his latest work, at the Castelli Gallery, justifies opening the topic again. In ■ commentary that tries to isolate the most challenging or coherent abstraction, this artist, though an anguished, unproductive worker, keeps appearing insistently, and I think, deservedly. Like Pollock in formulating an exhilarating unique style, Poons has incurred no imitators—least of all, so far, himself. While the overall scheme of his art—giant fields of stained uni-

tary color, incessantly pocked by multi-hued disks or ovals—has been maintained, its actual mechanics, and therefore, pictorial effect, seem to have reversed gear. Gone, for instance, are his high contrasts and steady beats. Absent too are the once prominent after-images and the energized though staggered lines of force, the in-focus imagery, and the differentiated weight and texture of his elements. Where earlier there had been a wavering of pictorial forces as they competed with maximum stress in divergent directions,

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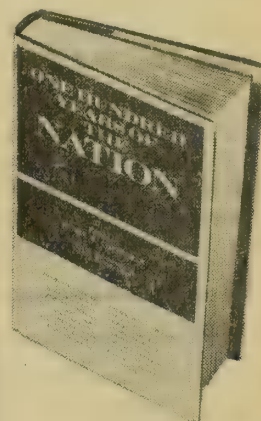
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now his whole syntax is recessive and understated, and the result is an intrinsic blurring of sensations. Once it was necessary to find some common denominator to his stratified, rather optical attacks; currently, one is required to hold on to their differences, lest they retreat still further into the muted fabric. Despite their environmental, wall-sized proportions, these paintings are striving to "get away," so that the best that can be done, for the moment, is to send analysis chivvying after them.

My first impression of the four canvases Poons is now showing was that they were, in a tricky sense, impossible to see. Close values alone did not explain this, nor did the oddly dim gallery lights. It may be that the pictures "bruise" easily in this light, which

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POEM

*We have come to be saved. From a pest.
And so we are constructing.*

*From this altitude, it seems as though
we were swimming, rowing a boat.*

*Later, a girl named Julie grows up
in a blue dress. She walks past our perishable fort.*

*How new she looks! We hardly recognize
and in this we are ascending in the play.*

*I'm talking about the New Jersey shore,
her hands evidently excited, while the flag sinks.*

*"She held out her white hands
to us, but remained in the bitten world."*

DAVID SHAPIRO

hitherto had seemed adequate for other work. Diffusion, a certain muzziness, a lack of resonance were the earliest perceptions, stemming, perhaps, from a half-conscious yearning of the eye to line into the freckled fields on the basis of a secure formal priority that did not exist. Such would account for my visual anxiety in these first moments. This, and the look of art that seemed highly structured, that appeared to be coming purposefully out at you—and didn't. Even the grand surfaces, uninflected as usual, seemed tinged by this contagious recession. Movement, here, was problematic, and light, finally, became almost involuntarily dead pan.

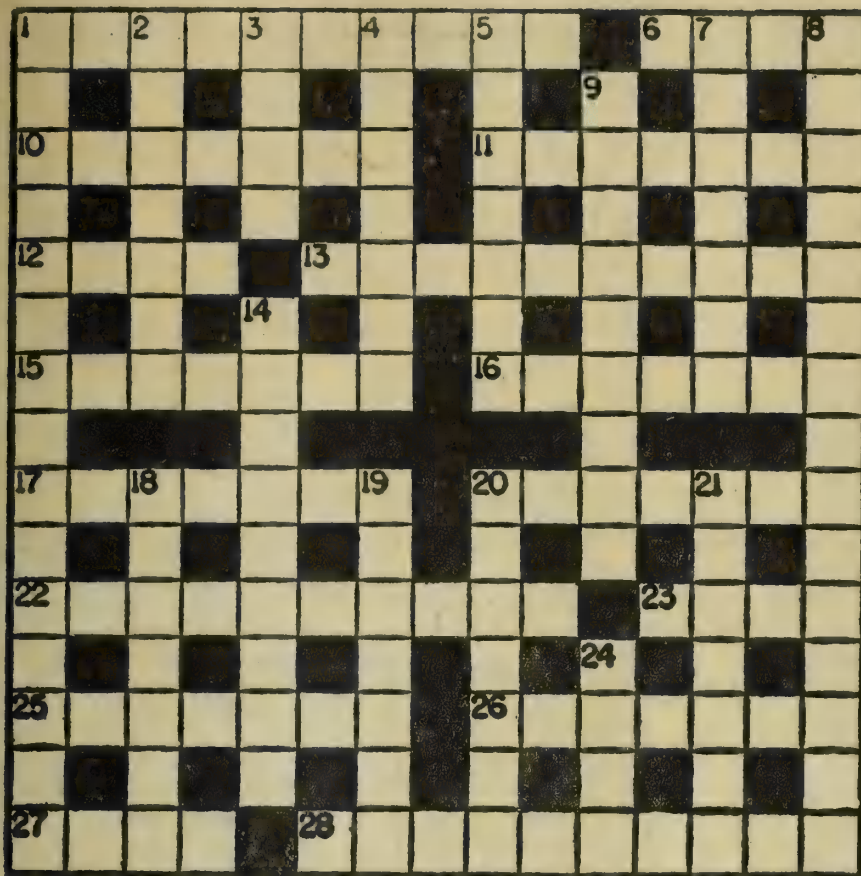
But the one agent that really has unmoored the experience is Poons's excessive reliance on secondary or weakly saturated color. If the field is not so characterized, then one can be assured that its punctuation is. The artist's palette always starts at some already degraded hue which at best recalls or refers to a primary, and then descends, for the most part, further away into various neutrals. It is sensuality in a minor mode—not quite pastel and still less tonal—but a definite taste for intermediate, sulkily off-key chromatics. In addition, Poons mingles the predictability and surprise of color in a disorienting combination. Each of his canvases is, on one hand, a set homogeneous pattern of color changes. His "Wildcat Arrival," for instance, fields a basic chromium oxide green, upon which there are notes of permanent and gray green, Indian red, bluish gray, and dull yellow ochre. And "Rosewood" distributes gray, brown and khaki yellows, various shades of coral, a light emerald, and whitened burnt sienna on a mocha-beige ground. The chromatic environment, therefore, is delimited within a close harmonic range of the

spectrum. But on the other hand, there are far more colors—scattered widely about in small proportions—to hold in the relating memory, than in any of his previous work. Low pressure changes of warm-cool are distended, or oscillate, and are made to seem to trespass each other's "territory." Then too, as a final touch, squinting hard, one notices the isolated bleatings of the odd color out.

This sheepish complexity of coloration, in which hues seem almost mathematically graded, then shuffled, overlaps a tentative spatial change that may have radical implications in Poons's art. He seems to be of two minds on the classic relation of figure and ground. Formerly, their interaction had been clear. Dots were figure; field was ground. The one lay distinctly and substantially upon the other. But now, in his green picture, there is only one translucent skin which has molecular apertures that hold a watery compound of differing tints. It is as if one is looking *through* and behind the surface at random intervals. As for the "Rosewood" canvas, the speckling elements have lost their discreteness of edge and purvey high-keyed aureoles that tend to bleed out against the ground. This looseness and openness are permissible only in work no deeper than mid-value, where the eye is still efficient in sensing contrasts. Way down with the blue-blacks of "Knoxville." Poons had to retain his physical distinctions in order to counter a gathering optical invisibility. Like most of his colleagues, Poons is not a painter of transitions, nor could he be said to be interested in spontaneity of execution. But this current work, if my intuition is right, shows him to be groping toward a surrogate of both. It is a fabulous enterprise—something like trying to find the square root of lyricism.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1187

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Somewhat of a moral get-up put into operation. (10)
- 6 The pitcher has to recognize this sign, otherwise the staff might give no indication. (4)
- 10 In recent times, ready to be a plunderer. (7)
- 11 Going around the course? (7)
- 12 Weeds, perhaps, sound wetter in the garden. (4)
- 13 One of those things that never grow up! (10)
- 15 Must his Panama type, badly shaped? (7)
- 16 Ambiguous. (7)
- 17 What the team does, and then lines up in unbalanced formation? (7)
- 20 Such things might eventually get the wind up, if not well otherwise. (3, 4)
- 22 The French once had a victory so subject to interpretation. (5, 5)
- 23 It's not yours, dig? (4)
- 25 Proving the ones with the ball might be wrong. (7)
- 26 Butters up, and does it a hard way! (7)
- 27 False airs that many a woman puts on. (4)
- 28 Certainly not one's best clothes one might change to for climbing. (6, 4)

DOWN:

- 1 Pretty fancy? (15)
- 2 Not regularly descriptive of the rest of the patrol. (3-4)

- 3 and 24 down Implying the unhappy consequences of how a victim might be carried, in a somewhat old-fashioned way. (8)
- 4 The togs one changes to in isolated areas? (7)
- 5 Started the job, but a change of direction came first. (7)
- 7 Crude oil shut out of it? (7)
- 8 At least one adult admission implied! (6, 9)
- 9 The fire might be eaten, of course. (9)
- 14 Enlarging the staff, perhaps. (9)
- 18 Hold out? It's almost the same, even without public relations. (7)
- 19 One might carry sloppiness to a point of being part of an ethnic group. (7)
- 20 Uplifting title to both directions of the course? (7)
- 21 Chrysolite. (7)
- 24 See 3 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1188

ACROSS: 1 Jack-in-the-box; 9 Office boys; 10 Noel; 11 Aesthete; 12 Tahiti; 13 Throb; 15 Skinnier; 16 Headlong; 19 Genre; 21 Errand; 22 Apricots; 24 Fare; 25 Unilateral; 26 Supercharger. DOWN: 2 Alfred the Great; 3 Knitter; 4 Niece; 5 Hoofers; 6 Besetting; 7 Xanthin; 8 Let them eat cake; 14 Broad jump; 17 Dealers; 18 Glacier; 20 Nuclear; 23 Reach.

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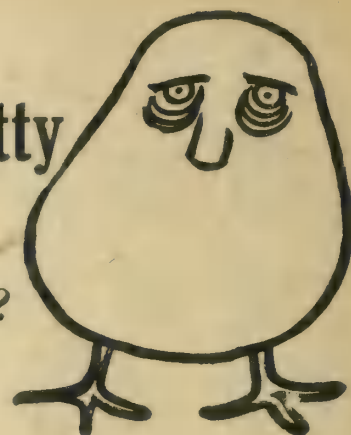
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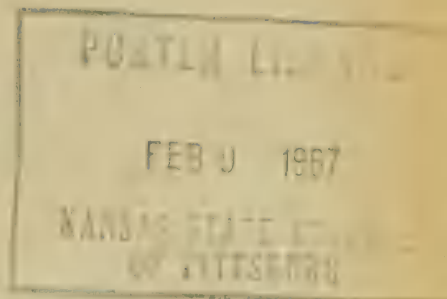
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brutal or insane

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR: In your editorial, "Winning the Hearts of the People" [Jan. 30], the analogy between Operation Cedar Falls and the Nazi action in Lidice is qualified by the assertion that our men "shot only the Vietcong. . . ." This misses a crucial point: that in strongly Vietcong areas, extending over much of the countryside, all active males tend to be regarded as Vietcong. This is evident from the way in which the 24-year-old pregnant woman, quoted in the editorial only as desiring to stay in her bulldozed village, described the circumstances in which her husband met his death. When planes flew over their fields, "he stood up and they shot him down and killed him." Was he Vietcong? Very possibly, but the important point—which can be documented in regard to "allied" operations all over South Vietnam—is that the defenders against "external aggression" tend to assume that the entire male population is the enemy. . . . If this assumption is correct, then the U.S. is committing brutal aggression: if it is far off the mark, then the policy is insane. *Edward S. Herman*

Hoffa & DRIVE

Twinsburg, Ohio

DEAR SIR: Terry Eliot Tornek's article on "DRIVE: Teamsters in Politics" [*The Nation*, Dec. 19] . . . inaccurately cited a Cleveland primary as one example of the Teamsters' success with DRIVE, calling it "the only organization a long-term Congressman had behind him in squeaking through a tight primary." In fact, the Cleveland AFL-CIO's COPE, like DRIVE, supported the anti-Negro, anti-immigrant Congressman Feighan's primary fight against a challenge by one of labor's best friends from the Ohio state legislature. . . .

Whatever DRIVE's rationalization might have been, this endorsement was part of a pattern of guessing the probable winners, and then endorsing their predictions. This approach led DRIVE to endorse the anti-labor Ohio Governor Rhodes and his entire ticket, running on a Southern-style program of attracting industry to the state. Rhodes's slogan that "Profit is not a dirty word in Ohio," goes well with his record of undermining workmen's compensation and unemployment compensation in Ohio. . . .

I believe that an accurate reading would show that the Teamsters' DRIVE was launched in 1961 . . . not for any social or legislative goals but only for the narrow direct interests of Hoffa & Co., to try to get the government off Hoffa's back.

*Bob Weissman, President
UAW Local 122*

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR SIR: Though I claim no expertise in Ohio politics, I did study the Feighan primary thoroughly and came away convinced that DRIVE endorsement cannot be characterized as simply picking probable winners, and was far different from what COPE had to offer. . . .

Mr. Weissman correctly states that DRIVE was launched to win political support for the Teamsters' lobby, but he fails to recognize that the main goals of a lobby are legislative by definition.

Mr. Weissman's dissatisfaction with DRIVE springs from his obvious distaste for "Hoffa & Co.," and a feeling that their "narrow direct interests" are not in keeping with the best interests of the Teamster rank and file and the labor movement. He contends that DRIVE's main function was to "get the government off Hoffa's back." Since Mr. Hoffa appears to be jail-bound, DRIVE has obviously failed, in Mr. Weissman's estimation, and there should be little impetus from within the union for its survival or growth.

It will be interesting to see if the future proves Mr. Weissman correct.

Terry E. Tornek

EDITORIALS

Redirecting American Power

Read together, the articles by Douglas Dowd and John McDermott (pp. 198, 203) point up a problem which opponents of the war in Vietnam should face but seldom do. For the most part, critics of the war are so deeply committed to traditional American political values that it does not occur to them to question the dedication of today's decision makers to these same values. Almost daily, *The Nation* receives communications based on the assumption that the Administration does not fully understand the issues in Vietnam.

The same assumption underlies an extraordinary number of published statements inveighing against the war or calling for de-escalation or a cessation of bombing. But as he protested in a recent—and rare—outburst of indignation, Dean Rusk is not "the village idiot." The harsh fact is that the Johnson team has its own theory of the war. Public and private persuasion can no doubt influence these warriors on minor or peripheral matters, but they are deeply committed to strategies which are not publicly proclaimed; they are, in a sense, instruments of American power, directed by it, carried along by its momentum. Disaster might persuade them, but "success" intoxicates. Short of a failure so massive that it could not be gainsaid, they can be persuaded to change directions only by political power.

The question then is, how can American policy be changed—not merely in Vietnam, but generally? How can it be made to embody cherished American values? How can it be reconciled with the attainment of desperately needed reforms in American society? The answer is: only through the redirection of American power. (See statement p. 219 on the theme of The Nation Institute's conference in Los Angeles on February 25.) Power speaks only to power. It is only through the accretion and application of political power that the direction of American policy can be changed.

Even at the level of persuasion, there is something now missing. The current public protests are often eloquent, moving, highly persuasive; no doubt they do have a cumulative political effect. But measured in terms of political power, they can be discounted as exercises in self-expression. General petitions seldom translate into political action. On the other hand, suppose the signers of the round-robin type of protest were to secure sponsorship for a nation-wide telecast assailing our policy in Vietnam and indicating appropriate forms of political action. The transition from protest to politics would then be bridged.

We are faced with a failure of power, not with a failure in communication. To the extent that a misunderstanding exists, it is the critics who fail to understand how this Administration, so notably lacking in candor, sees the issues. Stringfellow Barr is only the most recent critic of the war

to echo Senator Fulbright's concern with "the arrogance of power." As Mr. Barr writes ("Consulting the Romans," an occasional paper of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions), "Rome was not bloodthirsty; she merely relied on force in such a way as to paralyze her imagination and make her inattentive to her neighbors. And I believe there is an analogy here with the United States." Indeed there is, as the articles by Dowd and McDermott make clear.

Tragedy at Cape Kennedy

Unfortunately, *Trud*, the publication of the Soviet trade unions, could not refrain from charging that the three U.S. astronauts who were killed in the Apollo accident on January 27 were victims of haste by space officials and that there were "flaws" in the spaceship. It is unfortunate because patriotic Americans will now be expected to rally around the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in rebuttal. But this will not wash. The charges have substance, and independent-minded aerospace commentators know it.

As recently as late December, 1966, the NASA "success schedule" called for a manned lunar landing in late 1968 or early 1969. These target dates were set to outpace the presumed Soviet timetable and to live up to President Kennedy's rather foolhardy deadline of 1970. Lest this comment be construed as hostile to technological progress, let it be noted that *The Nation* has never opposed the Apollo project and, as in the editorial, "Vietnam vs. Space" (May 23, 1966) has extolled the skills and enterprise which made it possible. What we do oppose is the conversion of a great undertaking into a juvenile contest and a test of American ascendancy in the cold war. Whether U.S. or Soviet astronauts are the victims, this competition is senseless from any humane, scientific or even political standpoint.

The NASA board of inquiry which is investigating the accident is composed almost entirely of men who, whatever their good intentions and engineering competence, are committed to the "gotta-beat-the-Russians" psychology. It is almost impossible for them to be openly critical of the guidelines that the Johnson Administration and NASA have followed and will no doubt continue to follow, unless deterred by condemnation from without.

On the technical side, NASA's board is entitled to a reasonable period of privacy for its deliberations, but the immediate cause of the fatalities is obvious: In an atmosphere of pure oxygen, fire spreads with explosive violence through anything combustible.

Many such accidents have occurred in hospital operating rooms, laboratories, factories, etc.—and in NASA test chambers. Nevertheless, the agency elected to use pure oxygen in its space ships, in order to save weight and reduce complexity of plumbing. The Russians use a two-gas system (oxygen-nitrogen); oxygen-helium is

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another possible combination. In the light of the disaster, the NASA decision to supply oxygen alone will have to be reviewed. A change at this stage would involve considerable delay, but if dangers within the spacecraft are to be added to the hazards of launch, maneuver, rendezvous and docking, re-entry, etc., the moon project may turn into a lugubrious enterprise.

Grissom, White and Chaffee were gallant men, willing to run the risks of their calling, but the question for the living is whether technical decisions influenced by the urgency of the 1970 deadline did not subject them to unnecessary hazard. Nor should the political aspects of the tragedy be ignored. NASA has never hesitated to exert pressure for funds by scaring Congress with the possibility that the Russians may get to the moon first. If it now tries to make an economy-minded Congress responsible for casualties, it must be put down firmly. The way to safeguard the astronauts—so far as that is possible—is to pursue the moon project deliberately, without harassment from an arbitrary schedule. If, as a result, the Russians beat us to a landing—and manage to bring their men back alive—it may hurt our pride but it will not be a national calamity.

What Goes on in the Congo?

As of December 31, 1966, the Council of Ministers of the Democratic Republic of the Congo put into effect its previously announced intention of "Africanizing" or "Congolizing" the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, one of the largest mining companies in the world. The "Democratic Republic" is the fief of General Mobutu and his friends, if he has any. What lies behind this bold act of "nationalization"?

One explanation may be dismissed out of hand—that General Mobutu has been converted to socialism. Mobutu's record is one of suppressing any movement appreciably left of Center; his troops arrested Lumumba, and Mobutu and Kasavubu, between them, arranged Lumumba's deportation to Katanga, where he was murdered in 1961 by the secessionist government of Tshombe. It is hardly likely that Mobutu has got religion at this late date.

A more probable explanation is that Mobutu and his colleagues are engaged in a blackmail operation of considerable scope. However, there is no evidence that Mobutu plans to retire and wishes to accumulate a nest egg in some far country.

What is strange is the scant attention that the operation, however motivated, has received in the United States. The Congo, and especially Union Minière, used to be front-page news. Now only the outlines of the event have been publicized in this country. The ownership situation is as complicated as anything in this line since the holding company empire of Samuel Insull collapsed in the depression of the thirties. Under the Belgo-Congolese treaty of February 6, 1965, Union Minière ceded a share interest

in its properties to the Congolese Government, with the balance held by various Belgian and French interests and Tanganyika Concessions of Britain. The latter's cut—14.47 per cent—is substantial.

But by the issuance of the decree of expropriation, the assets, which the company values at \$800 million, were placed in a Congolese Government corporation, and Mobutu is offering 40 per cent of the shares to foreign investors. Thus a sum running to hundreds of millions of dollars is up for grabs. "Informed sources" in Brussels reported late in January that the offering would be taken up by a consortium organized by Banque Lambert, Belgium's fourth largest bank, and including the Penarroya Company of France and the Newmont Mining Corporation of the United States. Banque Lambert is said to be controlled by cousins of the Paris branch of the Rothschild banking family, Penarroya is controlled by this Paris branch, while Newmont Mining has connections with Lazard Frères, the Wall Street investment bankers.

Union Minière is in no submissive mood toward the interests seeking to take advantage of its tribulations. Its associates, Société Générale de Belgique, Compagnie Financière du Katanga and Tanganyika Concessions, which together own about one-third of the Union Minière shares, warn that any persons who acquire shares in the Congolese Government company will be accomplices in "an act of confiscation." In *The Wall Street Journal* and other financial organs, Union Minière has run display advertisements similarly breathing menace. Anyone who buys materials such as copper, cobalt, zinc concentrates, cadmium, germanium, etc., issuing from the mines and plants of Union Minière, is informed that these have been "illegally purloined" and that anyone dealing in them will be subject to legal action.

Since the seizure, the mines and plants have been inactive. Without Belgian help, Mobutu would be hard put to operate them. It is hardly likely that American interests will come forward with technical assistance out of pure charity, but the silence of the State Department does give rise to supposition. It could be that Mobutu, who is widely regarded as our man in the Congo and something of a protégé of the CIA, is working a squeeze play on the Belgians, in favor of U.S. interests.

Slough of Equality

Since it is recognized by almost everyone that the first need of the Negro is better jobs, one might expect to find the federal government in a gung-ho campaign to bring this about. It isn't happening. The federal government has, in fact, abdicated its role in seeking more jobs for Negroes, and the proof of this abdication is acted out, like a drab morality play, on two floors of a building at 1800 G Street, N.W., in Washington.

On the twelfth floor is the seat of Futility. Here are the offices of the Equal Employment Opportunity Com-

mission, which was set up to fight job discrimination. [See editorial, "The Lost Agency"; *The Nation*, December 19, 1966.] The only trouble is that while it can investigate, Congress gave it no powers to enforce penalties against those it finds violating Title Seven of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. It is a jelly factory. Since it was established in July, 1965, it has received 13,000 complaints of discrimination, and has found that about half of them were well founded. Of these 6,000 to 7,000 justified complaints, ten were sent to the U.S. Department of Justice for action. And of these, EEOC officials say, the Justice Department has taken one to court. One of 13,000. And not even that one has reached trial. About forty others have ended in lawsuits, but at the workers' expense. When *The Nation* suggested to an EEOC official that suing for justice might put a real financial burden on some impoverished Negroes, and asked why the EEOC didn't pay for it, it was told: "The NAACP has money for that sort of thing."

On the eleventh floor is the seat of Lethargy. Here is the Office of Federal Contract Compliance, a soggy and drifting limb in the backwater of the Labor Department. It has plenty of power but doesn't use it. By Executive order No. 11246, it has the power to cancel federal contracts with any company found practicing racial discrimination anywhere in the country. But one official told *The Nation*: "We do our best to avoid canceling contracts." They succeed in that very well.

Last month the EEOC called hearings in Charlotte, N. C., to investigate charges that there is widespread discrimination against Negroes in the textile mills of the two Carolinas. Of 194,047 total employment in the Carolina mills, 16,719 are Negro—8.6 per cent. This is in states where Negroes make up about one-fourth of the population and one-fourth the total employment.

Industry spokesmen, after boycotting the meeting up to the last hour of the last day, finally came forward with blustering denials. The charges were "malicious and irresponsible." But they did agree to sit down with the EEOC for a round of exploratory talks. This trivial accomplishment might be considered a major victory for the EEOC, considering its complete lack of sanctions.

Meanwhile, nothing was heard from the Office of Federal Contract Compliance on the floor below. The two agencies are supposed to work together, but they seldom do. Last year the Defense Department alone spent \$1 billion with clothing and textile manufacturers via contracts (the breakdown for textile only is not available but it would be a hearty share of the billion). If there is discrimination in the Southern mills, and the EEOC upstairs seems to have ample evidence of it, why doesn't the OFCC cut off the juicy contracts? For the Executive order does not call for merely passive integration; it specifically requires that the contractor will take "affirmative action to ensure" that qualified Negroes are hired. Few of the mills even pretend to do that.

Public Television

The long-awaited report of the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television has been hailed by Jack Gould of *The New York Times*, as "the proverbial landmark in the evolution of the home screen." James Reston went so far as to compare it to the Land Grant Act of 1862. Such support notwithstanding, the testing of "public television" lies still in the future.

The most dramatic aspect of the report was the suggestion for an excise tax of 2 to 5 per cent on sales of television sets throughout the country. (If one assumes a tax of 3 per cent and that a \$300 set will last for at least six years, the consumer fee for public television would be \$1.50 a year.) It is probably a better method of raising money than the Ford Foundation's proposal of a nonprofit satellite. Nevertheless, those who are licensed to use the public airways in the "public interest" should at least share in the cost of "public television."

Money is only one aspect of the problem. The American viewer needs an alternative that is more than a reflection of the American mainstream. It must also be a vehicle of intelligent and forthright dissent. Here, a paradox arises. Congress must authorize the program. Yet it is from public pressure in general and Congressional pressure in particular that public television must be immunized. The Carnegie report suggests a way out. It says that at the top of the structure of public television there should be a nonprofit and public "Corporation for Public Television." The corporation would be headed by a committee of six Presidential appointees and six others chosen by the first six. The commission thinks that this independent public corporation, sustained by levies from the sale of television sets—plus local control of programming—would make the public television station responsive to viewer needs and wants. It is at least possible.

The commission's enthusiasm for local control of programming raises another set of problems. Will the local stations be sufficiently bold in the face of community pressure to present the controversial idea? The experience of the relatively innocuous National Educational Television has been that the national organization is far more independent and unafraid than its local affiliates.

Other questions present themselves. For instance, if public television does gain a sizable audience for superior programming, the hope is that the networks would respond to the competition by offering better programs of their own. But they might concentrate on the money-makers and leave ideas to the nonprofit sector.

However, these questions aside, the Carnegie Commission report is an exciting first step. It offers a diagram and defines the goals. The commission estimates that a full network of 380 public stations (there are now 124 education stations) could be operating by 1980 with a budget of \$270 million. The figure seems low—the cost of about two weeks of fighting in Vietnam.

AN END TO ALIBIS

1. America Fouls Its Dream

DOUGLAS F. DOWD

Mr. Dowd, professor of economics at Cornell University, is at present on leave as a Fulbright professor of economics, teaching at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies, Bologna, Italy. He is the author, in addition to several books in his field, of *Step by Step* (Norton), an account of the civil rights movement, written in collaboration with Mary Nichols.

Bologna

America! It was not too long ago that the mere mention of our land—whether to others or ourselves—was the cause of at least a slight shiver of delight, or hope or desire; mixed, to be sure, with some degree of amusement, or contempt or fear. Still, *America!* land of promises, of social, political and economic achievements barely dreamed of elsewhere; land of abundance, mobility, social experiment, democracy, classlessness, freedom, marvelous humor—land, in short, of opportunities for the realization of man.

Justly so?

Justly so; up to a point. The thrust of our development enabled us to overcome the weight of mediocrities, of corruption, greed, know-nothingness—of the violence to body and spirit meted out (especially but not only) to red and black men. Up to a point, and so it seemed, for those whose voices were heard. Today it seems less so, and not because we hear new voices. Shivers of apprehension noticeably replace shivers of delight.

Fear, disenchantment and bitterness grow daily in and about America, at home and abroad. It is a growth becoming lush. Are there deep roots to this development, or is what we see the result merely of seeds scattered by querulous youngsters on the one hand, beady-eyed fanatics on the other—seeds that can find no congenial soil in the American garden?

But first, what is it about America today that even prompts such questions? A lengthening list forms in the mind. It is popular to place the war in Vietnam at its head, to give it the dubious honor of *causa causans*. But is not Vietnam, though unquestionably a powerful wrecker, more consequence than cause of our condition? Could *America!* be involved in such filthy deeds?

Especially among liberal critics, our involvement in the war is looked upon as something of an accident, the result of a series of largely well-intentioned miscalculations that have—with the push of a handful of misguided men of power—caught us up in a process from which there is no easy extrication. Worse, for these same critics, there exists an inverse relationship between rising war expenditures and our ability to cope with serious domestic and international problems in the connected areas of race, poverty, housing, education, dying cities, the needs of the desperate two-thirds of the world.

Other things being equal, who could quarrel with such

notions? They cannot be quarreled with, except by looking at other things. In doing so, one finds that the Vietnamese War has become a convenient and comforting, if also an awkward, explanation as to why the American dream fades, an explanation that locates the source of our troubles closer to our stars than to ourselves.

In what encouraging sense may it be said that the Johnson Administration does not represent the American people? What substantial bloc of American voters, of Congressmen or Senators, opposes the Johnson Administration, except in details, or except to depart even further from the dream? Does a majority of the American people wish an end to the war in Vietnam, brought about by means less dreadful, more constructive, than those currently in use? If the credibility gap were to be closed, for example, would that mean bringing public relations closer to reality, or reality closer to public relations? How many would dare entrust a full and secret vote of the American people to choose between the positions of, say, U Thant, LBJ or the Hon. Mendel Rivers?

Or, on domestic issues, does the majority honestly will the day when Negroes, Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans will exist as equals in America? When the poor will have power and dignity and realistic access to the advantages of, and a voice in shaping, America? Do the American people wish to make that effort of imagination and will required to build our cities into places of creative enjoyment—places even of decency, cleanliness, comfort, safety? As between an educational system designed to enhance the marvelous possibilities of the young (and of society), and the dreary foolishness of the present system at all levels, how do the American people choose?

A credibility gap there is, between the Administration's words and the facts. The more important credibility gap, however, is between the image that Americans like to have of their society, and what Americans work for and do, what their society is. This is not to say that, in terms of what is done, America is worse than other societies, Americans worse than other peoples; our evil consists of believing that we are better than others—and it consists as well of our being able to be so much better than we are, of our being able in fact to make our image a reality.

The gap between what Americans are in practice, and what with our ideals and our resources we should be, is as a Grand Canyon that separates actuality from possibility. President Johnson indeed represents us; like us, he cannot face—perhaps cannot comprehend—the truth. But Johnson's gap is a line scratched in the sand; we the people have allowed the earth to open. It is this gap, this chasm between reality and ideal, that defines the American crisis. It is this gap into which America slides.

Steadily and surely, America has stumbled into unprecedented abundance for the majority, and has cre-

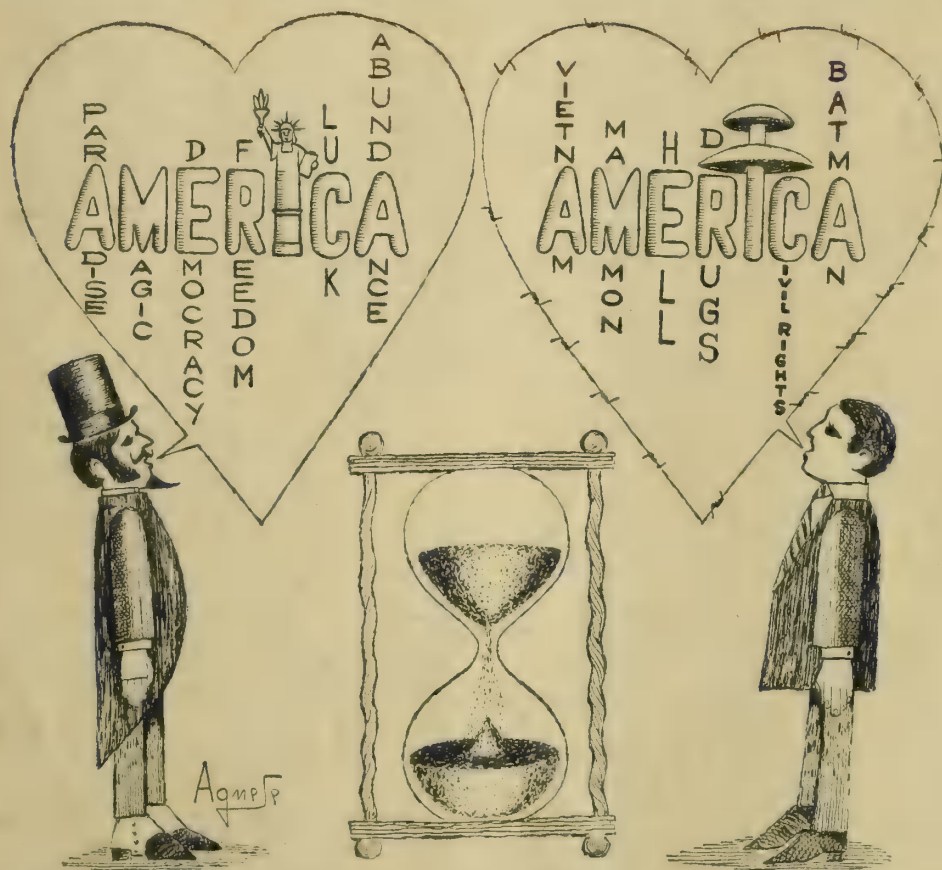
ated in the process a majority whose heart's desire is for still more abundance, whose shimmering brightness is enough to blind us to any intrusions—seemingly, but not in fact—competitive with growing heaps of things. This year, we shall have a gross national product in excess of \$750 billion; on modest assumptions about our future growth rate, we shall pass a \$1 trillion gross national product several years before 1984. In 1964, when President Johnson announced the war on poverty, he also announced that there were 30 million poor people in the United States. (Michael Harrington and Leon Keyserling, using a less politic definition of poverty, put the figure at between 40 and 50 million—more people than there are *in toto* in Mexico, or Italy, or Great Britain or France.) In his Economic Report to Congress in 1966, the President stated that there were 32 million poor people in the United States. The number of poor people had increased by 2 million in a period when our growth rate was between 5 and 6 per cent. Could that have been because of our economic inability to cope with both the war abroad and the war at home? It does not seem so.

Suppose GNP to rise at 4 per cent per annum. Suppose that, beginning with this year's GNP of between \$750 and \$800 billion one were to propose that half of the *increase*—i.e., about \$15 billion—be employed to allow the poor to earn incomes through helping to plan and carry out the reconstruction of their housing and educational facilities, and the reconstruction as well of the sprawl and tangle that defeats and strangles us in our daily coming and going. The remainder of the annual

increase could, of course, go toward raising the real levels of life for the already well-off Americans, levels already high and rising in any event (the level rises without an increase in income, as the well-off fill out gaps in their possessions). Suppose too, that current estimates for the termination date of the Vietnamese War are valid; that is, suppose that at some time in the next five to ten years another \$20 billion-plus will be "released." Suppose, finally, that it is made clear that a cutback in the war would both make possible and require additional expenditures for social enhancement, if GNP were to continue to grow.

Suppose, in short, that there is no simple-minded economic reason for us to assume that the obstacles to social improvement are to be found in shortages of resources. Who, after all these suppositions have been made, believes that the American people are prepared to support, let alone insist upon, even the bare bones of a modest but meaningful program of social reconstruction? If we would tomorrow, why have we not yesterday, when all this was equally possible? Was it the personal inadequacies of Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson that held us back, their string of miscalculations on Southeast Asia (that look almost systematic in retrospect) that fouled our dream?

No. Vietnam is not our incubus. It is our fix. We need it—not, as some have said, as an outlet for our GNP, or to give vent to imperialistic high spirits. There may indeed be some emerging validity to such notions; but whatever validity there is pales beside the social catharsis provided by the war—remembering that a catharsis provides some



pain as well as some relief. We are a society in crisis, faced with the need for new and large resolutions. The crisis is not confined within our borders. It is world-wide, and the share of it that we see at home is an almost exact, miniature replica of the larger scene—where poor contend against rich, colored against white, powerless against powerful. Our power to move toward an easing of those crises is immense; Vietnam is our boyish way of both obscuring and deepening the crises at home and abroad. That we should behave so is not a product of eminent personalities or historical accidents; it is a product of our development as a people.

The process began no later than the American Revolution. Like most revolutions, ours was brought into being by diverse people, some with diverse aims, some with a single motivation (whether glory, or profit, or land, or power or freedom). Our revolution, as distinct from our war with Britain, neither failed nor succeeded; it opened ways for social change. Just which way we would travel, who would decide and how, who would pay and who would gain, were the issues that produced the numerous conflicts of our first century as a nation.

Some of these issues are still unresolved; but which way we would travel, and who would decide, using what criteria, were questions that began to receive hard answers before Jackson left office. We were to be a businesslike, and businessman's, society. Our economy was to be ruggedly capitalistic, but flexible enough, for a while, to work well with part of its people enslaved. When it became clear that rugged capitalism meant also industrial capitalism, the power of slaveholders—not over their slaves, but over the destiny of the nation—had to be dissolved. Whether that would be accomplished by Southerners giving up their power or having it taken from them by force was up to Southerners to decide. The Civil War demonstrated well the ferocity that Americans have in them and how, like others elsewhere, they will use it ferociously for ignoble purposes. (Unless one assumes, as is only rarely believed today, that the war was fought by the North to end slavery, or by the South to maintain political freedom.)

In the half century or so following the Civil War we developed and hardened the traits and institutions by which we have lived and died ever since. More than merely symbolic among these was our ability to ignore the continuing *de facto* enslavement of Negroes in America. That period was our prep school; we learned then to accustom ourselves to a reality that defied our ideals.

Hypocrisy was not invented in America, nor was industrial capitalism. But both have been carried further by us than by others; we have interwoven their strands to form our character as a people. David M. Potter has ably dubbed us and explained us as the "people of plenty." The term may be carried further: We are a people who have learned to live with any quality of existence as long as the quantitative balance is high and rising; a people who decry organized power—whether it be political, or economic or social—but who live under concentrated power of all sorts, and look the other way as long as the price is right; a people who profess to love equality, freedom, dignity for themselves and others, but who only

curtsy when these are betrayed by or for themselves and others. (Is it not probable that the outcry against "black power" arises not merely from hatred or fear of black people but from a fear, doubtless unconscious, that any serious confrontation with questions of power, freedom and dignity would cause not just the poor but the rest of us to face our own powerlessness, our own constraints, our own indignity in our own work, our own politics, our own daily social relationships?) Like all others, we profess to love peace not the sword; but, like all others, our response to threats—or to the easy promise of territorial gain—has customarily been to rattle or unsheath the sword.

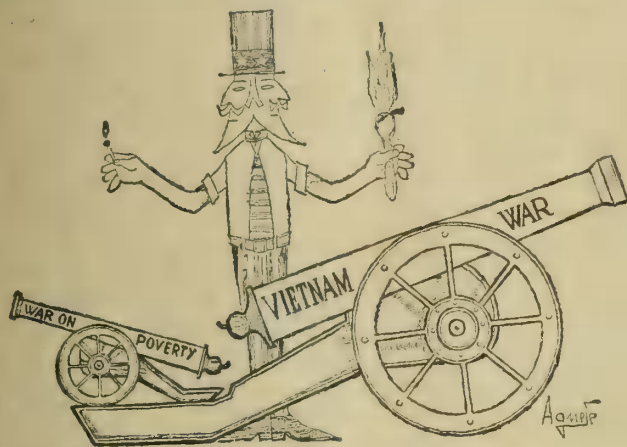
As a people, Americans have of course placed first things first. We have produced a definition of first things that—quite conveniently in a business society—ineluctably made the first thing the search for gain, and it's each for himself and God for all. Material self-interest as the highest of the priorities has become so fully absorbed in the American style that it is also unconscious, imperialistic in its reach, redefining all else to suit, or placing all else in a penumbra of qualification: except as second thoughts, except upon ritualistic occasion, except in the once-weekly church of the spirit. Except, perhaps, for the young.

The young are the place to look first in America today, to see what we have become, are becoming; to see, also, what hope there is for realization of the lingering dream. If by the young we mean to include those between (say) 16 and 25, they fall naturally into three groups, defined not by age but by outlook and behavior. There is that very largest of the three groups, a large lump of young men and women who go about cheerfully doing their duty—in school, in office, and farm, and factory, at home and in the armed services. At these tasks they do passably, or very well. There is a smaller, still substantial, group that performs its tasks well, but with misgiving, questions, puzzlement; wondering if something has gone wrong, at times even knowing that it has. They will be found in all the same functions, but also in the Peace Corps, in VISTA, even, some of them, in civil rights and protest groups. In not too many years their tasks will push them into the oblivion of the largest group, or their consciousness and conscience into the last and smallest of the groups.

This last group grows most rapidly, and its growth is most rapid among the very youngest, the teen-agers; but its most vocal representatives are also its oldest members. They may do well at school, or may have done so at one time; but they do best at withdrawing, at turning thumbs down—thumbs down on the rhetoric as well as the goods of the affluent society; on the family, on business, on, not least, the government. (Who can dislike one of their buttons: "I am an enemy of the State"?) Since they cannot believe in America, how can they believe in dying, let alone killing, for it? This is not to say that they lack ideals. It is this frequently raucous (sometimes very silent), often dirty, usually ineffectual, always impious group of "kids" that has taken most seriously the ideals of America—ideals of freedom, brotherhood, honesty, dignity, peace—and found them badly wanting. Growing up in an opulent world, they can find no great urge to make money nor, on reflection, would it make much sense if

they did. On the other hand, what they could believe in, and work for, they cannot find in reality. These are disappointed lovers, wide-eyed still with the romance of America, angry rather than cynical; not yet smooth. The heartbeat of America for them is a cacophony, a horror of lies.

When one comes to know the members of this last group (not easy, if one is over 25), and many of the middle bunch, one finds them to be attractive. One cannot but worry about their future. In doing so, however, one is worrying about the future of America. The young face reality as their elders do not. The reality they see is one in which the technology, resources and ideals of America have rendered possible (*Now!* as they would say) the realization of a dream; there are no more ex-



cuses. The basis of their opposition boils down to one word: hypocrisy. They see the reality of war and racism and poverty, and ugliness and conformity and mindless education, acquiesced in and extended by their parents (their parents: who, many of them disapproving of the war, raise no public voice against it, seek at most the ignominious ways of having other youngsters do the dirty work), their teachers and preachers, their intellectual, business and political leaders. They see killing justified in the name of freedom by those who shut their eyes to oppression in their own neighborhoods. They juxtapose the soap commercial and the political commercial, and are aware that the same minds have corrupted themselves to bring both messages to them.

The young see, if they cannot always explain, a society that—lacking the guts even to face it—pursues the possession of things as though it were a Godhead, or the Holy Grail, were located in the bucket seat of a Thunderbird. They see, in short, a society that has worked so long and passionately for Mammon, it can no longer distinguish between Mammon, God and Caesar. (Is it unimportant that they also see a society almost ludicrously prurient that makes voyeurism into a big business?)

Perhaps the young cannot explain what they see; but they have the ability to attack, or to withdraw. Alone, they are not likely to carry themselves or us to a more reasonable, more honest, decent, basically civilized society. But, as they turn away from what we have created, they can make the rest of us look more closely at what

we are, make us wonder why. It was the young—blacks first, and then whites—who did that for us in civil rights, which in turn opened our eyes to the country's widespread poverty. When we failed them there, and failed ourselves, we exposed the American crisis. It was the young who began the opposition to the war in Vietnam, and who largely continue it. The young have done more than their share; if the job of keeping the American flame alive is to be done, it shall be done by the rest of us, or not at all. But if we are to do that job, we have much to learn, and to unlearn.

It has been said that all societies have the defects of their virtues, the weaknesses of their strengths. America's strengths have resided in our long history of hard work, the great emphasis on individual reliance accompanying the process, and the uniquely favorable natural and historical context within which it all took place. Not just the technology, goods, capital, markets and people available to us from the rest of the world eased our development; we were much prompted also by the political and economic ideas of Europe. Perhaps the most noteworthy defect of our growth is that it has been too easy. It was too easy for individuals to become well off, or even rich; too easy for Americans and for America to make it. As we made it, we naturally gave credit to institutions and to individual qualities that were able to work well, or at all, in critical part only because of the favorable context within which they functioned. We mistook good fortune for a kind of shrewd native genius—a genius, we thought, that enabled us to make capitalism work in a way that nobody else could match. We have been able to find the cause of individual well-being in personal virtue, and of individual suffering in character deficiency. And, of great relevance for our present agony, our perspectives on war are much shaped by our never having suffered military defeat. War is something our side always wins; one consequence of that, as a friend has put it, is that "Americans don't hate war enough."

There is, of course, more to be said; suffice it to say that out of our history—a history of hellbent money-making without noticeably severe consequences—we have developed a social outlook. It is an almost frivolous outlook that has made us seem charming to others in the past. We have allowed ourselves to believe that the existence of genuinely serious, highly complex and deep-seated social problems is scarcely to be believed in; as a corollary, we act as though problems both arise and can be resolved in the short run, with appropriately modest policies. Faced with the legacy of centuries of slavery and racism, we congratulate ourselves on a few pieces of disgracefully limited legislation, and are undisguisedly horrified (or angry; or, some of us, pleased) when the principal product is a rise in bitterness and hostility, and a worsening of the problem. As is our wont, we find the culprit not in our shortcomings but in those who point to our shortcomings. We appropriate a few billions for a war on poverty, allow the program (except in its figureheads) to be run by local politicians, business firms and tired social workers who possess neither the attitudes, the ability nor the morale required for the task of even partial social reconstruction—who, indeed, have done

much to create the problem as it now stands—and nod our heads in solemn sorrow when we hear that the money has gone to waste, that the program peters out. (But we barely murmur when the costs of our military folly rise to ten times that amount for a ruthless, witless, suicidal war.) We spend a few billion dollars over the years, presumably to aid the economic development of poor nations, and recoil in disbelief as conditions continue to deteriorate in the recipient countries (and they are, to boot, ungrateful). We send, at first, some thousands of soldiers, and later some hundreds of thousands, to Vietnam, and puzzle over a quite satisfactory arithmetic of slaughter that somehow fails to turn the trick.

In sum, we find ourselves shocked, disappointed, horrified and puzzled, as we face problems that seem intractable, that defy American-style solutions. The world, we are almost prepared to believe—perhaps, as LBJ once said, because “they weren’t reared like us”—is not American. Nor, it seems, is much of America.

It seems, indeed, that we have outrun our luck. We gained strength and power almost effortlessly; in doing so, we left behind the world in which that power was gained, whether at home or abroad. “There is no failure,” a British economist attempting to explain British stagnation once said, “like success.” “Whatever is,” said Veblen, “is wrong.” Both meant to suggest that the techniques employed to climb a ladder are not those needed to keep one well situated at the top. For Americans to accept the need for deliberate change implied by those views would be for them to accept something else: We are not unique.

We could be; indeed, it appears that we shall have to be, to survive as a decent society. History is littered with the wreckage of societies that were the Americas of their day—whether Greek, or Roman, or Florentine or Spanish—societies that took to themselves that arrogance of wealth and power that is now ours. But those societies, it can and must be said, faced neither the challenges nor the possibilities that America faces today. Neither their professed aims nor their economic strength gave them the responsibility or the power that we hold. The turbulence that roils the waters of America comes not because there are new elements walking the earth: poverty, violence, indignity. The turbulence is a product of an underwater volcano that combines need, aspiration and a sense of the possible with the stated aims and obvious capabilities of America to weaken the hold of ancient evils over the conditions of man. It is too late for us to shut up; we must put up or blow up.

When the protest against the war in Vietnam was in its early stages, Hans Morgenthau wrote that he was less fearful of what would happen if America were to lose than if it were to win that war—because of what would become of us while and after we won. In that fear, he was quite justified. But the question remains: How did America allow itself to become involved in the war in the first place? This is not the place to recite the history of our involvement; it is enough to say that it goes back at least fifteen years. But it is not enough to say that Americans didn’t know about it; any more than it is enough to say that white Americans didn’t know about

the condition of Negroes in America until 1954 or 1960. That some Americans knew about both conditions is to say that most Americans who chose to could have known; that we did not choose is more significant than our ignorance.

It is not reaching egregiously far afield here to point to the Good Germans of the twenties, and to their society. That society, it is now conveniently forgotten, was in the late twenties considered to be an entirely marvelous place. Scientists, painters, writers, dramatists, architects, engineers, film makers, political scientists, economists—or just plain swingers—flocked to that Germany. It was, between 1925 and 1930, something like a Mecca for the priests and worshipers of the dazzling 20th century—much as America was to become later. Less than a decade later, one needs no reminding, Germany was the cesspool of Western civilization.

America is not Germany; there are many ways in which it is not. But it is important for Good Americans to wonder what the Good Germans were doing in the late twenties. (We know what the Bad Germans were doing.)

Some Good Germans were, as they long had been, conscious of the monster struggling to break through the crust of their civilization. They wrote books, articles, plays, sermons, lectures and political speeches to their fellow citizens, and to the world. Most Good Germans, we may believe, were partaking of the splendors of Germany, and hoping for the best. Many, certainly, were not entirely sure that what was struggling beneath the surface was in fact a monster. It looked and sounded like a monster, but perhaps that was because of the way it had been raised; it could be tamed. Germany, after all, did deserve a place in the sun; Versailles did have to be corrected (peacefully, one hoped); it was, in any event, better not to rouse the ire of the beast by arguing with it.

It must be said, too, that to call a monster by its name even in that splendid Germany was already to run certain risks—of seeming to be unpatriotic, of being taken for a Jew or a Communist, of seeming to be vulgar, a troublemaker, of becoming, at least, unpopular. It came to pass that the Good Germans disappeared from, or in, Germany—by emigration, imprisonment, silence, death or by becoming, finally, Bad Germans.

The lesson of the Good German, like any lesson from another time and place, can be no more than suggestive; but is it not at least that? A Good American cannot really emigrate. He can, of course, stay silent and hope for the best. He then distinguishes himself from the Bad Americans only by feelings of self-righteousness and superiority, mixed, perhaps, with guilt. Like the Good Germans.

Is there no other way for us, today? There are other ways, but they all require confrontation with oneself, and with one’s society.

The first step is to recognize our individual powerlessness, as matters now stand; to recognize that as American citizens we exercise few if any significant choices about the condition of our lives, or the lives of others for whom we profess to be concerned. We must confront the location and the uses of power if we are to understand and free ourselves from our powerlessness, and that entails discarding the easy myths—about our econ-

omy, our politics, our social style—the myths that comfort us in our powerlessness. We must relearn to value integrity above appearances, to care about the condition of our self more than the condition of our car—and that means, because of the idealistic way in which we have been raised, to care a great deal about the condition of man in general, and to do so seriously. In turn, that means taking the plight of others as our own plight; among other things, it means ceasing to feel guilty and to feel instead a sense of responsibility. Guilt leads to feckless charity; responsibility ordinarily leads to involvement, and the latter to heightened awareness. We must care considerably more, it should be said, that some people are called “nigger” than that we are called “good guy,” even if that means being unpleasant to some of those we call our friends. We must relearn, as much as we can, our nation’s history, to understand what we were and are from the point of view of our victims.

All this sounds too much, yet it is far too little. What the individual does within himself will build his character, but it will not change his society much; and our society requires much change. We must seek new ways to organize, develop new programs around which to organize, and work with and induce others to do likewise. We must not allow ourselves to be debilitated by the widespread preconception that for something to be worth doing in politics it must clearly promise success (or profit, or a merit badge). “Success” can be had by working within the respectable political organizations, but it is the success of reworking the *status quo*. Those organizations, whether national or local, have for many years said all the right things. The best possible light in which to cast their failure, the failure of America, is to recognize that at their very best the major political groups work for limited reforms in a limited way, and that limited reforms are doomed to fail both because they are limited and because they are reforms. As reforms they are re-

sisted; and because they are limited they are resisted successfully. They are absorbed by the system.

That system, political, economic and social, is named industrial capitalism. Let us assume that it worked wonders in the past. But the wonders it worked were wonders of production, which rose so rapidly and spread so widely that it did in fact seem that political and social problems would disappear soon. The productive wonders of our society have recently been so great as to put to shame our economic accomplishments of the past. Are there careful students of contemporary American society who can still believe that our political and social problems are susceptible to improvement by sheer economic success?

It should be clear, rather, that the social priorities of industrial capitalism have now become dangerous to the possibilities of civilization. To achieve high GNPs in our economy is a relatively simple task; to achieve social balance and decency under the best of conditions would be immensely difficult. We can no longer afford to be mesmerized by a social philosophy that leaves to grace and good luck what only creative and determined hard work might achieve. America’s problems, at home and abroad, are deepening and broadening. They are rooted to the economic, political and social structure and outlooks of our society—indeed of Western civilization. It is not enough to hope for the best; to wait for Bobby.

“We must,” as Lincoln declared, “disenthrall ourselves.” We must set forth a new declaration of independence—to be free from hypocrisy and sham and acquiescence in a foul world, free to work for a new version of first things, a definition that puts man and his condition at the center of our thoughts and of our deeds. If we do so, as we do so, we shall find that young and old, black and white, poor and not so poor, are possessed of marvelous energies and constructive ideas, that we all have a morale and a character we have not dared to ponder—that *America!* can once more make ourselves, and much of the world, shiver with delight.

2. Vietnam Is No Mistake

JOHN McDERMOTT

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Three current myths, widely held even among critics of the war in Vietnam, vitiate any effort to build popular support for new and more moderate foreign policies. The first myth holds that the continual escalation of the war by the Johnson Administration stems from the fundamental misconception that the Vietnamese crisis originated outside the South, that is, in Hanoi or, possibly, Peking. Because of this misconception, the myth concludes, events themselves will frustrate the policy, educate the policy makers and thus create, ultimately, the basis for an end to the war. Myth number two, which frequently shares billing with the first, portrays American foreign policy as containment. In this view, our policy

is a minimal one, aimed merely at containing China (or communism or whatever) until Peking gives up its expansionist propensities and learns to live in peace and harmony with the rest of the world. The third myth is the most dangerous of all. It asserts that United States foreign policy can and must be understood as an attempt to maintain a balance of power with the Communist world.

None of these is even faintly true. Contrary to myth number one, and as press reports amply demonstrate, responsible United States policy makers, far from being chagrined by the growing folly of the war, are delighted at what they consider its outstanding success to date. As for myth number two, American policy is not aimed at containing the power of China, of the Soviet Union, of the various Communist movements; it aims instead at crippling that power, at rolling it back and, where possible, destroying it. And the third myth invokes a balance

of power that does not, and cannot, exist in the world today. America has no power rival in any part of the world. By contrast, the Soviet Union is at best a regional power and, in Washington's estimate, a second-line power at that.

We should not be surprised that Washington is happy with the progress of the Vietnamese War. Although its war policies have been partially rebuked by the American electorate and wholly stalemated by the Vietnamese enemy, the Administration has three very good reasons for celebration.

¶ Notwithstanding the oft-voiced expectations of the critics that escalation of the war would drive China and the Soviet Union into each other's arms, the Vietnamese crisis has aggravated their differences almost to the breaking point. Since it is a major aim of Administration policy to keep its enemies divided, the Vietnamese War has on this count been an exemplary success.

¶ Moscow's inability to aid its beleaguered ally in Hanoi other than by modest shipments of arms and munitions has taught the East European states how much Soviet protection is worth. Accordingly, the escalation, again refuting the critics, has contributed to loosening still further Soviet influence in Eastern Europe.

¶ By polarizing Communist and non-Communist positions in the Far East, escalation has led to a stiffening of will on the part of the non-Communists, especially in Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia. Similarly, the escalation has helped foster internal convulsions in China, with the result that the Japanese and Korean Communist Parties have defected from the Maoist "line." U.S. policy in Vietnam has thus contributed to the increasing isolation of China in the Far East.

The first point is true and, purely as policy, it is also unexceptionable. Any foreign office placed in the position of Mr. Rusk's State Department would try to divide the Soviet Union and China. But pressing the question further begins to reveal what is peculiar about U.S. policy in this instance. One notes immediately that it has little to do with Vietnam itself. There is good reason to believe that policy makers in Washington, whatever their views may have been in the past, now realize that the Vietnamese War stems from long-term disputes among various Vietnamese political factions, and that the role of China, as of the international Communist movements, has been distinctly ancillary. More even than that, I am persuaded that Administration leaders know how to negotiate an end to the war on relatively favorable terms, and may even do so well prior to the 1968 elections. First, however, they want to exploit still further the differences between Moscow and Peking, and this prescribes that the war continue. We are confronted here with great-power politics of the most conventional—and ruthless—kind. The Administration is quite consciously destroying Vietnam and its people in order to gain a marginal advantage elsewhere. This is a rational choice, not a mistake or a miscalculation.

The significance of this choice should be dwelt upon. Even granting, for argument's sake, the desirability of a Soviet-Chinese split, we must ask why Administration leaders use war to accomplish it. Both the Soviets and the Chinese have made it known that they strongly desire

foreign credits as well as increased trade. In addition, China must import much of its grain supply. A clever trade policy on Washington's part, forcing the Soviets and Chinese to compete with each other for substantial trade advantages, would likely exacerbate their relations quite as much as a war in Vietnam. Supposing this trade strategy effective, the United States would have not one enemy, China, or two, China and Russia, but none, while its major rivals would still be divided. But Washington has not chosen this course. Why?

The answer to this question is to be found in an analysis of myth number two—that is, in what poses as a policy of containment. The Administration is not trying to contain China and the Soviet Union; it is trying to reduce them further to the status of second-line powers. Holding the Soviet case in abeyance for the moment, consider China. How can one speak of the need to contain China when in fact it is not expanding? Two critical examples demonstrate the truth of this assertion.

In 1954, both North Korea and North Vietnam could reasonably be considered Chinese satellites. China had paid dearly for this influence: it fought a major conventional war in Korea, and only narrowly avoided a nuclear attack in 1953 for its efforts there; it risked a similar attack a year later as a result of its assistance to the Vietminh. The strategic location of these small nations on China's sensitive borders and their inflammable rivalries with American-supported South Korea and South Vietnam, respectively, should have guaranteed that an "expansionist" Chinese foreign office, still more its "aggressive" Communist Party, would maintain them as puppets. Nothing like that happened. Both Pyongyang and Hanoi have long since gravitated out of the Chinese orbit. Both have long pursued independent foreign policies; in both, the Communist Parties have long since been able to pick and choose among the competing views of the Communist world.

China has not been expanding—not against Japan, not against Burma and Pakistan, not even against India (and, since the late fifties, not even against Quemoy). Shrouded in truculent rhetoric, Peking's foreign policies have shown a basically moderate—even isolationist—character. But the United States has not been satisfied. Secretary Rusk and his associates want not a static Chinese international position but a declining one. They tell us this themselves when they point with satisfaction to China's growing isolation and offer it as one of the reasons to be satisfied by the course of the Vietnamese War.

A similar analysis may be made of Russia and the East European situation. Again, by their own testimony, American officials are not satisfied merely with the thaw in Eastern Europe, which was already far advanced before Soviet weaknesses were exposed in Vietnam. The war in Vietnam is a good war, in their eyes, because it exposes Soviet military weaknesses vis-à-vis the United States, and thereby encourages the East European states to make separate arrangements with Washington or its chief ally in Europe, West Germany. The Administration probably assigns no very high priority to this objective, certainly not the priority given to rolling back Chinese influence in Asia. Nonetheless, one must recognize here a milder

form of the old "roll back the iron curtain" policy that John Foster Dulles tried to pursue until the development of Soviet ICBMs in 1957 forced the Eisenhower administration to seek a *détente*.

The Johnson Administration, under its chief foreign policy theorist, Walt Whitman Rostow, has developed a new rollback policy, less crude and less bombastic than that of Secretary Dulles, but still a rollback policy and not less dangerous for being more oblique. Administration officials would deny the charge if made in these words. But, at the operating level, they accept as concrete foreign policy values, worth our bitter sacrifices in Vietnam, a systematic rollback of Soviet and, especially, Chinese influence.

That is the chief significance of the policies of counterinsurgency which grew out of the fall of Batista in Cuba in the late fifties, and which have gained such impetus from the Vietnamese War. In W.W. Rostow's still-classic presentation of the objectives of military counterinsurgency operations, given at Fort Bragg in 1961, he strongly emphasizes that a successful counterinsurgency strategy must begin long before native dissidents are ready for—or even thinking of—guerrilla warfare. Why then mount military operations against them? In Rostow's view, the answer is very simple. Native dissidents represent, at the very least, a latent Soviet or Chinese influence. Because of this, and for no other reason in Rostow's view, they must be destroyed. Counterinsurgency policy demands that America first must *expand* its influence in the underdeveloped world and, second, that it must use that influence to mount an *offensive* against Moscow's or Peking's "allies" there. From this standpoint it is not a strategy of containment (or of peaceful coexistence) since its defined objective is the diminution of Sino-Soviet influence by military means. In short, the logic of counterinsurgency has the logic of rollback built right in.

This brings up the third and critical myth, the myth that American policy is to be understood within the framework of conventional balance of power analysis. There is no balance of power in the world and perhaps never in modern history has the world been so distant from one. American power—military, economic, technical, political—stands at heights beyond the reach not only of its enemies separately but of the whole world together. Certainly the statement is noncontroversial if we exclude the Soviet Union. But what of the Soviets? Have they not the power to deter America in the international arena? To understand the answer to this question one must turn to one of the great disasters of our era, President Kennedy's victory in the Cuban missile crisis.

It is no quarrel with the necessity of President Kennedy's actions to call his victory a disaster. Yet it was in November, 1962, that the seeds of the rollback policy were sown. Ever since Hiroshima, Secretaries of Defense (as well as Presidents) have recited the familiar litany of America's destructive power—a power, they claimed, which dwarfed that of the Soviet Union and its allies. Until 1957, American officials really believed in the predominance of our power; accordingly, Dulles, like Acheson before him, could toy with the idea of a rollback policy. With the advent of the Soviet ICBM in 1957 the

power equation seemed to change, and for several years there was serious concern in Washington, evidenced by military sniping at President Eisenhower, and culminating in the missile-gap controversy, that we had no such advantage over the Soviets. When President Kennedy won office on a pledge to restore American power in the world we should have taken that pledge seriously. JFK immediately added \$6.5 billion to Eisenhower's last military budget. Later, his own first military (and space) budget exceeded Eisenhower's last by almost 50 per cent. But in spite of the impressive military build-up (unmatched by the Soviets) these fantastic expenditures represented, the Kennedy administration seemed at first unaware that it had broken through into a military position which promised relative freedom of action in the world.



Searfe, Daily Mail (London): Ben Roth

But continued official belief in the "balance of terror" ended with the Cuban missile crisis. As Washington understood the result, the Soviets backed down. Faced with the prospect of testing the power implicit in the Kennedy rearmament program (which was not even at that time fully completed), Moscow turned away. It is not necessary to argue here whether or not this was indeed the significance of what happened. The important point is that Washington so interpreted it, and still does.

President Kennedy's victory in the Cuban missile crisis was a disaster because it persuaded high government figures that we had no serious rival, that when push came to shove, there was only one international superpower. Russian core interests did not extend to war over Cuba; the Soviet Union was only a regional power. Thus it followed that, provided Russia's regional interests were not directly threatened, the United States had a free hand elsewhere. It is now evident that elsewhere included North Vietnam. Was it an accident of timing that the Administration began bombing North Vietnam while Premier Kosygin was visiting Hanoi? Though our information on the attack is as yet incomplete, it may well have been intended as a sharp reminder to the Russians that they

had neither the means nor the interest to involve themselves in a major conflict with the United States in the Far East. The Johnson Administration has learned the lesson of 1962 only too well. The bombing JFK was afraid to risk in Cuba in 1962, LBJ may risk with impunity in North Vietnam today.

To analyze our policies in Vietnam and elsewhere is also to diagnose their source and thereby to suggest, if only implicitly, the counter responses which are appropriate. Those who accept the three myths are inevitably placed in a position of arguing that in some fundamental sense only stupidity, ignorance—for some, neurosis—stand between current policy and a better, somewhat more humane and peaceful future. To accept such a conclusion is to be arrogant, abusive, unhistorical and, worse, ineffectual. The plain fact is that our current policy is led by able and determined men with coherent—if disagree-

able—conceptions of the vast opportunities open to America's unchecked power, and the conscious will to use arbitrary force to achieve their ends. Accordingly, the appropriate response is not to educate them, enlighten them, psychoanalyze them, or even abuse them. Those who oppose them must begin instead to devise serious strategies for replacing them and, more important, the institutions and doctrines which have shaped them. These, the real villains of the piece, include bipartisan foreign policy, Executive supremacy in foreign affairs, Congressional generosity to Defense and Space, the imperial mechanisms of foreign aid, the militarism of our civilian leadership, the doctrine of America's special responsibility for world leadership. It will be difficult to carry out a dramatic change in all those areas, but that program offers the only realistic alternative to the thirty-year series of "little wars" which Secretary McNamara, the Bundys and the Rostows so willfully predict.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 3

THE SOIL BENEATH THE BLACKTOP

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Ever since that fateful publicity event, the gold rush, California ranching and agriculture have been special marvels. Whether expanding to grandiose proportions or contracting because of unusual disasters, they have been a conditioning part of the exceptional, imagination-catching role of California. The good earth of the spacious Golden State, graced by the only areas of Mediterranean climate in the United States, has enabled California to be the leader of innovations in crops and marketing, in labor relations and in automation. The state is also a leader in obliterating the best soils and in devising projects to rescue them and keep them in production.

Commercial growing in California has been tied to the unparalleled variety of local climates and soils in the plains and valleys and mountains, from the fog-cooled coasts to the hot, wind-swept interior deserts. It is related to the limited and irregular natural water supply and the long, dry summers, which have led men to carry out extraordinary water works, pumping dry the earth's crust and creating the longest rivers in the known geological history of the state.

A century ago the problem for California agriculture was the distance between its orchards and fields and the consuming population back East. The solution was trans-continental railroads and, later, trucks and airplanes. Now the problem is that too many millions of Californians spill from the cities onto good farming land. The solution, up to now, has been to bulldoze the farm and import food from distant states to the east.

Though the population burgeons its millions more per decade and becomes increasingly a market for the state's produce, fewer and fewer citizens are willing to pick crops under traditional California conditions. As a result, California farm workers now lead America in trying to upgrade their lives, and farm owners lead America in trying to replace workers with machinery.

Nowhere have non-Southern farmers more abused workers or resisted attempts to improve working conditions; yet nowhere else have farmers been quicker to run to federal and state agricultural agencies, especially the state university, to get socialized help in solving every sort of problem except the "labor problem."

In its way, California agriculture has made radical breaks with the past. Though farmers have been Republicans, and ever ready to rally to the cause of free enterprise, they have since the 1890s set precedents in forming cooperative water and irrigation systems and weather-predicting agencies. They have created scores of large and efficient cooperative marketing associations, dominated by the big growers and backed by state and federal laws on controlled marketing. Walnut growers made the trademark "Diamond" famous. Raisin growers established their "Sun Maid," and avocado raisers gave "Calavo" to the retail world. Prune and apricot people likewise pooled their efforts, as did almond growers, cattlemen and others. The lemon and orange growers' exchanges merged into California Fruit Growers Exchange and later Sunkist Growers, Inc.; now the Sunkist teletype systems span the United States and Canada and link the principal markets of the globe.

During the first century of statehood California's agriculture was a biological triumph. Early explorers of the coasts and river valleys—Portola, Anza, Vancouver

—saw much sand and rock, much seared grass and dry plain. But after heavy-eating gold seekers created a local consumers' market and the long railroads opened up the continent, Californians turned square miles of nondescript bottom and foothill land into cattle or sheep ranches, grain and vegetable fields, and vineyards and orchards. Scattered over a distance of 900 miles, favored spots became oases of almonds, figs, apricots, cherries, prunes, peaches, hops, oranges, lemons, English walnuts, celery, lettuce, wheat, barley, alfalfa, wine grapes. Individuals and government agents experimented endlessly with imported livestock, including camels and ostriches, and with plants from all the green continents.

There have been notable successes in adapting plants and their environment to each other, as, for example, dates, grapefruit and winter vegetables near Palm Springs; alfalfa, cantaloupe and cattle feeding in the Imperial Valley; apple orchards along the coast near Monterey, Easter lilies along the extreme northwest coast, or rice on the hot plains alongside the upper Sacramento River. California developed the world capitals for lima beans, asparagus, figs and raisins, avocados. Portions of four Southern California counties became the Orange Empire. Coastal valleys produced more than half of the world's flower seeds.

This gigantic task in landscape architecture took place largely between 1870 and 1940. It turned entire flatland vistas, the flanks of long ranges, and vast blanched desert slopes into carefully tended open space. It was beautiful and enchanting; in the blossom seasons it was as fragrant as later it was profitable. Far from destroying natural beauty, most farmers had improved upon the original brush, flood plains and willow bottoms.

California, a leading commercial and industrial state, has balanced its economy by also being the leading agricultural state in value and variety of production. It grows commercially more than 200 crops, and ranks first in forty-three of them. The Experiment Station Extension Service calmly claims that California "productivity and variety [have] never been matched anywhere in the world's history."

In order to protect this gigantic "agribusiness," California guards its border like a military state, inspecting cars and trucks for pests. Inside the state, farmers and their advisers carry on a multifold biological, mechanical and chemical war against more than 100 species of insects and mites (most of them as exotic as the crops they infest), plus many fungi and viruses, as well as gophers. In the 19th century, Californians pioneered in the use of benign insects to prey on harmful insects, as when they imported an Australian ladybird beetle to control the citrus-loving mealy bug. The more recent chemical war on pests, largely successful, though speeding up the evolution of resistant strains, is also highly effective in killing beneficial insects like bees, harmless birds, other wildlife and perhaps—slowly—human beings. The result, as Rachel Carson pointed out with California examples in *Silent Spring*, is a "web of death."

California is now also the country's leading automobile state, and the car is a special threat to its crops. Increasingly since around 1944, fumes from crankcases and exhaust pipes have created smog on sunny days, damaging

alfalfa, cotton and grapes. In twenty years some ten different crops were driven out of the Los Angeles area. Spinach was the first to go, its leaves spoiled by brown spots and by bronzing or silvering on the lower sides. The same happened to celery, beets, mustard leaves, romaine lettuce and other edible greens. Farmers, themselves prodigal users of cars and other gasoline-powered machines, face the prospect of joining the incipient revolt against the internal combustion engine.

In pilot social reform as in sheer gigantism of production, California agriculture is also showing the way. Growers now confront an economic revolution that they have long tried to prevent or delay. There is an unprecedented push to unionize hands in field and orchard and in packing sheds. After a century, farmers can foresee an end to their variation on the hacienda system of old Mexico. California's specialized farms have needed extra labor only during certain seasons. Since workers could not stay all year for a few months' work, they became migrants, falling into an itinerant annual cycle of subservience and exploitation, rootlessness and misery.

After World War II, the *bracero* program, negotiated with Mexico, gave imported workers a basic and guaranteed standard of living and earning. Native workers did not come under this protection, and now that ethical and economic pressures have ended the *bracero* system, the archaic farm workers system is also ending. Professional farm workers, often Americans with Spanish names and Mexican or Filipino faces, are organizing, evolving to a new level of self-respect and of national concern.

The center of this movement for more than a year has been Delano, a small town in the lower San Joaquin Valley, where grape pickers went on strike in September, 1965. Their leader was a native American, Cesar Chavez, director of the National Farm Workers Association (NFWA). Backed by other AFL-CIO unions, by religious groups and liberals, opposed by millionaire owners and their small-town henchmen, the strike attracted international attention in the press and celebrated itself in a narrative account called *Huelga*. It ran a credit union, published a magazine, and supported a gay slapstick satirical troupe that put on skits in Spanish about landlords and the workers' problems.

Despite competition from the Teamsters' union, the NFWA astonished many when it signed an agreement with vineyards controlled by Schenley and won bargaining elections with the tough, recalcitrant, union-hating (but Teamster-preferring) Di Giorgio Corporation at ranches in Delano and Arvin.

Related to the development of farm workers' unions—making them possible and also perhaps making both unions and workers largely obsolete—is the new drive to mechanize agriculture. The machines invented to replace workers are designed at several branches of the University of California and in the shops of private engineers like those employed by Sunkist. Since their market at first is only in California, they do not attract national firms. They are manufactured by alert, small California firms such as Blackwelder of Rio Vista, Cochrane of Salinas, and Handling Equipment of Torrance.

The present technical development goes far beyond

the earlier Eastern inventions for harvesting grains and the early California concern with machines to level and work farm soils and to cut drainage or irrigation systems. The California challenge to engineers has not been hay or barley or cotton but specialties like carrots, melons, dates, lemons, celery, bell peppers and oranges that take relatively huge amounts of hand labor. As this labor has become scarce or expensive or firmly self-respecting, the interlocking United States Department of Agriculture, California State Department of Agriculture and the university have set to work redesigning crops and inventing machinery to harvest them. Men are at work breeding asparagus, grapes, melons, even sesame seed that can be machine harvested. Tomato plants, the result of computer-controlled genetic breeding, have fruits of the same size, conveniently shaped, mostly ripening at the same time, and allegedly tasting like tomatoes; they can be picked all at once by a machine that pulls up the plant. Lettuce pickers that move as fast as a man can walk are equipped with pressure sensors to feel if a head is ready to pick, memory devices and automatic knives to cut the stem. A cucumber machine carries pickers who ride stretched out on their stomachs above the equally prostrate vines.

To facilitate harvesting, fig, apple, peach and lemon orchards have been pruned with low flat "plateau" tops, and costs of picking may soon lead to clipping the shapely rounded tops of orange trees to the dead level of butch haircuts. Indeed, citrus fruits, first and most famous of the California orchard bonanzas, have undergone the longest studies. These began in the 1890s with mechanical sorting, and have since included fruit washers, bulk handling in the orchard, natural coloring of fruits by use of ethylene, trade-marking directly on each fruit, orchard heating on frosty nights, and systems planning of everything from placement of trees to layout in packing houses and warehouses. Instead of climbing a ladder, the picker rides in a cockpit on the end of a boom. He uses a push button to position himself. He picks an orange and deposits it in a tube that gently drops it to a box at the bottom of the machine. Studies are under way to devise machines for shaking citrus fruit off trees into canvas catchers, or for harvesting by means of an oscillating air blast.

More serious than the weather, the insects, the labor organizers and the difficulties of mechanizing the harvest is the ominous urban growth. The very population that hungers for fresh produce threatens to crowd agriculture out of the state. At the moment, much farm activity survives only by escaping. Like the restless, ever-migrant population of California, agriculture is on the move. Whole dairies join the caravan, moving farther and farther away from the cities that use their milk and cottage cheese. Nurseries, their tons of portable trees in cans and barrels, take to the road in flight from shopping centers and apartment houses. While some crop specialties are certain to disappear, their unique soils smothered under jerry-built homes and shopping centers, other crops can make big jumps over mountain ranges to whole new watersheds.

In the old and famous parts of California, agriculture

is being steadily paved or roofed over. The change in the areas surrounding Ventura and Los Angeles, San Jose and Santa Clara, Sacramento and San Diego is as visible and as significant as that from one geological epoch to another. Though minor California officials—experts—mutter now and then, there is no wide public concern over the destruction of the fertile oases of prime, unparalleled, irreplaceable land. The masses are too preoccupied with bowling alleys, race tracks and drive-in theatres to care about the soil beneath the blacktop.

After World War II, Southern California began the ever more rapid alteration of its landscape. Olives, muscat grapes, bee culture and turkey raising were already centered in Northern California; now from the broad sweep of established agriculture south of the Tehachapi Mountains, Southern California specialties began to depart for the eastern deserts or for the northern valleys, where walnuts, head lettuce, olives, celery, artichokes and dairying developed new production enclaves.

During and after World War II, as millions arrived to make ships and planes or to ride them off to the wars, the trend to put homes and factories on farmland took over in Northern California as well. This time there were fewer opportunities for agriculture to move. Though government at all levels began to tinker with zoning and planning, it made no plans for agriculture. For the building and loan companies, the mortgage companies, the big real estate operators (often Easterners), the contractors with their fleets of bulldozers and other earth-moving apparatus, the state highway engineers (who hate trees, dislike curves and shudder at the word *beauty*), and allied county supervisors and state legislators—for all those who profited from "Progress," the rancher and farmer were like the Indian of yore. They were wasters of open space. Sound investment, the needs of a forward-looking population, GNP, and other mystical phrases called for action: they turned orchards and fields, flower-seed farms, feed lots and dairy barns, range land and forests of second-growth timber into housing tracts, new towns, freeways, airfields, reservoirs, drive-in churches, department stores, amusement parks, factories, warehouses, junk yards, military camps, missile bases, golf links (themselves vulnerable to apartment house builders) and parking lots for square miles of motionless motor vehicles.

These new space users, said to be good economics, were created at a heavy cost in scenery and environment, regional flavor and local identity. The new users threatened the balance of the state's economy, for a state without agriculture is badly off. Prices of fruits, vegetables and milk went up. Flavorful California oranges became so expensive that the oncoming generations came to prefer frozen orange concentrate, relatively tasteless, from out of state.

In the late 1950s, men began to foresee the end of agriculture in the most productive parts of California. Bulldozers were uprooting orange trees at the rate of one every fifty-five seconds. Of these, countless thousands each week were in Los Angeles County, where for a time earth-moving machinery destroyed 3,000 acres of orange orchard a day.

It was not only citrus trees that lost their hold on the



earth. Bulldozers shoved out prime apricot orchards in Hemet Valley, chicken farms in Arcadia, hop fields in the American River bottom land near Sacramento, spinach and onions on the Santa Maria plain, lima beans in Oxnard, olive groves in San Fernando Valley, where the 2,000-acre grove at Sylmar had been "the largest single olive grove in the world." The stately palms were felled in the Indio date gardens, where soils and trees alike represented a half-century of ingenuity, to make way for motels and tracts of trailers. The big shovels ripped into avocado orchards on the hills of Fallbrook and Vista, a region designed by destiny for raising the fruit delicacy. Housing contractors, or highway builders, or both, hacked into pear orchards on fabulous soil south of Clear Lake and into grapevines of what once was "the globe's largest vineyard," an inspiring panorama on the sandy alluvial fans of Cucamonga. The slopes between Stanford University (once lovingly called "The Farm") and San Jose, which in 1940 were a modern Eden of orchards and truck gardens, got roofed over into a routine patchwork suburbia.

In 1963, California was converting 375 acres of agricultural land a day to meet the urban needs of newcomers. Most of these acres were from the one-sixth of the state that is relatively good soil. A million acres of prime soil have been lost since 1945 and many more will be lost, as things are going. A few years ago the Governor's Advisory Committee on Housing saw the population as doubling by 1980, with the state then 90 per cent urbanized. A private housing expert has predicted that in the next fifteen years Californians will build as many new houses as they built between the time of the first Spanish adobe and today.

Americans face no foreseeable famine, no shortages of calories. They can always eat wheat, corn, soy beans, beef and eggs. But they may well have to forget the delights of California oranges, table grapes, wines, walnuts, winter peas, early melons and fall raspberries. Gone perhaps will be crops that Americans grow only in California: Persian melons, avocados, persimmons, artichokes, almonds, figs, garlic, nectarines, olives, pomegranates and certain de luxe dates that grow below level near Thermal.

Grave concern over the loss of farm land to subdivisions and industrial and military uses has stimulated radical proposals for salvation—California pioneers in cures as in catastrophes. One device used by farmers to save their occupations from city people has been to incorporate their lands to form "cities"—Dairy Valley, to save milk farms, or Fremont, to save orchards. But a basic problem has been a constitutional provision that county assessors must value all land for tax purposes on the basis of "the highest and best use"—a rule that dooms a cauliflower field if a "de luxe" housing tract goes up next to it. Thanks to leapfrog and "scatteration" developments, many farmers have had their taxes suddenly spurt up above their income from the land. One Sacramento almond grower had a 2,446 per cent tax increase in one year.

In 1966, the voters passed an amendment that bases assessments and taxes for open space on actual use, not on development potential. This welcome step had been anticipated by the legislature a year before in the California Land Conservation Act, designed to create agricultural "preserves," analogous to the wilderness areas established elsewhere in the country. These are set up by contracts between farmers and local governments, with tax concessions for continuing to farm. The Act of 1965 and the Amendment of 1966 assert that California's cities should grow solid, concentrate and mature, instead of impetuously racing out on all sides, putting up buildings at random, leaving no rural sweep of scene. The laws imply that taxation is not just a way to raise money; it is also an expression of public policy.

The 1966 Amendment, if properly implemented by legislative action, will greatly help Californians to retain the nonurban landscape that still remains. The legislature will bear close watching, and this will be done by enlightened farming interests, including some big old ranches, and by new nonprofit organizations, bright, alert, properly aggressive, such as California Tomorrow, with its quarterly *Cry California*, and the Planning and Conservation League for Legislative Action, which keeps a full-time lobbyist in Sacramento.

The one overall cure for the loss of agricultural

domain is state-wide planning, administered by a state commission as removed from monetary pressures and politics as is the state supreme court. Such a body could apply suggestions such as those in the report on open spaces made by the landscape architects firm of Eckbo, Dean, Austin and Williams, of whom the State Office of Planning requested "truly bold proposals." The report, full of new legal, fiscal and ideological concepts, is part of the State Development Plan, years in preparation, which considers agricultural and other open space, as well as cities, fish and game, and varied amenities. The plan goes to the new Governor early this year and gives him a chance to assure agriculture and every other broad life-sustaining value a due and permanent place under the California sun.

The program will involve the old idea, long forgotten, now revolutionary again, that private ownership of land has narrow limits, that it is only a license to use land or water surface. This license is granted by society on the understanding that certain rules are obeyed and certain fees (called taxes) are regularly paid, also provided that society does not have a higher use for the land and water. Many arrangements are possible: eminent domain proceedings, followed by restricted leasebacks; purchase by the state of certain rights; contractual arrangements prohibiting urbanization, with either the state or the indi-

vidual owning the fee simple. The basic idea is that we need a new land ethic: it must become illegal to destroy beauty, violate ecology, smash history—to extinguish the natural things that give value to human life.

Anyone who views the present chaotic surface of the state may find it hard to believe that California will—soon enough—create an all-powerful state planning commission. But then it is also hard to believe that Californians will let their agriculture, like their scenery, like their clean sea water and clear atmosphere, pass into oblivion. Unless the state has changed utterly from what it was in the past, answers will come out of California as the pinch, already felt, becomes an ultimatum. The state that has led the way in crop production, cooperative selling, unionization of grape pickers, mechanization of orchards, and calculated destruction of agricultural marvels can also lead the way in planning.

California can do whatever it wants. It can use its mountains to fill in San Francisco Bay and the ocean above the continental shelf and there build more suburbs and parking lots. It can exterminate any and all species of birds, mammals and plants. Or it can restrict or ban the car, the bulldozer, the subdivider and the speculator. It can save or reconstitute much of its agriculture, as it can much of its shore line and mountain back country. Salvation is as possible as destruction.

PROPERTY TAX SCANDALS

BAD LAWS & CRAFTY ASSESSORS

MICHAEL HARRIS

Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

A few hundred canceled checks, some astonishingly frank contracts, a wealth of confidential signed memoranda, and thousands of pages of detailed testimony have opened up a real estate tax scandal which centers for the moment in California, but whose implications spread across the country. In bribery trials held so far, three county tax assessors, two lesser assessment officials and three tax consultants have been sentenced to prison. A fourth assessor committed suicide while he was under investigation, and two deputy assessors were let off with substantial fines.

There is still no way of telling when or where the current series of trials will end. More are scheduled for this spring, and the scandal is spreading. The tax consultants whose pay-offs were revealed last year in trials in San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle and San Diego have clients also in Florida, Maine, Ohio, Illinois, New York and other states.

The tax consultant plies a quiet trade on behalf of the corporations who retain him. It is his job to try to persuade city and county assessors to reduce assessments on real estate holdings, buildings, inventories and machinery—thereby cutting his client's local tax bill. Sometimes he

works on a contingent fee basis. In San Francisco, remarkably clear-cut arrangements were made for splitting the tax savings. Thus, a \$20,000 tax reduction might be shared as follows: \$10,000 to the client, \$5,000 to the tax consultant, and \$5,000 to the assessor. The State Attorney General's Office has estimated that \$200 million worth of property was illegally left off the tax rolls in California.

The consultant does not always persuade by bribery. Sometimes he can convince assessors that there are valid reasons for lower assessments. Sometimes he uses the implicit threat that a company required to pay its proper share of local taxes will move to a more tolerant area. And sometimes, as tax consultant James C. Tooke observed, a local assessor fails to realize how much his help is worth and settles for a modest campaign contribution or no cash at all.

Assessor Russell L. Wolden of San Francisco had no such misconception of his value. Wolden, who succeeded his father as assessor in 1938, maintained a fully staffed country estate in a suburb south of San Francisco. His city apartment was in a building elegant enough to house also a president of the Bank of America and the board chairman of Levi Strauss & Co. The difference, as it developed in Wolden's bribery trial, was that the bank president and the manufacturer of levis paid for their apartments; Wolden was not only excused from making

any down payment but received \$37,500 in stock in the building without having to put up any investment at all.

The profession of tax consulting was almost unknown outside assessing circles when the scandal first broke eighteen months ago, and almost everyone involved in the case, from newspaper reporter to prosecutor to judge, had first to be told what a tax consultant was and what he did.

They were provided with five filing cabinets of documents to advance their education. This highly confidential material, containing canceled checks and other evidence of pay-offs, was taken on July 4, 1965, from Tooke's tax consulting office in Castro Valley, a suburb of Oakland, by Norman A. Phillips, a disgruntled employee. The next couple of weeks were devoted to negotiations, some of them tape recorded, between Phillips and Tooke for the return of the material.

For a while the secrets contained in the files appeared to be safe, but on July 16, it became my fortune, as a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, to come into possession of copies of documents listing pay-offs from a single company to a single assessor. Phillips, through incredible carelessness, had left behind the originals in a private airplane. Once the material was in the hands of a reporter, the chances for hushing up the scandal vanished.

Meanwhile, Phillips had turned for advice to John M. Thorpe, a lawyer from nearby Hayward, who recommended that the files should be turned over to law-enforcement authorities—and the quicker, the better. While Phillips was considering this, he realized that something had happened to his secret. On July 20, he therefore agreed to deliver the bulk of his documents to Thorpe's office. A small force composed of Thorpe, two of his associates, Deputy State Attorney General Marshall S. Mayer and myself worked through the night, making copies of the material. (Mayer later became the leader of a law-enforcement task force that aided in investigations throughout California, the state of Washington, in Arizona and Florida.)

Just before dawn, we trucked the five filing cabinets to a decayed Victorian mansion that we had decided to use as a temporary hiding place for the records. I then interviewed the local officials who had been named as receiving pay-offs and wrote the first of my articles. After the article appeared, the files were turned over to the Alameda County sheriff.

In the following months, the results of the scandal began to come in. Assessor A. J. Steen of King County (Seattle) and his chief aide resigned from office, pleaded guilty to bribery, and were sentenced to ten years in prison. Assessor Donald E. Feragen of Alameda County was found guilty of bribery and is now in prison. Wolden's conviction ended the forty-year regime he and his father had maintained as assessors of San Francisco. He was removed from office, but is free while his case is on appeal. Tooke, who became the star prosecution witness in the trials of the assessors, was sentenced in mid-January to six months in county jail.

The next trial holds possibilities of some interesting testimony. Tooke's former employers, New Jersey tax

consultants John Desmond and Jordan Van Cleve, have been under indictment in San Diego County for a little more than a year. Even so, their firm of Dawson, Desmond and Van Cleve has managed to remain busy.

I saw both of them last September in Toronto, where they maintained their traditional "hospitality" suite at the annual convention of the International Association of Assessment Officials. Desmond said then that the scandals had cost the firm about a third of its clients. "But we have a couple of hot new accounts coming up," he said. "And we've had a tremendous reception from the assessors."

It was perfectly apparent that he was speaking accurately. He introduced me to assessment officials from all over the country who were willing to stop by and have a drink or two with their friends at Dawson, Desmond and Van Cleve. Some of the assessors asked if Assessor Philip E. Watson of Los Angeles was secretly under investigation. He was indicted two months later, has denied the charges, and will stand trial.

The investigation spread to Arizona, where the State Tax Commission reported wild inconsistencies in assessment practices. For example, a jackass in Mohave County is assessed at \$100, while jackasses in Navajo County are valued at only \$2.15 apiece. In Cocino County the rate is \$5, and no jackasses at all are reported resident in Maricopa County (Phoenix). There were more serious discrepancies, but the Arizona investigation foundered quickly because the Attorney General's Office there does not have the power of subpoena and thus cannot look at bank records or corporation files without permission of the firms under investigation.

Mayer was next called to Coral Gables, Fla., after Sheriff T. A. Buchanan of Dade County filed charges against County Assessor Rue Gewert. The sheriff said a comparison of the county's and the city's records showed that 184 firms assessed by Coral Gables were overlooked completely by Gewert. The assessor was also accused of granting deductions averaging 49 per cent in the assessments of fifty other firms.

No one has been able to provide a coherent explanation of what happened in Florida. The only thing that seems clear is that there were no heroes. Judge Henry L. Balaban, who was hearing the case, ordered both Gewert and the former Coral Gables assessor to meet with him in chambers, their lawyers being barred from the secret three-hour session. The sheriff meanwhile has been suspended on two bribery charges and Gewert has been fired—not for anything he may have done about assessments but for bugging the offices of other county officials. There is hope that a blue ribbon investigating commission that includes two professors and a leading Miami lawyer, will come up with a report that will tell Dade County residents where the assessment program now stands.

Mayer also went to Louisiana but dismissed the setup there as hopeless. The State Board of Equalization, whose membership includes Huey Long's sister, can do nothing—which is precisely what it is expected to do. The situation in Louisiana is perhaps only an exaggeration of what happens throughout the nation. Many assessment laws

make no sense, and it would be cruel to attempt to execute them.

"If I were to enforce the law literally, I would effectively wreck the economy of our county with any year by driving out every national firm," Clifford Allen, assessor of Nashville and Davidson County in Tennessee, told me in an interview. Allen has concluded that it would be preposterous for him to obey a ninety-seven-year-old provision in the Tennessee Constitution that requires him to impose a full assessment on every bank account, stock certificate, bond and company treasury in his jurisdiction. "If we had obeyed the law this year, we would have taken \$5.30 in taxes out of every \$100 in the bank," Allen said. "If the money were in a 4 per cent savings account, that means that taxes would be taking every penny of interest and \$1.30 besides. In effect, it would be confiscatory."

Allen said new assessment rules are needed in every state in the union. "We need to write them so a man can enforce them without doing injustice," he declared. Now assessment officials must operate outside the law and, Allen observed, "the temptations are too great."

Indeed, the decision of a new assessor literally to carry out the provisions of the California Constitution has left Sacramento in a state of shock. Dr. Irene Hickman, a 51-year-old osteopath, specialist in psychosomatic medicine and outspoken advocate of LSD, startled Sacramento's Establishment last year by defeating the incumbent assessor after producing evidence that some privately held property in the county was assessed at only 1 per cent of its market value. Her lack of experience for the job didn't trouble her; she is a long-time director and instructor in the community's Henry George School of Social Science.

The shock came when Dr. Hickman said she would carry out the state Constitution's requirement that "all property subject to taxation shall be assessed at its full cash value." This would quadruple the average assessment in the county, but Dr. Hickman said the taxpayer need not suffer because the county government, the cities and the school districts could cut their tax rates accordingly. The change would, however, cut off nearly all veterans' tax exemptions, produce a windfall of state aid for some school districts and a drought for others, and possibly result in big tax savings for the telephone company, the county's railroads and other utilities.

The state legislature, which has traditionally interpreted the plain constitutional language merely to mean that all property owners shall be treated alike, acted in the wake of the scandals last year by passing a reform bill that will require the assessing of all property at 25 per cent of its market value. But Dr. Hickman held fast: "I cannot conceive of the possibility that our state supreme court will fail to uphold the constitution," she said, "in which case all assessors will be bound by the full cash value provision."

Sacramento County counsel, John Henrich, plans to go into court to try to block Dr. Hickman. The State Board of Equalization, which is charged with seeing that all counties treat their taxpayers alike, declared its intention "to stop the damage." A key aide in Dr. Hick-

man's office resigned to start a recall campaign. "But there's something in the law that says I have to be in my elected office six months before a recall could be started," commented Dr. Hickman, who was appointed assessor last fall to fill a vacancy but whose elective term began the first of this year. "Isn't it a glorious situation?"

In the other fifty-seven counties of California, the changes in assessment practices that followed the scandals have been less dramatic. Investigations have been ordered in more than half the state's counties, but in most cases Mayer and his colleagues have not recommended criminal action but have proposed stringent tightening of office procedures. Examples of unequal treatment of taxpayers have been abundant, but these in themselves do not prove corruption.

A major source of trouble is the secrecy that surrounds personal property tax assessments. Such property consists not only of household goods and clothing but—much more important from the tax standpoint—of business equipment and inventory. Records showing taxes on buildings and land are open to public inspection, and it is relatively easy in most communities for a taxpayer to see whether he is being assessed on these holdings at a higher rate than his neighbors. But state law in California provides that information about a company's inventory and machinery must be treated as confidential. The desire to protect business secrets is justified, but it sets aside an area in which corruption can exist undetected. And in fact it was in this area that the tax consultants proved most active.

The sums of money were impressive. Wolden's income tax returns, introduced in the trial, showed that in a six-year period the assessor declared a gross income of \$362,147. Only \$152,290 of this came in the form of salary, and Deputy District Attorney Francis W. Mayer of San Francisco, prosecutor in the three-month trial, convinced the jury that nearly all of Wolden's outside income was obtained illegally.

It would be pleasant to report that the convictions of Wolden and the other figures in the present assessment scandals ended the problem, but of course they did not. The solution does not rest merely in changing from one assessor to another—though in many cases that will surely help. Studies must be made, and from these studies legislation must be written to curb the now almost autocratic sway of assessors with definite boundaries and with rules that can be obeyed without producing disaster.

Beyond that, a deeper look must be taken into the property tax itself. It remains an unpopular tax, and it is difficult to escape the conclusion that it imposes too great a burden on a considerable number of people. It is not at all unusual to find in California owners whose property taxes have more than doubled in the last five years. Some of these people are elderly and living on retirement incomes; it is easy to understand that they have often been forced to move from homes they have occupied for a lifetime.

It is even easier to find people who will not vote for the most vital local bond issues because of their objection to high taxes. No tax is liked, but the unpopularity of the property tax is deeply deserved.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Alas, Poor Bertolt Brecht!

THE PLEBEIANS REHEARSE THE UPRISING: A German Tragedy. By Günter Grass. With an Introductory Address by the Author. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace & World. 122 pp. \$4.50. Paper \$1.95.

FREDERIC EWEN

Mr. Ewen is the co-author of the dramatic version of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. He has written works on Schiller, Heine, and has recently completed Bertolt Brecht—*His Art, His Life and His Times* to be published this year by Citadel Press.

Alas, poor B. B.! Ten years in his grave, and still a thorn and provocation to his critics, and fellow dramatists! Alternately used as a whipping boy, or as a rod to chastise the German Democratic Republic, he defies his detractors and his equivocal "friends" and stands today as a most influential playwright and theoretician of the drama. His name inevitably crops up: Friedrich Dürrenmatt delivers a memorial address on Friedrich Schiller, and cannot forbear naming Brecht as a challenge to the "conscience" of mankind. Günter Grass, talking on Shakespeare and centering his discussion on *Coriolanus*, also brings in Brecht, calling him a "kind of privileged court jester."

Now Grass has written a play around Brecht and the uprising of June 17, 1953, *Die Plebejer proben den Aufstand*, subtitled *A German Tragedy*. What he means is a tragedy of Germany, that traditional incapacity of Germans to make a revolution, or of their intellectual to lead one.

The idea for *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* is striking, even brilliant. It is to take a distinguished figure of world literature, whose literary commitment to the cause of the people and socialism is unquestioned, place him in a situation where that commitment is challenged by reality—and to examine how he behaves or should have behaved.

Since this is a *pièce à clef*, the principal characters in it are easily identifiable. The "Chief" or "Boss" is Brecht; Volumnia is Helene Weigel; Erwin is Brecht's lifelong theatrical associate Erich Engel; and Kosanke is Kuba, a prominent member of the Academy of

Arts, here depicted as a hack mouth-piece of the government.

The time of the action is June 17, 1953. Brecht is in his theatre on the Schiffbauerdamm, about to begin a rehearsal of his version of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, the first scene of which will enact the beginnings of the revolt of the plebeians against the arrogant Roman general. The purport of the play is to demystify the hero, and show that he is a dispensable commodity. During the rehearsal, construction workers from the Stalinallee, who have left their jobs in protest against the increase of work norms ordered by the government, and the rising cost of living, come in and ask the "Boss" to support their cause with a written manifesto. Volumnia rushes in and urges Brecht to do so.

She is followed by Kosanke, who cries in a panic: "We need you. Only your name, your words can help us!" Brecht is unconvinced that German workers can ever really stage a revolution, but he sees excellent grist to his theatrical project here. Let them re-enact their uprising to the accompaniment of beer and sandwiches. The demonstrating workers now become actors on the stage, so as to supply fresh materials for Brecht's *Coriolanus*. Soon other worker delegates arrive from other parts of the country and prevail upon Brecht to write a letter to Walter Ulbricht. He does so. But it is a cynical letter, patched together from a number of Brecht's actual statements, burlesquing both the uprising and Ulbricht, and concluding with: "If this people doesn't suit you, comrade/Find one that suits you better." The outraged delegates decide to string up both Brecht and "Erwin" as traitors, but fortunately the latter has the bright idea of dissuading them by means of the celebrated parable of the belly and the "body's members" used by Menenius in Shakespeare's play. New arrivals—among them an eloquent lady hairdresser and a heroic mason—almost inspire Brecht to action, but the sound of tanks is heard, and the uprising is soon over. Kosanke appears once more, this time to demand Brecht's statement and his name, "the biggest name of all," in support of the government. Brecht writes what Volumnia calls a "pussy-footing" document of three sentences. Left alone, he muses: "Condemned to live forever

with voices in my ears. You. You. I'll tell you. Do you know what you are? You, you, you're a. . . . You poor babes in the woods! Bowed down with guilt, I accuse you!"

This is Grass's Brecht: a sort of Hamlet. Aesthete with a sour conscience.

What was Grass's intent in writing this play? In attempting a historical play dealing with an important event and a notable contemporary figure (only recently deceased), Grass would seem to owe a special debt to uncovering a truth, especially one not easily available to his audience. Though, as Grass claims, certain documents have been kept under lock and key by Brecht's "heirs and his publishing house," there are some facts available west of the Berlin Wall. Such facts may not have been at hand in 1953; but they were in 1965 or 1966. If West German periodicals, such as *Der Spiegel* and the *Frankfurter Hefte* have access to them, why not Grass? In addition, there are a number of former associates and friends of Brecht, now in West Germany, to whom he might have turned: Ernst Bloch, Hans Mayer or Alfred Kantorowicz.

Now, according to these West German sources, what are the facts?

On the 16th of June, Brecht became aware of the threatening crisis and called upon his friend and labor expert, Jacob Walcher, for advice and information. On the following morning, he postponed a rehearsal of Strittmatter's *Katzgraben* (an important play dealing with conflicts in a farming area) in order to arrange for a discussion of the situation created by the demonstrations. He also planned a broadcast of workers' songs, but was denied access to the radio station. If we take Brecht at his own word, he was aware that the workers had justifiable grievances, and that the Communist authorities had committed serious errors in failing to anticipate and correct them, but he was also wary that such demonstrations might be turned to counterrevolutionary ends by Fascist and demagogic elements (which indeed did take place sporadically). Objective West German historians like Arnulf Baring (who is quoted frequently in the English supplement of the play) are agreed that the demonstrations were directed toward securing economic changes and improve-

ments but not at overthrowing the government. Baring also notes that "in any case . . . the revolutionary wave was already broken before the Soviet troops marched in."

On the morning of the 17th, Brecht addressed identical letters to Walter Ulbricht, Otto Grotewohl and the Soviet Commandant, in which he affirmed his loyalty to the Communist (Socialist Unity) Party of East Germany, but also asked for a re-examination of the government's policies. Here, so far as is known, is the entire text of that letter:

History will pay due respect to the revolutionary impatience of the Socialist Unity Party. The great discussion with the masses about the tempo of socialist construction will lead to sifting and securing of our socialist achievements. At this moment I feel the need to express my solidarity with the Socialist Unity Party.

The Communist East German newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*, reprinted only

the last sentence. (The documentary supplement of the English version of the play erroneously suggests that the entire letter quoted above was actually only the last of three paragraphs written by Brecht.)

Brecht followed the letter with a telegram to Ulbricht, in which he expressed the hope that "the provocateurs will be isolated, and their network destroyed, but that the workers who had demonstrated their justifiable grievances, will not be placed on the same footing as the provocateurs, so that the great discussion about errors committed on all sides may not break down at the start."

As for Brecht's private feelings, they are sufficiently revealed in the published poems and prose. Here he implores those in authority "to tell the truth. Not like fleeing Caesars, promising flour, but like Lenin, saying: We are lost, unless. . . ." Elsewhere he berates them for looking at reality through rose-tinted glasses. There is the satirical poem (travestied

in the play) in which he refers to the circulars distributed by the Writers' Union, stating that "the people had forfeited the confidence of the government and could regain it only through redoubled work. Would it not really be simpler if the government dissolved the people and elected another one?"

But it seems to me that Grass is most offensive when he deals with Brecht's own words and thoughts. Why distort one of Brecht's most celebrated poems, "Bad Morning," written not long after the 17th, describing a nightmare in which he sees the work-torn and mangled fingers of workers, and which concludes with

*Unwissende! schrie ich
Schuldbewusst —*

*You who do not know! I cried
Guilt-stricken,*

and turn this into

*You who do not know,
Guilt-stricken I accuse you?
(My emphasis.)*

What sort of understanding of Brecht could have prompted Grass to make the poet say, penitently, "We can't change Shakespeare, unless we change ourselves," no doubt a worthy sentiment, but how untrue to Brecht, who contended throughout his life that it was by "changing Shakespeare," and by changing the character of the theatre from an instrument which merely interprets life that he would be enabled to change the minds of men and their activities.

Or what suggested to Grass the absurd notion that only Brecht could save the state at that critical moment—as he makes the official Kossanke say? A West German critic benignly remarks that here one finds a "certain overestimation of the role of letters, especially in Germany. Were a revolution to break out, Germans would be the last to call on their cultural popes."

Of Brecht's courageous past, no mention, except snide references to his early nihilism.

Alas, poor Brecht! He's dead and can't reform or defend himself. There are people who cannot forgive him for not having chosen the West, so they must paint a Brecht who sold out to the East—for a theatre! Günter Grass's play will only confirm them in their projections. And that is a shame, because Grass is himself a "politicalized" writer, not unaware of the current wave of neo-Nazism in West Germany.

The play is a clever idea aborted. Ralph Manheim's translation is faithful and literate, though it sometimes attenuates Grass's deliberate coarseness.

GUNTER GRASS'S OPEN LETTER TO KURT KIESINGER

From *Die Zeit* of December 13, 1966

Dear Mr. Kiesinger:

. . . Wittingly or not, most of the fathers of my generation assisted in the crimes committed after 1933. The schism that this creates has been overcome in many German families by the fathers' admission of complicity and the sons' desire to understand. As an adult, Mr. Kiesinger, you became a member of the Nazi Party in 1933, and only the capitulation of the German forces terminated your membership.

Permit me to employ a fiction: If you were my father, I should ask you to explain your crucial decision of 1933. I should be able to understand it because the majority of the fathers of my generation lost their best years from just such wrong decisions. But suppose that you, as my father, were to ask me: "I have the opportunity to become chancellor. I am profoundly interested in politics. . . . The people support me. Shall I say yes?" Then I, as your son, would answer: "Just because you are so deeply interested in politics, because you aspire to participate in foreign affairs, you must say no. Because in that case you should know that in this country of unresolved obligations, in this divided land with no peace treaty, the chancellor cannot be a man who, once in the past, acted against reason and served evil, when those who followed reason and resisted crime perished for their stand. Propriety should prevent you from calling yourself a resistance fighter this late in the game."

You, Mr. Kiesinger, are not my father, but I hope you have a son who will thus oppose your unfortunate decision. . . .

How shall German youth oppose the old party now coming to life in the NPD if you burden the office of chancellor with your past? How shall we hold in memory the tortured, murdered resistance fighters, the dead of Auschwitz and Treblinka, if you, a fellow traveler from the past, dare to lay down the guidelines for politics today? How shall history be taught hereafter in our schools? . . . Will the pro-Stalinist Ulbricht now be able to point his finger at us? Is there no man in the SPD/CSU/CDU sufficiently unencumbered by old deeds to become chancellor? . . .

The responsibility is yours, but we shall bear the consequences and the shame.

Still respectfully,
Günter Grass

Divided Hearts at the Wall

TWO VIEWS. By Uwe Johnson. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace & World. 183 pp. \$4.50.
DIVIDED HEAVEN. By Christa Wolf. Translated by Joan Becker. Seven Seas Books (Berlin). 218 pp. \$1 paper.

DAVID CAUTE

Mr. Caute is the author, most recently, of *The Left in Europe Since 1789* (McGraw-Hill) and the novel, *The Decline of the West* (Macmillan). He is visiting professor in the Albert Schweitzer Humanities program at New York University.

The wealthiest West German newspaper magnate is now erecting a prestigious glass skyscraper within a few yards of the Berlin Wall. From their (no doubt) sleekly decorated and superbly mechanized offices, the representatives of the free-world press will survey the wide, desolate streets of the Eastern sector, while the captive population of a satellite state will be provided with one further reminder of the enticements of the dynamic, entrepreneurial and pluralistic society from which they are forcibly separated.

Or so we are told. In reality, the situation is more complex and more ambiguous. An East German official, proudly surveying the Wall, remarked to me two years ago: freedom to choose war is no freedom. But this formula is equally inconclusive. Two weeks in East Berlin left me with a strong desire to get out—and to go back. When compared with the East, West Berlin is undoubtedly a haven of cultural freedom and experimentation, of creativity and dissent. Yet it remains a city whose gloss and glamour are artificial, a showcase bubble sustained only by a steady in-pouring of American and federal money. The Eastern half of Berlin speaks for a regime which has paid for the war in full; drained by reparations, the GDR allocated its scarce resources to workers' houses, new schools and social insurance. The flood tide of refugees who forced Ulbricht to construct his Wall were certainly choosing freedom, but they were simultaneously escaping from the logical consequences of German history.

Both *Two Views* and *Divided Heaven*, one a novel from the West and the other from the East, make large efforts to wrestle with the tragic ambiguities of a divided Germany. Neither, I feel, wholly succeeds. There are superficial thematic resemblances. In *Two Views*, a West German photographer helps an East

Berlin nurse to escape; in *Divided Heaven*, an East German technician defects to the West and then tries to persuade his girl to follow him. In both cases it is the impatient, individualistic male who most naturally identifies himself with the West, while the female is pictured as more passively integrated and more conditioned by her roots and by inculcated values. Uwe Johnson's Beate, a young woman increasingly alienated by the conformities, scarcities and restrictive rules of the hospital and city in which she works, nevertheless disperses only with difficulty her vision of the West as sinful and doomed. The bonds which link Christa Wolf's Rita to her native East are those that bind the fetus to the womb.

Although *Divided Heaven* is only mildly didactic, it never travels far from a familiar formula. The heroine must make her choice against and in spite of the transitionally negative features of a Socialist society in its first, formative years: acquisitive instincts, inertia, the complacency and dogmatism of party functionaries in whom harsh slogans have displaced the human dimension. The individual who, like Rita's lover Manfred, allows his private resentments and his skepticism to accumulate to the point of physical defection is depicted as a lost soul, the victim of a tragic heritage, of an original and perpetually re-emergent sin. He is seduced by the false gods which lie both within himself and to the West.

Christa Wolf is not a writer who penetrates deeply. Although she writes sensibly and her story moves along, one is again struck by the fatigued traditionalism of style and structure which

stands between so much Socialist literature and real artistic achievement. Frequently *Divided Heaven* echoes the banal and trivial tone of the romantic novel: "My little brown girl, Manfred called her"; "his look made her tremble"; "she had never before seen a man's face reflected in the water beside her own." Yet there is a difference. Rita's loyal and difficult commitment to the proud and frustrated technician, Manfred, holds the attention mainly because it is rooted in a real social milieu containing its own, intelligently observed contradictions. In the Western magazine serial, the heroine's perception of the masculine universe rarely transcends a keen bourgeois preoccupation with the size of her fiancé's income and the style of expenditure which it offers her. But Rita works in a predominantly male factory brigade, turning out railroad wagons. Through her eyes and those of her co-workers we are shown, quite plausibly, the technical problems and human tensions peculiar to a centralized state economy on the German model. Novelists have always found it easy to ignore work, particularly proletarian work, which is the source of all our lives and pleasures. It is therefore hardly surprising that in the modern Socialist novel the intrusion of this theme sometimes appears gratuitous and false. Even so, the effort is rewarding.

Uwe Johnson is a novelist of an altogether superior caliber. His hero, or anti-hero, Dietbert, is a 25-year-old free-lance photographer whose values and projects extend only dimly beyond girls and cars. "In unoccupied moments, when he had done his prescribed work, even in the midst of a sales talk, or when washing shirts, he felt empty, lent himself to any distraction, hunted them

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up, sat longer than usual on the wastepaper basket in the newspaper office, slunk off to the empty afternoon shows, at the movie house, readily drank with others, and occasionally noted with alarm how little effort he was making to save up for a new car." Dietbert's interest in rescuing Beate from East Berlin in the period immediately following the erection of the Wall is fitful and ambivalent.

Dietbert acts spasmodically, almost in a dream, gnawed by his conscience. "He felt personally offended by the confinement of Beate in her Berlin; he had a private anger against the forbidden zones, minefields, lines of sentries, obstacle ditches, glaring lights, barbed wire, walled-up windows, shooting orders and threats of punishment for attempting to cross." Johnson studiously averts our attention from the glossy façade of West Berlin. Dietbert moves along with his nose close to the ground, wandering in a haze through strange streets (Berlin is not his city), bars, small furnished rooms, and the disturbing appraisals of the people he encounters. Even when descending on Berlin by plane he achieves no wider sensation than that of traveling in a style which is not really his own.

The narrative prose of *Two Views* is sparse yet dense, detached yet cumulatively involved. Johnson is a distinctive writer, and one who is obviously highly conscious of his craft and of the total effect he wants to create. The mood of the novel is peculiarly modern: the two principal characters grope through their lives like submarines passing through the green sea. The people they meet and have to deal with are deliberately two-dimensional, mere circumstances, lacking that rounded completeness and the inner motivation by means of which a novelist transforms a person from object to subject. It is almost as if Johnson had accepted Robbe-Grillet's point against Balzac—that the narrator, unless he is God, cannot know everything. There is virtually no dialogue, for in the course of dialogue the singular perspective is lost and its human embodiment merges into the world as simply one man amongst others.

Like many German novelists before him, Johnson seems to say that life is inherently painful and that humanism must constantly be reborn out of dead ashes. Unlike Böll, he finds no outlet in humor; unlike Gisela Elsner, he avoids the easy retreat into expressionism and the absurd. He has none of Grass's robust, Rabelaisian power. The eye is once again a camera with a soiled lens. The small surfaces of

the city are consubstantial with a bleakly restrictive and alienating environment. Life is like that. But in the West, at least, a man is free.

There are echoes not only of a literary tradition emphasizing the accidental and the absurd (Kafka, Musil) but also of the new cinematic climate which has exorcised the concern with psychological penetration and social structure of 19th-century realism. Johnson, in fact, stops well short of the mannerisms of the *nouveau roman* and nowhere surrenders himself to the fetishism of physical space and contour as practiced by Robbe-Grillet. Even so, the skeleton of a film script is visible. It is as if Berlin had become—for writers, refugees, photographers, guards and incoming movie actors alike—one vast film studio with a single, immovable prop—the Wall.

To put it this way is not to suggest any resemblance between *Two Views* on the one hand and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* or *Funeral in Berlin* on the other. Where the foreign writer finds excellent material for sensational intrigues, hair-raising adventures and sudden death, Johnson offers instead a population that has suffered for so

long on the rack of historical crisis that violence and repression are absorbed like a persistent fine dust which burns the eyes and coats the lungs.

While respecting Johnson's refusal to put his art at the service of any current myth, I confess to having been sometimes bored and irritated by this novel. The East from which Beate has to escape has no redeeming features at all; it is simply a prison and a gigantic lie. And if the choice of Dietbert is in any sense symbolic, then the West has no virtues beyond confused tolerance and opaque nihilism. The negative vision, of course, comes most easily to the artist. The laborious didacticism of so many hopeful Socialist novelists tends to drive the sensitive writer deeper into a shadowy world of fragmentation, contingency, and even despair. One does not reject this because a "brave new world" is in the process of construction in the Socialist states; one rejects it because experiences, ideas, and even moods exist and can only exist in terms of their opposites. Uwe Johnson is a novelist of integrity who steers clear of all sentimentality, but he does not fully kill the prejudice that the ultimate German alibi remains self-pity.

The Great Human Option

THE CROWD IN HISTORY: A Study of Popular Disturbances in France and England 1730-1848. By George Rudé. John Wiley & Sons. 281 pp. \$5.95. Paper \$2.95.

REVOLUTIONARY EUROPE 1783-1815. By George Rudé. Harper & Row. 350 pp. \$6.95.

EDWARD T. GARGAN

Mr. Gargan is living in Paris, on leave from the University of Wisconsin. His latest book is *De Tocqueville* (Hillary House).

Our time regards disbelief in revolution not as a tragedy but as an improvement in the human situation, as proof of our will and ability to control men and societies. In the United States there is unquestioned confidence in the professionalization of reform; in France *planification* absorbs all life, while in England, with less fervor, a similar faith dominates all public practice and philosophy. The rationality of the Western mind has found the political dogma best suited to its nature. The West has finally cast off the imaginative, the passionate, the ecstatic and the beautiful as irrelevant to the discussion of man's personality

as citizen and as one in community with others. War, corrupting all passion and desire, remains the only occasion for transcending logic. The descendants of Marx wish to be faithful to the revolutionary tradition, but they have in Western Europe little of Marx's trust in revolution as the salvation of men and nations.

Contemporary political scientists and sociologists, tempted by the politics of the cold war, see revolutions primarily as sets of problems in counterinsurgency. Their studies are designed to develop effective anti-revolutionary techniques for the struggle between the temperate and equatorial zones of the world, the industrial and agrarian continents, Asia and America. The findings of these studies belong to the arcana of governments, to espionage agents, to generals. In public discussion the images remain starkly primitive. Burke's and Taine's howling masses have been transferred from historical France to modern China and Asia. Academic specialists, when not directly in the service of the state, aid this anti-revolutionary action by treating as naive all belief in revolution as a great human option. The great

metaphysical questions on the meaning of freedom are raised by the adolescents of the Western world awkwardly fulfilling the role of the intelligentsia, while scholars and intellectuals—not daring to outrage society—content themselves with exquisite descriptions of how things function.

It is the merit of George Rudé's *Revolutionary Europe 1783-1815*, and his *The Crowd in History: A Study of Popular Disturbances in France and England* that he not only rejects what is false in past historical accounts of the revolution but succeeds in viewing from a new perspective the great revolutionary movement in Western history. Rudé's work also presents an excellent synthesis of the historical writing on the French Revolution that has been so plentiful since the end of the Third Republic.

The professional study of the French Revolution was initiated by the formidable French academic historians who, in the beginning of the Third Republic, and especially on the occasion of the revolution's first centenary, firmly established a "scientific" and documentary approach to the history of the revolution. Their historical outlook was framed by Europe's effort to create stable representative systems, equilibrium in the operation of finance capitalism, and to hold together a middle-class power structure threatened by Socialist dreams of a new world to be built with the revolutionary energy of Europe's wage-earning masses. The First World War ended the chances of revolutionary socialism in Western Europe and transferred this experiment outside its frontiers. But in this same period historians, inspired by Marx's social and moral vision, successfully produced new and precise accounts of Europe's revolutionary action in the years 1789 to 1800.

Georges Lefebvre, in his *Paysans du Nord de la France pendant la Révolution*, superbly exhibited the historical means to concretize the previously legendary and obscure place of the peasantry in the revolution. In 1958, Albert Soboul, the year before Lefebvre's death, traced the revolutionary role of the small shopkeepers, craftsmen and artisans in assuring the destruction of the old regime, though losing in the same period their own foothold on the slopes of history. In England, George Rudé and Richard Cobb have most successfully added to this inquiry; Cobb by his enormous study of *Les armes révolutionnaires* and Rudé in his *The Crowd in the French Revolution* and *The Crowd in History*.

Richard Cobb of Oxford, a princi-

pal reviewer of books on the French Revolution for the *Times Literary Supplement*, has recently somewhat crossly denounced new developments in the joint sociological and historical study of the revolution. He sees this approach as abstracting the human element out of unique historical situations in a preference for questionable laws of revolutionary behavior. At the conference of the French Historical Society, held at Michigan, in March, 1966, Cobb made much fun of two very young scholars attempting to analyze, with the help of computers, the hundreds upon hundreds of *cahiers* drafted before the meeting of the Estates-General in 1789. Cobb was surprised at his audience's disapproval of his style and message. Yet the tension that Cobb has aroused is fundamentally based on the serious problem of the adequate generalizations needed to give meaning to the entire revolutionary drama. Such interpretative statements are imperative to prevent the revolution from becoming a story of picturesque militant craftsmen and wage earners in place of equally romantic ugly aristocrats and egotistical bourgeoisie. Cobb fears statistics, but even more deeply he fears generalizations.

George Rudé stands somewhat in the center of the shifting field of French Revolutionary historiography. Wholly devoid of utopianism, his writings are the more convincing because of his nostalgia and affection for the class of artisan-craftsmen now vanished from our technological society. *The Crowd in History*, the more original of his two recent books, sets out to locate and cauterize the festering sores left by the literature that saw all popular manifestations as bestial and savage. Rudé examines the historical circumstances attending every crowd's formation, the size and specific activities of various crowds, their leaders, the political, economic and social identities of the members of crowds, the overt and clandestine motives of crowds in action, the response of authorities to the challenges of crowds. Masterful use is made of police records, hospital and prison reports, press and Parliamentary discussion, the diaries and correspondence of friendly and hostile witnesses.

The two basic forms of crowd activity before the impact of the industrial revolution were those developed during the rural and city riots of the 18th century. The crowds in the French Revolution followed these earlier examples and added a decisive political character. The rioting of the early 19th century both imitated the past and ex-

perimented with the kinds of popular action that would accompany the industrial revolution. Rudé, drawing on his own original research, contributes three brilliant and lucid chapters distinguishing the political riots, the food riots, and the labor disputes of the French Revolution. This has never been done so clearly, and will govern all future examination of these complicated years. He is less impressive in treating the events of 1848, but his pages on the pre-industrial demonstrations in England, the religious riots of the early 19th century, and the Chartists' demonstrations, meaningfully relate these crowds to those of the past and those to come.

The pre-industrial crowd identified by Rudé included few criminals or unemployed; the majority were craftsmen, shopkeepers, artisans, while in the country they were tenants and farm hands. Many adolescents joined the crowds, bringing their own style and energy in much the same manner as the adolescents of the American ghettos have done in recent years. Yet the average age of the *vainqueurs de la Bastille* was 34 and that of those killed and wounded in the assault of the Tuileries in 1792 was 38. Economic distress was decisive in setting the crowds in motion. Demonstrations were triggered by scarcity of food,

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inflationary prices, inadequate wages. In a time when poverty was often regarded as a criminal condition, men and women rioted to preserve their status as independent persons. The depersonalization and loss of identity suffered by the poor and destitute of the present time make clear why fear gripped the crowds of the past.

Such crowds had few contacts with the true proletariat, but they had almost no chance themselves of becoming part of the bourgeoisie, and were in fact already economically redundant. When these crowds shoved, shouted, broke things, pushed and struck out, they fought to prevent their own extinction. In the 20th century such groups have often espoused Fascist causes, while in the 18th century history encouraged them to support a more liberal political effort. Rudé insists that he does not wish to argue that short-term economic factors "eclipsed all others in this time," but he is correct in his stress because the fears released by short-term economic crises were lifetime anxieties for those facing adverse fluctuations in prices, wages and the availability of food.

As the 19th century advanced, crowds became more politically conscious. In France the early Socialist literature contributed to their political education and eventual militancy. Underlying folk myths and beliefs also fashioned the crowd. The "leveling instinct" was active, the belief that the king must be on the side of "justice," and that justice rather than market decisions should determine wages and prices, reinforced the crowds' conviction of the rightness of their actions. English rioters had some idea that the rights of Englishmen sanctioned their course. Some traces of millenarianism were present, as well as considerable religious antagonism toward those considered deviant in their orthodoxy, rival orthodoxy or unorthodoxy.

Yet great turning points are discernible in the history of the crowd. The events beginning with 1789 and the hesitant development of an independent working-class movement in the first decades of the 19th century were decisive for the history of the crowd and Europe. During the revolution, crowds acted at specific and critical moments to accomplish significant political results. The number of these decisive occasions was astonishingly few. Rudé cites as the "most important" revolutionary *journées* some thirteen events in the six years from 1789 to 1795. These important days numbered twenty-six of rioting out of a possible 2,190. A craftsman who left

his bench to help out in these significant demonstrations would have lost little more than 1 per cent of the time normally spent at his work or behind the counter in his small shop. No revolutionary *journées* lasted more than five days, and most were of two days' duration. Soboul and others have suggested that physical exhaustion explains in part why the *sans-culottes* did not turn out to rescue Robespierre on 9th Thermidor. But if those called upon had participated in the last major political riot, they would not have been active since the insurrection of September 4-5, 1793, an interval of eleven months in their call to service as members of the crowd.

This historical record underscores by analogy the task and achievement of those responsible for recruiting demonstrators in the American civil rights struggle. This cause does not have, however, an ongoing bourgeois political revolution to which its forces might respond. And the civil rights *journées* have not had the impact of those in France which for a time fixed the direction of the revolution. The leaders of the contemporary fight for freedom correctly sense that a revolutionary situation may be necessary if they are to succeed. Our anti-revolutionary and a-revolutionary culture and political climate make reflection on the great revolution of the 18th century all the more significant and necessary.

Rudé's *Revolutionary Europe* expertly conveys the consensus of modern

scholarship on the periodization, critical issues and consequences of the revolution. He puts at the same time his own stamp on this material, and is at his best when dealing with the activity of the *sans-culottes* in the great *journées* of 1789-95. Surprisingly, Rudé examines the old question of Napoleon's place as heir or traitor to the revolution with more objectivity and generosity than has been the practice of historians who have witnessed the tyrannies of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini.

The collapse of the old order is seen as the result of the increasing inefficiency on the part of those who governed at a time when the bourgeoisie outside the political decision-making process pressed more and more for political power and responsibility. Rudé accepts as something almost anticlimactic the extraordinary achievement of this class and, as a consequence, he fails to explain adequately their preparation for this triumph. Not enough attention is given to how the bourgeoisie created precisely the political institutions suited to their needs, or to the means by which this class prevailed throughout all the vicissitudes of the revolution, surviving the *sans-culottes* threat, the terror, Napoleon.

The bourgeoisie not only survived but, profiting by their revolutionary education, founded the political order and society that prevailed until the First World War, and which psychologically still dominates the European spirit. One can only wish that Jean-Paul Sartre, whose *Nausea* represents the perfect anti-bourgeois spiritual statement, would write a history of the revolution. He alone has the talent and the animus to explain the tenacity and success of this class. Until that work is done from the perspective of Sartre, the best explanation of the bourgeois dominance remains that of the Marxist historian Albert Soboul. He attributes, as did Marx, the bourgeois achievement to their ownership and direction of the productive processes of the developing capitalist economy. This thesis, despite its shortcomings, is the best we have and goes a long way to explain why the *sans-culottes*, the heroes of Rudé's books, were unable to fashion the revolution in their own image.

One reason why Rudé inadequately reconstructs the historical accomplishments of the bourgeoisie is that he is determined to underestimate the contribution of the Enlightenment thought to the revolution. Rudé insists again and again that the role of the *philosophes* is "problematic," and he correctly cites

THE WINDS

*I do not like the winds because
They are too like my passionate self,
I want the winds to die down and the calm
To allow me to establish myself.*

*It is only in the calm of early evening
I feel man's short triumphs
When by the elevation of the spirit alone
He overcomes his defiance.*

*It is in the improbable hour of peace
Between the rigors and riots of war
A semblance comes of a high ideal,
Glimpse of a fraction of what we are*

*If reality would permit us
Not to be cloudy,
If God would relieve us
And show us reality.*

*When the winds come they will blow
Away my pennant. I will
Lie low until they pass, and then
I will raise up the evanescent.*

RICHARD EBERHART

the occasions in which the ideas of the *philosophes* were hardly decisive. The Thermidorian reaction was more indebted to the experience of 1789 to 1794 than to the *Encyclopédie* of 1751, or Voltaire's *Candide* of 1759, or Rousseau's *Du contrat social* of 1762. But these bourgeois works formed the bourgeois expectation of history and revolution. After magnificently tracing each step in the *sans-culottes'* revolutionary activity until the fall of Robespierre and the concurrent defeat of the *sans-culottes*, Rudé dramatically introduces those who prevailed with the statement: "The Plain then emerged as the victors of Thermidor. There were idealists and ideologues among them; but on the whole, they were hard-headed men to whom the Revolution had been a profitable business. . . ." What is the historical secret of their success? Has it been transmitted to their heirs in our time? How did they develop so quickly the techniques of survival and dominance in politics, as well as in the market place? The "Plain" receives two sentences in Rudé's book and no mention in the index! Obviously the wrong side won, but how? Ours is not yet a post-bourgeois world and we must understand its secrets if history is to witness the interment of the bourgeois era in history.

Some sources of the bourgeois victory in the revolution will be found by reconsidering the place of the *philosophes* in shaping the 18th century's spirit and history. Our purest concepts of justice, of freedom, of equality, of education, of pleasure, of the possibilities of sex, of tragedy, of success, are largely those of the Enlightenment *philosophes*. Marx was assuredly their greatest successor and the major critic of their limits. But it was the achievement of the Enlightenment thinkers to make human happiness the proper matter of political discourse and the perfection of the human personality a civic rather than religious issue. The *philosophes* made the revolution possible for in the decades preceding its outbreak they created the conviction that the human situation might be refashioned through reflection and action. Through their work history lost its ancient capacity to dominate and restrict life. History became identified with opportunity; the future entered secular life. The *philosophes* announced the fallibility of all institutions and made freedom the test of any civilized polity. The *philosophes* rethought the implications of all human conduct and ethics, and the meaning of human loneliness and

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PROGRAM AND PARTICIPANTS

Morning Session

Conference Purpose: JAMES J. STORROW Jr., Publisher, *The Nation*.
Our Policy on China and Vietnam: Senators GEORGE McGOVERN (S.D.); MARK HATFIELD (Ore.); EUGENE McCARTHY (Minn.)

Luncheon Session

Domestic Urgencies vs. Military Costs: Mayor JEROME CAVANAGH of Detroit; Rev. Dr. MARTIN LUTHER KING, Jr., Nobel Peace Laureate and Chairman, Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Afternoon Sessions

How Do the Media Cover Pacific Developments?: Senator ERNEST GRUENING (Alaska), former Editor, *The Nation*; CECIL BROWN, Director of News, Community Television of Southern California; MALCOLM W. BROWNE, Pulitzer Prize winner, recent chief A.P. and A.B.C. correspondent in Vietnam. *New Priorities and New Constituencies:* SEYMOUR MELMAN, Professor of Industrial Management and Engineering, Columbia University; CAREY McWILLIAMS, Editor, *The Nation*.

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solidarity was not absent from their considerations.

Undoubtedly the bourgeois proved faithless to this inheritance; the misery, the cant, the hypocrisy of our private and public lives make this evident. Yet the meaning of the revolution in thought which preceded the revolution of aristocrats, bourgeois, *sans-culottes*, generals, remains the heart of the matter. It is to be hoped that Rudé and other historians will stop their embarrassing efforts to build a wall of separation between the thought of the Enlightenment and the economic and social course of the revolution. When the fusion of thought and action during the revolution is better understood we will comprehend again its splendor and recover its symbolic place in our lives.

Tocqueville never failed to praise and stand in awe at the extraordinary moments in the revolution when the selfishness normal to most men was put aside in the great effort to create a freer and more human condition. He saw the revolution at its most perfect hour when

men possessed of common purpose and intent transcended the limits of their nature. Contemporary historical accounts often fail to capture the heroic and superhuman achievements of the revolution because our age rejects the myth and the belief in the possibility of revolt. We are best at finding out why specific groups and causes fail. The expectation of failure governs our historical imagination and our lives. Perhaps we are of this mind because we have accepted Freud's completion of the work of Nietzsche. Nietzsche announced to Western man that his God was dead, and Freud more calmly informed us that efforts to refashion the human situation through revolt were illusions. Nietzsche needed a madman to bring his news. Now the death of belief in revolution is similar news that can be uttered only by a madman. Freud's message to mankind is that expectations of consolation are infantile and neurotic, and that only the wild and foolish can still be disturbed by the loss of light which the Western revolution once introduced into society.

state of nature, regain the freedom of action that would alone enable them to develop individually and collectively along paths of virtue and self-realization? "Man is born free, yet everywhere he is in chains." What instrument will he use to break the chains? The answer is clear: radical, egalitarian democracy.

Rousseau was no revolutionary, partly because of temperament, partly because he did not live in a revolutionary situation. Although he could counsel a friend: "Do you want to relieve your sufferings? Learn to suffer in peace, become patient and gentle; you will soon cease to feel wretched," he did not say this because he was, as Guéhenno has it, on the side of the masters. But he was a radical, an egalitarian and a democrat.

In the context of the 18th century, only a radical egalitarian could say that "man is the same in all classes; since the rich man has no bigger stomach than the poor man and is no better able to digest his food, since the master's arms are no longer or stronger than his slave's, since the great ones of the Earth are in fact no greater than ordinary people; and, lastly, since human needs are everywhere the same, the means of satisfying them ought to be equal everywhere." Only a radical could write: "I am constantly being enjoined to suggest only what is feasible. This is tantamount to saying: suggest doing what is already being done, or at least suggest a satisfactory course which can be combined with the existing evil. Such a project is, in some connections, much more illusory than my own for, in the combination of good and evil, the good is corrupted and the evil is not cured. . . ." Only a democrat could formulate a theory of reliance on the general will.

Whether as a matter of choice or because of the force of circumstance, Rousseau had a theory without practice. But this did not doom him to sterility. Neither he nor the *philosophes* changed the world, despite Guéhenno's claim to the contrary. What they did was to provide sets of ideas that might eventually be used for social analysis and political action. No man more than Rousseau has been claimed as a founding father by so many diverse schools of thought. Romantics saw him as one of their own because of his conception of nature and individual freedom, Socialists exalted him for his view of the origin of property, Jacobins hailed him as the prophet of virtue. Each in his own way was right, but all took from him only what they found appealing. The procedure is normal and no cause for regretful sighs. Rousseau was an 18th-century man

An 18th-Century Man

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. *By Jean Guéhenno. Translated from the French by John and Doreen Weightman. Vol. I: 1712-1758. 460 pp. Vol. II: 1758-1778. 316 pp. Columbia University Press. \$17.50 the set.*

JEFFRY J. KAPLOW

Mr. Kaplow, an assistant professor of history at Columbia University, specializes in the history of modern France. He is the author of *Elbeuf During the Revolutionary Period* (Johns Hopkins Press) and *New Perspectives on the French Revolution* (John Wiley).

These volumes tell us all we may reasonably care to know and more about the life of Jean Jacques Rousseau. For 750 pages we follow the hero from birth to death, from first love to last, from his origins as a humble artisan to the heights of philosophic fame. He is portrayed in all his contradictory moods and tendencies, as he wandered from place to place and idea to idea, in his eternal quest for truth. Guéhenno has no trouble in convincing us that Rousseau the seeker always remained true to his essential being, and that the motto "*vitam impendere vero*" (a life submitted to truth) was for him no piece of idle rhetoric. But despite the detail and the biographer's sympathy for his sub-

ject, the book remains dissatisfying and dull. For the analysis of ideas that ought to have been the core of the book, as the ideas themselves were the core of the man, is nowhere systematically undertaken; and the historical background—indeed, the notion of history that informs the book—are both shockingly inadequate.

To say that what is essential about Rousseau is his continual striving after truth is to make of him a pure intellectual unconcerned with the problems of the world outside the ivory tower. It is to exalt process and to undervalue achievement; the results of the thought process. Furthermore, it is to postulate an absolute separation between philosophy and action, a separation which I do not think Rousseau would have found congenial. (One of the great sources of his frustration was that he could not put his ideas into execution.) Finally, this procedure makes it almost impossible to see his ideas on specific subjects as parts of a whole view of humanity and its potential. Rousseau was not a systematic philosopher, but he did orient his researches around a central theme: under what conditions might men, corrupt because living in a society based on inequality, deprived forever of the pristine purity of the

whose ideas could not be transferred whole into any subsequent historical period. He might inspire the future, but he could not analyze it. In his pursuit of truth, and still more with the several bits of truth he thought he had found, Jean Jacques provided us with a Pandora's box of questions and insights that has yet to be emptied.

All this can be understood only if we take Rousseau away from the privacy of *les Charmettes* and *l'Ermitage* and place him in history, that is, in the society of which he was a part. This Guéhenno cannot do, for he does not know that society as he should. He speaks of Rousseau escaping from middle-class society, but I suspect that aristocratic is a more proper term. He says Montesquieu "had shown that freedom could be the result of a sober compromise between the various forces which go to make up society. But it was too late. Society was too far gone in decay to listen to his teachings: the mighty clung too tenaciously to their privileges and the weak to their grievances." But surely Montesquieu's concept of freedom was not Rousseau's, based as it was on an aristocratic constitution. What is more, the statement assumes that the contending parties, whoever they may have been, were free to deal with one another as equals, and this is clearly not the case. Perhaps this failure to see clearly the historical context is inevitable in an author who declares that "there is almost always something petty about the writing of history. Erudition is a means of helping us out of difficulties and masking our ignorance. The most learned historian can do no more than base his account on a few events, the memory of which has been

preserved only by chance. He piles anecdote upon anecdote, and fills in the appropriate span of time as best he can. The essential point remains shrouded in mystery."

As in many another case, this biography tells us as much about its author as its subject. Guéhenno makes this clear when he writes that he was first drawn to Rousseau by the latter's conviction that truth alone was worth caring about. This is now unfashionable. Today, men, even righteous men, have abandoned truth, and individuals no longer matter. "Slaves claim that they have adopted the manners and morals of the masters in order not to be exploited by them. Both parties raise their voices with equal force and have recourse to the same devices in order to scream out their lies." The world is indeed a subject for anguished contemplation, but "to cultivate a certain kind of anguish is also to nourish hope." The postulated relationship between the disappearance of truth (here defined as an unchanging absolute) and the decline of individualism is vague, to say the least. But what is more important is Guéhenno's apologia for his own attitudes. What he is saying is that he has become disillusioned with the Left and sees little hope for political action of any sort in contemporary France. Everything is corrupt, seen from the inner sanctum of the Académie Française. Guéhenno, the popular front man of the thirties, was the image of the rational, clear-thinking, concerned intellectual. It is a pity that he has chosen in recent years to withdraw from the fray in order to cultivate not his garden but his anguish. Neither Rousseau nor we are the richer for that decision.

the ensemble, however striking locally, never appears to develop, and ultimately seems to derive its brilliance simply from the inherent characteristics of the all-upper-register timbral combinations (vibraphone, xylophone, alto flute, guitar, viola, alto voice, etc.) than from their compositional deployment. Thus it seems especially revealing that phrase demarcation is accomplished throughout by externally imposed pauses—one of the immediately identifying mannerisms of the work—rather than by any internal inflection generated by the ebb and flow of unfolding pitch and durational relations.

In particular, the essential externality of the idea is evident in the way the later sections progressively degenerate, running hopelessly out of ideas in the absence of any developmental implications to be drawn from preceding events; a really low inventive point is reached at the close in the introduction of the unfocused, conventionally portentous clangor of gongs as an obviously "polar" backdrop for the delicate pitch articulation of the solo alto flute.

Although one would expect Boulez's own performance to approach definitiveness, his players are evidently unable to give him any consistent representation of the dynamics printed in the score (Severino Gazzelloni's caprices are particularly glaring), and his singer simply cannot be relied upon to produce the indicated pitches, although her voice quality seems ideally lucent, flexible and unforced. On the other hand, the ensemble as a whole seems to project the textural and sonorous qualities of the work quite adequately. Although the recording is manifestly superior to Robert Craft's noble but foredoomed effort with indoctrinated players and no preparation time, the concert performances given a few years ago by Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, with Bethany Beardslee as vocalist, seemed far more accurately to represent what Boulez's own notation requires.

NEW MUSIC FOR PIANO. Works by Dahl, Berger, Kennan, Adler, Overton, Babbitt, Gideon, Berkowitz, Weber, Kraft, Pisk, Powell, Gould, Fine, Hovhanness, Perle, Cazden, Prostackoff, Glanville-Hicks, Bacon, Helps, Brunswick, Kim, Alexander. Robert Helps, piano. RCA Victor LM/LSC 7042.

This album is as valuable for its representation of important aspects of American musical development that are rarely encountered in recent new-music activities as for the superior performances it contains of important works by more

Records / Benjamin Boretz

BOULEZ: *Le Marteau sans maître*. Jeanne Deroubaix, alto; Severino Gazzelloni, alto flute; Georges van Gucht, xyloimba; Claude Ricou, vibraphone; Jean Batigne, percussion; Anton Stingl, guitar; Serge Collot, viola. Pierre Boulez, cond. Turnabout TV 4081/TV 340818.

Although the proclamation of the *Marteau sans maître* as a new *Sacre du printemps* has long since proved to be a false alarm, one can understand how it could have created an impression of this kind, and could even attract the wary attention of the composer of the real *Sacre*. For the work immediately projects

a highly novel temporal, timbral and articulative atmosphere and striking individual "events" of remarkably compressed, intricate and densely articulated, but sonorously bright and lucid texture.

Soon, however, one becomes aware of a fundamental disjunction between this textural intricacy and the degree of significant connection from event to event and in the totality. Essentially, the "originality" of the phraseology proves to derive from the maximally dense juxtaposition and extension of individual parts that are themselves rather literally "Webernian," so that the evident intricacy is more external than contextual. And the special sonority of

frequently heard composers. Thus Mark Brunswick, Miriam Gideon and Vivian Fine were members of a group of serious and accomplished composers who centered around Roger Sessions in the 1930s, and whose work was quite regularly performed in prewar contemporary music circles, along with that of such important younger composers as Edward Cone, whose omission from the

present album is especially regrettable.

In general, these composers were influenced by Sessions' concern for the unfolding of structure through an unbroken, "long-line" continuity in which differentiations evolve out of the inflecting lines of a continuous, densely interwoven counterpoint, rather than as explicitly articulated "contrasts." The manifestations of this idea in the work of the postwar generation of Sessions-oriented composers are represented in the album by the work of Earl Kim (whose recent compositional reawakening, notable especially in the performances of his *Dead Calm* given at Marlboro and at Tanglewood last summer, has been one of the gratifying developments of the past year) and of Robert Helps himself. And Ben Weber's kind of 12-tone music, with its strongly traditional-associative, soft-textured surface, seems also to derive from this approach. (Whereas, for example, the 12-tone music of Paul Pisk stems directly from the Viennese source.)

The two aspects of "neoclassicism" that were perhaps the most powerful presences on the prewar American musical scene were associated with the work of Stravinsky and Hindemith. Of the composers in this album, Ingolf Dahl was once widely known and performed as a principal exponent of Stravinskian thought, but in the powerful backwash of Stravinsky's own reorientation he has paid the price of obscurity for his continued faithfulness to Stravinsky's earlier approach. In this connection, the absence of music by Louise Talma and Alexei Haieff who, with Dahl, Harold Shapero and Irving Fine, were the real virtuosos among the "classic-surface" Stravinskians, is really unfortunate, given the sense that its inclusion would have provided of the range, nature and prevalence of these qualities in American music up to the very recent past.

The Hindemith orientation, with its emphasis on maximally unambiguous connections in sonority, line and contour in every dimension, and maximal clarity of event-demarcation and a kind of orderly succession of events that seems almost independent of their interior content, is still occasionally evident in the Mel Powell piece included as well as in the music of Leo Kraft and Norman Cazden. The *Six Preludes* of George Perle are characteristically idiosyncratic in their completely personal exploration of highly original ideas—here, particularly of rhythmic succession and harmonic structure—and characteristically impressive in the degree to which they project both coherence and

contextual identity against what often appear to be formidable obstacles of constraint and speculative extension.

Arthur Berger's *Two Episodes* (1933), surely among the first American attempts at 12-tone composition, are remarkably mature in technique and invention, with a "harmonic," "phraseological" control of the 12-tone unfolding that is astonishingly sophisticated for such an early attempt by a 21-year-old composer in a direction whose ostensible further pursuit in his own work was deferred for a twenty-year "neoclassic" interim. This aspect of the *Episodes* also anticipates, indeed illuminates, some of the special qualities of continuity and sonority that made Berger's music the most "internally" generated, as well as the most externally original, of the Stravinsky school—those characteristics that led to Berger's being described as a "diatonic Webern." And Milton Babbitt's *Partitions* (composed for Helps) is perhaps the best possible introduction to his work: it realizes within a minute time scale a completely developed and extraordinarily ramified structure and projects, in two or three minutes, at least as many suggestions and articulations of ideas about the compositional possibilities of piano sound, registration and technique as can be found in all the rest of the album.

Partitions, too, is above all the piece for Helps's pianism, with its combination of a Lisztian mechanical command and an effortless fluency that conjoins a remarkable combination of articulative "coolness" and inflective sensitivity under the most strenuous technical conditions. But Helps's capacities also result in wonderfully intelligent and considerate performances of all the works; perhaps the beautiful penetration to the somewhat oblique qualities of the Berger and Perle pieces are the real musically tours de force, if not the most spectacular *coups de doigts*, in the entire collection.

In thus satisfying a serious need for representation—in adequate performance—of serious music otherwise unavailable, Victor (subsidized here by the Abby Whiteside Foundation) has performed a substantial service. But given the care and distinction of Helps's playing, and its invariable association, whenever I have heard him in live performance, with an extraordinarily delicate and lucid piano sound, the wash-tub sonority produced by whatever combination of instrument and engineering that emerges from these records is—in the one area for which the record company itself was wholly responsible—symptomatically lamentable.



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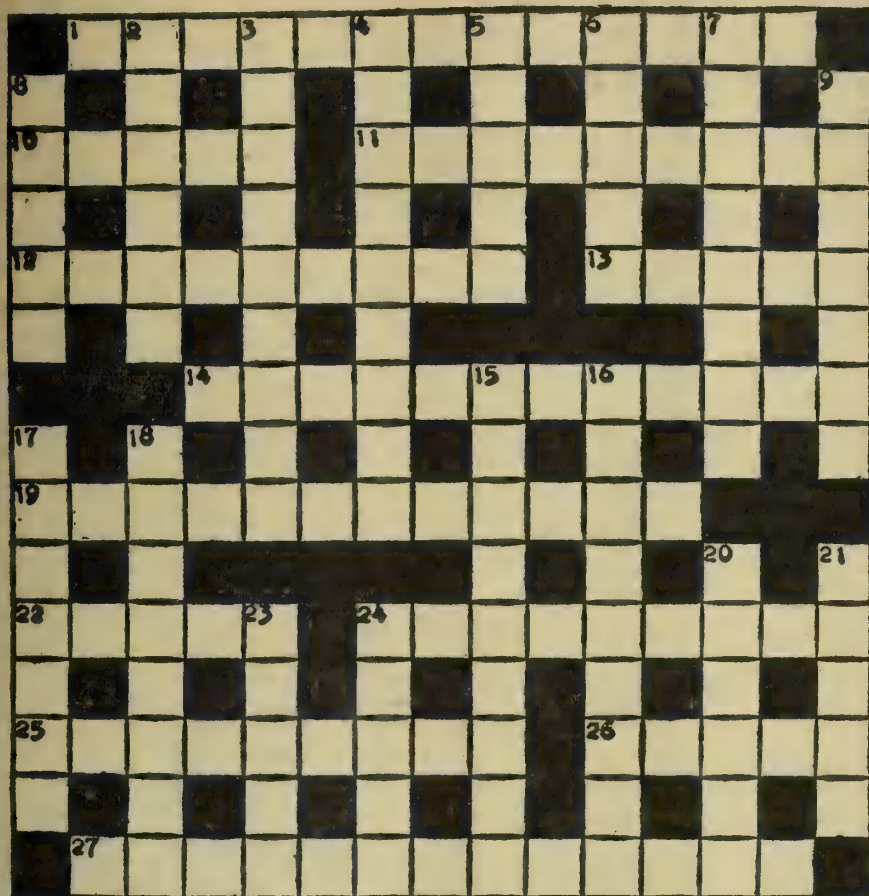
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1188

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Fast guns, as they might be called, offering a certain amount of protection. (9, 4)
- 10 Are books so called? (5)
- 11 The goings are tough for those who may have voted for Maddox. (9)
- 12 The sort of island met in the strip? (9)
- 13 A foreign word for toast. (5)
- 14 If somehow a girl ran, was a common land controlled by them? (8, 4)
- 19 Might be rather high for ship-owners who like things neat for the sailor. (8, 4)
- 22 Where the stars might stand assault? (5)
- 24 Likely to turn out well, as the wedding couple might be. (9)
- 25 Choice expressed, or pertaining to the choice expressed. (9)
- 26 Macbeth's tale-teller? (5)
- 27 Agreeing to be keeping in touch? (13)

DOWN:

- 2 How people take in the behavior of a practical joker, by the sound of it. (6)
- 3 It might be rather showy to have the gear handy when it is moved. (9)
- 4 It happens every day darkness and autumn seem to go together. (9)
- 5 It might be a tie or a suspender. (5)
- 6 Subjects of eager desire. (5)
- 7 Search all over an Arabian country for such an interpreter! (8)

- 8 With it, one should be able to dig up something in a dark suit. (5)
- 9 Impractical slogan for the austerity minded. (7)
- 15 Serious misunderstanding. (9)
- 16 Zeroed in? Made 9, rather. (9)
- 17 It's bad, in a way, to sign in the middle. (7)
- 18 He raised quite a storm in order to get along well with the circle. (8)
- 20 We all hope to have it good, as mystics might see it. (6)
- 21 A barrier of stone. (5)
- 23 You could be in a class by yourself, if one does it to you! (5)
- 24 Performs in a hair-splitting way for such characters? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1187

ACROSS: 1 Promulgate; 6 Clef; 10 Lafitte; 11 Circuit; 12 Hoes; 13 Stalactite; 15 Isthmus; 16 Delphic; 17 Unpiles; 20 Run down; 22 Ivory Coast; 23 Mine; 25 Offense; 26 Toadies; 27 Sari; 28 Second gear. DOWN: 1 Pulchritudinous; 2 Off-beat; 3 and 24 Untoward; 4 Ghettos; 5 Tackled; 7 Loutish; 8 Father confessor; 9 Crackling; 14 Employing; 18 Proffer; 19 Slovene; 20 Risotto; 21 Olivine.

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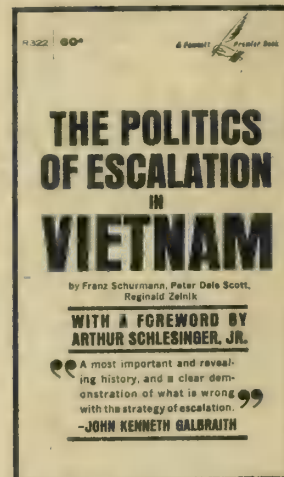
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LETTERS

phone call

Lexington, Mass.

DEAR SIR: A measure of the seriousness of the "credibility gap" resulting from President Johnson's foreign policy can be obtained by considering a perfectly possible event: suppose one of our bombing planes patrolling in Europe wandered from its course, due to human or technical failure, onto Russian territory, crashed near a town, and one of the bombs exploded. (Admittedly, this is a chain of highly improbable events—but Palomares, last year, taught us how events can infringe on the improbable.)

One of the functions of "credibility" is to provide a margin of protection against the dangers of just such improbable, but not inconceivable, events. But imagine, after such an explosion, the telephone call over the "hot line" to President Johnson by, say, Mr. Brezhnev. The President, undoubtedly, would strive to reassure his caller. But Mr. Brezhnev, as an official responsible to his own people, would have to measure those assurances in the light of our many recent protestations of innocence that have been belied by facts; and of our peace feelers accompanied by acts of escalation. What value could he assign to these predictable protestations? . . .

Add to the costs of the Vietnamese War, via the "credibility gap": a decrease in the protective value of the "hot line." Armand Siegel

hang on to Lyndon

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: The throes of California at this stage lead me to worry about the recent trends in liberal thought as exemplified in your pages. Many of us were lukewarm about Governor Brown, as you have been about President Johnson. We now have Reagan. Perhaps it is time for all liberals to rally around the President and bury our differences lest we have a Reagan on the national scene. Believe us Californians, there is a difference!

In other words, a few less critical remarks re Vietnam, etc. A few more words on the patience and moderation of the President, and his wisdom in internal affairs. We in the West now know the alternative. . . .

W. H. Spooner

befuddlement

Regina, Sask., Canada

DEAR SIR: Inasmuch as Allen Guttman said in his review of *Say That We Saw Spain Die* (*The Nation*, Jan. 16): "Because any appreciation of Marxism is likely these days to bring accusatory letters, I should add that I am not a Marxist," I feel compelled to write an "accusatory letter." . . .

To paraphrase Albert Fowler in his article, "The Death of Liberalism," in the November, 1966, *Fellowship*, if liberalism received its death blow at the hands of the warfare state, it can be argued that the warfare state came into being because of the failure of an already stricken liberalism to deal effectively with the myth which was allowed to grow over the past few decades that Marxism and/or communism was "the enemy."

Poverty, disease, illiteracy, discrimination—i.e., colonialism, both at home and abroad—fostered by capitalism, not communism, is "the enemy," and as long as the Allen Guttman of this world contribute to the befuddlement of the people by remarks such as the above, we in the so-called liberal democracies will not get about the business of change which is necessary.

Milnor Alexander

EDITORIALS

The Swinging Senator

"They've got the money," said Sen. Robert F. Kennedy at the close of the controversy over the Manchester book, "and we've got the public relations problem." In a possible reaction to the public relations problem, the Senator then departed for a quick tour of European capitals—London, Paris, Bonn, Rome (and the Vatican)—and way stations. At Oxford he received a standing ovation; and everywhere (such is the charm of his personality, in transition from boyhood to middle age) he was well received and well headlined. His image began to glow again, and the improvement may be reflected in the upcoming popularity polls.

From the standpoint of peacemaking, however, the Kennedy mission was less successful. In this phase of the trip Mr. Kennedy may have had the purest intentions—"Blessed are the peacemakers"—but on the topic of Vietnam he was as cautious and evasive as George Romney. If he was going to be critical of his country, he said, he would be critical not in Europe but in Washington. By the time he reached Bonn, however, he was a mite critical, like a swimmer dipping his toe in chilly water. "We"—meaning the Johnson Administration—had not sufficiently pondered what we were going to negotiate about. Asked whether the United States should demand guarantees from Hanoi before halting the bombing of North Vietnam, he said coyly that perhaps his own position was somewhat different from that of the U.S. Government, and that he had entertained "some serious reservations about the military usefulness of the bombing in any case." He did not say he disapproved of the bombing, or that he approved. By repeating what almost everyone has already said about its military effectiveness he was on safe ground.

What got him the headlines was his statement at Oxford that he thought the next three weeks would be "critical, crucial weeks." If the Senator was not just talking through his hat, this remark indicated that he knew something that hardly anyone else knew. Coupled with his trip to Paris, where General de Gaulle has been urging Washington to stop beating up the little brown brothers in Vietnam, all the signs and portents now pointed to the Senator as a messenger of peace. The notion that Kennedy was indeed the key figure in a prospective settlement of the war was fostered—but only briefly—by *Newsweek's* story that he was bringing back a French-sponsored, three-point peace formula.

The reason for the quick disillusionment was that the *Newsweek* story originated from a high but mysterious source in Washington. That this source had a pipe line to the White House was almost a foregone conclusion. A combined Kennedy-de Gaulle peace coup would be about as welcome to President Johnson as a nuclear bomb

dropped on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. His dislike for both the Senator and the General is no secret. When they enter into a cooperative peace coup, or seem to, the Presidential blood pressure is bound to rise. The *News-week* coup was a skillful piece of deflation. Even if Kennedy had a message, he would be forced to deny it. In any case, the suspicion would grow that he had nothing specific, but was just maneuvering to keep himself in the headlines.

The President put the Senator in his place by first having him talk to Under Secretary of State Katzenbach; only then did he grant the messenger of peace a Presidential interview. That Senator and President buried any personal differences in this meeting may be doubted. That peace was brought any nearer by the Kennedy journey and its attendant speeches is equally unlikely.

What the episode does reveal, not for the first time, is the weakness of the top echelons of the State Department—in particular the paucity of ideas and initiative coming from the Secretary himself. He expresses himself succinctly, but he has been saying the same thing for all these years, and everybody is tired of it. He tells us that he and Mr. Johnson yearn passionately for peace, but the North Vietnamese must be taught to let their neighbors alone. We will stop bombing if they will stop infiltrating. Then we can all gather around the peace table and we will take them apart there instead of on the battlefield.

It almost makes one excuse the Kennedy play for the headlines. If, in his present frustrated state, he could bring himself to make an unequivocal move for peace, the nation would be in his debt. His speech at the University of Chicago on China offers some hope that he may now find time and courage to address himself to the issues in Vietnam.

No Two Sides

There are, as the saying goes, two sides to every question, but occasionally one side is so frail that its existence may be doubted. There is really nothing pertinent to be said against the proposed Soviet-American consular treaty now before the Senate. The deluge of "hate mail" on Senatorial desks merely uses the treaty as a warning to the legislators that no easing of East-West tensions will be tolerated. If the treaty fails of ratification, all efforts in this direction might as well be given up, at least in this session of Congress, and probably in the next as well.

The notion that the treaty, if put into effect, would release an army of Soviet spies on the United States belongs in a pulp magazine, not in the deliberations of the U.S. Senate. The treaty does not provide for the opening of consulates, either Soviet consulates in the United States or U.S. consulates in the Soviet Union. The treaty only sets up the machinery for doing so. The Johnson Administration could open consulates now but without

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THE NATION

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the reciprocal guarantees and sanctions which the treaty would provide. Nor is the idea of expanding consular representation of Democratic origin. The proposal originated with President Eisenhower, and has been hanging fire since he laid it before Congress some fourteen years ago.

J. Edgar Hoover complains that his spy hunters would be overwhelmed by the Soviet officials imported to man the consulates. Undoubtedly some of their consular officials would spy at every opportunity, as would ours in the Soviet Union. About a dozen people in each consulate might be in a position to do effective snooping, and there might be one or two Soviet consulates in the United States. This would not be much of an increment to the approximately 400 Russian diplomats now accredited to the United States, some of whom are gathering legitimate intelligence, some of whom are stepping over the indistinct line which separates allowable intelligence activities from those proscribed.

The chief purpose of the treaty is to protect U.S. citizens who travel in the Soviet Union. The Soviets can now arrest an American tourist and are under no obligation to report the fact to our officials. The treaty provides for notification after no more than three days, and for visits by consular officials to the person arrested. We accord these rights to Soviet citizens, but at present there is no reciprocity. Since some 18,000 Americans visited the Soviet Union last year, this is no slight matter.

The President has supported the treaty, but in a rather feeble manner. His objective seems to be rather to get a fringe benefit for himself in the form of a split among Republicans. The most vigorous support for the treaty has in fact come from liberal Republicans like Thruston Morton and George Aiken. Irreconcilable opposition has come from Senators like Karl Mundt, whose horror of any easing of East-West tensions goes back to the anti-Bolshevik frenzy of the 1920s. But the chief opposition is not American at all. It comes, as Senator Aiken has pointed out, from certain *émigré* groups, such as those that, on every occasion, fill literally hundreds of pages of the *Congressional Record* with boiler plate extolling the "captive nations" and excoriating the Soviet Union and the Eastern European nations. This is a well-financed, continuing operation. If it were exercised on behalf of Communist countries, it would have been hacked to pieces by HUAC and kindred investigative and propaganda bodies decades ago. But because it appeals to anti-Communist sentiment, Congressmen fawn upon its lobbyists and put the *Congressional Record* at their service. One would think that the Ukrainians, Estonians, et al., were laying down the guidelines for U.S. foreign policy. It would be much to the point, in connection with their present onslaught on the consular treaty, to learn where their organizational financing originates. It would also be a good opportunity for the United States to rid itself of these political scolds.

'Poor Power'

There are 34 million impoverished people in the country, of whom 7.4 million are on welfare. Three hundred of the latter met in Washington recently (the National Welfare Rights meeting) to devise better ways of organizing the rest. It may seem that 300 is a pretty small fraction of 7 million, but the organizational meetings of Dr. Martin Luther King's bus boycotters in Montgomery, Ala., in what now seems like an ancient era, were no larger. In fact, the 300 at the Welfare Rights conference represented about 10,000 organized welfare recipients across the country, and the movement is spreading swiftly, fired by almost intolerable conditions. In Mississippi, some people on welfare get as little as \$8 a month. In Ohio, \$2.50 is sometimes allotted for a child's winter coat. In New York, prices go up drastically on "check day" in grocery stores serving the poor. In Philadelphia, a couple and eight children are expected to survive on \$198 a month—a fairly typical concept of "welfare" as uncovered at this convention.

There are three times as many impoverished whites as blacks in the country, but the percentage of Negro poor is three times higher. The welfare movement is not entirely without a racial tone, but it is not primarily an adjunct of black power. Whites are welcome. The rallying cry is something that has not been heard since the 1930s and, before that, in the old Populist movement—"poor power." Negroes dominate because, more than whites, they are aware that for them welfare is likely to be a permanent way of life, and they are more eager to set their shelf in order. There is a Dostoevsky-like naturalism about a convention whose highest aim is to achieve reasonable poverty, but that was precisely the goal in this instance. These poor are demanding that all states be required to give welfare grants that would bring the recipients up to the federal "poverty line," or, failing in that, permit the welfare recipients to work enough to bring their income up to the poverty level without losing welfare money as a penalty for working. Other demands are modest enough: that the federal surplus foods program be available in every state (Mississippi wants to get rid of the program in order to starve out unneeded black farm workers, whom it already openly offers free bus tickets to Northern and Western states), and to require all states to provide aid to dependent children (only twenty-one states give this aid at present).

Unlike the civil rights movement—which these people speak of in the past tense, accepting it as dead—the welfare rights movement has no delusions about brotherhood as a quiescent but arousable passion in the bosom of the white man. Dr. George Wiley, former associate professor of chemistry at Syracuse University and former associate national director of CORE, is the leader of the Welfare Rights movement. He was boisterously applauded when he said, "If we learned anything from the civil rights

movement, it is that it is a mistake to think the liberals and moderates would grant what we are entitled to once the Negro stood up and demanded his rights."

It is a brave venture, launched on the theory that the organization can be held together with dues squeezed out of people who already do not have nearly enough. Wiley put his followers on notice that "we are going to have to organize independently of churches, unions, poverty programs." *The New York Times'* A. H. Raskin recently predicted that one of the top priorities on Walter Reuther's schedule, now that he has freed himself from Meany's drag, will be the organization of the poor. If this is true, it is news to Wiley, who has had no offers of help from labor. Even less does he expect help from the Office of Economic Opportunity, which Wiley contends is doing what it can to frustrate all organizing by the poor themselves.

The convention leaders asked President Johnson for an audience, but not only did he turn them down, he refused to let them talk to any member of the White House staff.

It was no disappointment. The officials of this movement expect nothing that is not forced from the Establishment. They hope eventually to have the strength to squeeze. Now they've scattered to their twenty-five states, their seventy cities, to recruit. The potential is there. As one woman put it fiercely, "We've got more po' folks than Johnson's got rich folks." That's the way they talked. Not "the President," and never "President Johnson." Niceties are for people who can afford them. These people are broke, angry, desperate and active.

The Arms Sales Racket

The Nation has been hammering away at the arms-sales program of the Department of Defense so long that, more than once, we have felt like apologizing to our readers for harping on an issue that seemed to agitate no one else (see "Kuss of Death," January 24, 1966, which referred to four earlier editorials on the subject, and "Arms-Twisting Arms Salesmen," June 20, 1966). Now, thanks largely to the efforts of Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, the staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has issued an excellent report on the program. Again and again the public has been assured that no arms sales are made without careful checks. But the staff report indicates that sales have been largely immune from policy considerations—except as the Department of Defense determines foreign policy. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency does not sit at the high table; the State Department's Office of Munitions Control has had virtually no influence over these transactions. In this field, as in many others, State is the tail wagged by Defense.

The arms-peddling program was instituted under the Mutual Security Act of 1957 with a \$15 million fund which soon became a revolving fund and hence a per-

manent fixture of the defense setup. With success, it grew to \$300 million. The legislation was amended, some years ago, to place a total government guarantee behind the sales—a guarantee of market, of profit, even of collection if the credit of the buyer was dubious. What manufacturer could ask for more? With the exception of a few vigilant voices, Congress allowed this program to expand without inquiring into the reasons for it or checking up on the consequences (as in the India-Pakistan flare-up or, more recently, in the Middle East). J. K. Galbraith explains this remarkable lassitude as "the curious obtuseness which excessive preoccupation with cold-war strategy produces in otherwise excellent minds." The recommendations in the staff report, if adopted, should bring this irresponsible arms-peddling program under proper control. The report is one more welcome indication that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is beginning to win back for the Senate a larger role in the formation and conduct of foreign policy.

The Bentley Award

The appropriateness of presenting the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism to Eric Bentley is so obvious as to require almost no comment. Not only is Mr. Bentley one of the most stimulating of critics; he is also so effectively engaged in teaching, translating, editing and directing as almost to comprise a theatre movement in his single person. He could as suitably have received this recognition in any of the past six years since the award was founded, but we are pleased for him that its \$4,000 comes at a moment when he is going on leave from Columbia University to carry out ventures in the theatre which he has had in mind for some time.

The first George Jean Nathan Award was made to Harold Clurman; its presentation to Mr. Bentley gives us the illusion that *The Nation* has been honored a second time. Over the years, we have come to think of him as the voice in our wings: the phone rings, a batch of clippings falls on our desk, a poem is offered, a letter beginning "Sirs:" takes us to task. It is Eric Bentley tipping us off, adding zest to our propositions, rapping our knuckles—and in whatever role showing an intense interest in what we say and how we say it.

It is an illusion, though, to suppose that this shows in Bentley any special concern for *The Nation*—he conducts himself with the same committed energy toward many of the contemporary journals of news and debate. He does so out of a conviction that men of letters, artists and critics, have a duty of citizenship to participate in the critical issues of their day. Bentley is English by birth and education, and his attitude is more common in Great Britain. We wish it would grow here, and that to encourage it someone would offer an Eric Bentley Award for men of letters who contribute usefully to the political, social and ethical dialogue of their day.

The Fighting Johnsons

When President Johnson was on his wild-swinging Far East tour, he stopped off in Korea to cheer the troops and it was there, in at least one speech, he made the claim that his great-grandfather died at the Alamo—that most sacred battle in Texas' war for independence from Mexico, a battle in which about 180 defenders (different historians give varying figures) died to the man. A Texas politician lucky enough to have had a relative at the Alamo would never pass up an opportunity to mention it. But not until 1966 did President Johnson make the claim. Why? Marquis Childs, reporting the incident, put the reason with gentlemanly subtlety: "This came as news to the Texas reporters" who heard the speech.

Now it seems that *ad hoc* history is taking hold. On January 15, James Reston of *The New York Times* wrote that Johnson is ". . . as idealistic as Wilson at Versailles and as savage as his grandfather at the Alamo."

TAPS, BUGS & SPIES

ANYTHING TO GET HOFFA

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many important articles for The Nation.

In an era when only power counts, the long jungle warfare between James R. Hoffa and the U.S. Department of Justice has gone into a new, stimulating, and sometimes hilarious phase. It might be called, considering the government's protestations of hurt innocence, the Case of the Wire-Tapping Gremlins; it involves, among other things, the spectacle of J. Edgar Hoover's chosen heir apparent, Cartha DeLoch, with his foot in his mouth; and most of this can be attributed to a verity of modern American ethics: \$200,000 in one pot will always outweigh a steady gratuity of \$200 a month.

When the U.S. Supreme Court last December upheld his 1964 Chattanooga conviction for jury tampering, Hoffa let it be known that \$200,000 in reward money awaited the man who could prove that his telephone lines had been tapped and his hotel premises bugged during that very period in 1964 when he was trying to consult with his attorneys and defend himself against the government's jury-tampering charges.

This munificent offer lured into the open one Benjamin David (Bud) Nichols, of Heiskell, Tenn., an expert in electronic gadgetry, who deposes that for the past ten years, in return for that \$200 monthly bounty, he has been tapping and bugging at the whim and direction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. One of his chores, he says, was the bugging and phone tapping of rooms occupied by Hoffa's entourage and by the jury during the Chattanooga trial.

There is not much doubt about the motivation that

The Nation wishes to do what it can to keep the ancestry of President Johnson inviolate from myth, and to that end points out the following: One of the President's grandfathers, Sam Ealy Johnson, Sr., was born in 1838, two years after the Alamo fell, and his other grandfather, Joseph Baines, was born "in the mid-1840s." Two Johnsons were killed at the Alamo but it would have been impossible for either of them to be his great-grandfather, since they died two years before the older of his grandfathers was born.

Just in case the history books referred to had goofed, *The Nation* telephoned Booth Mooney, LBJ's authorized biographer (*The Lyndon Johnson Story*) to inquire if he had ever heard Johnson mention this mysterious fighting ancestor. He hadn't.

This is not to disparage the President's ancestral ties to Texas history. After all, he did have a great-great-Uncle Bunton who fought at the battle of San Jacinto.

led Bud Nichols to make these belated revelations; hence, there might be some natural skepticism about his testimony. But the new motion that Hoffa's attorneys filed with the Supreme Court at the end of January does not rest upon Bud Nichols' story alone. His account is bolstered by the sworn statements of *four public officers*, who aver from their own personal knowledge that Hoffa and his attorney of record, William E. Bufalino, were victims of widespread and persistent wire tapping.

This new evidence reinforces what was patent to all but the innocent and the credulous in the record of the Chattanooga trial. A bit of background here becomes necessary.

Hoffa's trial in Chattanooga was based upon the earlier, so-called "Test Fleet" trial in Nashville, Tenn., which had ended in a hung jury. Hardly was the first trial over when Hoffa and a number of co-defendants were indicted and brought to trial in Chattanooga on the charge of tampering with the Nashville jury.

The government's ace in the hole in the Chattanooga trial was Edward Grady Partin, an ex-convict and a Baton Rouge, La., Teamster boss. Partin had been a constant Hoffa hanger-on during the Nashville trial and had ended up as a kind of sergeant-at-arms at Hoffa's door. Yet all the time, it developed, he had been an informer for Robert F. Kennedy's Department of Justice.

Partin had been in jail in Louisiana on charges of embezzlement and theft of union records, first-degree manslaughter and kidnapping. According to an affidavit later supplied to the Hoffa defense by a cellmate, Partin had announced that he would get out of jail by turning in Hoffa. He didn't care a damn about Hoffa, he reportedly

said; a man had to look out for himself. And so it transpired; bail was supplied; Partin was sprung; and at once enlisted in the ranks of justice as an undercover man.

The day after his release, Partin telephoned Hoffa and invited himself (as the government's own recordings of this and a subsequent conversation showed) to join Hoffa in Nashville. Partin went to this self-arranged rendezvous primed by government agents to look out for jury tampering. With this strong hint to guide him, he soon began turning up just the kind of stories his new employers wanted. Though government witnesses walked the thin line of perjury in denying that Partin was a paid informer (a violation of federal law), the government eventually was compelled to admit that more than \$1,500 had been paid to Partin's wife in regular monthly installments. There was other evidence of a *quid pro quo*. Once Hoffa was convicted with Partin's help, the government thoughtfully overlooked some \$5,000 in income tax evasion charges, and the indictments for embezzlement and manslaughter and kidnaping have remained suspended.

All of this the U.S. Supreme Court, with only Chief Justice Earl Warren vigorously dissenting, upheld as perfectly proper conduct in its December decision rejecting Hoffa's appeal. In doing so, the court also overlooked and condoned the fact that Hoffa and his lawyers and his witnesses had been subjected to constant surveillance by a squad of twenty-five FBI agents in a fleet of roving cars, directed from a radio command post, during the entire course of the Chattanooga trial. Patent on the record were indications that Hoffa's telephone lines and hotel suite must have been thoroughly tapped and bugged.

There was, for example, the Bernard Spindel incident. Spindel is a skilled wire tapper and electronics expert, and Hoffa, in the middle of the trial, had decided to call him to Chattanooga to counterspy electronically on the Department of Justice. The summons had been relayed to Spindel at his New York home by telephone, and when Spindel landed in Chattanooga, a small army of FBI agents was on hand to tail him from the airport to Hoffa's hotel headquarters. It was clear from the testimony of the government's own witnesses that they knew exactly who was coming and where and when to meet him—a most remarkable instance of forensic telepathy.

New light is now shed on such mysteries by the affidavits of Bud Nichols and four assorted public officers. According to Nichols, in an affidavit he signed for Hoffa's defense on January 11, he had been employed for ten years as a private snooper for the FBI, working out of the Knoxville office under the direction of FBI Agent John A. Parker. In summarizing his relationship with America's most sacrosanct agency, Nichols said:

I have been an informer for the FBI; I have tapped many telephone wires and performed many functions for the FBI; I have stolen for the FBI in conjunction with other agencies that required such service, the details of which have been incorporated in a statement given to Mr. Hoffa's attorneys. I feel that I have been a captive of the FBI. . . . I have made available to Mr. Hoffa's attorneys certain pertinent documents substantiating not only my qualifications in the electronics field but other evidence with respect to my association with the FBI and other agencies.

All this, if true, must come as a great shock to J. Edgar Hoover, who touched off a recent war of words by insisting his boys would never, never have practiced such black arts except for the explicit orders of Robert Kennedy. Ten years' service, of course, predates Kennedy's brief reign as Hoover's titular superior. Any pain that Hoover might feel by such revelations, however, must be mild compared to the anguish that will be Kennedy's if he ever reads the remainder of Nichols' affidavit.

According to Nichols, this is the way it happened:

About the middle of January, 1964, he was summoned by FBI Agent Parker for duty on the Hoffa case, and on January 16 or 17, Parker himself delivered two tape recorders and a batch of eavesdropping equipment to Nichols' home. Nichols was instructed to go to Chattanooga the next day and to call the FBI office there, using the code name of Major. He followed instructions and so met Walter Sheridan, Kennedy's special delegate in charge of the rackets squad entrusted with the task of nailing Hoffa. Sheridan, Nichols said, introduced him to another man with the words: "This is Major and he will work with you." Then, he said, Sheridan handed him a sketch and gave his new partner a set of keys.

Nichols and his newly designated aide departed about 9:30 or 10 P.M. for the Read House, a hotel in Chattanooga where the Hoffa trial jury was to be sequestered. They went to the tenth floor, and Nichols placed tiny radio transmitters in various rooms in accordance with the sketch given him by Sheridan. He also tapped all the phones. A recorder and a receiver were placed in a central room next to the elevator. Then Nichols walked through each room, counting in a soft voice to make sure the bugs were working, and picking up each telephone and counting softly into its mouthpiece. Satisfied that no spoken word could elude the sensitive electronic gadgetry, the two men went over to the Patten Hotel, where they similarly treated Rooms 906, 908, 912 and 914, all of which were to be occupied by Hoffa and his retinue.

Nichols' story is that he was kept on duty in Chattanooga throughout the trial, receiving an additional compensation of \$842 from the federal government. On one occasion, he says, he received an emergency summons to meet Walter Sheridan near the Patten Hotel. The tape recorder on Hoffa's taps appeared to have gone haywire. Nichols says he found a jack was loose and shoved it back in. Sheridan, he adds, "picked up several tapes and told me to go to the car and that he would be out in a minute. He came out to the car with the tapes in an envelope. I know this, for he referred to them in his conversation as we were going down to the Read House and stated that he knew they were going to win this case because Hoffa and his 'legal beagles were going crazy.'"

After another brief stop at the Read House, Nichols says, Sheridan "came down with an identical type of package which contained tapes, and he indicated that the jury pretty well had made up their minds."

Such is the Bud Nichols story. Naturally, there has been the very devil to pay. One tactic has been to denigrate Nichols. He was sentenced to six months at hard labor while in the army in 1948; he had four forgery charges lodged against him by Columbus, Ga., police in



James R. Hoffa

1949; and he was sentenced to four months in the workhouse in Knoxville on two forgery charges in 1951. He enlisted for a second hitch in the army in 1958 (this, he says, was at the behest of the FBI for whom he was doing undercover work), and was arrested as a deserter in February, 1959. On the whole, the government implies, here is an untrustworthy character—almost as untrustworthy as Edward Grady Partin.

Walter Sheridan is now an executive with the National Broadcasting Company. Enraged at the Nichols story, he told *The New York Times*: "I never met him [Nichols] in my life. I don't know of any wire tapping or bugging in the Hoffa case. As far as the statements made about me being involved in any bugging or wire tapping in this case—they're absolutely false."

FBI Agent Parker, the man who, Nichols says, gave him most of his orders during the years he lived underground with the FBI, seemed to have a different reaction. Asked if he knew Nichols, he groaned: "Oh, good Lord." And then shut up.

As for the Teamsters, they insist that they treated the Nichols tale with the greatest circumspection. Nichols was brought to the Washington headquarters of the Teamsters and grilled for a whole weekend by Teamster attorneys. "We checked every facet of his life and story before we would accept it," one Teamster spokesman says. Bernard Spindel was brought in to question Nichols about the details of the electronic eavesdropping, and assured the Teamsters that Nichols' description of the rooms and telephone hookups in the Patten and Read House was accurate in every detail. In addition, Teamster representatives say: "We have documentary evidence of things he did for the FBI. We can't say what it is at this time, but it is good and it is solid."

Whatever private documentation the Teamsters may

have about Bud Nichols and his activities, they have offered the court affidavits from three public officers who swear that they heard Walter Sheridan play back tapes of conversations that had taken place in Hoffa's suite in Chattanooga. Here again some essential background is necessary.

One of the stranger aspects of the jury-fixing tales spun by Edward Grady Partin involved a Huntington, W. Va., businessman named Nicholas Tweel. Partin's story was that on October 22, 1962, the very day of his arrival in Nashville to begin his spying on Hoffa, he had happened to meet Tweel in the lobby of the Andrew Jackson Hotel. He had never laid eyes on Tweel before, nor Tweel on him, but according to Partin they struck up such a fast and furious friendship that Tweel told him all about Hoffa's plans to fix the Nashville jury. Subsequently, Tweel and a business associate, Allen Dorfman, of Chicago, an insurance man who handled Teamster funds, were indicted with Hoffa on jury-fixing charges.

At the resulting 1964 Chattanooga trial at which Hoffa was convicted, Partin's account of the Tweel-Dorfman involvements in the alleged conspiracy received some rough handling. Tweel insisted he'd never known Hoffa, never met him, right up to the moment they were arraigned together on the jury-tampering indictment. Tweel's whole contact, it developed, had been with Dorfman, with whom he was planning a business venture. They had been scheduled to meet elsewhere, but Dorfman had been summoned to Nashville by Hoffa to bring some records that might be needed in the pending "Test Fleet" trial—and so Dorfman had asked Tweel to meet him there. Tweel was in Nashville for only one day and part of another; he discussed his business deal with Dorfman, then went back to Huntington, and never returned to Nashville. Even the jury that convicted Hoffa couldn't buy Partin's tale of Tweel's involvement, and both Dorfman and Tweel were acquitted.

But it was as a result of the Tweel tale told by Partin that three Huntington public officers became involved in the case and ultimately found themselves indicted. The key figure in this offshoot of the Hoffa case is Herman A. Frazier, now retired after twenty-four years' service with the Huntington Police Department. Frazier at one time had served as acting chief of the department, and in the fall of 1962 was Chief of Detectives. He had also been long active in the Fraternal Order of Police, a national organization with some 60,000 full-time police officers as members, and from 1961-65 was vice president of this organization. In addition to his official duties, he and two brother officers had organized the Huntington Research Bureau, a private agency concerned primarily with polygraph work, screening employees for private industry and national defense agencies.

On October 19, 1962, three days before Partin in Nashville was to encounter and implicate Tweel, Frazier received a visit from a mystery man who identified himself as Jack Wrather. He told Frazier that the trial was to start in Nashville the following Monday and said that Hoffa's forces needed a check on the panel from which the trial jury would be drawn. Frazier expressed some surprise that the Teamsters, with their resources, wouldn't already have gathered all the information they needed,

but Wrather silenced his doubts by giving him two \$100 bills and six \$50s. Frazier agreed to take off for Nashville, to register at the Noel Hotel, and to get in touch with Wrather who would be at the Andrew Jackson.

To help him, Frazier enlisted Police Capt. Alfred Nelson Paden, of the Huntington force, and Albert P. Cole, who at the time was personnel director of Huntington. Frazier later testified that he began to have some qualms about this whole mysterious business and that these qualms were intensified when an unknown man appeared at his hotel room and began instructing him about the procedure for checking on the jury panel. Frazier's two comrades were absent, and when Frazier expressed some doubts about whether they could fulfill their assignment, the man said, oh, it was very simple, he would show Frazier how it was done. Picking up Frazier's hotel room phone, he made a few calls to prospective jurors, pretending he was a journalist doing a story. Frazier began to dislike the look of things and said he wouldn't do anything until he had talked to Wrather. So he went to the Andrew Jackson Hotel and asked for Jack Wrather. And was told that no such man was there, or ever had been.

While at the Andrew Jackson, Frazier chanced to meet Nicholas Tweel, whom he had known since school days in Huntington. That night, he and his friends had dinner with Tweel, did the town a bit; and the next day they all went back to Huntington, never having heard from Jack Wrather again, never having done anything in Nashville. But behind them, on the record, of course, were those telephone calls that, according to Frazier, the mysterious visitor had made from their hotel rooms.

Now matters began to get sticky for Frazier, Paden and Cole. On February 1, 1963, two FBI agents called on Frazier. He was later subpoenaed to testify before a Nashville grand jury investigating the alleged jury fixing, and he was questioned many times by Walter Sheridan. Sheridan, he says, demanded that he take a lie-detector test. Frazier at first demurred, but later agreed. He was given a long and exhaustive lie-detector test by the FBI; and, as he never heard anything about it again, as the results were not subsequently used to challenge his veracity, it must be assumed that he passed with flying colors.

Despite this, Frazier, Paden and Cole were indicted for attempted jury fixing. They were tried twice. The first jury disagreed and the second, in a trial in early 1965, acquitted them.

During all the months that their fate hung in the balance, Frazier says in the affidavit he has now furnished the Teamsters, he and his companions were repeatedly questioned and pressured to get them to testify against Hoffa. "It would require many pages to tell all the harassment, pressure and embarrassment we suffered at the hands of some members of the United States Department of Justice," his affidavit says. He charges that much of the pressure came from Walter Sheridan, and he relates one incident in which, he says, Sheridan exposed himself.

"At one such interview before my indictment," Frazier's affidavit reads, "Sheridan asked me several questions subject of which he could only have known by listening to my phone conversations. I told him he was tapping my phone and he would not deny nor admit it.

"Nelson Paden and I decided to lay a trap by phone to

prove to Sheridan that we knew he was tapping our phones. We decided on a name few people have and that we would discuss that name when we called each other. We used the name 'Armentrout' and indicated that he was connected with our being in Nashville. Apparently, Sheridan couldn't contain himself and he asked me who Armentrout was and why we hadn't told him of Armentrout. I then accused him of tapping my phone. I told him that Armentrout didn't exist and that he had fallen into our trap. He did not deny the accusation."

Sheridan remained convinced that Tweel and Dorfman, acting as go-betweens for Hoffa in the jury-fixing plot, had been responsible for the presence of the three investigators in Nashville, and so, Frazier says, he kept trying to get what he called "the truth" from them. According to Frazier, Paden and Cole, Sheridan was finally driven into committing the indiscretion of playing his tapes. Frazier says that on one occasion Sheridan turned on a tape recorder for him, and—

Two men were talking. One was Hoffa's voice. Sheridan said it was Hoffa and that the other was an attorney. . . . Hoffa was asking this man who the hell Frazier, Paden and Cole were and who the hell brought them to Nashville in the first place. The other man said he didn't know who they were. . . .

Frazier says in his affidavit that Sheridan played another tape:

I could hear a noise like a phone ringing and a voice said, "Hello." Hoffa's voice said, "Bufalino, do you know who the hell Frazier, Paden and Cole are and how the hell they got involved in this case?" Bufalino said: "Jimmie, I really don't know. I do know Nick Tweel knows them."

Hoffa and Bufalino discussed the problem some more, and Hoffa decided to get an opinion from Z. T. (Tommy) Osborn, Jr., one of his attorneys in Nashville and a man who was to be indicted and convicted on jury-tampering charges. Sheridan, Frazier said, then played another sample of his tape library

that began by a sound like a phone ringing. Then a receiver sound and a female voice saying three names, I don't remember the first two, but the third was Osborn. Hoffa's voice then said, "Hoffa—put Tommy on the phone." A man answered and Hoffa asked, "Tommy, do you know those men from Huntington, West Virginia?" Osborn said he had met them. Hoffa asked if Tweel and Dorfman knew them. Osborn said yes, he understood they did. Hoffa asked if Osborn thought he should be contacted for statements. Osborn said he saw no reason for us to be interviewed . . . then the conversation ended by Hoffa saying, "Our troubles are big enough now without taking on someone else's troubles." Osborn agreed.

Sheridan's purpose in playing the tapes, Frazier said, was to demonstrate to the three investigators that Hoffa wasn't going to help them—and so they had better play ball with him. On one occasion, with all three of the accused investigators present, he played a tape to emphasize this very point. The recording apparently had been made of the conversation of a group of men sitting around a table talking. "One had Hoffa's voice saying Tweel and

Dorfman denied any connection with us and that they [Tweel and Dorfman] weren't going to involve themselves with us."

Police Captain Paden's affidavit adds more details about this last scene. He recalls that Hoffa said at one point that he knew nothing about Frazier, Paden and Cole "and we could all go to hell, or something similar." After giving this a chance to sink in, Sheridan, according to Paden, turned to them and said: "See, you don't mean a thing to these people. Your only chance is to change your story and involve Tweel and Dorfman."

Cole quotes Sheridan as telling them in addition: "These are the big boys—these are Hoffa and his attorneys, sitting there discussing you fellows. And you can see now that Tweel and Dorfman have abandoned you. You are getting nothing from them—the Hoffa organization—you boys are on your own. I'm the only person that can possibly help you."

Since Frazier, Paden and Cole still refused to play ball, they were indicted and forced to go through two trials to clear themselves. All three men say that Sheridan asked them not to disclose his tape playing, and Frazier says that he told Sheridan they wouldn't. However, Frazier adds, after the Supreme Court turned down Hoffa's appeal, he read that Hoffa "had only thirty-eight days to file an appeal or he was going to jail," and he decided he couldn't keep silent any longer. He telephoned Paden and Cole and told them what he had decided to do. "They both advised me to go ahead and they would back me all the way," Frazier says. The dovetailing affidavits from all three followed.

There is other confirming evidence. About the time that the Supreme Court was turning down Hoffa's appeal, wire tapping and bugging began to become a highly sensitive issue. Forced disclosures that these arts



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had been practiced on a wide scale led to the overturn of several convictions, most notably that of Fred M. Black, an associate of Bobby Baker, for income-tax evasion. The Internal Revenue Service, its prosecutions put in jeopardy by these disclosures, called for a study of all cases in which such eavesdropping might have been involved. The overturn of convictions and confirmation of the long-standing belief that no man can be sure of privacy in a world of snoopers began to give law enforcement a black eye, and J. Edgar Hoover, who does not take criticism gracefully, threw the blame on Kennedy. Kennedy expressed utter surprise.

Such was the situation when William Loeb, the wealthy and ultraconservative publisher of the *Manchester Union-Leader* in New Hampshire, had what he described as a most revealing conversation with Cartha DeLoch, Assistant Chief of the FBI and the man reportedly favored by Hoover to succeed him. In an affidavit later supplied to the Hoffa defense, Loeb said on December 20, 1966:

DeLoch stated to me that during his tenure Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had a special unit of three individuals mainly responsible for wire tapping. He said that the unit was headed by Walter J. Sheridan, Special Assistant for Kennedy, and that the actual wire tapping was done by a man named Eddie Jones. DeLoch stated that Jones had been placed on the payroll of the Immigration and Naturalization Service through the efforts of the Attorney General. . . . He said the third member of the group responsible for wire tapping was a Carmine Bellino. He further stated that Attorney General Kennedy had instructed the Internal Revenue Service to tap wires.

DeLoch, in discussing the James R. Hoffa case, suggested to me that I suggest to the Hoffa lawyers that their best move would be to ask the Department of Justice to conduct an investigation of wire tapping in connection with the various Hoffa trials. He said that if such an investigation were conducted he was sure that it would turn up extensive evidence of wire tapping in connection with the trials of Hoffa.

Loeb added that he telephoned DeLoch the next day and said he thought that what he had been told was so newsworthy he should use a story about it. DeLoch replied, Loeb's affidavit states, that "if I attempted to publicize this information he would deny that he ever talked to me about the matter."

So Loeb put the information in an affidavit for Hoffa—and things started to sizzle. FBI spokesmen pointed out that Loeb had obtained a \$2.5 million loan from the Teamsters for his newspaper chain and that he had been offering a \$100,000 reward for anyone who could turn up evidence of eavesdropping on Hoffa. DeLoch himself was not available for direct quotation, but FBI sources indicated that he had denied all.

This counterattack incensed Loeb. His loan from the Teamsters is paid up to date, he said (the Teamsters themselves insist that it has been an excellent business deal), and besides the issue was simple: who was telling the truth? To determine this, Loeb challenged DeLoch to take a lie-detector test, offering to take one himself. He pointed out that what was at stake was whether a man should unjustly go to jail; then he added, turning the knife:

"Of equal importance also is the fact that you are frequently mentioned as Hoover's successor as head of the

FBI. It is therefore important that if you are to succeed Hoover it be determined right now whether you have told the truth in this situation."

While Washington was chuckling over this contretemps, the Teamsters were further documenting for the Supreme Court the extent of the espionage that, they claimed, had violated Hoffa's rights. In additional affidavits, William E. Bufalino, Hoffa's attorney of record, described his experiences with federal bugging and wire tapping.

On November 15, 1961, he and the late James E. Haggerty, Sr., of Detroit, the courtroom strategist for Hoffa, were in the San Juan Hotel in Orlando, Fla., preparing Hoffa's defense against charges that had been brought against him there. Bufalino states:

I was in Haggerty's room discussing the pending case with him when Haggerty reached for the telephone to make a call. He dropped a piece of paper on the floor and bent over to pick it up. He called my attention to a piece of black adhesive tape which was hanging from the underside of a shelf of the telephone table. The lower side of the shelf was approximately ten inches from the floor. We looked underneath the table and I observed an object two inches wide and an inch-and-a-half thick. It was taped to the underside of the shelf and appeared to be of black, plastic material.

Haggerty and Bufalino notified the Orlando Police Department of their find, and were told by Lieut. Bill Yohn that they had discovered "an electronic wireless transmitter." Orlando police thoughtfully turned the gadget over to the FBI for "investigation." Haggerty and Bufalino had an appointment to meet with FBI agents in Orlando, but the FBI canceled out. Hoffa subsequently charged that evidence used as a basis for the Orlando indictment had been illegally obtained through the wire-tapping activities of Edward M. Jones, then an employee of the McClellan committee. Subpoenaed, Jones testified that he was a wire tapper, that he had tapped for the McClellan committee; but then, asked directly whether he had tapped Hoffa's wires, he refused to answer, taking refuge in the fact that the McClellan committee had invoked Senate Rule XXX, which conveniently provides that no Senate employee can be compelled to produce documents or reveal information without the consent of the Senate.

Against this background, William Bufalino's most recent experiences with wire tappers become fascinating. For many months, he and his wife had complained to the Detroit Bell Telephone Company that the phones in their Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich., home appeared to have been tapped; but, until the summer of 1965, they had no proof. Then, on June 10, 1965, Mrs. Bufalino dialed from her home phone, Tuxedo 1-6859, to a number in Kingston, Pa.—Area Code 717, Butler 7-2024. Minutes after the call had been completed, Bufalino charges in a suit he has brought against Detroit Bell, some unknown caller telephoned the Butler number, trying to find out who had made the long-distance call. Not getting any cooperation, the caller said he would find out in Detroit. Shortly afterward, Bufalino charges, his wife's phone rang and a caller, identifying himself only as "a telephone company employee," insisted that she identify herself and give her telephone number. When she refused and asked



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the caller to identify *himself*, he became abusive and threatened to cut off her telephone.

"If I really want the number, I'll make you report it out of order and I know I got the right line," the caller said.

Shortly afterward, Tuxedo 1-6859 did indeed go dead, and Bufalino raised a storm with Detroit Bell. Service was restored the following morning. About 10:15 A.M., June 11, 1965, while Bufalino was talking to his wife from his office, there came an interruption, and suddenly Bufalino found himself listening in on the conversation of two unknown men. Having a free phone handy, he switched on a dictaphone and recorded the conversation. The two chitchatting ghosts, who later identified themselves as Frank Kaminski and Robert Koss, both employees of Detroit Bell, were discussing the hard time Mrs. Bufalino had given them the day before:

KAMINSKI: You know I'm so mad I'm shaking. Bob. If I had her, honest to God, I'd kick her right in the teeth. How can you talk nice to people like that is what gets me. Huh?

KOSS: She thinks she's King of the Hill.

KAMINSKI: Ain't no way for a telephone man—how in hell can you identify if she—if she misconstrued it what I told her yesterday. I told her—I say if re—I really want that number, I'll make you report it out of order and I know I got the right line (*click*). Who's on here?

HOLOWICH: Holowich.

KAMINSKI: Holowich, I'll put you on hold. It'll probably be a couple of minutes, or give me a call in about five. It'll be better off then.

HOLOWICH: I'm up the pole now, Frank.

KAMINSKI: Well, you'll have to hang on now, Dick.

With Holowich waiting up the pole, Kaminski and Koss resumed their conversation about all the troubles the Bufalinos were giving them. At one point, Kaminski said he'd bet Bufalino was talking to "her" right now about them.

KOSS: Can you put her line up and check?

KAMINSKI: Oh, that's easily done (*pause; click*). No. No. She ain't—she ain't there now. See? She reported this yesterday.

Koss: Yeah?

KAMINSKI: Yeah (*pause*). Well, when is he going to pick this up? (*Pause.*) Kinda exciting, isn't it there?

Here Bufalino came on the wire, got the two talkative telephone employees to identify themselves, and then notified them he would see them in court.

Subsequently, in pretrial depositions, Bufalino established that Detroit police had set up a wire-tap listening post in a second-floor apartment at 15414 East Mack Avenue. One of the policemen who monitored the taps finally acknowledged the part he had played. In a pretrial deposition on November 6, 1966, the policeman, Paul L. Quaglia, conceded that he knew Walter Sheridan and said he had worked on the wire-tap detail with Sgt. Walter DePugh, who left the Detroit force to join the Internal Revenue Service in November, 1963.

According to Quaglia's pretrial testimony, repeated in an affidavit he gave Hoffa's lawyers at the end of December, the East Mack Avenue listening post was equipped with four tape recorders and four sets of earphones. There was also, he said, "a pen register on the Bufalino wire tap" that traced out the numbers of phones being dialed. Quaglia said that throughout the fall of 1962 and part of 1963, he monitored the Bufalino wire taps. Detroit police, he said, had no interest in Bufalino, and it

was his understanding the taps were being made for federal authorities. Many of the calls, he said, dealt with details of Hoffa's legal problems, and many of Bufalino's recorded conversations were with other defense attorneys.

Although Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall has submitted a formal memo to the Supreme Court, denying that government agents used bugs or wire taps before or during Hoffa's Chattanooga trial, it is not necessary to interpret the evidence detailed above as casting doubt on Mr. Marshall's word. More likely, he is only one of many Americans who have not yet grasped the extreme sophistication with which certain government agencies cut the corners of veracity.

Nor are the circumstances here set down of concern only to Hoffa and his colleagues. They involve the question of whether any man, even one as powerful as Hoffa, has a fighting chance to defend himself if, as the record seems to indicate, he must battle the paid and planted informer, the *agent provocateur*, the wire tapper eavesdropping on his most private conversations with his attorneys. The pioneers who founded this nation fled from oppressive systems in which a man accused by authority virtually stood condemned. Now, in this age of massed and overweening power, the rights, the dignity and the freedom of the individual are scorned by an immune and sanctified authority. That is the real issue that Hoffa has presented to the Supreme Court.

ETHIOPIA

THE OVER-PRESENT AMERICANS

NEIL G. KOTLER

Mr. Kotler served in the Peace Corps in Asmara, Ethiopia, from 1964 to 1966, teaching Ethiopian history at a secondary school and at a university center.

In terms of money spent and personnel assigned, America is more deeply involved in Ethiopia than in any other African country. But for all this involvement, most of it a substantial help to Ethiopia, we have provoked hostility among all groups in the population, ranging from suspicion on the part of the masses to anger among the students. I judge the Russians, who have contributed far less materially, to be more appreciated. In surface reactions, Ethiopians praise our economic and technical assistance; when their deeper feelings are elicited, however, they often admit to finding our presence repugnant. They concede that our economic assistance programs are generally beneficial, but regard our military assistance and our own military activities as harmful.

To be sure, a nation that possesses vast global interests cannot expect to be loved or trusted in every quarter, but we should be able to presume at least respect for our position and even at times appreciation for the good we may have accomplished. When our policies evoke fear from a people who are not our adversaries, or suspicion

from a people whom we claim to be helping, we should ask what produces these disconcerting reactions.

Ethiopia is the oldest independent country in sub-Saharan Africa. Its situation on the Red Sea gives it strategic commercial importance, and its agricultural resources, if properly exploited, could make it the breadbasket of Africa. It comprises about 450,000 square miles (larger than Texas and California combined), and its population is estimated as high as 20 million, third largest after Egypt and Nigeria, on the continent. The prowess of its soldiers and its ancient and glorious past have won it a position of great influence in contemporary African affairs.

Since World War II the United States has given Ethiopia several hundred million dollars in economic and military assistance. To a country whose literacy rate is less than 10 per cent, the Peace Corps since 1962 has supplied nearly 1,000 teachers. In the academic year 1962-63, Peace Corps volunteers teaching in the general secondary schools outnumbered the Ethiopians. The American Government has helped finance and develop the national university and is building there the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. American money has supported the education of a large proportion of Ethiopia's elite who have studied at American universities.

We built the first agricultural school in a land that

derives nearly all of its revenues from agriculture. We also built the first public health college. Ethiopia's mountainous terrain has put tremendous obstacles in the way of unification; American money financed an excellent system of roads and communications. The two major jet airports in the country were built with American money, and Ethiopia's national airline, the most profitable in Africa, was launched with American aid and the technical skills of TWA. Ethiopia has fought many wars against foreign invaders and still must protect its territory against encroaching neighbors. American military assistance has equipped its soldiers with modern weapons and trained them in the techniques of modern warfare.

In return, our single most important benefit is treaty rights to large plots of land in Eritrea, the northernmost province, on which the U.S. Army operates the largest military communications installation in Africa. Known as Kagnaw Station, it performs highly complex functions, serving as a vital link between East and West, monitoring other countries' broadcasts and communications traffic, participating in space communications. This property is so valuable because its location, close to the equator and at an elevation of several thousand feet, provides excellent atmospheric conditions. Ethiopia's port of Massawa on the Red Sea offers excellent harbor facilities for the American Navy in an important part of the world. And beyond these material assets our assistance to, and support of, the Ethiopian Government has won us considerable influence in the shaping of Ethiopian foreign policy and, because of Emperor Haile Selassie's prestige among African leaders, the shaping of African policies as well.

At present, what with the military, USAID, USIS, the embassy and the consulates, at least 10,000 Americans,

plus their dependents, are stationed in Ethiopia. Though concentrated in the major cities, they are also scattered through the countryside, and highly visible to both villagers and peasants. In Asmara, Ethiopia's second largest city with a population of about 150,000, 2,000 American soldiers and officers, with some 5,000 dependents, are attached to army, navy and air force units at Kagnaw Station. A large residential section of Asmara has become an American colony. Many bars and brothels have sprung up catering only to American soldiers. Small towns near Asmara that offer good vacation facilities have become American resort centers. In one such town the American military operate a spacious rest center which has the only outdoor swimming pool in the province; it is off-limits to the local people.

At Addis Ababa, the capital, American military personnel live in a suburb close to an airfield and near the only golf course in the capital. In one remote provincial center, a block of rooms in the best hotel is reserved for our military; a special table, marked with American-style condiments, is set aside for them in the dining room.

Ethiopian reaction to this weight of Americans varies among the different groups in the population. Peasants who farm the fields around Asmara regard the radio transmitters and tracking stations as objects of menacing proportions. One piece of equipment, a satellite tracking screen that measures more than 50 feet high, is assumed to be a gigantic military machine capable of incalculable havoc. All the instruments are in themselves quite harmless, but they look dangerous to illiterate Ethiopians.

Fed anti-American broadcasts from Arab capitals and Communist stations overseas, even many Ethiopian stu-



dents believe that Kagnew Station is more than a communications center, that it conceals dangerous armaments, even missiles, which might drag their country into a global war. These fears are false, but before discounting them as fanciful, it is well to remember that in the popular mind, especially the mind of students fascinated by the intrigues and power struggles of the cold war, any military establishment must be serving some warlike purpose.

Ethiopians in Asmara often see American soldiers drunk, loud, rude and cavorting with prostitutes in the streets. Our troops did not introduce drinking and whoring into the country; indeed, many Ethiopian males are notorious in these respects. But their cultural habits—and the fact that they are at home—lead them to pursue such activities out of the public view. Their real complaint is that Americans (at least a rowdy minority of Americans) do not abide by Ethiopian standards of public conduct.

Many responsible Ethiopians—often those enjoying top government positions—complain because, under the existing status-of-forces treaty, American soldiers who fall foul of the law are judged and punished solely by American military authorities. It is an affront to their proud tradition of independence and sovereignty.

Most of the cars in Asmara are American-owned, and accidents are frequent. The average Ethiopian is incredibly innocent of the facts of automobile traffic. Peasants drive their herds through city streets; horse-drawn carriages make driving in Asmara an adventure. Our automobiles are adding complexity and strain to Ethiopian life. Ethiopians cannot understand, if we are encumbering and endangering their daily lives with our machines, why they cannot at least take steps to control the dangers and judge the violators. In a twofold sense, we deny them control over their own environment.

As always, American soldiers in Ethiopia have a reputation for being careless with money, and they are often victims of swindle and theft. Last year a drunken American soldier beat an Ethiopian to death. The military trial brought out that the dead man had been trying to rob his assailant, and the soldier was acquitted on the grounds of lack of intent to kill and provocation. The decision may have accorded with legal principles, but it evoked widespread indignation among Ethiopians, who felt that in a matter as grave as this their officials should have some jurisdiction.

Politically minded Ethiopians are particularly sensitive about guarding their country's independence and neutrality in the cold war. The students take seriously one of the principles of the Organization of African Unity which their government helped found: that no African country should permit foreign soldiers on its soil, especially in peacetime, and thereby fall under the domination of a great power. But American military advisers are attached to most units of the Ethiopian army, and recently our guerrilla experts have begun advising and directing Ethiopian soldiers in the field in the government's campaign to destroy Eritrean insurrectionists. (The Russians have no military activities in Ethiopia.)

A more serious indictment of our military activities is the charge that we are propping up a corrupt and moribund regime. During a period of acute political crisis in

the spring of 1966, rumors spread from the university that tens of thousands of American soldiers had landed at a deserted airfield and were ready to rescue Haile Selassie's government from an incipient coup. The rumors were false, but the students were remembering that back in 1960, when the regime was almost toppled by a group of young military leaders, Americans gave active help to the government.

For several years an insurrectionary movement in Eritrea has been attempting to win independence for that province or at least to make it an autonomous unit in a federated Ethiopian state. In the spring of 1965, politically inspired strikes in the schools stirred rumors that the insurrectionists were ready to invade Asmara. The commander of Kagnew, fearing for the security of his base, ordered all military personnel to wear battle dress and arm themselves. Military jeeps patrolled the city with American soldiers alert behind the machine guns. United States officials later divulged that the guns had not been loaded, but many Ethiopians understandably resented a parade of strength which had the effect of supporting the government.

The hard-boiled question to be asked at this point is, so what? How important are the feelings of a minority? How much do the students count? Is it not enough that the masses, who probably support the existing government, are not seriously concerned about our military activities?

In fact, however, one aspect or another of our presence in Ethiopia has stirred anger among every group in the population. The masses are passive, but suspicious, and can be easily aroused by inflammatory leaders. Many young military officers, who represent a highly influential segment of the population, resent the extent of our political involvement. Students and intellectuals are openly hostile, and we commit a serious error if we underestimate the potential influence and power of such a group in developing countries. They are the only ones, except for foreign technicians, who will be able to manage the increasingly complex processes of government and business.

When an American works in a developing country, he makes a double impact. The first and most obvious is functional—supplying material goods and technical knowledge. The second, more subtle, is exemplary—the transmission of values, ideas and types of behavior to a people urgently searching for new ways of thinking and acting.

We do not operate in a vacuum overseas, but within other cultures. The peoples of developing countries are searching for ways more appropriate to the modern world, but always first trying to adjust their own customs to new imperatives. In terms of our second impact, it matters whether we *impose ourselves* upon their culture or *work within* their culture.

If we were to examine some of the cultural values of Ethiopians, we should find that we have heedlessly done many things to violate them. Ethiopians are deeply suspicious of foreigners, especially foreign soldiers, and yet we have created a large military presence and made our technological apparatus conspicuous. Ethiopians are intensely proud of their independence, but we have needlessly interfered in their affairs. Ethiopians have strict

standards of public conduct, which we have often flagrantly violated. Ethiopians are painfully embarrassed by impoverishment and we have thoughtlessly made a show of our opulence. Leaving aside the question of propriety, has all this been sensible?

There is no simple policy that would at once elevate all the good things we do abroad and eliminate the undesirable things. Nor can we automatically win the hearts of foreigners merely by limiting ourselves to the "good" programs of economic and technical assistance. What we do in any country is invariably colored by what we are doing elsewhere in the world, and at present most of the

peoples of the world disapprove of our global policies.

But we could at least take a closer look at our interests and policies abroad, and ask ourselves whether programs calculated to promote short-range tactical advantages advance our interests more than policies which might establish enduring relationships. Especially at a time when the world is aware of the destructiveness of our military machine, it might be wise to limit our military activities in areas where they obviously serve no strategic purpose. And if we must sustain some of these activities in Ethiopia, should we not at least try to curb the undesirable by-products which the Ethiopians resent?

U.S. CIVIL SERVICE

WASHINGTON'S BLAND BONDAGE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D.C.

The United States Civil Service, like the old French Foreign Legion, is an excellent place to lose one's identity, but its other virtues are less easy to discover. In the vast Sahara of government service the worker is beset by deadly conformity, conflicting loyalties and sniping from unseen enemies. And just as the old recruiting posters of Paris used to tell baroque falsehoods about the romance and glamour of *La Légion étrangère*, so Civil Service recruits with myths.

The federal government describes itself as offering dignity, job security and appreciation for talent. It is instead a place where:

Spy holes are condoned in men's rest-rooms at the Pentagon. (Excuse: to combat homosexuality.)

Internal Revenue Service phones are tapped. (Excuse offered by IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen: "We supervise these phone calls for several reasons—to check the accuracy of tax information furnished by these employees, and to insure absolute and unfailing courtesy on their part." He said the eavesdropping is, of course, "completely impersonal.")

In some post offices, two-way mirrors (you can see through from the back) are used for spying on employees.

Dissident workers can be branded as mentally ill and dismissed from government service without the opportunity to protest or present contradicting evidence. Sometimes they are classified as mentally disturbed without being given a medical examination.

Both incoming and established employees are badgered with loyalty investigations to equal anything in the McCarthy era. Prying into the "loyalty" of workers in non-sensitive positions was supposedly ruled illegal by the Supreme Court in 1956, but it still goes on under a different guise—to determine "fitness" or "suitability." The USCS Bureau of Personnel Investigation employs 1,200 clerks and 800 agents as snoopers, and these are joined by the full force of the FBI. In fiscal 1966 the FBI handled 423,000 security forms submitted by federal

workers, and the BPI dug around for subversive clues in the backgrounds of half a million new employees. Each routine inquiry costs the taxpayer \$5; a complex job of sniffing about is much more expensive. (Excuse offered by Civil Service Commission Chairman John Macy: "The thoughtful applicant will recognize that the investigation process is a safeguard—to himself, for he can be confident that the work force he seeks to join is a select group. . .")

An unnatural interest is shown by the USCS in the sexual activities of its employees—not only via peepholes but through an unending flow of questionnaires. The experience of a job applicant at the National Security Agency, Fort George Meade, Md., was not unusual. Strapped to a polygraph—"lie detector"—he was asked: "When was the first time you had sexual relations with a woman? How many times have you had sexual intercourse? Have you ever engaged in homosexual activities? Have you ever engaged in sexual activities with an animal? When was the first time you had intercourse with your wife? Did you have intercourse with her before you were married? How many times?"

Employees are coerced to buy government bonds and to support charitable drives. Sometimes workers are ordered to give to charity a certain percentage of their salary; and those who balk at joining the bond drive may find their names posted on the bulletin board. Secretary of the Army David E. McGiffert has publicly admitted that "coercion and public humiliation" was used on civilian workers in at least one instance by a base commandant who warned that "anyone working under my supervision and does not wish to comply with my desire to participate in such a worth-while program is not a member of my 'team.'"

With the logic typical of the Pentagon, Assistant Defense Secretary Thomas D. Morris has asserted that coercion is impossible because page 17 of the Civil Service Commission chairman's 1961 "Manual on Fund-Raising Within Federal Service" clearly forbids it. He conceded that there might have been some "excessive zeal."

Postmaster Lawrence O'Brien, who has no time to

work on improving a shoddy postal service because of all the other chores assigned him, strong-armed the last U.S. Savings Bond drive and told department secretaries that President Johnson would settle for nothing short of 100 per cent participation. The way to get it was demonstrated at the White House by Marvin Watson, special assistant to the President, who gave White House employees two chances to buy voluntarily—and then deducted the money from their pay checks.

Government workers are still required to state their race on questionnaires, the excuse being that the Civil Service Commission wants to keep track of its minority-race employment progress. Any supervisor who isn't blind should be able to tell, with only a few bad guesses, who of his workers are Negro, who are Latin American, who are Oriental, who are American Indian. But instead of going about it quietly through the supervisors, the USCS has forced the workers to put it down in writing. (Tempers flared at this one: 5,000 employees of the U.S. State Department solemnly recorded their American Indian ancestry.)

Intimate prying into workers' financial affairs is commonplace. A twenty-year employee at Kelly Air Force Base was fired for nonpayment of an \$83 debt. An employee at a federal hospital in California was suspended for six months for falling briefly behind in his payments to the employees' credit union. A new series of questionnaires relating to stocks, bonds and other property, owned not only by employees but by their relatives, has recently circulated. Another form required workers to list all gifts received during the previous year. A woman in the Patent Office refused to fill it out because she couldn't remember all the little gifts, like perfume, she had received from friends. She got a letter from W. E. Ingram, personnel officer of the Commerce Department, saying: "Your evasiveness indicates that you may have some conflict of interest which you are anxious to avoid disclosing. This is a very serious matter." Another Commerce employee was threatened with disciplinary action for not listing bottle stoppers received from a welcome wagon.

Employees are discouraged from airing their gripes. And when they are punished or fired it is increasingly difficult for them to get a satisfactory hearing from the Civil Service Commission. Decisions that the commission should be able to render within thirty to sixty days are delayed from six months to a year; often the employee despairs of ever getting justice and turns elsewhere for work.

Lower-level review boards set up under Civil Service appeals procedure are generally described as "kangaroo courts" by workers who have had any dealings with them. They are usually made up of management-level employees who got to their relatively lofty perches by demonstrating utter loyalty to the Establishment's wishes. And when the Establishment wishes to fire or punish a worker. . . .

All in all, the nation's biggest employer, the federal government, subjects its 2,500,000 workers to conditions that are rampant with backbiting, rumor mongering, character assassination and promotion by favoritism. This may have been what Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz had in mind when he told a trade union convention re-

cently that "employment relationships in the government in this country are exactly thirty years behind employment relationships in private industry." He was including state and local government employees; had he been speaking only for federal employees he could have said seventy years behind private industry, for what exists today under the USCS is all too often—not always, but very often—like something cooked up by Carnegie and Frick.

As might be expected, morale among government workers is not high. A recent poll taken by *The Federal Times*, a government employee-oriented newspaper, found that 69 per cent would not go to work for the government if they had it to do again (72 per cent of the top-level employees) and 70 per cent would advise their children to steer clear of such employment.

Although government workers as a group are still very much the underdog, in recent years their troubles have attracted some able allies who are beginning to work occasional reforms. These are the American Civil Liberties Union and its chief Washington war hawk, Lawrence Speiser; two journalists, John Cramer of the *Washington Daily News* and Joseph Young of the *Washington Star*; and a couple of unions, especially John Griner's American Federation of Government Employees (200,000 members). And perhaps the most important ally at the moment is Sen. Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina, whose still plastic legislation to create a "Bill of Rights" for government workers has already won nearly half the Senate as co-sponsors. For months, drawing on information in the files of the ACLU and the unions, and on the excellent investigations conducted by his own staff, Ervin has been lifting Civil Service lids.

Most government workers do not publicly protest the intrusion of the FBI and the BPI into their political beliefs for the rather pathetic reason that most people who go into government work have already come to terms with their pride. Thus, a surprisingly small number of federal employees turn to the American Civil Liberties Union to fight the harassments and indignities they suffer. But those who do bring evidence of what must be happening on a rather large scale.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has a record for pestering its employees about their loyalty. A research chemist in the HEW's Food and Drug Administration was asked to explain his presence, eight years previously, at a couple of meetings held by the Labor Youth League and by the Student Socialist Society in Philadelphia. Was he a Communist? He filled three single-spaced typewritten pages answering all the loaded questions passed down to him by the Civil Service Commission; after which, though he was cleared, he packed up his Ph.D. and quit in a rage. It's the mood in which a lot of bright men and women leave Washington.

A young woman working as a program analyst in HEW's Water Pollution Control division was accused of being *invited* to attend (she wasn't accused of attending) a forum sponsored by the Socialist Workers Party of Philadelphia. She was also accused of being on the mailing list of the Socialist Party.

These heinous things had occurred four or five years before she went to work for the government. The specific questions asked of this employee—who was not, remem-

ber, in any way involved in work with classified information—were as follows:

(1) The extent of your knowledge of the Communist Party membership and activity of your father, your father's views concerning communism and the aims and purposes of the Communist Party to the best of your knowledge, and the extent to which your father has influenced you, or attempted to influence you, concerning communism and the aims and purposes of the Communist Party.

(2) The names of the associates of your father known or believed by you to be members of the Communist Party or sympathetic to communism and the aims and purposes of the Communist Party and the nature and extent of your association with these individuals.

Similar questions were asked about her aunt, her uncle and her sister. The price of holding her job was an expose of her whole family.

When employees come to him with this kind of case, Speiser has a rather easy time making USCS Commissioner Macy back down. Speiser indicates that the ACLU will insist on an open hearing at which the source of the rumors and the names of the accusers will be demanded, and that if necessary he will go to court to establish a ruling against such covert plying. Speiser wants to get into court with such a case, but Macy gives way every time, to block the making of a precedent.

In this way, Macy wins by losing: except in the handful of cases that Speiser has championed, the Civil Service bloodhounds go right on demanding, and getting, information that is none of their business.

Testifying before a Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, Speiser gave these examples of questions which had been asked of job applicants:

"Are all of your friends in favor of the democratic form of government?"

"Are you associated with people you can classify as leftists?"

"Why did you protest against racial discrimination in the Washington, D.C., area?"

"Do you have any friends you think might be to the right of Center?"

"Do you have any friends that are in the middle?"

"Where does your father fit in on this scale from right to left?"

"Is he a member of the Socialist Party?"

"Are his views further to the left than yours?"

"How about your mother?"

The long, patriotic arm of the USCS reaches even into the affairs of the United Nations. American citizens who work there must satisfy the Civil Service Commission of their loyalty by answering questions not only about their attitude toward the Communist Party but also about the opinions and activities of their parents, spouse, divorced spouse, children, brothers and sisters; countries visited since 1930, purpose of the visit, etc.

Sometimes the super-patriotism of the Civil Service Commission drives it into comically embarrassing corners. In October, 1966, the USCS accused a William X of having falsified his application for federal employment, and ruled that he would have to stand aside for ■



year before reapplying. According to the investigators, X had lied in saying that he had never been a member of the Communist Party. The USCS accused him of having belonged for three months in 1943 and of attending Communist social functions in Pennsylvania.

This was a bizarre accusation considering X's background. For seven years (from 1958 to 1965) he had been an investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, working intimately with ex-FBI agents and FBI informants. If X now made a public stink over the way the USCS was treating him, it would be embarrassing—especially to HUAC.

So, although his answers to the charges were not the kind that normally get people off the "loyalty" hook (he admitted that he "might have" attended one social affair, and he stated definitely that he had played in the orchestra at a social given by Mother Bloor; but he "didn't recall" other activities attributed to him, and he pleaded that "to the best of my knowledge" he had never been a member of the Communist Party), a great shuddering sigh of relief could be heard throughout the upper regions of the USCS when the ACLU took X's case. The USCS, in line with policy, could now back down, and did so by ruling that, "in view of the length of time that has elapsed since the incident is alleged to have occurred," there was no reason to give him a hearing. He was cleared without a fight. This was the first time that the Civil Service Commission has ever accepted the antiquity of Communist activities as an excuse.

The Civil Service Commission has so keen an interest in the amours of its employees that it will, if necessary, act as matchmaker to deliver its wards from a sinful life. Consider, for example, the case of a young woman, a research associate in the Office of Economic

Opportunity. She had been going with a well-known liberal journalist and in April of last year received a letter from H.C. Bolton, chief of the division of adjudication of the BPI, warning that she would be fired if she didn't come up with a very good explanation for having spent a weekend in a Virginia motel with her boy friend.

The ACLU jumped eagerly into that one, making some sarcastic remarks about the improbability of the USCS being "filled only with investigators who have never engaged in sexual intercourse outside of marital relationship," and promising a court fight. Fortunately for Macy, the couple had meanwhile married; he therefore decreed, in a great show of charity, that since the employee was no longer sinning, he was able in good conscience to forget the motel.

Although the BPI detectives can be ruthlessly puritanical in judging the conduct of the fiancée of a journalist who is writing critically about the present Administration, they can also be wonderfully tolerant of the same kind of conduct in others. For example, a former Presbyterian minister joined the U.S. Office of Education not long after he was named in a well-publicized divorce trial as the marriage counselor whose instruction of the wife had been more intimate than professional. He subsequently left the ministry, but went into government work with no trouble from the BPI.

In a letter to the Mattachine Society of Washington, Macy wrote: "We reject categorically the assertion that the commission pries into the private sex lives of those seeking federal employment. . . . We know of no means consistent with American notions of privacy and fairness and limitations on governmental authority which could ascertain the nature of individual private sexual behavior between consenting adults as long as it remains private: *that is, if it remains undisclosed to all but the participants, it is not the subject of an inquiry.*"

This is not even good sophistry. What Macy means—as proved by the conduct of his investigators—is that when questions of the most intimate kind are put to the subject's neighbors, friends and fellow workers without uncovering even one smutty rumor, then the undisclosed sex life "is not the subject of inquiry."

Evidence that Macy is not easing up on homosexuals may be found in an important case now bouncing around in the courts. A man who had worked in various administrative positions in the Department of Labor for seventeen years, including time out for eighteen months in military service during World War II, left for private employment in 1956, but in 1962 decided to return to government. He is well qualified, passed a competitive examination and was notified that he was eligible for "personnel positions" at top grades (GS 9, 11 and 12).

Then he ran into trouble. Appearing before a civil service investigator in April, 1962, he was ordered to explain a 1947 arrest for "loitering" around the men's room in Lafayette Square. He had been run in by the police after entering the men's room twice within ten minutes. He was also ordered to explain a 1951 arrest "for investigation." And, finally, he was ordered to give a rebuttal to "information indicating that you are a homosexual."

The applicant refused to comment, on the ground that his sex life had nothing to do with his performance on the job. So he was disqualified for employment.

At that point, showing considerable courage, he began to lay the basis for his present court fight, in which he is being aided by the ACLU. He asked that the Civil Service Commission supply him with "specifications of how, when and where he had allegedly conducted himself immorally," so that he could answer the "broad, indefinite allegation of 'immoral conduct.'" The commission refused. Its Board of Appeals and Review replied only that "the record disclosed convincing evidence that you have engaged in homosexual conduct, which is considered contrary to generally recognized and accepted standards of morality."

What record? What evidence? What conduct? In the 1920s, Justice Holmes ruled that no one has a constitutional right to a particular government job. But thinking has begun to change. Many jurists now hold that one *does* have a constitutional right to it, if one proves his qualification for the opening and the bureaucrats cannot offer good, specific reasons for refusal. Just because one is a Negro, or just because one is a Jew is no longer considered a good reason for accepting refusal. Should an otherwise qualified homosexual accept rejection on the ground of homosexuality alone? This man said no; he and the ACLU went to court.

At the district court level they ran into the usual Comstockery, but in May, 1965, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that employment had been unfairly refused. In what may turn out to be a landmark declaration, Chief Judge David L. Bazelon ruled that the Civil Service Commission was wrong in not *specifying* the misconduct and in not permitting the applicant to defend himself against the accusations. Said Bazelon: "An applicant has a right to be free from governmental defamation . . . the government is required to justify imposing the stigma of disqualification for immoral conduct. With this stigma the commission also jeopardized his ability to find employment elsewhere." (Certainly true. While he awaited the outcome of the trial he got a job with the county of Fairfax, Va., but the Civil Service Commission released its secret files to county officials and he was fired.)

Bazelon ordered the government to give the complainant a hearing at which he could confront his accusers and attack each item of defamation. So far the government has refused, and the case is still working itself out in the courts. But there seems to be a good chance that this man will eventually win, and if he does, it will set a historic precedent—and not just for milder treatment for homosexuals. The principal point in this case is that it may establish a procedure of hearings whereby all job applicants can force the government to lay open their files and show exactly who has charged what. And if this is accomplished for new job applicants, it will of course easily be conveyed to probationary workers, who now have next to no rights and who frequently are kicked out of government work carrying a smear that they know nothing about except that thereafter they have trouble getting work in private industry.

(To be continued next week)



A RAGE FOR AWARENESS

DONOVAN BESS

Mr. Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

For a century, California has been good soil for spiritual, emotional, political and moral experiments. The state has been settled mainly by *émigrés* from the East, who hope to arrest the effects of illness and brake the aging process, or by younger men and women whose personalities were cramped by the American way of life. These persons came West unconsciously expecting some kind of salvation, or at the least a life more productive of thrills.

But since World War II, the pilgrims have encountered an environment souped up by the greatest military-fed electronic complex in the world. The aura of materialism is as great here as it is in Texas. During the postwar years, thus, social and personal crises have escalated, often to revolutionary intensity, and especially among younger persons. Until the 1950s, California's proliferation of psychiatric services was the main recourse of the disenchanted or the mentally ill. But "one-to-one" psychotherapy, which casts the analyst as a demigod, is now considered inappropriate—and antisocially expensive. True to the California taste for gaudy experiment, the discontented are moving toward democratic get-togethers in which healing or growth or faith, or all of these together, are produced in a new setting: groups in which every man is a potential demigod.

Forty years ago, California extremism was scorned by the serious-minded. They smiled at such grandiose productions as Upton Sinclair's campaign for governor, or Aimee Semple McPherson's religious circus. Today, the state's extremism has engaged thousands of highly educated men and women. On the one hand, there is Ronald Reaganism, and on the other a continuing revolt, led by the University of California's Berkeley campus, against a freezing of the educational alternatives. Even more radical is what Robert Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts*, scoffingly calls "the psychedelic Left." But the largest volume of experimentation has been in adult get-togethers, convened in the name of "more awareness" or "greater consciousness." Most such groups are led by professionals, usually psychologists; but some do very well under lay leadership. A few groups have no leaders and are equipped only with "kits."

The usual group goal is to become more aware of other persons and of the environment and its cultural layers. The typical participants are lawyers and teachers and college-educated housewives; few blue-collar workers or members of minority groups indulge. The pay-off in awareness comes through bluntly honest verbal exchanges, meditation (often holding hands in circles), various body-contact experiments, old-fashioned intellectual inquiry, and even extrasensory adventures, when groups of six or less ingest a psychedelic agent like morning glory seeds, or an ego-reducing herb like marijuana. Mothers and fathers, in parent-development sessions, confess that they don't reach their children and "role play" their way to

solving family problems. Executives, backed by corporation funds, mingle with subordinates, and through painful verbal wrestling reach a common human base.

The awareness capital of California is at Big Sur Hot Springs, on a bluff above the Pacific Ocean, about halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. A rambling building there houses The Esalen Institute, amid the heroic scenery described by Robinson Jeffers, who lived about 40 miles to the north. The institute exposes curious or desperate men and women to experiences euphemistically labeled "weekend seminars." Its youthful president, Michael Murphy, speaks for what he calls the "psychic astronauts" of California:

Two thousand of them have come through here in the past four years. They seek some sort of enrichment and release from old patterns. Some of them are very healthy people who just feel they're not fully awake.

These people are the raw and leading edge of what's going to amount to a cultural shift in our leading aspirations and values. . . . These attempts at self-renewal are growing in popularity because psychology has neglected those domains, because religion failed to provide the rich context for personal growth, because modern life has become so regulated and harried.

Just as past cultures have made room for yogis, Zen adepts, contemplatives such as St. John of the Cross, so our society could create programs to develop modern psychic adepts—persons highly developed in realms of feeling, sensing and intuitive knowing.

California's awareness movement does not include the activities of the Sexual Freedom League which, while producing much gregarious nudity, insists less on greater consciousness than on freedom from prudery. And the movement does not countenance mass "turn-ons" with LSD. (One such occasion took place last spring at a garden party south of San Francisco, when a third of 300 guests disrobed and arranged themselves in a number of "love heaps." The occasion probably produced little awareness, as defined by Murphy.) However, the day may come when LSD will be a standard catalyst for awareness groups. An underground psychological encounter group in Southern California holds meetings at which everybody takes a dose of at least 100 micrograms of this hallucinogenic drug. They report some extraordinary therapeutic breakthroughs, because the chemical suspends the usual "ego games." (Marijuana has also been tried en masse by young California intellectuals; but the result seems to run mainly to frivolous escape.)

More and more the California experimenters are respecting, or welcoming, religious experience as a valid route to awareness. Men who ten years ago would have blushed to confess a belief in God, today boast of it. Even journalists admit "soft spots." George B. Leonard, a senior editor of *Look* magazine and its West Coast manager, told an audience: "What the mystics promised is upon us now, not out on some apocalyptic plain, but in the laboratory, the church, the classroom, the home. . . .

We believe that most people can best find God and themselves through heightened awareness of the world, increased commitment to the eternal in time." Leonard was not speaking of California's traditional religious fringe groups which have flourished for a century, mainly in and about Los Angeles. That area still supports such organizations as the Institute of Cosmic Wisdom, the Self Realization Fellowship and Sufism Reoriented; but their appeal is chiefly to older persons.

A quite opposite approach to awareness was introduced into California last year by Rey Anthony (Maxine Sanini), author of *The Housewife's Selective Guide to Promiscuity*. She conducts "beginning and advanced sensuality workshops," and has a following of men and women who suffer from sexual confusion. They pair off and play such games as "tell me which part of your body you would like me to touch." Maxine says this makes them more aware of "pan-sensuality," which she defines as response of the

was unable to remember the names of several friends with whom he dined.

Gunther ran an even less orthodox weekend in September at a woodsy center in the Santa Cruz Mountains, under the auspices of "Eden West Seminars." The subject was "Keeping in Touch with Massage." At another Eden West awareness weekend, participants were kept in one room for fifty hours (they were permitted trips to the bathroom) and were required to participate in the nude.

Michael Murphy has become an impresario of "the human potential" at his Big Sur institute. Weekend seminars have featured Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike and S. I. Hayakawa; Prof. B. F. Skinner of Harvard; the late Paul Tillich; Dr. Jack Downing, organizer of a county mental health program at San Mateo; Albert Ellis, the sexuality expert—as well as "fringe" explorers.

Perhaps the most dramatic person on the Big Sur aware-



entire body to any other body, regardless of sex, age or race. She likes to prepare people for such encounters by enrolling them first in "communications workshops," where the action is only verbal.

Body awareness groups are legion in the state. The most famous teacher of this approach is Bernard Gunther, a soft-spoken young man whose eyes seem to emit electricity. Late in September, during a "trips festival" on the San Francisco State College campus, he lured several hundred young people into building up one large mass of swaying bodies. He begins his classes by urging his pupils to "leave the reality of the verbal . . . and become the infinite thing you really are." During a recent session at Big Sur, his class included a physicist, a psychiatrist, an internist, a social worker, a church education director and a mathematics teacher. Gunther arranged his pupils in pairs and conducted them through a variety of mutual patting, thumping and stroking exercises. Finally he put out the lights, set a lit candle on the floor, and assembled all in a circle, hip to hip. The pupils swayed in the dim light to almost hypnotic incantations by Gunther. When it was over a young housewife told how radiant she felt and added: "We're all so head-oriented in our culture." A middle-aged teacher confided that the workout had bewildered his ego so severely that later in the evening he

ness scene is Dr. Frederick Perls, a 74-year-old renegade from Freudian psychoanalysis, who now lives there. He bluntly tells seminarians that individual psychotherapy is a waste of effort—at least when competent group work is available. Perls assembles his men and women in groups of from sixteen to forty and "works with" volunteers called forward one at a time. He sets up a contest with the person's defensive attitudes, whether manifested by body movements or words. An actor of some prowess, Perls can be as patient as a spider, as gentle as a young mother, as sudden as a rattlesnake. Those who don't "work" gain self-knowledge by intense watching and listening. During the past two years, dozens of tearful women have flung their arms around Perls, in appreciation of his genius. (He loves to kiss the young ones; and I have heard two of them say: "Fritz kisses better than any man I ever met.")

The Esalen seminar topics in recent months reflected California's awareness spectrum. The list includes:

"Bodily Release through Sports," led by a Stanford track coach and a psychologist; "Ramakrishna, Ramana and Krishnamurti," led by Alan Watts; "Non-Verbal Experience and Communication," led by staff members from the New School for Social Research of New York; "Status

(Continued on page 254)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Week of the Angry Artist . . .

CURTIS HARNACK

"We're angry! We're angry!" shouted poet Dick Lurie from a truck platform to the gathering street-corner crowd at the intersection of the Grand Concourse and Fordham Road. "We are poets and actors protesting the war in Vietnam!" Behind him the Pageant Players in motley costumes began cavorting to the jingle of a tambourine.

"We're here to make you happy!" chanted the Domino, as the players skipped around in front of the satiric backdrop of Johnson in Uncle Sam stripes. "Let's see those Colgate smiles! This is America, making the world happy. We drop presents from the sky . . . napalm bombs."

From the Bronx housewives: "You scum of the earth, you!"

"You yellow bastards, why aren't you in uniform?"

"What have you bums ever done—why don't you have a job?"

"We are here," said Lurie serenely into the microphone, "as part of the Angry Arts festival. All over New York City this week there are concerts, performances, exhibits and demonstrations in protest of our government's policy in Vietnam."

The crowd was increasingly vociferous, with shouts of "Treason!" and "Communists!" but the police held them at bay and Paul Blackburn mounted the truck to read from a thick sheaf, his voice lost in the general hubbub of the housewives. Dauntlessly, the poetry reading went on. Tony Weinberger began his verse: "I was born in America thirty years ago . . ." which ended with, "America, we will never again be believed by our children."

"My husband was in two wars—and he lived through it," came a loud voice. "It's just something that's got to be faced up to—you cowards!"

Poetry shouted from street corners, the muse in service to politics—did it make for good art, or effective politics? Or was that even the question? The poets' caravan which toured the city was largely manned by skinny-legged, bearded, East Village types, certain by their very appearance to antagonize most of the middle-class audience they sought to reach. "The way they dress—those beatniks, you know they're idiots," said

The articles below, by Curtis Harnack and Max Kozloff, discuss some of the events held in New York from January 29 to February 5, under the general title of "The Angry Arts," in which writers, painters, poets, dancers, musicians, actors and film makers took part in a weeklong protest against American policy in Vietnam. Mr. Harnack teaches at Sarah Lawrence College and is the author of Persian Lions, Persian Lambs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Kozloff is The Nation's art critic. Denise Levertov, author of "Advent 1966," was formerly The Nation's poetry editor.

one young Bronx matron with a child in a stroller. "They look like they're doped-up."

The poets were out to succeed politically; hadn't they thought of the defiance implicit in their garb? The relation between poetry and anger over the war was not very clear to the people who heard the performers of the caravan. The problem for the promoters of Angry Arts' week was to make the arts and anger a single, necessary combination.

At midweek in the Eisner auditorium of New York University the issue was joined. Robert Bly was in charge of what was advertised as a Napalm Poetry Reading. Beginning with some fine translations of current Vietnamese verse by Robin Morgan, there were readings by Muriel Rukeyser, who evoked village life in the Mekong with her "Delta Poems" (" . . . a girl and a young man walk near the water"); Denise Levertov (" . . . burned human flesh is burning in Vietnam as I write"); Robert Creely reading Robert Duncan's "Up Rising" [published in *The Nation*, September 13, 1965]; John Logan reading a poem of Isabella Gardner; Joel Oppenheimer with his poem for the occasion, "Tomorrow is Ground Hog Day," a line of which read: "I ask you to think just once, what you have done." Interspersed with these performances, colored slides of napalm-maimed Vietnamese children were flung upon a screen—photos taken by William Pepper. In the darkened auditorium Bly gave a

chalk talk on the facts of weaponry, quoting from government sources, ordinance journals and the news magazines.

By the time Mitchell Goodman rose to the platform to say, "I confess I don't know why we're here—unless it is just to torment ourselves," it was a feeling many of us shared. The 700 or 800 people who jammed the auditorium needed no convincing about the horrors of the war. Quoting Shelley's "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," Goodman asked: "Where were we three years ago—before any of this we've seen here tonight had happened?" His just composed poem, "Too Late," was an agonized self-indictment and led to the second phase of the meeting, the call for action. Everyone was aware how dangerous it could be to pour out emotion too easily by cathartic participation through events such as the Napalm Poetry Reading. An appeal was made to aid the Committee of Responsibility, which is seeking to treat the wounded Vietnamese children by transporting them to this country or Switzerland.

As the social-political aims became uppermost, did aesthetic standards wane? Critics of such affairs as the Napalm Poetry Reading suspect that sincerity and right thinking tend to supplant normal standards for good art—that in fact the poetic emotion and the political emotion are incompatible in the same breast. Such complaints are reminiscent of the 1930s or any other time when the artist has been asked to justify his talent and the privilege of being an artist by committing himself to the proper cause in the political arena. But what was new about today's situation was that the most active poets conscious of Vietnam were not misty-eyed idealists rising on the semblance of a literary talent to give voice; they included an extraordinarily large number of the leading writers in the country. Furthermore, they were thoroughly aware of the old arts-and-politics arguments. What surmounted all the wrangle was the need, as Mitchell Goodman put it, "to declare ourselves human."

And here, the poets felt, was their province, for who could better calibrate the chilling desensitization of Americans by just examining the current language of the war? Thus *Charlie* is the convenient code name muffling the

necessity to feel the enemy as a man. *Lazy-dog*, scrutinized closely, is not just the ghoulishly ironic name of a shrapnel bomb but is charged with a linguistic valence of the sort poets traditionally seek, in their life-celebrating verse. The United States is like Germany in the early thirties, said Bly: "A golden ship drifting toward an iceberg—the iciness of desensitization." He quoted an Army report on why the new type of napalm was preferred to the old because it was found to be more effective, "particularly with regard to adhesion." Attuned as the audience was to the resonance of language in the poetry readings, this ham-handed but chilling phrase proved horrifying—and also proved the point as to why poets were necessary at this time. It was their responsibility to fight and expose the desensitization of language, a symptom of the thickened sensibilities of the American people.

Bly read aloud a letter from a State Department official explaining why the U.S. Government could not participate in the transport of wounded Vietnamese

children to hospitals in Europe or America in the *Terre des Hommes* project. The language used was the glib jargon of the social scientists—the "cultural shock" involved in removing the children to "an alien environment so far away from their homes and families . . . everything that modern psychology tells us advises us against such procedures. . . ." In effect one was hearing a kind of poetry in reverse. We heard these over-familiar stock phrases afresh precisely because in this application they were so monstrous. We heard parts of speeches studded with statistics or the folksy patter of Johnson in a context that chilled the heart. Now the poets were not saying *listen to me*; they were saying *listen to them*.

On the following evening in the basement of the Washington Square Methodist Church a symposium was held on "The War, The Artist, His Work." Moderator Paul Goodman began the discussion by saying: "This meeting is a ritual affair. I don't know what other meaning it really has, except to register

simple disgust. What will it do to end the war? The answer is nothing." But there was a "poison in the air" which needed to be named—what could be done about it was another matter. He proceeded to suggest various schemes that might really work toward ending the war, such as simultaneous draft-card burnings on campuses across the nation, 10,000 strong. But his comments ground down to a helpless admission that to organize such an underground movement, loaded with illegality, was simply not feasible—or at least he didn't know how such a thing could be done.

Harold Rosenberg put it bluntly: "What can art do in politics? Nothing except say, 'I'm against this war.' But to expect that you can produce a result is a dumb idea." Nevertheless, "you can't go about your business these days, especially if you're an artist. That is a disaster. Nobody can go about any creative work without having this thing over their shoulders." The fact was, "art cannot be itself without criticizing the world"; and he pointed out that we weren't having an Interior Decorators' Angry Week in protest—it is the special province of art to be concerned about such matters.

All this partially cleared the way for Robert Bly to denounce the climate of American literature during the past couple of decades, when writers under the unhealthy influence of the New Criticism subscribed to the strange doctrine that there could be a divorce of the world itself from the world of a poem. "We have therefore only the personal poet entangled in his own psyche." It would be hard to overestimate the significance of this, Bly maintained. Last year in his organization of anti-Vietnamese War poetry readings at universities throughout the country [see "Poetry of the Read-Ins," *The Nation*, May 30, 1966], he found many university officials who would have no part in these ventures, saying that poetry must be kept pure of politics (he mentioned the University of Washington, which had ironically hired and kept Theodore Roethke on its staff). Such a stupid notion, he insisted, could only be widespread because of the heritage of the New Critics—John Crowe Ransom and the whole lot. Even a fine poet like John Berryman, he said, had refused on similar grounds to participate in an anti-war reading at the University of Minnesota. For the writers of this country, therefore, a poet like Pablo Neruda was a revelation, "for some of his most powerful poems have political content." Too many of those poets who were

ADVENT 1966

*Because in Viet Nam the vision of a Burning Babe
is multiplied, multiplied,*

*the flesh on fire
not Christ's, as Southwell saw it, prefiguring
the Passion upon the Eve of Christmas,*

*but wholly human and repeated, repeated,
infant after infant, their names forgotten,
their sex unknown in the ashes,
set alight, flaming but not vanishing,
not vanishing as his vision but lingering,*

*cinders upon the earth or living on
moaning and stinking in hospitals three abed,*

*because of this my strong sight,
my clear caressive sight, my poet's sight I was given
that it might stir me to song,
is blurred.*

*There is a cataract filming-over
my inner eyes. Or else a monstrous insect
has entered my head, and looks out
from my sockets with multiple vision,*

*seeing not the unique Holy Infant
burning sublimely, an imagination of redemption,
furnace in which souls are wrought into new life,
but, as off a belt-line, more, more senseless figures aflame.*

*And this insect (who is not there —
it is my own eyes do my seeing, the insect
is not there, what I see is there)
will not permit me to look elsewhere,
or if I look, to see except dulled and unfocussed
the delicate, firm, whole flesh of the still unburned.*

DENISE LEVERTOV

descended from the Ransom school of thinking, such as Howard Nemerov and W. D. Snodgrass, continued to explore their private worlds. Robert Lowell was the only one of that group of poets to take a strong public stand, he said, though his work itself seemed strangely devoid of antiwar content.

"How can poetry touch upon things like napalm bombing?" asked Bly. "The political poetry of the 1930s doesn't give much help in this direction because too much of it expresses opinion, merely. Because of the tradition of the personal poems in this country, these poems are only part of the poet's change of personality and have no further meaning." The poets today must "write out of their own ego and into a larger ego. . . . The political poet must be like a grasshopper and leap into the psyche of the nation."

This attack upon the New Criticism and its inability to deal with the facts of the contemporary world was met with glee by Maxwell Geismar. "I've been sitting out the cold war, the silent generation. To have the thing turn full circle . . . as I'm hearing tonight—this is very exciting. I'm hearing a poet make fun of the poets I grew up with."

Geismar spoke of his failure ever to get James Jones or William Styron to sign a political statement or testimony; he took their behavior, so uncharacteristic of them personally and so out of keeping with the nature of their artistic thrusts, to be the dead hand of the "silent generation" and the doctrine of the New Criticism, which arbitrarily set up a division between the artist and his time. "This meeting tonight is important—it's not a ritual. It marks the celebration of the arts of life!"

Geismar, who is well known as an anti-Jamesian, cited him as a typical, even central figure of the cold-war culture. Henry James, "with his inner fantasies, his personal world, a world that never *did* exist except in the peculiar mind of the artist himself," was the culpable spirit behind the American writer's failure to deal with reality in the forties and fifties.

In the audience, Marguerite Young, whose grumbings over Bly's slander of John Crowe Ransom were audible, now called in a firm voice: "Let's talk about the Vietnam war, not Henry James!"

Geismar was willing to chuck the subject of James, but he thought the Hiss case must be mentioned as a key factor of the last twenty years. Bly tried to get the topic back to the artist and the war, but Rosenberg began pulling in

another direction: "I want to talk about the demoralization of the American Left—to be historical! . . . we must go back to the Communist movement of the thirties and the Stalin take-over." The groaning objections from the audience rose to drown him out. The meeting became increasingly chaotic. Coming round front, standing almost at the speakers' table, a young Negro began making a speech.

"State your proposition—what is your point?" shouted moderator Goodman, but the audience would have none of it.

"Let him talk," someone called, "he's got more to say than you do." But the gist of the address was chiefly that not enough of the audience was Negro. "You talk of writing having to do with reality," he said to Goodman, "and Mr. Geismar mentioned Dreiser as the only writer in this century who dealt with reality; now what I want to know is: What makes you think your reality is my reality?"

There was continued heckling on the artist's responsibility. "When does the artist become a political animal—and stop hiding behind his art?" But before any discussion on that could be gone into, another rose to suggest a massive boycott of museums and galleries, with blank spaces in the newspaper columns where normally advertisements would be carried. "Get *scientists* not artists to protest," said another, "then the country would listen." A poet from the caravan told of a riot at 137th Street and Broadway that afternoon, when their truck was stormed by a mob of Cuban exiles. Some of the poets had been beaten up. "Now if a few really big-name poets, instead of small-fry like us—if Bly had been with us and got his ass kicked, then something could be made of it. It's names that get into the papers."

Another, identifying himself as of the New Left, chided the old Left for passing the buck. He was busy organizing a group to go to Hanoi and rebuild bridges. "Don't pass the buck—to the artist, as this audience is doing tonight. You do what you think is right."

Now a poet who had been on the caravan street travels said angrily: "You guys sit there talking about art. But what are you really doing except sitting here talking?"

"Don't be so pretentious about what you've done in the street," said Leon Golub, one of the panelists. "Some of the rest of us have—"

"All I can say," cried a woman in the middle of the audience, rising to her feet, "all I can say is, it's a good thing

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RANDOM HOUSE



the government is running the country!"

There was immediate silence.

"I've never attended such a disgraceful and disorganized meeting!"

In the hush someone said: "This is what anger looks like!" And everyone laughed.

As the meeting finally dispersed in its own chaotic fashion, a pretty girl at the door accepted contributions—passing the "hat," which appropriately enough was a toy U.S. Army helmet. There was a curious excitement and exhilaration in the air, despite the bickering and confusion of the discussion—which was what the minister of the church, our host, was trying to respond to when he stood on a chair and called to the people going home: "That such a thing could happen here—what happened tonight, makes me very grateful to you for having come. Let's meet again!"

He had been cheered by the evening's expression of a moral outrage and a willingness to do something about it. I knew that the assembly had actually been a prime illustration of why many poets and writers held back from joining the raggle-taggle ranks of political

action and protest. Never had the woe-ful imperfection of man's abilities to reason aloud in committee been more amply demonstrated. By contrast, I thought of the usual condition of the artist: sole master of his discourse, cleanly emitting his poem to the best of his own ability. Exposure to a group process such as we had seen tonight could seem only a pitiful, even painful corollary to what he was used to doing better alone, and to his sole purpose.

But tonight, also, our panelists—with their hang-ups on the New Criticism, Henry James and the old Left—had by

very reason of their all too human bias and limitations, shown us something else. At some point the artist might perceive that the maddening imperfections of the political arena were preferable—even desirable—compared to a silence or aloofness which could no longer be justified. The apolitical writer had always felt it to be his right to ignore the appeals of the social-action promoters. It might still be his right, but for a writer to ignore the Vietnamese situation could no longer be a mere oversight, or an expression of disinterest in "the subject." It became, rather, a judgment of him.

... A Collage of Indignation

MAX KOZLOFF

To write of art and politics in the United States in 1967 is surely to court futility in a context of provocation. And yet, to ignore the subject in print (however much it may prey privately on the mind) is to repress an urgency that makes the misgivings of an art critic almost weasel-like. It is the predicament of trying to resolve divergent obligations—intellectual and moral—which public life in this country is always prying further apart, with stupefying results. There is nothing like a national crisis—and the war in Vietnam is a crisis raised to the pitch of horror—to make aesthetic pursuits look pitifully insignificant. But there is also nothing like such a crisis to cause some of us to rethink the nature of our role as men involved or concerned with creativity.

We are in a time when the public that is aware of art assimilates all *avant-garde* hypotheses into an apparatus of mild titillation. It is the obverse of our insensitivity to the war images, the photos of burnt Vietnamese children, which daily flood it. How can a people that does not choke with revulsion and guilt at this visual evidence of its government's actions be in the least responsive to art's involuted censure? And how can artists who have all this time been hyper-defensive about their autonomy as creators, strive consciously to reach this population, and still view themselves as artists? What is more, the enormity of American war crimes abroad is accompanied by a permissiveness toward freedom of artistic speech at home which neutralizes the artist's tension and confuses his protest. Ends and means are turned inside out in this atmosphere, stigmatized by agitation and anesthesia. It is frightful to consider how insistently

the present circumstances make a mockery of so much of current art's Dadaist presumption to operate within the "gap" between art and life. That gap never appeared wider.

By that very evidence, however, there would seem to be—in fact, there must be—more room in which to operate, rather than less. To the argument that the processes of visual art are metaphorical and ritually self-contained, whereas individual or collective "action" must be pragmatic and literal, I reply that we are probably guilty of a failure of imagination. In our situation, both metaphor and action are vital to existence. There is a level on which actions cannot focus or connect without the inner, intangible guidance of a vision. There is also a level on which the dream of a visual order will fade without the capacity to inflect human behavior, in whatever fashion, direct or indirect. The failure of imagination on the part of the public is its blindness to the truths behind socio-political protests or documentary images (let alone art). The comparable fault of the artists is their piety about art's boundaries. One perspective is phenomenally coarse; the other is excessively delicate.

What makes this condition so paradoxical is that both sides back away from limitless anxiety, as if from a menace that can be so little controlled that it must be ignored. But in the words of Karl Jaspers: "Large numbers, particularly of modern people, seem to live fearlessly because they lack imagination. There is, as it were, an impoverishment of the heart. The freedom from anxiety is but the other side of a deeper loss of freedom. Arousal of anxiety and with it a more vital humanity might be just the task for someone possessed by *Eros paidagogos* (informing passion)." In this

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light, insulation from disturbance, and a refusal to work to minimize one's own complicity in it, may become signs of an anxious rigidity. Yet, if there is one activity that is possessed of "informing passion" (Jaspers was thinking of psychotherapy), it is surely art. Notwithstanding the personal imperatives of extremely disparate styles (one of the strengths of current American art), the pictorial and sculptural work we see is charged with a proper disquietude. Or rather, a latency that can be read as such. Never in the last hundred years, has a serious, *avant-garde* art been so caught up with the confounding issues and pressures of its society—which is not to say at all that ours is a "protest" art. The crucial factor is precisely art's human latency, and how it can be grasped to produce a catharsis of "pity and fear" that does not dissipate after the experience but resonates as an image in the memory. Not purgation or exorcism of the demon—be it as specific as racial injustice, violence in the streets or the pitilessness of technology—but an aesthetic capable of holding its qualities in suspense, is the healing-wounding power of the work of art. But for others to feel that power their attention must be concentrated and attuned to the psychological ambiguities which forms may arouse within themselves. Just as art proposes simultaneously to be a manipulative and an optional experience, so must the spectator be credulous, and yet also detached. To complicate this state of affairs even more, ours is an age reverberating, as none earlier, with the presence of the visual image, a fact which has also brought about an unprecedented, and often justified, numbness before that very image.

Such are roughly the prevailing conditions under which we have seen the conclusion of a remarkable week of manifestations against the war, entitled overall, "The Angry Arts" (although surely, as many have pointed out, it would be more accurate to say, "angry artists"). The distinction between an actual antiwar iconography, and works that only "stood for" the individual's personal attitude, was sometimes waived or muddled, but the public sympathy for the programs (which were often mobbed) was unequivocal. One would be hard put to find in the history of the American arts anything to match this multi-organized demonstration of solidarity whose theme was one of outrage in the face of a national contempt for the life of other men. Of the dance, theatre, poetry and film, I withhold comment, particularly through lack of competence,

but also because in their narrative structures and discursive potentialities they are amenable to political content. But painting and sculpture, mute and immobile, provide special problems. The section of the event to which more than a hundred artists in these media contributed was a linked sequence of twenty 10x6-foot many-imaged canvases, shown in the Loeb Student Center of New York University, and labeled, collectively, "Collage of Indignation."

Not since the WPA thirties has there been any tradition of political activism in American art. And for an immensely longer period it has been against their grain for visual artists to dispel their own sense of privacy and isolation, to work, yoked together in more or less the same space, for an immediate, short-term assault against a public attitude. Leaving aside the motley illustrations of the Neo-Impressionists in the anarchist press of their time, one thinks of the manifestations of the Surrealists as the only fierce outcry prior to the depression of a committed group of artists against the *status quo*—in work, significantly enough, that was restricted to the nonpictorial. (Yet, as Harold Rosenberg writes, "Breton and his group, while continuing its radical attack on the existing order, stubbornly rejected any substitute for the surrealist project of total liberation of individual desire and imagination. He sensed that to renounce feeling in favor of social action, meant not only to surrender a chief source of revolutionary vitality, but to lose the human standpoint from which to criticize revolutionary catchwords.") In the next decade, there were "Guernica" and the Mexican muralists, high-water points of art's rage against officially sanctioned brutality. For the rest, there are the vituperations of Grosz, the proletarian compassions of Kollwitz, the acerbic illustrations of Ben Shahn. And underneath them all, the propaganda posters of all nations, often enough academic in style, but frequently, as in Germany, expressionist in outlook. It is here, in the frenzy of Expressionism, that the Loeb Center artists, perhaps involuntarily and certainly discordantly, have tried to enfranchise their protest.

I say discordantly because this aesthetic wailing wall, this convocation of clichés and cretinisms, which was the "Collage of Indignation," was alienated and homeless in style, as it was embattled in content. Festooned with imprecations against Johnson as a murderer, and with phalluses colored in as American flags, it contained other visual combines even more impolite. Frequently one saw a viciousness that was determined to

match what ■ was ostensibly exposing. As for the physical embodiment of this cataclysmic message, it might charitably be described as a nasty, degraded Expressionism, long ago discredited as an atavism in the history of American art.

The problem was not just that artists who had stripped themselves of everything but sincerity were still clothed in borrowed rags. Or that their response to a current situation was rendered in a vocabulary of the past. And still less is it that there were no kernels of truth in what they implied. The problem, rather, was in a failure of a quality of mind, or artistic imagination, which had not solved the rhetorical goal to which the common effort had been legitimately directed. Striving to elicit disgust against a vast outer evil, the artists only riveted distaste upon their own work. In its tawdriness and slovenliness, this art became the self-sacrificing target which opened itself to arrows of denial that it had wanted to channel into the American reality. Instead of illustrating, or alluding to the destructiveness of our country's military-industrial complex, it had obtusely and painfully acted it out. These "indignant artists" have become the casualties of ■ malaise—the embittering of the individual by the moral

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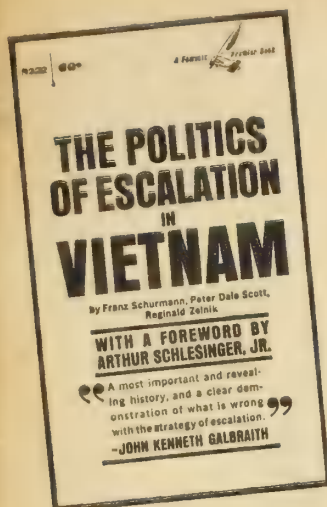
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diffusion of the society—that many of their colleagues, during this extraordinary week, had confessed to as well.

Now I wonder if I have not also been sharing in this illness, or perhaps have been totally uncomprehending, when I impose, at least in part, aesthetic criteria upon a phenomenon which may be only nominally art. Surely this would be the last standard on which these artists care to be judged. In fact, their indifference to any kind of judgment was one of the most upsettingly original things about this "exhibition." If, in their passion and peculiar bravery they can chuck aside all artistic motivation, a critic can perhaps forgo his own professional scruples. The demands of immediacy, of directness of appeal, exceed a piddling aestheticism and, very possibly, form itself. These artists have demonstrated that they have vitality and conscience apart from what happens in their studios. Yet, I am afraid that it is not a question of direct appeal with which we are dealing, but a kind of visual expletive, a blurting forth at any cost to obtain emotional relief.

Looked at from any further perspective, such as that of effecting a spiritual or material change, the situation becomes very dubious indeed. Far from being an incarnation of activist art, the Loeb Center show was a spectacle of introversion. No one will "act" on the strength of such hysteria, however pure. By contrast, the indirection and ambivalence of ambitious art (Rosenquist's chrome-plated barbed wire is an example) is socially formulated because it is "distanced" by its creator. However, it is too sophisticated to produce any specific alteration in the body politic. And the more the war escalates, and the mood of the country uglifies, the more the function of such art will seem evasive, unreal. In scores of conversations, I have not met one artist who is truly unalarmed by what he can see or guess in the environment around him. But I have encountered many who are so entangled by the conflicting claims of ethics and métier that they mask out their concern with a kind of melancholy fatalism. They are so convinced of their powerlessness that they *become* powerless. Or rather, they *will* it into being.

But none of this is in the least fore-ordained. It could have been that the absentees (they tended to represent the more affluent, abstract, better-known practitioners in their field) almost foresaw the subordinate theme of immolation that ran through "The Angry Arts," and declined to participate, almost out of a sense of self-preservation. Many were the contributions that exhibited this hor-

riefed empathy with the victims of American napalming. Before such an issue of charred flesh most other concerns became secondary. And it was from this feat of desperate imagination, even though the thought threatened innumerable artists, that the week of anger produced some of its most lasting effects. The poet Robert Bly presented color slides of burned peasants, interspersed with readings of poetry; the dancer Meredith Monk stood nude as a film projector played raging fire over her body—to the accompaniment of *Green-sleeves*! And the ceramicist Jeff Schlanger composed an unforgettable poster, which was plastered over New York. In its upper photo, a man's hand strikes a lighter close to the palm of a child (this captioned by the question: "Would you burn a child?"). Underneath, a tabloid shot of a burned Vietnamese child held by its mother, has the legend: "When necessary." Its compounded meanings and ironies worked on multiple levels, and yet were so drastically simple in effect that art and propaganda were blended with high purpose. If the object, instead of a mass-produced poster, had been a painting sensuously exciting in its own right, one could glimpse very well the direction some artists might go. Such particularity of reference is no more a sully of art than sensory richness is a token of indulgence. But to find the crystallization of metaphor and language which would kindle an audience to an antiwar purpose (and avoid the pitfalls of the "Collage" artists) is still beyond the imagination, if not the talents and energies of current painters.

No one can measure the impact of such a phenomenon as "The Angry Arts." But a phenomenon it was: a raising of the voice, sometimes even carrying to the streets, of dissent by artists who can articulate and dramatize what is, or should be, on the conscience of groups much larger than themselves. That they have been roused on such a scale, to such an extremity—that they have received so much attention—is a heartening sign. Because of their "uselessness," society views artists with a certain incredulity, but also with a certain fear. It dimly perceives how much art cuts away repressions and stereotypes in its impulse, not toward power (which governments can at least understand) but toward psychic freedom. A day may come when the creative forces in this country will have to fight for their lives, placed in hopeless, unnatural constraint by the energies of destruction. But in that vision, I hope that I am being very, very overimaginative.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Alain Resnais' *La Guerre Est Finie*, an exceedingly well-made and sufficiently compelling film, is in danger of being defeated by the extravagant praise of its American notices. Except for a most successful structural innovation, to be described in a moment, it is not an extraordinary work, and the suggestion that it must be seen two or three times to grasp its complexities will, I think, puzzle more viewers than it convinces.

Yves Montand, who dominates the picture, plays a member of the Spanish Communist underground who has been operating in Madrid for many, many years at the risk of his life and the cost of whatever career he might otherwise have had. He has come to Paris at a moment of great peril for the movement and is there confronted with a variety of illusions about the progress of revolution in Spain. His party superiors wish

to advance according to a doctrinaire program for the popular seizure of power. His mistress wants to go back to Madrid with him, and is hurt by the suggestion that his life there is already sufficiently in hazard. Through a girl who has been instrumental in saving his life and with whom he has an abrupt affair, he meets a group of young idealists who dismay him by their impatience with ideologies and tactics and their faith in the curative powers of *plastique*. To all these, Montand seems slack, disillusioned, bereft of vision and hope. It is not true, but he has no way of convincing them—as traditionally the men who fight have been unable to convince the men who plan that wars are won more by endurance than by blueprints. Elegant, exhausted, resilient and courageous without illusion, Montand is impressive.

Nevertheless, it is a familiar tale and

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it takes a long time in the telling (there is also a thriller subplot, with the motives of the French police probably not what they appear to be on the surface). The ideas fall into place with smooth familiarity and the people have a depressing way of turning out to be exactly what they seem at first glance. The picture gives the impression of being always at the point of breaking loose from its formula, but in retrospect it has never done so.

The exception to this is Resnais' inventive handling of Montand's interior monologue. The style of the picture is *cinema verité*—gray skies, newsreel camera angles, cramped interiors. The editing is chronologically straightforward, except that when Montand thinks ahead to a coming test, when he speculates about what may happen, his imaginings are introduced with no break in the narrative flow and no change of style. Thus we see him planning to catch a train, and a moment later see him catching it; we

see a dozen girls emerging from a Paris apartment gateway as he tries to imagine what his unknown benefactor might look like; we see disasters occurring as he sets his plans to avoid them.

At first, the jumps are disconcerting, but you soon learn to trust the basic clock of the film and can then take the interior passages in stride. The method produces an illusion of subjective insight much more powerful than the usual "identification" which is felt primarily in the muscles and nerves. Resnais gets you inside his hero's mind—altogether a more compelling experience. The device also offers possibilities for conveying psychological narrative information that Resnais only begins to explore in this picture. It is notable, for example, that although Montand worries a great deal about what may be happening to his comrades still in Spain, these thoughts never break into the picture track. The idea, presumably, is that he cannot allow himself to "see" what he fears may be taking place. The opportunities provided by this editing "within the brain" of the characters are obviously enormous. Resnais used similar approaches in *Hiroshima* and *Marienbad*, but he has now advanced to an easy mastery of the shift from exterior event to inner monologue that "reads" smoothly in the flow of the picture. It is a brilliant, utterly cinematic device.

If we are ever to overcome racial antagonism in this country, Negroes will have to disabuse themselves of their romantic notions as to how white people behave toward one another. Or so it occurs to me from having seen *Sweet Love, Bitter*, an independent film made in New York by Herbert Danska and Lewis Jacobs, starring Dick Gregory and Don Murray. Gregory, a jazz musician who can't get a cabaret license because he is a dope addict, befriends Murray, who is headed for skid row after having killed his wife in a car accident. The Negro helps the white man to pull himself together, and the white man fails the Negro in a moment of violence. The betrayal hurts so deeply that the Negro goes off on a final, fatal narcotic binge.

But race has nothing to do with the betrayal. Murray plays the kind of well-intentioned weakling who will always collapse in a tight spot; part of the art of survival, whatever your color, is learning to recognize the type and not being surprised when it lets you down. So unless the film means to say that Negroes can become friends only with morally flimsy whites—an absurd hypothesis—it is sociologically irrelevant.

A picture is under no compulsion to

make a social point, but the tone of *Sweet Love, Bitter* and Gregory's record in the civil rights movement suggest that it intends to teach a lesson. What it teaches, though, is the difficulty of distinguishing racism from the general human squalor.

Gregory plays his first dramatic role in a mood of cool violence, an implacable clowning, that is utterly convincing and almost physically painful to watch. It is a pose that too many talented Negroes adopt today—too many, because, while the reason for it is clear enough, still clearer is the fact that its principal victim is the man who adopts it. Gregory's characterization says a great deal more about the black-white situation than does the story in which he plays. The dialogue, what I could hear of it, is stiff with irony; a good part of it is lost in the mumble of jive talk and an inferior sound track.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park* (Theatre de Lys) is a good show. There are pretty ladies in it, attractive clothes, handsome men, a hint of Hollywood glitter, some silken writing and several ideas. It provides a more absorbing evening than most uptown drama. It is not a good play.

It would be insulting to Mailer at this point to say that he has talent. If the play he has made from his 1955 novel about the capital of the movie industry and its infernal suburbs in the opulent desert doesn't hit the target, it is not from lack of skill or poverty of material. The fault lies deeper.

There's a peculiar confusion in it, a variety of intentions. The basic plan is to portray two near artists at opposite poles of their careers. The first is Sergius O'Shaugnessy, a young man just released from the Air Force who enters upon the American scene immediately after the war in which he had occasion to drop jellied gasoline on Japanese citizens and to down three enemy planes. He narrates the play's incidents. Sensitive and bright, he is not yet a formed person. He might possibly develop into a writer of merit or he might conceivably become a film star. He is a promise.

The central character of the play, Charles Francis Eitel, is a better than average motion picture director in his middle forties, educated, good-looking, of an intelligence distinctly superior to his surroundings. He has never made



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the kind of film he feels qualified to produce. Though certainly not a Communist, he volunteered to fight on behalf of Republican Spain and has thus run foul of the "Subversive Committee." Blacklisted by the industry as an uncooperative witness and sentenced to a term in prison for contempt of Congress, he is now back in the lap of luxury at a resort which goes by the name of Desert d'Or. He hopes for a comeback, resolved to direct his own script and make a Great picture.

Eitel is a flawed man. His promiscuity, his divorce, his indulgence in the perquisites of easy success have incapacitated him for self-realization. He compromises with the Hollywood big shots, he has a hectic affair with an intensely neurotic girl. When he settles down fitfully in marriage he is stricken by a heart attack. The strain of his life has destroyed him.

Sergius who has been befriended by Eitel is compassionate and horrified. At the nodal point of the Hollywood hell stands Marion Faye, a bisexual pimp who embodies (or symbolizes?) the self-loathing and conscious nihilism latent in the environment. Both Eitel and Sergius (two faces of the same figure at different stages of development) see in Marion the extreme degradation of the world they inhabit. Eitel resists it but succumbs because he has imbibed too much of its poison. Sergius sees Marion as the emblem of a society so debased that only total destruction can cleanse it.

Mailer in some measure identifies himself with all three men. In addition, he has a fixation on the surge and flow of the sexual instinct, regarding it as the nexus through which the affective and creative forces in man may achieve integration. For all his effort, Mailer fails to make his sexual *mystique* convincing.

The entirely credible facts of the play's milieu are stated clearly enough, but they are true only to the degree that a map represents a place. It is all surface and explanation. What we miss is living impact on our spirit and senses. The dramatization of sex is forced and dry, never stirring. (This may be one reason why the play's verbal obscenities, bolder than any previously heard on our stage, do not excite or shock.) I can accept Mailer's interpretation of the central situation in *The Deer Park*, but I have no feeling of having made contact with the flesh of human aspiration and suffering that it should convey.

There are exceptions. Two characters emerge with astonishing comic verve. The lesser is Carlyle Munshin, a producer, who collaborates in and deforms

Eitel's would-be masterpiece. Even better—a triumph of caricature—is Herman Teppis, boss of Supreme Pictures.

In this disarming monster, this lachrymose villain, Mailer sums up a broad aspect of American character and life. Aggressive, voracious, predatory, Teppis is altogether sincere in his professions of benevolence, humanitarianism, commitment to the accredited virtues. Everything presumably good and actually evil coexists in him without his being in the least embarrassed by the contradiction. He is a bulldozer gushing with affection as he rips into and flattens his subjects. He exudes universal kindness, unquestioning patriotism. He hasn't a single base motive, but he must have his way. It is the only right way, sanctioned by flag and Constitution and the two religions he has embraced (he is also cordial to the Mohammedan). We are strangled by his gorilla tenderness.

The play gives the impression of a slick movie, an impression heightened by a technique of episodic exposition in terse intercut scenes. The fact that it deals in reality but does not project as real leads to a question which is also a paradox: why should the objectively delineated characters—Teppis and his appendage Munshin—prove so much more vivid than those wrought from Mailer's inner being?

The two wholly realized characters have been studied by the author with an adult, a dispassionate mind; the others spring from the self-absorption of a boyish heart. He has something in him of a brilliant kid, an immensely gifted adolescent, tumescent with sensibility, ideas, instruction, intuitions, unable to organize all this and give it a body independent of himself. He stands in the way of his own vision. A lack of artistic discipline is evident, for example, in the last twenty minutes in which he muses and philosophizes to no effect.

The play is well cast. Leo Garen's direction tends to stress external characterization: details of behavior and speech. Though this produces a certain effectiveness it often exposes the script's shallows. Ann Roth has dressed the actors knowingly, and Will Steven Armstrong manages with comparatively modest means to lend his all-purpose set a Hollywood shimmer.

Hugh Marlowe has a gratifyingly resonant voice and plays with good sense but only suggests the torment in Eitel. Rip Torn's Marion Faye is sharper as image and presence than as a person. Gene Lindsey can be little more than sympathetic in the sketchy part of Sergius. (The use of Sergius to recall

the play's events and comment on its meaning is in any case a dubious device.) The women—Rosemary Tory, Beverly Bentley, Margret O'Neill—all look right and give themselves devotedly to their roles.

Mickey Knox has the oily bluff and energy for Munshin. Will Lee, a talented and endearing actor with subtle gifts in gesture and movement, paints the clown in Teppis rather than the devouring Gorgon. But these notes on the actors are to be viewed in relation to factors in production not of their making.

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as an Evil Motive," led by a psychologist who lived through a psychosis induced by an LSD experience; "An Encounter Group for Families"; "Intensive Marathon Group Experience" (a therapy that ran from 8 A.M. Friday for twenty-four hours straight, with emotional breakthroughs popping up out of the exhaustion); "Discovering the Here and Now Self," in which a UCLA psychologist employed "alternate periods of meditation and group encounter for our personal enrichment," and a weekend when video tape was used to "enable the individual to confront himself in action to clarify attitudes toward himself."

This fall the institute will push on further with: "Mask, Myth and Dream," in which Joseph Campbell, author of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, will seek to connect his 20th-century seminarians with the mythic qualities which, according to Jung, are part of everyone's psychic inheritance; "The Evolution of Love and Awareness," led by Dr. Ashley Montagu, anthropologist-author-social biologist (it will include consideration of "nonverbal acts of communication which begin to be operative before birth"); "Training the Senses and the Emotions," led by Dr. Sidney Cohen, America's most experienced medical experimenter with LSD.

This past summer, scores of the men and women attending the Big Sur sessions have beefed up their awareness with special treatments (at \$35 an hour) from Ida P. Rolf, a biochemist from New York City who has developed a system called "structural integration and postural release." She reorganizes muscular relationships by deep probing and fierce pressures, from toe to head. The body is said to behave in a much more integrated way after this painful work, and Dr. Rolf's patients usually report a corresponding emotional release.

The mainstream of California's awareness quest comes from the Esalen Institute, or through it. Psychologists from the East make it a stopping place when they visit the West Coast. But a few California consciousness-seeking groups are paddling away from the mainstream. One of these is the Guild for Psychological Studies, founded twenty-five years ago by the late Dr. Fritz Kunkel and Elizabeth Howes, a Jungian psychotherapist. Each summer the guild holds seminars on a 257-acre, sylvan retreat in Lake County. The groups usually investigate a theme from early myth or discarded religion, thereby increasing the flow between their unconscious minds and their daily conscious lives. Another group, San Francisco Venture, concentrates more on Christian values in weekend seminars at Pescadero, near the Pacific. One of their more dramatic groups is run by Jerry Smith, a marriage counselor, and his wife. Families learn to share by various techniques, including painting murals together.

The most pyrotechnic of the encounter groups are the "square games" that stemmed from the Synanon movement for curing narcotic addicts. "We have only two rules," said Dan Garrett, a square-game master. "No violence or offers of violence, and no chemicals (such as LSD)." The players sometimes make brutal personal attacks on one another. They must feel it does them good, for 150 persons are on waiting lists for playing space in

Northern California alone. "It's good for you the way playing tennis is," Garrett said. "You may even find you can get along with your old lady, after a few games. You get a more flexible view of life. You don't get stuck in the old Aristotelian categories."

Less explosive, but more prevalent, are the many "T-groups" in which all kinds of middle-class men and women strive to be honest emotionally. The University of California Extension even has a "class" in T-grouping—a method devised by an existential psychologist, Carl Rogers, a staff member at the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute in La Jolla. (He has proposed that his technique be considered as a way to make top Washington administrators more human in their contacts with foreign negotiators.) The graduate School of Business Administration at UCLA is particularly taken with this approach. A professor there has tried it out on football players, with the result in one case, that a halfback found he was able to express rather subtle feelings toward teammates, became less hostile toward some of his fellow players, and improved team efficiency. A San Francisco psychologist took a score of business executives out to sea on the California Maritime Academy ship, the *Golden Bear*. They spent three tense days locked up with their own emotional interactions, and returned to port prepared to conduct themselves with greater emotional honesty, both in the office and at home.

Another order of awareness groups emphasizes creativity. The most innovative protagonist of this approach is Eugene Sagan, a Berkeley psychotherapist who has organized The Institute for Creative and Artistic Development. He got the idea while taking modern dance lessons, and has borrowed ideas from Stanislavsky, founder of the Moscow Art Theatre, University of California sociologist Erving Goffman, Dr. Perls and the Bauhaus. Sagan works in collaboration with an educator, an oil painter, a free-flow dancer and an actor.

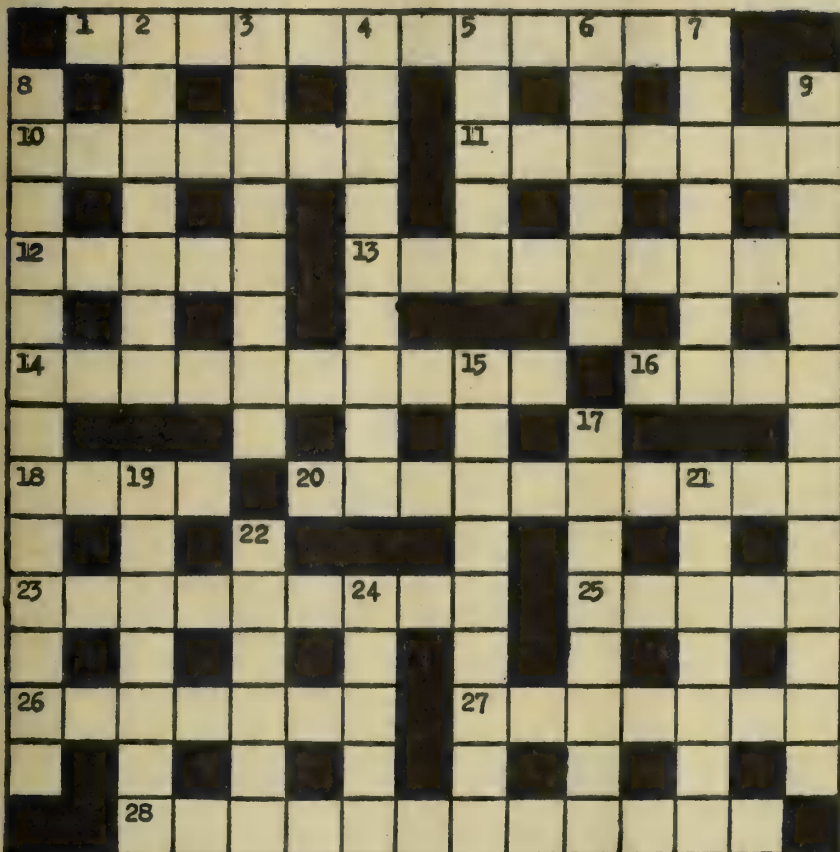
Awareness through creation is also practiced in San Francisco by A. A. Leath, a bearded modern dancer who co-starred with Ann Halprin in *Birds of America*, *The Five-Legged Stool* and other *avant-garde* productions. He holds weekly classes in "how to use movement creatively." Last summer, during one class, eight of his students decided to do "something creative" about a husky young man who, they felt, was too embarrassed to be spontaneous in his movements. They executed a "pile up" on him: held him flat on his back until he screamed obscenities at them so loudly that they let him up. "He's doing very well now," said Leath, with a mysterious smile.

But the ultimate in awareness training is being offered by the controversial Free University of Berkeley, which is sponsored by nonconformists who reject the Educational Establishment. They provide, along with a good deal of "radical strategy and philosophy," a course by Richard Alpert, a young psychologist who was ejected from Harvard along with Timothy Leary for unacademic LSD experiments with undergraduates. Alpert's course, called "Journey into Awareness," includes "methods of breaking the subject-object barrier, vertical and horizontal confusion, and maintaining new levels of consciousness."

Vertical or horizontal, all roads in California today lead to the expanded consciousness.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1189

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Used to raise things and grow a pink bed of it. (6, 6)
- 10 You'll strike out if you make one. (7)
- 11 Did she hold a man for seven years with improvised lyrics? (7)
- 12 Part of the athlete's problem is likely to be waste. (5)
- 13 Shaping up the farm vote, I see! (9)
- 14 Obviously not a tame animal! (10)
- 16 The fourth man? (4)
- 18 Warm up for the race? (4)
- 20 Watch for the midwestern sort. (4-6)
- 23 Did it once call for a certain amount of pull in the Navy? (2-5-2)
- 25 Labeled mostly poplar? (5)
- 26 Good, but not grand. (7)
- 27 Cold pack? (3, 4)
- 28 Sounds like what the scribe did, getting protection for some work. (12)

DOWN:

- 2 It takes far from a little to be sick in the servant's quarters, perhaps. (7)
- 3 You might get to raise his from the deep. (5, 3)
- 4 Does one do it with the knees and feet clung together awkwardly? (9)

- 5 Noted name in gastronomy and the movie industry. (5)
- 6 Bill used to be bigger and went further.
- 7 You've probably heard this song before. (7)
- 8 Horse lovers go to the track to find an association with agriculturist's helper's pursuit. (3, 3, 4, 3)
- 9 A word of warning, cut off and reduced for the sake of perspective. (13)
- 15 Calling on, in addition. (9)
- 17 Melting a form of bond? (8)
- 19 The language of the chairman, endlessly confused? (7)
- 21 What on earth do people do? (Some do a subject for a long time.) (5, 2)
- 22 One might after calling, and also dress. (4, 2)
- 24 Don't go out and list things! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1188

ACROSS: 1 Lightning rods; 10 Paged; 11 Georgians; 12 Dismantle; 13 Skoal; 14 Agrarian laws; 19 Barnacle Bill; 22 Onset; 24 Promising; 25 Electoral; 26 Idiot; 27 Corresponding. DOWN: 2 Ingest; 3 Hydrangea; 4 Nightfall; 5 Moose; 6 Rages; 7 Dragoman; 8 Spade; 9 Useless; 15 Imbroglio; 16 Nullified; 17 Abdomen; 18 Prospero; 20 Vision; 21 Agate; 23 Tutor; 24 Parts.

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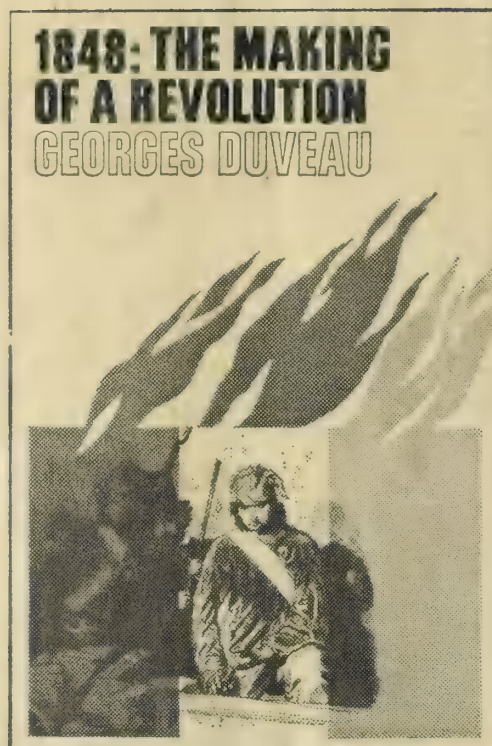
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LETTERS

before the fall

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Henry W. Berger in "American Labor Overseas" [*The Nation*, Jan. 16] has made a valuable contribution, deepening the work of Stanley Meisler and Sidney Lens in exposing the role played by the leadership of the AFL-CIO as accessories of the State Department against the interest of the workers of Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America, and of the workers in the United States itself. Unfortunately, Professor Berger has also done an injustice to the finest traditions of the American labor movement. He writes as if the current policy of the AFL-CIO leadership were a direct continuation of the AFL from its inception. "The main tenets of organized labor's present foreign policy," he writes, "were established in the early days of the AFL under the leadership of Samuel Gompers."

I do not know just what period Berger is referring to, but the AFL was established in 1881, so the years up to 1905 would constitute the "early days." Yet during this period, the AFL, under Gompers' leadership, was in the front ranks of those who combated the rise of American imperialism. Gompers was a vice president of the American Anti-Imperialist League, founded in the midst of the war against Spain to prevent the acquisition of overseas possessions, particularly the Philippines, and to demand full independence for Cuba. . . .

When U.S. military authorities in Havana broke the general strike of the Cuban workers for an eight-hour day, the AFL convention, Detroit, Dec., 1899, condemned the action, and the delegates applauded Gompers when he urged the federation to back their Cuban brothers to the hilt. . . . Gompers warned that unless American imperialism was defeated, the workers in the United States would suffer the consequences along with those in the countries dominated by our imperialists. . . .

By 1905 Gompers and other leaders of the AFL had shifted their position, although a strong minority still existed in the federation which continued to oppose American foreign policy. This shift . . . coincided with Gompers' (and other AFL leaders') close association with the National Civic Federation founded in 1900 for the purpose of promoting peace and harmony in the industrial world. . . . Associating with Mark Hanna and with representatives of the house of Morgan, Gompers and his associates lost interest in combating American imperialism. . . . Soon they were to become the leading spokesmen for a policy of imperialism. But the early anti-imperialist traditions of the AFL are significant and should not be forgotten.

Philip S. Foner

rank and file

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: In his article, Henry W. Berger refers to me as "associated with the AFL." Since the other names he lists with mine were, in fact, officials or employees of the AFL, his implication is clear. I was never an official or an employee of the AFL or the CIO; if I had been, I would be happy to affirm it. I have been a dues-paying member of the American Newspaper Guild, both before and after the merger of the AFL-CIO; that is all. . . .

John Herling

Burlington, Vt.

DEAR SIR: I regret that I left the impression that Mr. Herling was employed by the AFL which he was not, as I well know and as he has made clear. Mr. Herling was, however, the head of the Labor Relations Division of the Office of Inter-American Affairs and actively solicited the

(Continued on page 276)

EDITORIALS

The Professor & the CIA

For twelve years Dr. Evron M. Kirkpatrick has been executive director of the American Political Science Association, a prestigious fraternity which has about 16,000 professors in its membership.

He has also been, for the last ten years, executive director of Operations and Policy Research, Inc., an organization established to help the United States Information Service, the government's propaganda arm, distribute more persuasive broadsides and magazines and books both in this country and abroad.

Dr. Kirkpatrick (formerly University of Minnesota, formerly OSS, formerly State Department) sees no conflict in his dual role. Indeed, to create and polish the government's propaganda Dr. Kirkpatrick has said he employs on a part-time basis more than 100 professors, many of them members of his campus organization, the APSA.

Where does the money come from? In the early years of its existence, Operations and Policy Research, Inc., was supported solely by USIA funds. It still gets nearly \$60,000 a year from USIA, but now also receives money from the Pentagon, the State Department and other government agencies. It will never lack for money ties, because one of Dr. Kirkpatrick's close friends is Vice President Humphrey; and Max M. Kampelman, vice president and attorney for Kirkpatrick's outfit, is one of Washington's leading Establishment liberals.

Even more significant, considering recent disclosures about the Central Intelligence Agency's fiddling with campus affairs, is the fact that OPR, Inc., has received large grants from the Sidney and Esther Rabb Charitable Foundation, one of the foundations identified as a conduit for CIA funds to feed the National Student Association. The Rabb Foundation gave four times as much to Dr. Kirkpatrick's professors as it gave to the students.

Another foundation helping to pay for Dr. Kirkpatrick's work is the Pappas Charitable Trust of Boston. In the last two years, OPR, Inc., has received more than \$120,000 from Pappas. It may or may not mean anything, but Pappas also supports the International Development Foundation, Inc., which glows with the suspicion of being a CIA front since it was launched with a grant of \$187,685 from the CIA-connected Radio Free Europe and \$30,000 from the Beacon Fund, which has been identified by Congressional investigators as having put money into another CIA-conduit foundation, the Kaplan Fund. In 1964 alone, Pappas gave the International Development Foundation \$102,000.

Dr. Kirkpatrick says it is "very likely" that these two foundations transmit CIA funds, and acknowledges that in 1963, 1964 and 1965 OPR, Inc., received CIA money, "principally" for studies of Latin American elections. No strings, he says, were attached to these grants.

Among its other duties, Dr. Kirkpatrick's organization reads and gives expert opinion on books which USIA then plants with commercial publishers—without, let us say, publicizing the sponsorship. One of the houses with which USIA has so worked is Potomac Books, whose secretary is Craig Colgate, Jr., formerly of the CIA.

Dr. Kirkpatrick's group also O.K.'d six books which USIA then published with Robert B. Luce, Inc. Luce—better known at the time as the publisher of *The New Republic*—was also a member of the publishing firm Grayson, Van Roijen and Luce, Inc., which three months after its founding became Potomac Books, Inc.

Nearly as talented a publicist as Dr. Kirkpatrick is his wife, Jeane, who in 1964 edited and wrote the introductory essay for *The Strategy of Deception*, a book which was published by Farrar, Straus, and made a "special alternate selection" by the Book-of-the-Month Club (at no time was it mentioned that the book's creation had been subsidized by the USIA).

The USIA did not pay Farrar, Straus; it paid *The New Leader*, whose editor, the late Sol Levitas, conceived of the book and peddled the idea to USIA. Mrs. Kirkpatrick said she had no idea that the USIA was subsidizing her book—a statement hard to accept, considering that one of its essays ("Communists in the CIO") was written by Kampelman, her husband's close associate in dealings with the USIA.

In the light of subsequent events, the slick brochure distributed by Book-of-the-Month seems almost to spell out the underlying plan. There, amidst patriotic endorsements by former CIA boss Allen W. Dulles and Senators Thomas J. Dodd and Paul H. Douglas, often collaborators in cold-war witch hunting, and Hubert Humphrey, was this note from the book club editors:

... the Book-of-the-Month Club is embarking on a distribution crusade on behalf of the book among institutions of higher education. To match every copy of *The Strategy of Deception* purchased by a member, a com-

West Coast Office

As of this issue, *Frontier* magazine has merged with *The Nation*. A West Coast monthly, *Frontier* has for seventeen years been giving its readers well-informed, ably presented comment on Western and national political and cultural affairs.

The new alliance will strengthen *The Nation's* coverage, most particularly in observation and comment upon developments in California and the other Western states. More effectively than ever, we shall be able to fulfill the implications of our name: we shall become more truly a magazine of the nation.

The Nation's new West Coast office in Los Angeles will be under the direction of *Frontier's* publisher, Gifford Phillips, and its editor, Phil Kerby. They are now on *The Nation's* masthead as associate publisher and associate editor, respectively. We welcome them warmly as partners in our enterprise.

THE EDITORS

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plimentary copy will be sent, pro bono publico, to the library of a college or university in the United States or Canada; and wherever it seems needed, two copies. Also, it will be suggested to the authorities of every such educational institution that the book be made required reading in all social studies and political courses. . . .

It did not matter to the USIA that it is forbidden by law from distributing its propaganda goodies in this country. Apparently it still does not matter, because according to USIA director Leonard Mark's testimony before Congress last year, the practice continues.

The full extent of the cooperation between the USIA and the CIA is just beginning to be uncovered, in their indoctrinating not only of foreigners but also of students in this country. When Congress begins its investigation, it might like to talk with Dr. Kirkpatrick about the extent to which he has induced the nation's political scientists to cooperate.

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

The Time To Negotiate

It is not only Ho Chi Minh who must be forced to the conference table; it is also Lyndon B. Johnson. Neither is completely a free agent: both must take into account changing circumstances, the vicissitudes of war, popular emotions, domestic political pressures. There may come a time when Ho will, all things considered, resign himself to negotiations. If this coincides with a similar situation for Mr. Johnson, obstacles to negotiation will be overridden. But it is also possible for one side or the other to be forced into negotiations by adverse developments, or the prospect thereof. Because of clear American superiority in weapons, this is much more likely to happen to Ho, but it is conceivable for Johnson too. He is under intensified attack from discerning (or apprehensive) Republicans, as well as members of his own party. Among the former, Senator Javits has recently given voice to relatively dovelike sentiments—the result, presumably, of the growing unpopularity of this most unpopular of American wars. Even hawkish sentiment in the polls is less an expression of belligerence than an impatient desire to end the war.

Mr. Johnson interprets every development in foreign affairs as it affects domestic politics. So viewed, it would be a political mischance if the North Vietnamese made unmistakable overtures for negotiations at this time. Mr. Johnson has expressed his heartfelt desire for a peace conference so often that, even if this "signal" were illusory, he might find himself trapped if Ho Chi Minh complied. It is not to be ruled out that Ho might find it expedient to talk—whatever his ulterior motives. His Russian ally is far away, and supplies from that quarter, if shipped entirely by sea, could be cut off by aerial operations against Haiphong. His Chinese ally is in a state of turmoil. For Ho, negotiating might become the lesser evil.

The South Vietnamese are in a condition of political

chaos paralleling that of Communist China, only less noisy. No one knows this better than the South Vietnamese army commanders. James Robinson of N.B.C. News recently reported that eight of the ten military field commanders have made accommodations with the Vietcong—and last year 165,000 soldiers deserted. Robinson got this from a "ranking Asian intelligence officer," who compared the situation in South Vietnam to that in China in 1948. "Dry rot of accommodation," this official says, is widespread among the second and third echelons of the South Vietnamese bureaucracy, which is closer to the grass roots than the people in the U.S. Embassy in Saigon or the soothsayers in Washington. There might, then, be conditions in South Vietnam, as well as in the North, favoring an accommodation in the near future.

But how long could an agreement last, unless backed up by American air power and a readiness to renew the war? South Vietnam will shortly have a new constitution, whether on paper or in practical effect remains to be seen. Then elections are to be held. The military junta may remain in power, or there may be some degree of civilian control. In a year or so there *might* be enough stability so that the government could maintain itself against the Vietcong, who, by all indications, will not be wiped out in the countryside then, or any time. A peace no more precarious and hostile than that in Korea might then be established. But a peace made now might well collapse just before the 1968 elections in the United States, and where would that leave Mr. Johnson? On the other hand, a peace settlement a year hence would have a fair chance of enduring at least through the first Tuesday in November.

If, on the contrary, Ho remains obstinate and Mr. Johnson keeps insisting on a *quid pro quo* or the bombs continue to fall on North Vietnam, another danger besets him. American memories hark back to 1952, when General Eisenhower won on the promise to end the Korean War. And he did end it. If the Vietnamese War drags on, and Americans grow intolerably sick of it, there is no insuperable obstacle to a Republican victory in 1968.

No precise calculus can be applied, but these are some of the factors which are operating beneath the visible maneuvers and the audible speeches.

Cronkite's Alarm

Walter Cronkite, a plain and honest man, has had a long look at the United States credibility gap. He finds it frightening. "Today truth and honesty are surrounded by untruth and dishonesty, by dissembling and distortion, by cynicism and disbelief. In the area of government, this is a matter for which we all bear responsibility in a democracy and which should be a matter of direct concern and immediate action."

He thinks the problem not just moral or philosophic—his phrasing—but a real, immediate danger "that could

directly affect our ability to survive." Therefore the C.B.S. newsman has tendered a criticism of government policy that is extraordinarily harsh, coming from a mild, earnest man dedicated to cool objectivity and avoidance of editorializing, as he nightly reads the news.

With reference to the war in Vietnam, he said: "This Administration and preceding ones did not level with the American people on the nature or scope of the commitment which, I submit, they themselves must have known was one of the ultimates of our policy."

Moreover, "misleading of the public has become general armed forces policy." And Cronkite's blasts carried beyond Vietnam. He made substantially the same charges in connection with the holding of aluminum prices and the Cuban missile crisis.

However, Cronkite did not broadcast these interesting views—based on his long news experience and deep belief in democracy—on his evening news program. He delivered them on February 9 in the comparative obscurity of a Johns Hopkins University lecture hall. It is as if James Reston were to correct in the *Columbia Journalism Review* errors he committed in *The New York Times*. Cronkite has a primary responsibility to his millions of viewers. It is to them he should be addressing his alarm about Administration deception.

What is perhaps even more disturbing than the uneasy feeling one gets that Cronkite's talk was mere rhetoric is the newsman's unquestioning acceptance of a governmental basic premise. "Our problem," he said, "is how the nation can be kept informed and how it can be given all the information that is necessary for the viable function of a democracy while denying to the potential enemy the information which is capital to his cause."

But that, basically, is the Pentagon view. Since World War II, the government has extended its definition of the state of war to encompass total war, undeclared war, hot and cold war, hence potential war. In such a state of perpetual terror, "the potential enemy" is always with us, free access to information is forever denied, and Cronkite really has no cause for complaint.

If Cronkite did not mean that, he should say on the air exactly what he did mean.

Off the Land

From the Mississippi Delta come stories like this one by Gene Roberts in *The New York Times*: Lockett Mayze, a 59-year-old Negro former sharecropper, is speaking. "I didn't hardly work at all last year. When the cap'n told me he wouldn't even have that much work for me this year, I up and left. The best week I had last year was \$15, and that was a mighty unusual week."

Mr. Mayze, his wife and eight children, are now living in an abandoned house owned by a Negro friend. He told the reporter that he could not remember when he

last had a dollar in his pocket. His family has been subsisting on surplus farm products, except that he was given a hog's head by a friend; that was an occasion. He is a poor possibility for retraining because of his age. "I never had me hardly any schooling," he says, "and all I know is farm work. I don't know what I'll do now."

Some 100,000 Negroes—counting women and children—don't know either. The prospect is that they will be deprived of all farm income this year. The pretext is the new \$1-an-hour minimum wage law, which became effective on February 1. The Delta Council, an organization of cotton planters, announces that thousands of workers will be "replaced" by even more intensive use of weed-killing chemicals and mechanical cotton pickers. In just four Delta counties some 12,000 families are about to be dispossessed. Up to now they have been allowed to remain in their shacks on the plantations and live on welfare and surplus commodities, but even this marginal existence is coming to an end.

Michael J. Piore, an assistant professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spent his Christmas vacation in Mississippi and talked to Amzie Moore, the leader of the civil rights movement in the four counties. He was impressed by Mr. Moore—"an intelligent, articulate and sophisticated man." Moore believes, as do most disinterested observers in the Delta, that the planters see the minimum wage as an opportunity to rid themselves of "their" remaining Negroes. In a number of Delta counties Negroes now constitute a majority of registered voters. Evicting Negroes is one way of turning a majority into a minority. An additional incentive is that the minimum wage applies only to farms with seven or more employees; below that figure, old sharecropping levels of compensation may be retained.

Those Negroes who had some chance of finding work in centers like Chicago, Detroit and Ohio cities have already left Mississippi and Alabama. Those left are described by an official of the Economic Research Service of the Department of Agriculture as possibly the "real hard core" of Southern Negro poverty. If these last victims migrate likewise, they will have to be supported on "welfare" wherever they relocate. There is no social or economic advantage whatever in forcing them from the places where they have lived all their lives into Northern ghettos.

Some form of rural resettlement, combined with industrial development and training for those who can be trained, is clearly in order. The Canadian Baby Bonus Plan, discussed by Ian Sclanders in *The Nation* ("Bonus for Babies," February 17, 1964) was considered at some length in recent sessions of Senator Ribicoff's committee. This kind of family income is not a novel idea, and there is a wealth of experience to recommend it, but there is need for immediate emergency action to mitigate the effects of the impending social disaster in the South.

THOSE 'MAD' CHINESE

MORTON H. FRIED

Mr. Fried, chairman of the Department of Anthropology, Columbia University, and member of the East Asian Institute, is the author of Fabric of Chinese Society (Praeger).

The predominant feeling among those who should know better seems to be that the Chinese have collectively gone mad in the present crisis. Sinologues and Pekinologists see what is happening as a struggle for succession to the powers of a sick and dying Mao; as an attempt by an old man to cleanse a failing revolution of waste products and restore a flaming *élan*; as a form of Oriental madness, a Chinese version of the Malay amok, which only an anthropologist would seek to explain.

The explanation of current Chinese events in terms of a hypothetical form of social madness is widely acceptable, perhaps, because it leaves the Chinese in a behavioral vacuum: they are acting as they are for reasons that have nothing to do with the United States or anything we have done in the past. Another plausible reason for the success of the theory is to be found in our faith that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Certainly *U.S. News & World Report* and *Fortune* look forward, as they have for almost eighteen years, to the momentary collapse of the Red Chinese state.

Whatever the basis for the popularity of the "madness" hypothesis, it has one crippling disability: it predicts nothing, offers no basis on which alternative courses may be plotted with any security as to the probabilities involved. Since China is, in a sense, the fuse in the bomb of contemporary international relations, the present status of our understanding is not merely ridiculous but suicidal. There is, however, another possible view.

This alternative interpretation of recent events in China dispenses with the notion that what is happening is in any significant way irrational or uncontrolled. This does not mean that each development is planned or that the tactical commands emanate from one source. There is real conflict and, as most analysts have already pointed out, there is an incipient civil war; one of the puzzles here to be discussed is why it remains incipient under conditions so conducive to outbreak.

At the core of my analysis is one assumption, but it requires no great flight of fancy. I assume that the Lin-Mao power faction (Lin Piao, Minister of Defense and *de facto* head of the military establishment, and Mao Tse-tung) believes that probably in 1967 or 1968, certainly within a very few years, America will attack, eventually invade, the People's Republic of China. From this assumption, bolstered daily by some action of the United States, some statement by one of our high officials, or some pronouncement by a current or former U.S. military leader, the present events in China flow as easily as spring freshets after a rain. The hard-line Maoists, expecting war and invasion, expect also to win it. Indeed, they welcome such a war and will do what they can to provoke

it. But to win it, they must reverse some of the trends that have been growing in China for more than a decade. To win, they cannot rely on massed armies, big factories, orderly supply columns or centralized political control. They believe, and there is reason to agree with them, that reliance on such things will insure rapid defeat. And it is their view not merely that reliance upon these things *in war* will lead to the defeat of the Lin-Mao China but that reliance upon them *at the present time* will produce conditions leading inexorably to that defeat. It is therefore incumbent on the Lin-Mao group immediately to eradicate centralized government, urban domination of the society, concentrated industrial plants, even conventionally structured education.

If such a program can be realized, Lin and Mao will return China to structural conditions closely resembling those which they manipulated so brilliantly during the thirties and forties until, to the incredulity of the whole world, including the Soviet Union, they emerged victorious and grasped national control. Under such conditions, China becomes a vast trap. The invader may take almost any strong point he wishes, but at high cost, and always with the proviso that the terrain between strong points belongs to the guerrillas, as does almost everything in the night. Under such conditions, as Mao and more lately Lin Piao have confidently stated, the enemy, the United States, becomes the service of supply upon which the guerrilla armies rely.

With such a program the Lin-Mao group also disposes of the complex question that haunted Chinese strategy considerations for ten years until the emergence of the Red Guard movement.* This is the question of "Red or expert." There was a time when the idealistic zeal that so frequently clouds issues in Communist China indicated the solution of "Red and expert," but that was buried in the debris of the first Great Leap Forward. Now the Lin-Mao group relegates expertise to an inferior place in its scheme. The only form of expertise it encourages is that found in the thought of Mao Tse-tung, especially those portions of the ideology which deal with the science of resistance, struggle and guerrilla war.

The present relationship between China and the Soviet Union can be explained in terms of the analysis already made. Before elaborating on that acrimony, however, I want to take a look at the counter camp, which has been the butt of most of the Red Guard activity.

The faction in China against which the Lin-Mao group concentrates its force and venom is, as has been remarked by most of the experts, the main personnel of the Chinese Communist Party, together with nonparty managers of almost all kinds. Just as the figurehead of the Red Guard

*The present Red Guard is not the first to appear in Chinese communism. Mao speaks of Red Guards in his writings of the late twenties and early thirties, though the forces in question were not quite the same as those today, being more like a Red militia. At present there are actually two Red Guard movements, called by different names. We are familiar with the youth group; the other, deliberately counter to this movement, and closer to the militia of the past, is made up of peasants and workers.

is the party chairman, Mao Tse-tung, so the figurehead of the party is the head of state, Liu Shao-ch'i. The idea of persecuting a President while he remains in office, of adolescents making him stand on a table and publicly confess his sins (and doing the same to his wife) is so ludicrous that it seems to confirm the hypothesis of social madness in China. Can there be logical motivation for such behavior? To answer this question, we must assess what the Liu faction, the "proper" Communist Party faction, stands for.

Once again we need to make only one assumption and, as before, it arises from the facts as they have been reported. I assume that the Liu faction has maintained connections with the Soviet Union and to some degree represents the influence of Moscow. More than that, this faction presumably operates at least in part according to information from Moscow, and one salient bit of information from that source has been the assurance that Soviet military capacity shields China from American invasion. It guarantees that any American attack on China will be taken as an attack on Russia, with all the consequences that naturally follow.

Working from this assumption, it is reasonable to believe that the Liu faction favors development of China along lines that have already proved successful in the Soviet Union. This means concentration on industrial development, with associated emphasis on urban areas, unified military forces, centralized political structure and conventional educational development. To assist in the realization of this program the Liu faction is willing to rely on Soviet assistance, and that means a return to conditions of some years ago, when Russian specialists were



Beaton, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

numerous in China and Russian credits were a necessary supplement to Chinese capital development. It also means accepting once more various negative conditions, some relating to border definition and maintenance (as in Sinkiang, Mongolia and Manchuria), and to a degree of Russian intervention in Chinese internal politics.

I believe that the Liu faction thinks it most unlikely that the United States will actually invade, and therefore concentrates on making China a world power in conventional terms. This means that the Liu faction stresses the role of expertise; but as matters evolved elsewhere in the Communist world, it now also means that they can stress "Red" as that term is usually understood outside Maoism. The Liu point of view accepts bureaucracy and, without taking a formal position in the matter, condones the emergence of a "new class," rather like that which survived Stalin and rode out the Soviet interregnum to reach the stable conditions of Russia in recent years. As a by-product, it also accepts routinization and consequently looks forward to the destruction of the personality cult of Mao with its charismatic convulsions.

Against that background, I submit, present events in China are revealed as anything but insane. While certainly violent, they can be seen as rational consequences of a basic split in strategy between the two factions now locked in a real contest for power. It is not, then, merely a battle for succession, at a time when Mao is in failing health, or worse (which I think may be the case). The real struggle is between camps holding totally antagonistic views as to how China's current problems can be solved. Obviously much more is implied on lower levels: there is, at the least, the opportunity afforded to the young and "out" to displace the old and "in" by destroying the established party structure. Actually, this is not a new theme within the young Chinese Communist state; one can read Franz Schurmann's *Ideology and Organization in Communist China* from this perspective and spot the latent impulses.

At this point, one may expect the question: "Why is so



Abu, London: Ben Roth

much hostility directed at the Soviet Union in the present movement?" The answer is implicit in what has gone before, but then we must turn to more difficult questions.

The Red Guard hostility to Russia reflects the Maoist fear that Soviet Communists are misled by their own interests. This faction does not credit assurances of the Russian will and power to forestall American attack on China. Why should it? The USSR has on occasions past completely misread the Chinese Communist revolution and its prospects and offered direction and advice that led to disaster.

Even were this not enough, the Lin-Mao faction disagrees because it *wants* the coming war, seeing it more



Pierre, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

or less as the second version of a previous triumph. It doesn't really fear nuclear weapons, because it plans to decentralize. Having no political or industrial centers, and in general placing little reliance on cities, it sees no greater danger in the U.S. nuclear threat than there was in the Japanese bombing potential of the earlier war. What is more, the present failure of United States bombing in North and South Vietnam confirms the belief that air power, whether conventional or nuclear, is not decisive in the kind of war that the Lin-Mao faction expects to fight. On the contrary, its theorists look to such a war as a means of bleeding the United States until it loses the support of all its allies and finally suffers structural disintegration to the point that it can no longer meet its internal problems.

The Lin-Mao faction is willing to apply almost any degree of force to the Soviet Union because it anticipates only disaster from that direction. Worse than overt military interference would be any Soviet attempt to encourage centralized development of the Chinese economy, a development that would create incentives for the maintenance of peace.

There are two further questions which I consider more difficult to answer. The first asks why the Russians have not been more active in China than they seem to have been. Why hasn't there been an attempt to apply the kind of solution that the Soviet Union used in Hungary in 1956—that is, military support of the Liu faction? The second asks why the present Chinese revolution has been so disciplined and contained.

The first question has certain obscure aspects to which I cannot here turn. However, in the grossest approach, the limitations on Soviet intervention are simi-

lar to those that inhibit an American invasion. Even if the USSR took the position that it was intervening on behalf of President Liu Shao-ch'i, and assuming that he made a public request for such aid, Russia would still be undertaking a military adventure in a vast quagmire of land and people. The Kremlin may already have reviewed this situation and come to a firm "nyet," despite the urgings of such generals as may believe in the total efficacy of military power.

I find the answer to the second question much more baffling; it must be synthesized from a great many disparate elements. Workers and peasants have not been doing badly by Chinese standards. There have been uprisings, but conditions in the countryside have not yet provoked a real desire to attack and eliminate the Maoists, although further anti-materialistic Maoist excesses could produce the necessary reaction in short order.

Within the party itself, the word, I am sure, is restraint. A situation like the present one could easily bring the whole edifice of communism crashing to the ground, and the party hierarchy must be awake to the danger. The ideological revolution in China seems to have far outdistanced its technological and economic base, and a thoroughgoing counterrevolution is a definite possibility. Accordingly, successive steps must be taken carefully and in such a way as to minimize the shocks to the revolution that have already occurred. The party is thus forced to take a great deal of punishment to achieve the position that will enable it to consolidate advances without sacrificing fundamental accomplishments.

Although it goes beyond the scope of this article, I should like to add some suggestions about the present international activities of the United States as they affect the crisis in China. Specifically, I believe that our present involvement in Vietnam aids the Lin-Mao faction and may be the factor that brings it victory in the present struggle.

The presence of some 400,000 American combat troops on the Asian mainland, and the continued bombing of areas lying just beyond the boundaries of China, powerfully support the Lin-Mao contention that the United States plans to invade China. It is essential that real steps be taken to prove that the United States is intent on disengaging in Vietnam. The bombing should stop immediately, with every indication that it is a permanent and unilateral action. Thereafter, and as rapidly as possible, there should be some troop withdrawals. This would strengthen the sector that opposes Lin and Mao, and might so alter conditions as to bring victory to the Liu forces in the present internal struggle. This would not solve the world's problems, but it would offer the possibility of developments in Asia similar to those that have occurred in Eastern Europe since the death of Stalin.

We need not stand helpless as events in China drift toward a condition that almost guarantees World War III. To be sure, appropriate action requires great political sagacity and daring. In view of the alternatives there is no real choice, and hesitation itself leads to defeat.

REBELS ON THE POTOMAC

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D.C.

Of the many things precious to the United States Civil Service Commission (orthodox patriotism, orthodox sex and absolute obedience are all near the top of its list), nothing is held quite so dear as the concept of bossism, in the abstract and on the hoof. As a result, labor-management relations in the federal service is of a quality that (to use Washington *Star* reporter Joseph Young's description of a particular agency) "would have brought tears of envy to the industrial barons of old."

To the USCS, nothing is as sanctified as authority. The chain of command is and must remain inviolable. Not even national security is considered of greater importance. Kicking around on appeal now is a State Department case in which an employee in West Germany turned in his superior for slipping into East Germany to telephone someone in Poland. The subordinate paid for his zeal by being fired. Much earlier, in a case coming out of the Federal Housing Authority, an employee who accused three of his superiors of misconduct was dismissed. True, the three bosses were also fired for fraud, misuse of public funds and other improper conduct; the subordinate was discharged simply for reporting them.

Don't complain; don't criticize the boss; don't start trouble. These are the cardinal principles of the Civil Service Commission. Government employees understand this without being told, but sometimes they get it in writing. A memorandum in a Montana office of the Federal Aviation Agency reads like this:

Subject: Grievances
To: All Employees

It is an employee's right to file a grievance as outlined in the directives or to write a letter to his Congressman.

The consequences of doing either of these should be considered by the employee. It appears to me that unless a clean-cut and remedial situation exists, the chances are that your letter will do you more harm than good.

In the case of a letter of grievance, your superior will be called upon to justify his decision. He is not likely to do that by emphasizing your virtues. *In other words, you are laying your career on the line for this grievance.*
... (Emphasis added.)

That's clear enough. William F. McKee, FAA administrator, claims that the memorandum was "completely contrary to agency policy and procedure," but it was in effect three years and not until last January 25, when Sen. Samuel J. Ervin, Jr., protested did he get around to canceling it.

A man who joined the federal service as a laborer kept pressing for promotion to the grade of machinist. He had come into government work with twenty years' experience as a machinist and he wanted to make use of it. But his bosses—this was at the Barstow, Calif., Marine Corps Supply Center—didn't like the way he tried

to sell them on his abilities, and he shortly received a letter from the industrial relations officer warning that "should you continue to be dissatisfied with the management of this center, the future of your employment at this installation will be in doubt."

There are numerous ways of getting rid of a "trouble-maker" who does his job very well and cannot be discharged for cause. One of the most common is to "reorganize" the office in such a way that his position is eliminated. This is done not only to get rid of trouble-makers but also to make an opening for one of the boss's pals. For example, an office of the National Aviation Facilities Experimental Center was jockeyed around until one of the compliance and security officers was squeezed out. He was ranked as a GS-12. At the same time, the same job was reinstated at a higher rank (GS-13), and a man with less experience, less government service and less education was transferred into it from New York. Only a hard fight by the American Federation of Government Employees (AFGE) won a reversal on that one, but the bosses in the USCS get away with similar maneuvers all the time.

Another ingenious way to get rid of an employee who rubs his superior the wrong way is to have him discharged, or retired, as a mental case. This is far more common than one might suppose. A study of 100,000 persons pensioned by the government between 1955 and 1962 showed that the third-ranking reason for leaving government work (behind heart trouble, 43,000, and ailments of the bones and joints, 21,000) was "nervous system disease," 13,300. Leading the list of these was "psychoneuroses," 6,271. In other words, 13 per cent of the pensions were given for mental or nervous disorders, and half of these were for the nebulous "psychoneuroses"—whatever that covers. The second-ranking nervous disorder was "schizophrenia," 2,293. And what is that? Dr. Karl Menninger told the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee that if someone told him a man had "schizoid trends," that "would mean to me that he is like 50 million other Americans." Of course, some of these "nervous" people voluntarily left government service, but a Civil Service Commission survey covering the years 1954 to 1964 showed that half of the mental-nervous pensioners departed under protest.

If the Civil Service brass decides to hang a "psychoneurosis" label on an employee, there's not much he can do to get rid of it unless he is lucky enough to have the AFGE or one of the other unions fighting for him, demanding that a private rather than a government psychiatrist be consulted. If the worker is on his own, he's as good as out. There is no due process, no hearing either before or after the examination. The worker is told he needs "attention" and is ordered to undergo examination by a Civil Service psychiatrist. If he refuses, he can of course be discharged for disobeying an order. If he agrees to the examination, he thereby becomes a

party to his own destruction. USCS psychiatrists, knowing that the "patient" wouldn't have been sent to them if somebody up the line were not unhappy with his work, are inclined to find that he is too nervous or too nuts to hold down his job.

The worker never gets to see the psychiatrist's report. He doesn't know if he has been marked down as a mild nervous case or a raving maniac. All he knows is that he will carry a semi-nut reputation for the rest of his professional career, with no way to disprove it at once or modify it later. With that on his record, it is not easy to move back into private industry.

A brilliant but quarrelsome doctor was recently dismissed from the National Institutes of Health as a "psycho." He was not even put through the routine mental examination, but was instead arbitrarily shoved out the door with a pension for life—a \$470 a month pension which, at the age of 42, he did not want. When I talked to him, he sounded and acted sane enough; a conversation may not be the best proof of sanity, but on the other hand the Civil Service Commission had come up with not one scrap of evidence to indicate that he is mad. The only thing that has been proved against him is that some of his superiors disliked him.

A woman employed in the Defense Department has four times been ordered to be examined by a government psychiatrist and four times has refused, going instead to her own physician, who each time pronounced her calm and normal. Surprisingly, she has not yet been fired, although she faces charges of insubordination.

The most common method for getting rid of an employee who has ruffled the chain of command is to keep book on him, to watch his every activity, to scrape and rescraper through his original job application in search of technical defects, and then accuse him of "falsification." Charles Scanlan, one of the top attorneys for the AFGE, has noted: "If they want to find something to fire you for, it is a rare worker who can escape their searchings."

One of the most spectacular examples of this kind of harassment came out of Redstone Arsenal in Alabama. Billy J. White, Jr., an equipment specialist, made an error in filing a travel voucher. He had worked for the government twelve years and served in the armed forces five years without a blemish on his record. He overcharged the government 2c a mile, by mistake. When it was called to his attention, he filed a corrected voucher, but his superior refused to accept it and filed a charge of attempted fraud. An appeals examiner looked into the case and judged White to be innocent and advised the government to drop the charges. It might have done so, but White belonged to the AFGE and unions are hated by the brass at Redstone. The commanding officer, Maj. Gen. John G. Zierdt, refused to withdraw the charges. But union lawyers got White reinstated on a technicality; the next day, knowing that the military was out to get him, White resigned with the understanding that his separation form would not contain derogatory information.

Instead, Redstone authorities refiled the charges and had him arrested by the FBI. He posted bond and looked

for work elsewhere, but couldn't find it because civil service officials—going back on their word—had inserted in his record that he quit while facing criminal charges. With the AFGE's help, he cleared his name, but only after a three-year fight and after the union had spent thousands of dollars to destroy the charges. This particular piece of governmental anti-unionism cost the U.S. taxpayers \$30,000.

The commanding officer of the Panama Canal Zone got rid of two complaining government workers (one of whom was president of his union local) for committing the grievous crimes of writing a letter to the editor of the local newspaper and circulating a round-robin letter protesting police conditions. The U.S. Civil Service Commission upheld the firings, so the workers have had to take their case to the U.S. Supreme Court as a free-speech issue.

Most government workers belong to no union and most have no money to fight in the courts, so if the Civil Service Commission chooses to abuse them, there is little they can do about it. Typical of their ranks is Bruce Argon, an electronics specialist who was hired by NASA a couple of years ago after an exemplary dozen years in private industry. He did all right with NASA until one day he suggested to his boss that it might be just as well if he, the boss, came in a little more sober. After that, everything turned sour.

A couple of months later he was fired for having "falsified" his original job application. Going over his record with a currycomb, civil service investigators had found an omission covering four months in his work career. He had spent the time with a company that later went bankrupt.

That was not the end of his former boss's revenge. Argon, a year after being discharged by NASA, is still unemployed. All doors are closed to him in private electronics industry, which wants nothing to do with an employee who offended the contract givers at NASA. What is the *full* report in his files which seemingly has destroyed his career? NASA will not tell him; his files are closed to him; he is not permitted to face his shadowy accusers and rebut their accusations.

The U.S. Civil Service can survive a reputation for bullying and abusive insistence upon conformity. But it is doubtful that it could survive the demolition of its basic myth, which is that one rises through the ranks solely by competition and demonstrated merit. Pamphlet No. 5, issued by the USCS to prospective college applicants, makes the typical claim: "Most federal jobs are under civil service, and that means that they are filled through competitive examination and that employment and advancement are on the basis of merit. Appointments are made from among the people who receive the highest passing marks. This is the democratic way of choosing employees."

This may or may not be the democratic way, but it is not the way of the USCS. For the most part, only clerical, secretarial and manual workers are hired through competitive examinations. The blue-collar jobs, the routine office jobs—these are filled competitively. It is true that numerically they make up the bulk of government



employment, but they are not the jobs that shape the character of government service.

Anything resembling a "professional" job is *not* filled via a competitive examination. Any *good* job in government can be had by manipulating the right credentials and the boss's whim. The USCS admits that 14 per cent of the jobs are filled on a noncompetitive basis, and while the percentage is probably much higher, even that comes to 340,000 jobs—the cream positions.

The Civil Service Commission claims that patronage scarcely touches its hem, but it is an empty boast. President Johnson or his chief patronage muscle man, Marvin Watson, personally interview candidates for the highest civil service jobs (about 1,000 positions in grades GS-17 and GS-18) and they are slowly beginning to work down into the GS-16s and GS-15s (another 16,000 positions).

Merit promotions are part of the legend that is slow to die. Most professionals under USCS will tell you that positions in the top eight ranks are customarily filled on the basis of personal friendship or patronage. There is a promotional board in each agency or division, and when it is confronted with three or four applicants qualified for a promotion, the board can be expected to pick one who will most closely collaborate with the Establishment; the one who will "fit in," not the fellow who has different ideas and may be a bit argumentative about them.

The system does not work well. It leaves a deep residue of bitterness. While the quit rate for government work is 8.5 per cent, the retirement rate is 22 per cent; for many talented professionals—stuck for years at the same

rating while they watch the boss's favorites climb the ladder—take a pension at the first opportunity.

This is especially true of civilians who work with the Pentagon agencies where the top positions are, through the "buddy" system, often held open for retiring officers who shuck their uniforms, wait the required six months, and then come in the back door wearing civilian clothes to sit again at their old desk—but at a 50 to 100 per cent pay raise (combining their civilian pay with their military pension). One labor union's estimate is that 200,000 retired officers are now in government work, drawing two checks and crowding out the promotional chances of the career civilians.

Here and there the curtain of bureaucracy is pushed back to permit the entry of more individual freedom. AFGE attorney Elmer Neumann has forced one agency actually to write into its regulations that an employee on trial is innocent until proved guilty—a belief not yet widespread in the USCS. A U. S. appeals court ruled recently that an Oregon postal worker was not violating the Hatch Act when he spoke to a meeting of a county Democratic Central Committee. Previously, although Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien could serve as the Democrat's No. 1 ward heeler on behalf of the President, the lowly letter carriers had to act politically deaf and dumb.

And Civil Service Commissioner Macy has promised—after reams of unfavorable publicity—to cut down on the number of questionnaires in which workers are repeatedly asked to state whether or not they are content with their sex life. One of the more civilized improve-

ments was Macy's recent order that applicants are no longer required to list arrests for minor crimes committed before their 21st birthday (it used to be that all arrests after 16th birthday, whether charges were dismissed or not, had to be listed on the job application). At the same time he announced a policy of hiring "good-risk" former offenders. No, the U. S. Civil Service is not without hope; it is only thickly crusted with the inhumanity of big bureaucracy.

And to cope with that, outside scrubbing will be necessary. This may come with Senator Ervin's "Bill of Rights" legislation, which will, among other things:

Forbid asking any employee or applicant his race or religion.

Forbid the "indoctrination" of employees about any matter not related to their jobs.

Forbid any agency from requiring workers to take a psychological or polygraph test to get information about their private lives or sexual habits.

Forbid grilling a worker about suspected misconduct unless he has a lawyer at hand.

Forbid pressuring workers to buy U.S. Bonds or make charitable contributions.

Changes such as these would go a long way toward making a government job what it is—a job, and not a commitment. But these are not bread-and-butter reforms. Union men believe that while the USCS is being shaken up, it should also be forced to establish safeguards against what one AFGE lawyer called the "present murky labyrinth of administrative *laissez faire*." At present the agency that wants to fire an employee holds all the aces: it has the records, the witnesses, the lawyers, the exhibits. The agency makes the charges, prosecutes them, hears them, judges them.

The unions—and a great many nonunion workers as well—want a "public defender" for such affairs, a lawyer not beholden to the agency or to the USCS. They want a panel on the order of those appointed by the National Labor Relations Board to hear and judge the case. They want faster and surer appeals; more open files and more chance to face their accusers.

In short, a great many government workers are beginning—in the very decorous way that one must expect from government workers—to rebel. And if they continue to do so, the result is likely to be the greatest cleansing agent introduced into Washington since the British torch.

ON LOCATION IN ROSTOV

FILMING THE NEW REVOLUTION

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith spent five weeks in Russia last fall as writer, director and producer of Ivan Ivanovich, a filmed portrait of a Soviet family living in Rostov-on-Don. The documentary is being shown on the A.B.C. television network on February 27.

I had arrived from Saigon the night before. At 9:30 in the morning, George Watson, A.B.C.'s Moscow correspondent, telephoned me at the Hotel National to say that if I would join him in the lobby, we could get on over to Novosti, the Soviet News Agency, and meet the officials responsible for making the arrangements for our film production. Since Watson had not arrived when I got downstairs, I walked into the Intourist office. Half-hidden by a group of wildly excited ladies, each wearing a kind of convention pin that read HADASSAH and the name of the wearer hand-inked, a very tall woman with blue hair was trying to establish order.

"Ladies! Ladies!" she shouted, "has anyone seen Mrs. Shapiro today?"

A sunburned matron ventured that she might be at the Central Synagogue. "She said so. She said she was going to distribute matzohs."

During this exchange, an Intourist guide was addressing a German tour group about the wonders of the Kremlin, a Japanese workers' delegation was attempting to confirm reservations to Tokyo, three very solemn-looking Hungarians at the currency-exchange counter were arguing about the price in *zlotys* of a gold medallion of Lenin, and

a pretty young Intourist official was running around pleading: "Please do not smoke because we have no ventilation." Whether Mrs. Shapiro ever returned from the Central Synagogue I shall never know. At that moment Watson arrived.

Novosti headquarters is a modern concrete and glass building located just behind the Pushkin monument and the new "Russia," a super wide-screen movie house, in midtown Moscow. A display window on either side of the entrance was filled with blowups of Soviet parachute-club activities. Inside, we were greeted by Vadim Yakkovleff, our A.B.C. Moscow interpreter, who led us upstairs to the office of Vladimir Angarski, the Novosti official chiefly responsible for our production.

The film, *Ivan Ivanovich*, was based on an idea of Thomas H. Wolf, vice president in charge of documentaries at A.B.C. Wolf had talked to me earlier in the year about making an objective report about life for an ordinary Soviet family in the Kosygin era. Then, after a trip to Vietnam, he had flown to Moscow and patiently negotiated an agreement with Novosti. One interesting point in this agreement was the choice of a city other than Moscow for the filming. The location was to be Rostov-on-Don, a city about the size of Milwaukee, 900 miles south of the Soviet capital.

Before production could start we had to provide Novosti with a shooting outline. So a few days later, Angarski, Watson, Yakkovleff and I flew down to Rostov. We were met by trade union officials from the

giant Rostselmash (Rostov Farm Machinery) factory, the biggest combine-harvester plant in the Soviet Union. Novosti had asked Rostselmash to propose several families. Watson and I to make the final selection. By the end of the week we had settled on the Maltsevs, who lived in a four-and-a-half-room apartment at 51 Kazakhsava Street, a housing project owned by the factory. Both Vladimir and his wife Anya worked for Rostselmash. They had two children. Natasha aged 14, and Sascha, 11. For the rest of our preliminary visit, we examined locations where the picture would be shot; in the evenings I worked on the shooting outline.

We returned to Moscow, greeted our camera crew on its arrival via Air France and departed again from Vnukovo airport at mid-morning, in light drizzling rain. I would not have believed that any plane could be so crowded. We were sitting four abreast, on either side of a narrow aisle, with no leg room at all. At first I thought some passengers were actually standing; then, it turned out, they were just visiting friends up and down the cabin. John Gunther mentioned in *Inside Russia* the extraordinary informality of Soviet flights; it is still true. Watson and I thought it might be interesting to visit the flight deck. The gray uniformed stewardess simply said, "*Pazhaloosta!*"—please!—and we were escorted up forward.

In contrast to the passengers who were scrunched up in unbelievable discomfort, the crew had quarters that called to mind the bridge of an ocean liner. The flight deck was built on two levels. At the front, in a plexiglass nose, was the navigator. Above and behind him sat the pilot, co-pilot and flight engineer. In his own compartment the radio operator followed the plane's course by radar and short-wave transmitter. When we asked the captain how much he got paid a month, he replied with a smile, "two hundred rubles—plenty left over for vodka and sausage!" It is, by Soviet standards, an excellent salary, roughly twice that of a factory worker.

The landscape here, as we looked down, resembled an enormous gray-green Chinese tea tray. The great plain rolled on and on as far as the eye could see. There was no middle distance, no softening haze. Two hours later we skirted the Don River and put down at Rostov in bright warm sunshine.

Rostov-on-Don is a neat town. The tree-lined streets are literally as clean as a parlor floor, kept that way by squads of old ladies wielding hefty twig brooms. Moscow was as chilly as New York in November; Rostov had the warmth of New York in June. It looks like an old Culver Brothers photograph of Boston at the turn of the century. Like most river cities, it has a mood of languor with a contradictory note of bustle. Engels Street—the Main Street of Rostov—is crowded with people shopping or just promenading. Kiosks are abundant, selling cut flowers (25c a bunch), gifts (jewelry from East Germany, cut glass from the Ukraine). One notices that few dogs are to be seen. Our hotel, the Moskovskaya, fronts on Engels Street and has a view of the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest. Electricity seemed in short supply when we were there. The hotel foyer, with some forty lights in the ceiling, was almost always in darkness. On

the other hand, the hotel had the best restaurant in town, and it is one of the few places in Russia where table service comes with a smile. In fact, I cannot think of another. At Moscow's Hotel National, generally recognized as the Soviet Union's leading hotel, it is by no means uncommon to wait an hour for a menu, and a dinner guest can expect to devote three hours to the meal. The Soviet press has recently been encouraging a courtesy campaign among restaurant workers. Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the overburdened waiters and waitresses, but even in Russia, who blames the customer?

Only in one respect did our filming procedure differ from the customary method of unruffled chaos. Novosti insisted on overseeing every single foot of film we exposed. On the other hand, we never felt ourselves



restricted by the supervision. All of our color film was sent out of the Soviet Union undeveloped, and time and again, Novosti people went out of their way to be helpful. Once we needed some special candles for a birthday-party sequence. "Impossible to find," somebody said. A few hours later, Galya, our bright young Novosti coordinator, presented me with a lumpy newspaper-wrapped parcel. It contained more than 100 coffee-colored candles, the length and thickness of spaghetti.

"*Pazhaloosta!*" Galya said. "I simply went and asked at the cathedral!"

The first scene we were going to shoot, No. 24, read:

LONG, MEDIUM, CLOSE-UPS: GORKY PARK

General shots of leisure activity, strolling, sitting, gossiping, reading, playing; by and large we should try to film this in a covert, candid manner.

As we moved across Engels Street and into Gorky Park our film unit reminded me of the moment in *The Wizard of Oz* when Dorothy leads the Tin Woodman, the Lion and the Scarecrow, in search of the Emerald City. The pursuit of reality in a television documentary is conducted by a similar cast. The entrance to the park was plastered with posters advertising the current movies—*War and*

Peace, The Chairman (a satire on Soviet bureaucracy), *Ashes and Diamonds*. Above these stood a black granite statue of Lenin, pointing histrionically toward the sky.

Dispersing to the side of the footpath, we stalked forward in the direction of what looked like a mass ping-pong tournament. ONWARD TOWARD COMMUNISM! commanded a poster by the side of the path. Ralph Mayher, the cameraman, began to glance sideways at me, anticipating a suggestion that we begin filming.

Galya stepped forward, brown notebook in hand. "You want film here?" she said.

"Certainly. The action's good."

"*Pazhaloosta!*" Galya said.

A heap of Kodak color film was stacked in the shade. Under a birch tree sat Watson, with Vadim Yakkovleff, the interpreter; Boris and Ilya, two Moscow electricians hired through Novosti; Tanya the Intourist interpreter; Vladimir Angarski, the Novosti executive in charge of our team; Viktor, Watson's Moscow chauffeur, and John Digman, the sound engineer. All of them were vitally important in one way or another for the making of *Ivan Ivanovich*.

At about 8:30 on another morning, as we were waiting outside the Moskovskaya for our cars to arrive, a small crowd gathered around our two dozen or so cases of camera equipment, all of them marked with the A.B.C. initials. The bystanders gazed upon these and presently were roaring with laughter. Tania walked over to find out what the joke was.

"Very amusing," said Tania.

"Forgive me," I asked, "but what's so funny about a collection of black boxes?"

"Well you see, someone in that group has just spelled out the meaning of A.B.C."

"And . . . ?"

"Armenian Broadcasting Company!"

I learned then of Radio Armenianski, the mythical radio station that broadcasts all kinds of satiric comment on the Soviet way of life. There must be thousands of Radio Armenianski jokes; here is just one. A guest on a Radio Armenianski discussion program says: "I'm confused. In one political textbook I read that when communism arrives we shall have no money. But now in another textbook I read that we shall have money. Which book is right?" The discussion leader: "Both books are right. Under communism, some people will have money and some will not."

The Soviet Union today is, of course, neither "classless" nor Communist. You see that slogan, ONWARD TOWARD COMMUNISM! everywhere, yet nearly fifty years after the revolution, money continues to be the single most powerful incentive for Soviet man. The guaranteed minimum wage is now 60 rubles a month (the present exchange is 1.11 rubles to the dollar). A skilled worker like Vladimir Maltsev, whose life we were in Rostov to film, earns between 110 and 160 rubles a month. A shop assistant probably earns 80 rubles. A professor can make from 200 to 1,000 rubles, if you include royalties on his books. The best paid group in Russia today is composed of the concert artists, singers and instrumentalists, who earn between 500 and 3,000 rubles a month.

We spent several days filming Vladimir and Anya working at Rostselmash. Sprawled over several hundred acres, the factory reminded me of the giant aircraft plants on the West Coast. There was one difference: everywhere inside the building posters and banners urged the "try harder" spirit. Near a group of women who were welding brackets for the combine-harvesters was a huge portrait of Lenin and the slogan GLORY TO LABOR! Not far from Vladimir Maltsev's station was a caricature of Uncle Sam and the words COMRADES! WE ARE EXCEEDING AMERICA IN GROWTH AND OUTPUT!

The Soviet Union with only half the gross national product of its chief rival, is clearly determined to overtake America in industrial production. Slogans that appeal to patriotism and pride are only one weapon in this clawing fight to reach first place. Given the spur of Premier Kosygin's sweeping economic reforms, factories like Rostselmash are introducing a new item in their accounting—profitability. The head of Rostselmash will no longer have "fulfilled the plan" when he has reached an allotted level of gross output; he will also be expected to produce goods that are profitable in the market place. In the long run, this added consideration could turn the entire planning mechanism in new directions—and with it, the whole of Soviet life.

Between 1950 and 1965, according to the Joint Economic Committee of the United States Congress, Soviet per capita consumption jumped an astonishing 82 per cent. Under the Kosygin reforms, the 1966-70 Five Year Plan is expected to increase the consumer's share of the economy even faster. As it looks to the future, the Kosygin team sees a vast increase in consumer goods to provide much of the incentive to "try harder." At Rostselmash, when Vladimir Maltsev increases his output or comes up with a labor-saving idea, he earns a cash bonus. Last year, for example, he bought a television set. This year he and Anya are saving up for a washing machine. Next year they would like very much to buy their first automobile.

What is happening looks to me rather like the German "economic miracle" of the late 1940s—a kind of Communist "dash for freedom." Discussion of this possibility has often been limited in the United States by an unwillingness to accept the view that a new kind of Russia may be emerging; in the Soviet Union it is made difficult by the daily newspaper propaganda that the Russian consumer miracle has been going on for years. It has not; it has yet to begin.

To give some idea of how well *Ivan Ivanovich* is doing today, we spent a couple of days filming inside Rostov's biggest department store—ZUM.

A five-story, glass-faced structure, ZUM occupies a city block just off Engels Street and on the main bus routes. On the ground floor, which looks like a company store in a Kentucky mine town, you can get anything from underpants (made in the United Arab Republic) to a pungent perfume named "The North" (the bottle is a polar bear, sitting on an ice floe). There are plenty of cash registers on the premises but the wooden abacus is still the chief means of reckoning. The two things that continue to make shopping a tough chore for Russians



is the unbelievable surliness of most sales help and the incredible complexity of a single sales purchase. When a housewife finds something she wants, she first waits in line to choose the item, then she waits in another line to pay for it, and finally she returns to the first line to turn in a sales check and pick up her package. Try that, say, for five items.

Considering that the average wage in the Soviet Union is approximately 100 rubles a month, prices seem terribly high. Here are a few ZUM prices I jotted down at random:

	Rubles
TV set	280
Lipstick	1.50
Chocolate bar	.78
Head scarf	5.50
Men's shoes	15-30

A junior clerk in ZUM told me the shoes she was wearing were Italian and had cost her 50 rubles. Since her monthly check was only 80 rubles, they had cost her almost three weeks' pay!

But figures of this sort invite comparison with typical American expenditures for goods and services, and a Russian's budget is quite different. Take the Maltsevs, as an example. Like most Soviet families both Vladimir and Anya work. Their apartment costs them just 11 rubles. Both their children go to free camps in summer. The Maltsevs pay only about 12 per cent of their joint earnings in income tax; their medical and dental care is free. On their combined income of 230 rubles a month, the Maltsevs appear to get along very well indeed.

After four weeks in Rostov-on-Don we had unspooled almost 30,000 feet of color film. The results include everything from the fun and laughter of Natasha Maltsev's 14th birthday party, to the insanity of trying to shop at ZUM; the head-splitting clamor in the hermetic world of the Rostselmash tractor factory; to a furiously competitive motorbike rally in the Don countryside. One of the most expensive shots in the film will last only a

few seconds—a helicopter ride down the Don. On this we dropped 1,000 rubles. One of the least expensive sequences will be the workday in the Rostselmash tractor factory.

The total bill for three days of filming there was just 16 rubles—for electricity. Our hosts said nothing at all about the inevitable slowdown of a production line that spits out a giant harvester every three minutes. Generalizations are risky, but let me make just two. First, most Russians that we met were, I think, people of good will, generous, open-hearted, sincere in their protestations of friendship. Second, the Soviet Union is one of the most hierarchical societies I have ever seen. Even the visitor can sense the resentment of privilege, including the privilege of information. But, fortunately, the whole thrust of the volatile and rapidly shifting economy is working against the closed society. Mass air travel is already here. The automobile revolution is on its way, promising the kind of change the Tin Lizzie brought to America in the twenties, and certain to alter the antiquated internal passport system.

These are good days to visit the Soviet Union. Fifty years after the great October Revolution, it is fairly clear that a new revolution is taking place.

Natasha and Sascha Maltsev were lined up in the Moskovskaya's foyer when we came down for the farewell dinner party. Natasha wore two big white bows in her hair and Sascha had on his best gray suit. Vladimir Angarski and Galya, the Novosti officials, were chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Maltsev. Two great big tears were welling in each corner of Natasha's brown eyes. For a few seconds there was a profound silence.

"Don't be sad, Natasha," said someone, "we're going to be friends for always."

"*Mir y druzbha*—Peace and friendship!" said Ralph Mayher with a smile.

Sascha, as befits a grown-up 11-year-old boy, surveyed his sister's outburst with some distaste.

A few minutes later, farewells over, the children were taken home by Viktor, our Moscow chauffeur. All the

same there was a lump in everyone's throat that remained long after the children were asleep that night.

But we had not finished the evening. We went through the Moskovskaya's restaurant where the orchestra was playing *Hello Dolly*, and walked to a private dining room, where a huge table seemed buried in food. There were bottles of vodka, Armenian brandy, Rostov champagne, Georgian mineral water, platters of cold meat and caviar, fish in aspic, lobster and square-shaped dishes filled with salad. Our Soviet friends quickly agreed that Vladimir Angarski should be the toastmaster. After about an hour of sustained eating and drinking, he banged the table with his fist, and announced that Vladimir Maltsev would make the first speech. I think it was around that time that George Watson and I were each presented with a chromium-plated hammer made in the Rostselmash workshops. Everyone made at least two speeches. At some point the Moskovskaya orchestra paraded around the table playing *Ochee chornya*. I was

just asking the lady next to me what part of Russia she came from when Angarski banged the table once again. He raised his vodka glass and said, "John," turning toward our owl-eyed sound engineer from Los Angeles. John Dignan shot his cuffs and uncertainly got to his feet. "It's been quite an experience . . ." he began.

The Russians gazed at him with what I thought was tremendous sobriety.

John flapped his enormous eyelids. "Baby," he said, gazing at no one in particular, "*Mir y druzbha!*" There was a buzz of approval. "He's a real good sort, that one," said the lady next to me. The last thing I honestly remember was Watson resolutely attacking a cube of what appeared to be colored plexiglass on his gold-rimmed plate. "That is Zander in Aspic," said Vadim Yakkovleff. "It's a special kind of fish—very good."

"Thanks, Vadim," I said after a long pause. "Have another drink."

The next day we were back in Moscow.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 5

CONSERVATION COMES OF AGE

SCOTT THURBER

Mr. Thurber is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

"To become a conservationist in California," a leader in the field remarked recently with blunt accuracy, "all you have to do is look around you." Since the mid-1940s, California has been disfiguring itself to accommodate the incoming hordes. Today the Californian can still see much of the rare natural beauty that attracted him to the state in the first place, but he also sees the instruments of its destruction hard at work. Chain saws are felling the forests, bulldozers are decapitating hilltops and filling valleys in the path of broad concrete freeways, and the orchards and fields are giving way to endless rows of die-stamped tract houses, the slums of the future. Smog infests the air, and the streams and roadsides are polluted with the rubbish of a no-deposit, no-return civilization.

The conservationist has traditionally been something of an eccentric—shouting alarms, putting out brush fires. But today there is a difference: he is being heard—and attended. His ranks are swelling; he has, indeed, become respected. More important, he has become effective, and nowhere is this change more apparent than in California, a clearly threatened last frontier of outstanding natural environment.

"We Americans have never been at peace with our environment," the noted architect and conservationist, Nathaniel Owings, remarked recently. "We've always believed in an endless wilderness. If we cut one forest and built a town, there was always another forest just over the hill. In planning we've never treated our environment as an equal."

The fact that our wilderness is not endless, that in

fact we are coming to the end of it, has in recent years become a matter of mounting concern to a steadily increasing number of Californians. The growth of California's conservation movement has been dramatically evident since about 1947, when a restless postwar population began pushing into the state. Today—with an estimated 1,500 newcomers arriving in the state daily—it is at its peak thus far in numbers, diversity and accomplishments.

Ad hoc organizations are formed in response to specific situations. One of these fought to block an Atomic Energy Commission power line projected to run through the scenic San Francisco Peninsula community of Woodside, and had to settle for a "compromise" that was largely a loss; another kept Pacific Gas and Electric Company from building a nuclear power plant on Bodega Head on the rugged northern coast. At the same time, permanent, single-purpose organizations have proliferated. Some of them are state-wide, like the California Roadside Council; some are regional, like the Committee for Green Foothills or the League to Save Lake Tahoe, and some are small, local and terribly specialized. There are also the big, long-established conservation organizations—the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club—both founded and based in California, but both with nation-wide memberships and influence.

The individual and sometimes collective energy of all these organizations—big, small, permanent and one shot—of late has yielded some heartening results. A few examples:

¶ California voters in 1964 approved a bond issue of \$150 million for park purchase and development; \$85 million was earmarked—and is now being spent—to buy

and preserve new parklands, something like 265,000 acres in all.

¶ Conservationists have beaten back an attempt by the highway engineers to bulldoze a freeway through a choice part of northern California's virgin redwood forest.

¶ The state is setting out to create the first portions of what ultimately would be a 4,000-mile system of parkways—low-speed, pleasure-driving roadways through elongated parks. The antithesis of freeways.

¶ An official state commission has been created to stop the filling of San Francisco Bay and to study all aspects of its permanent preservation.

¶ The voters have created a special sort of "green-belt" zoning that will protect a farmland owner from spiraling tax assessments if he agrees to keep the land open and undeveloped for a specified period of years. [See "The Soil Beneath the Blacktop" by Richard G. Lillard, *The Nation*, February 13.]

¶ Pacific Gas and Electric, which learned some sobering truths about conservation and public opinion in the Bodega Head battle, has started seeking the advice of conservationists before planning new plants.

And there has been still another development which might be said to reflect the growing political maturity of

the state's conservation groups: they have banded together to hammer out a wide-ranging legislative program, and hired a lobbyist to work for its enactment in Sacramento.

Nothing better illustrates the growth, scope and vigor of the California conservation movement than the Sierra Club, probably the largest and most effective conservation force in the country, and certainly the best known. The Sierra Club is something of an elder statesman of conservation. It was founded some seventy-five years ago by the naturalist John Muir. From the outset it was an organization to preserve outstanding samples of our environment. One of Muir's (and the club's) signal achievements was the preservation of California's magnificent Yosemite Valley. Yet in Muir's time and into ours the club has been best known for its expeditions which took members—hikers, campers, back packers and the like—into Muir's beloved Sierra and other wilderness regions. In 1947, the club had a large number of hikers, a small staff, about 4,000 members, and an annual budget of about \$100,000.

The Sierra Club still has a lot of hikers—including those who trek into the Sierra each year to haul out the incredible array of refuse left behind by despoiling vaca-



tionists. But the club's principal concern, its major activity as an organization, has become the conservation of natural beauty. Currently, it has 47,000 members, and an annual budget of almost \$2 million. Those figures are on the scale of a respectably large corporation, and the club is in corporation-type trouble with Washington.

The person most responsible for what the Sierra Club is today—for the stands it takes, its public image, the attention it gets and, indeed, its current fight with the Internal Revenue Service—is David Brower, the organization's \$18,000-a-year executive director. An expert mountaineer and a veteran of the Army's 10th Mountain Division, Brower is immensely well informed and possessed of an unswerving dedication to the causes in which he believes. He is also something of a rarity: a zealot with a sense of humor. Even his enemies—and these currently must include many dam builders and tree cutters in government as well as industry—regard him with a respect tinged with awe.

Brower, of course, doesn't run the club by himself. He recommends policies with a knowledgeable persuasiveness, but the policies are set by a board of directors that has impressive credentials of its own. It currently includes the celebrated naturalist-photographer Ansel Adams; Dr. William Siri, a University of California biophysicist and expert mountaineer who was deputy chief of the United States team which scaled Mount Everest in 1963; Dr. Edgar Wayburn, prominent internist, Medical Society activist, political conservative and conservation liberal who for years has been in the vanguard of the club's major battles.

The club went into the book-publishing field a few years ago, and its program has been rewarding. The volumes in the "Exhibit Format Series" are beautifully designed and printed, combining breath-taking photography with evocative texts. They are expensive (\$17.50; \$25) and the profit from their sale has become a major source of finances for the club's conservation program. Above all, the books tell the story of conservation—and tell it well. The moods range from the quiet persuasiveness of *This Is the American Earth* to the more urgent tone of *The Last Redwoods* and *Time and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon*, which show what's at stake in the club's two biggest current battles.

Dave Brower's first major triumph for the Sierra Club was the successful campaign to save Dinosaur National Monument from inundation behind a Bureau of Reclamation power dam in Echo Park. That battle bore a striking similarity to the club's present campaign to save the Grand Canyon—a campaign which is still far from won.

Two dams are proposed—one upstream from Grand Canyon National Park and one downstream from the National Monument, but both within the canyon proper. Again, power is involved—and, of course, the Bureau of Reclamation. The dams would be built as part of the Central Arizona Project—a plan that is politically sensitive because it involves a long-sought water-sharing agreement among the Colorado River Basin states. The Sierra Club contends that the proposed dams—at Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon—would forever destroy the Colorado as "a living river"—and that they are wholly unneces-

sary because they wouldn't conserve a drop of water. They would, instead, simply be "cash registers"—producing salable hydroelectric power.

The dams are a threat to more than the ancient majesty of the Grand Canyon. As Brower puts it: "What is at stake is the entire conservation movement, and a brilliant national park system. If Grand Canyon can be destroyed, then no parks, wilderness or wild rivers can be considered safe."

The club said all that, and more, in the now historic full-page advertisements it published in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* on June 9, 1966. Less than twenty-four hours after their appearance, the club was informed that the Internal Revenue Service had started an investigation to determine whether it should lose its tax-deductible status because it was spending a "substantial part" of its income on "influencing legislation." Nearly six months later—after a period of uncertainty which cost the club an estimated \$125,000 in withheld contributions—the IRS decreed, in a tentative ruling, that the club is no longer eligible to receive "deductible charitable contributions." The key words "substantial" and "influence" are nowhere defined.

The club spent \$10,000 on the ads that provoked IRS' Instant Wrath (seldom in history has a federal bureaucracy reacted with such cobra-like speed). Many other tax-deductible organizations, which lobby blatantly and on a much grander scale, have been left untouched by the IRS. The Central Arizona Project Association, for instance, spent \$74,065.02 in 1965 to advocate the dams the club opposes. The association's tax-deductible status remains in force.

Permanent loss of its tax-deductible status would hurt but not cripple the club's conservation program. It would impede the flow of big cash gifts and bequests—it's fashionable to mention conservation groups in your will these days—but the club has other resources: dues, fees for outings, book sales, to keep it going. Incidentally, the effect of the IRS battle hasn't been all bad: when the investigation was first announced, the club had 38,000 members; today it has more than 47,000.

The Sierra Club is skirmishing on many fronts. It is concerned for the future of the Florida Everglades, Storm King Mountain on the Hudson, and the forests of the Oregon Cascades. In its home state, it vigorously pursues causes, large and small. Its San Francisco Bay chapter is in the forefront of a move to forestall a major commercial development in the middle of the Bolinas Lagoon, a significant wildlife sanctuary on the Marin County coastline north of San Francisco. On a larger scale, the club is working to create a Redwood National Park on Redwood Creek in Humboldt County—"the last opportunity for a real Redwood National Park." (The Administration, in the 89th Congress, backed a hastily prepared proposal for a smaller park on Mill Creek in Del Norte County—an area the club contends has been heavily logged over. Almost all major conservation groups backed the club's proposal at hearings held in 1966.)

Last year, the club's directors took an unprecedented stand: they endorsed the site of a proposed PG&E nuclear power plant on the San Luis Obispo County coastline.

This provoked an internal fight which still continues. The recommended site at Diablo Canyon was backed by the directors — however reluctantly and conditionally — as preferable to the utility's first choice of Nipomo Dunes in the same county, a spectacular and unspoiled area the club has long fought to preserve as a state park. The majority view of the board of directors is that it was either Diablo Canyon or Nipomo Dunes—and that the club can't simply oppose but must offer intelligent cooperation in matters like this. The dissidents argue that it wasn't an either-or situation, that the utility had other alternatives, and that Diablo Canyon is well worth saving on its own merits. Since the directors have refused to back down, their decision will now be subjected to a membership referendum, first of its kind in the club's history.

One of the admitted shortcomings of the California conservation movement in the past has been its disorganized concentration on, to a large degree, defensive warfare: reacting to provocation, rushing here and there in defense of something threatened—be it Bolinas Lagoon, San Francisco Bay or a pristine redwood grove. A major and coordinated attempt at a systematic new

approach to the preservation of the environment is now beginning in California, and some conservationists regard it as the most significant development in many years. The groups—large and small—have banded together into a special-purpose organization, the Planning and Conservation League, that also includes such related interests as the state-wide organizations of architects, landscape architects and designers. Its single purpose: effective legislation in the conservation field.

At a recent daylong seminar in Berkeley, the new league hammered out a coordinated program of proposed legislation, ranging from a law to ban smog-producing vehicles from the state's highways by 1980 to a law that would flatly forbid highway engineers from invading parklands without the unlikely advance consent of the State Park Commission. The Planning and Conservation League will press its legislative goals in Sacramento through the office of a full-time professional lobbyist.

Nothing exactly like this has ever been done before in California conservation, and many regard the effort as long overdue. "At last," a leader in the group reflected recently, "we are making the transition from little old lady in tennis shoes to effective political activist."

RAILROAD HYPOCRISY

THE NUISANCE OF PASSENGERS

WILLIAM R. WRIGHT

Mr. Wright has spent fifteen years in the rail passenger field; he works for a "forward-looking" line.

The traveling public is fed a diet of woeful tales about the railroad's "passenger problem." The overt manifestations of this "problem" are late, slow and dirty trains, and constantly shrinking service. But is the problem real, or has it been fabricated?

Take the case of the "Phoebe Snow," recently approved for discontinuance. That "problem" was "solved" only after the Erie-Lackawanna had taken four steps to lose passengers and increase costs. First, the E.-L. added two hours to the running time between the New York area and Buffalo, a key point. This reduced the diesel-powered streamliner to a 1920s' steam-train schedule, and delayed the Buffalo arrival from supertime to 8 P.M. This latter detail would not have been so bad if the management, in its infinitesimal wisdom, had not decreed that the Buffalo section should separate from the main train and the diner in mid-afternoon, making for hungry passengers.

For step two, the line abandoned its convenient station at the foot of Main Street in Buffalo, and replaced it with a tin shanty in the East Buffalo freight yards. Step three was the game called "lying with statistics." Instead of cutting off the Buffalo section at Hornell, N.Y., where the Buffalo branch began, the train was split at Elmira, N.Y. This meant that the two sections chased each other for 58.5 miles each way, adding approximately \$351 per day, or \$128,115 per year, of unnecessary expense.

When all else failed, the Erie-Lackawanna went to the New York Public Utilities Commission and got permission to remove the Buffalo branch connection altogether. (Technically, these trains were an intrastate operation and the E.-L. could by-pass the Interstate Commerce Commission.) Deprived by this final step of her prime Buffalo-to-New York revenue, "Phoebe Snow" bled to death, a victim of her owner's murderous tactics.

Recently the New York Central, in a double-barreled announcement, unveiled a train capable of a 183-mile-per-hour operation, and at the same time announced the termination of all their through trains, including the famed "Twentieth Century Limited." As exciting as 183-mph trains may be, the clinkers in the plan are all too evident.

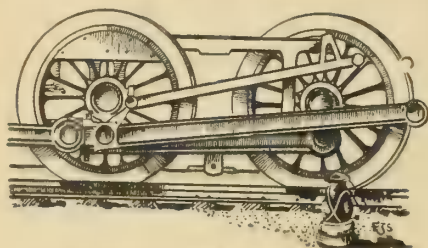
The high-speed trains are to operate over 200-mile segments of the line, which means that a passenger from New York to Cleveland will have to change three times. It was hinted that trains would operate only every three hours. The segments would be too long to compete with the airplane and too short to compete with the private car, and a nagging question lingered as to whether these segments would even connect. The New York Central management has yet to extend itself to build passenger business, and the high-speed train appears to many in the passenger end of railroading as a smoke screen to cover the removal of all the Central's through trains.

Elsewhere in the New York City area, the Pennsylvania wonders where the passengers went on their New York-to-Washington run. Of course the fact that the once

hourly service and the Philadelphia "Clockers" have disappeared, plus the fact that the fare is more than \$2 higher than the bus fare seems not to impress the Pennsy's management. Railroads are the only means of transportation whose costs do not rise in direct proportion to their volume, a factor which could make them very competitive on a high-density run like New York to Washington. Perhaps the Northeast Corridor high-speed service, a Department of Commerce experiment, will bring back some patrons, but if the price is not right, the results will not be astonishing.

In other parts of the U.S., the Southern and the Southern Pacific have embarked on campaigns to drop trains and frustrate passengers. For instance, at Chattanooga, the Southern's Memphis connection leaves ten minutes *before* the train from New York arrives. The other train to Memphis arrives from the North at 2 A.M., hardly conducive to passenger travel. The remnant of the "Kansas City-Florida Special" now ends at Valdosta, Ga., in the middle of the night.

The Southern Pacific has taken even stronger steps. The line, which derives much of its revenue from tourism,



took itself out of the Rail Travel Promotion Agency, the organization which pays commissions to travel agents on rail tickets. An effective way to kill business is to alienate the travel agents. This past summer, Southern Pacific also failed to announce until June that it would run the daily tour train "Shasta Daylight," a move which undoubtedly cut the train loadings.

Perhaps the most "public be damned" move of all is the case of the hidden train. Southern Pacific operates trains 39 and 40 between Los Angeles and Tucumcari, N.M., where they connect with the Rock Island Line. But for several years Southern Pacific has refused to show these trains on their timetables. In spite of this, a good many people have taken the trouble to consult the Rock Island schedule so that they can ride a Southern Pacific train, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered the Southern Pacific to continue the service (which is still not shown in the schedule).

It is rare, though, that the commission is willing or able to see through this type of subterfuge. The ICC maintains an "Alice in Wonderland" accounting system under which it is impossible to show a profit on passenger trains. Everything, including many expenses which would continue if no passenger trains ran, is charged in part to the passenger operation under this "system."

Many railroads use the far more realistic "above the rail" cost (where the expense of running trains and selling tickets is deducted from the revenue) and show a profit on their trains. Ironically, the roads that use the ICC

formula for passenger trains insist that "above the rail" costs be the sole guide when they set freight rates. They want the freight business and so are realistic about these figures.

If the railroads made the same honest effort to increase their passenger business that they make to build freight traffic, the so-called "passenger problem" would disappear. The answer needn't be new equipment—just competitive pricing, publicly acceptable schedules, good connections and a managerial policy that produces good employee morale and salesmanship. Passenger train service in America is being destroyed by antagonistic management policy.

LETTERS (continued from page 258)

cooperation of the AFL and the CIO in the wartime programs of the OIAA.

I did not intend, in the context of the article, to hold Mr. Herling responsible for the subsequent activities of the AFL or CIO after the war but merely to indicate that certain labor ties with the government derived in part from the wartime connection.

Henry W. Berger

doctor in Spain

New York City

DEAR SIR: February marks the thirtieth anniversary since Dr. Edward K. Barsky crossed the Pyrenees into Spain to direct the program of medical aid for the men of the International Brigades.

Like the volunteers he went to serve, this great surgeon, through action, leadership and extraordinary courage, has come to symbolize the will and conscience of all who strive for peace and human dignity.

A dinner in tribute to Dr. Barsky will be held Friday evening, Feb. 24, in the Imperial Ballroom of the Americana Hotel, the proceeds to go to the defense of civil rights, civil liberties and military draft cases, and to youth groups involved in those areas.

For additional information and reservations, telephone EN 2-5727.

Stanley Faulkner (for the Sponsors)

tax for peace

DEAR SIR: Your readers should know about a plan which is an alternative to tax refusal. Those who can and will refuse taxes earn our respect and our blessing. But the fact remains that in most cases the government will get the taxes from the taxpayer plus penalties, and the money will go for the nefarious purpose for which it is wanted.

Under this alternative plan, we tax ourselves an equal amount for works of peace (peace organizations, civil rights and other constructive groups), as the American Government is taxing us for works of war. . . .

Sixty per cent of your income tax goes to pay for wars, past, present and future. Under this plan you make a commitment of an equal amount for works of peace which you believe will bring mankind closer to a world in which there can be no Vietnamese War. Whatever your income, this must involve personal sacrifice and this may be the best aspect of the program. Americans owe their prosperity, directly or indirectly, to the war system. When enough Americans are ready to put themselves on the line, body and spirit, the balance may begin to shift. If more information about people now using this plan is desired, I shall be happy to supply it.

Beatrice Miller

833 North Waterloo St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Masses: Working-Class Dreams

ECHOES OF REVOLT: *The Masses* 1911-1917. Edited by William L. O'Neill. Introduction by Irving Howe. Afterword by Max Eastman. Quadrangle Books. 303 pp. \$12.95.

MICHAEL B. FOLSOM

Mr. Folsom is a graduate student at the University of California, doing research into the cultural history of the American Left.

In its time, *The Masses* published the bravest—and much of the best—art, literature and politics in America. After Max Eastman took over editorship of Piet Vlag's "yellow" Socialist paper in the autumn of 1912, until Woodrow Wilson killed it in the autumn of 1917, *The Masses* lived up to the famous manifesto which flew from its masthead:

A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE: A MAGAZINE WITH NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY: A FREE MAGAZINE: FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES: A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND: PRINTING WHAT IS TOO NAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEYMAKING PRESS: A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASES AND CONCILIATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS—THERE IS ROOM FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

Under that banner, Eastman was joined by Floyd Dell, John Reed, Carl Sandburg, John Sloan, Louis Untermeyer, Stuart Davis, Art Young, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Day, William English Walling, Mike Gold (then Irwin Granich), Mary Heaton Vorse, George Bellows and many other regular contributors. These were supported on occasion by Amy Lowell, Picasso, Randolph Bourne, William Rose Benét, Joel Spingarn, Joseph Warren Beach, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Ernest Poole, William Carlos Williams. Irving Howe observes that "*The Masses* became the rallying center—as sometimes a combination of circus, nursery, and boxing ring—for almost everything that was then alive and irreverent in American culture."

The format was *Life*-size, and often a double-page spread would be lavished on a single drawing. The nation's best

cartoonists, Art Young, Robert Minor and Boardman Robinson, came to the magazine. *The Masses* became the public gallery of the Ash Can School, filling its pages with a graphic record of the urban poor. Its poetry and fiction were less consistently good than the art, though often as brave and gay.

But fundamentally it was politics that made *The Masses* great. The magazine attacked the institutions of capitalist America at home and of imperialist America abroad, and it defied the values, morals and taste which buttressed those institutions. Its vision of creating a Socialist world was clearly, intelligently and humanely articulated. Its art and high-jinks came mainly from Greenwich Village, its politics from mine and mill and from the several sections of the organized Left. Unlike so many later independent radical publications, *The Masses* did not cry plague on all houses; rather, it drew strength from the Socialist Party and the I.W.W., from the anarchists and Bohemians alike. It mediated, looking askance at friends as well as enemies. For a few years, *The Masses* managed to ride herd on all the forces of rebellion in America, not neglecting to break into internecine polemics when differences became desperate. In its last years, with the Left hopelessly divided by the war, *The Masses* thrived as one of the most vigorous opponents of war and of patriot Socialists, among whom were some of its ex-editors.

Imagine a contemporary magazine combining in some measure *Life*'s visual appeal and popular approach, the urbanity of *The New York Review*, the acid *impolitesse* of *The Realist*; standing somewhere between the Communist and Progressive Labor Parties; its heart with SNCC in the South; its reporters in Watts, Berkeley and Lowndes County, and with the agricultural unions and the National Liberation Front; its readership much like *The Nation*'s, but twice the size; and its contributors among the best artists and writers in the land. Such a wonder *The Masses* was.

Now, almost fifty years after the federal government destroyed the magazine for its opposition to a stupid war, *The Masses* lives again in William O'Neill's anthology. However, this new incarnation lacks the old bravado.

Echoes of Revolt is a handsome vol-

ume. It is formidable, an eyeful and an education. The content of this ample anthology is in most particulars adequately representative of the magazine's best work. Its lush illustration suggests the magazine's artistic gift. There are enough of the right materials here rightly to know and to judge *The Masses*' meaning. But the collective efforts of the volume's editor, introducer and afterword monger to interpret that meaning have made this seem a comfortable book, smug and complacent—not by bowdleri-

There is a philosophy which disposes of revolutionists more completely than any other. It disposes of them, not by hating them or by ignoring them, but by accepting them as interesting.

Floyd Dell, in *The Masses*
February, 1914

zation but by asking us to view one of the finest cultural achievements of American revolutionary socialism as the object of trivial nostalgia.

William O'Neill's introductory notes are factual, colorless, and often very useful. His response to *The Masses* is warm. He appreciates its bumptious *joie de vivre*, its unique record of the spirit of the times, its role "as an agency in the first stirrings of the revolution in Morals," and its exemplary union of art and politics. But O'Neill does not consider *The Masses*' politics relevant to our world, our problems. He credits the editors themselves with high seriousness in their concern for social problems. He justly points out the romantic aspect of their revolutionary ideals, the facile optimism which helped inform their general gaiety. But he concludes that their socialism was merely utopian, owing more to William Morris and H. G. Wells than to Marx. *The Masses*, he says, "wanted all men to be free of the crushing drabness and insecurities of industrial society." But *The Masses* was much more explicit. It wrote again and again of its desire to free all men of the crushing exploitation of capitalist industry and the insecurities of olive drab. It died welcoming in the Soviets.

Having argued that *The Masses*' politics was not the tough Marxian sort which has caused so much nastiness in the world during the subsequent fifty

years, O'Neill goes on to explain that "the dynamic elements within the ranks of organized capital" (which *The Masses* failed to appreciate) have rendered *The Masses'* Socialist politics irrelevant. Its editors "were betrayed . . . by History which destroyed their frame of reference and made the objects of their concern seem fanciful and unreal."

The subjects of *The Masses'* concern may be dated, but not the fundamental object: to build a world without wars, owned and run by its people. If there is any *Masses* "tradition," it has lived in the dogged persistence of that hope in spite of our "affluence" and in spite of the persistent efforts of our government to stamp it out. Recently, Stokely Carmichael reiterated this in explanation of the aims of SNCC: "The society we hope to build among black people . . . is not a capitalist one. It is a society in which the spirit of community and humanistic love prevail." And what have the masses of this world been doing for the past fifty years, while capital dynamically reorganized itself again and again, retrenching to face crisis after crisis, but make history by betraying the dreams of several empires and by destroying the imperialist frame of reference?

The failure to insist upon or to see the persistent relevance of *The Masses'* critique of American society might be tolerable if it were consistent—if it were simply a matter of letting the magazine speak for itself. But O'Neill does consider one aspect of *The Masses'* deviltry and rebellion now even more relevant and disturbing: its "hugely irreverent, not to say sacrilegious, treatment of religion." After a discussion of the current "religious revival," he decides that "there is now less room in America for the straightforward anti-clericalism which the magazine served up." This opinion leads to the most obvious omissions from the anthology: Eastman's sermon on the text, "The Church is Judas"; Eugene Wood's chortling Biblical travesties; Charles Erskine Scott Wood's "Heavenly Discourses," which *The Masses* was first to publish. Missing is almost everything gaily irreverent or possibly blasphemous.

The one work in all *The Masses'* career to cause the greatest flap was "A Ballad" by one William Williams—some simple, poignant dialect verse on the paternal sorrows of Joseph the Nazarene. It is sophomoric blasphemy and facile verse, but amusing and humane, and Samson ne'er smote the Philistines more squarely. Pulpits thundered against *The Masses*. Many pious readers, among them G.B. Shaw, wrote in outrage. Eastman worked up a lengthy reply, "On Reverence," defending the magazine's view of religion.

PARTING

"We met in error. If too close,
 Regrets. And I'm away.
 Yesterday was easy come;
 Easy go, today.
 Forget the way we burned, we two,
 That pain on either part.
 Forget we fell convulsed as one."
 Said knifeblade to the heart.

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

The Masses' "final policy" was "to conciliate nobody, not even its readers." Pious readers of this anthology will not be offended, for it does not include Williams' poem.

Nostalgia and *innocence* are the key terms in the vocabulary of explanations which attend this collection of antique radicaliana. Irving Howe's introduction first appeared in *Book Week* last spring as "The Force of Innocence." Howe speaks as a Socialist, in the name of us American radicals. He has, presumably, reason to value *The Masses*, but he finds it lovable and enviable mainly and merely because of its "innocence," its magniloquent but dreadfully simplistic view of social and intellectual problems. "Lucky devils, happy comrades!" says Howe. They knew not the post-lapsarian taint of communism, or of "problematic thought." Howe's is the voice of patronizing, vicarious self-indulgence—of a tired man who pines for bygone "lilt and bravado" which contrasts so sharply with what he feels to be the "droop" of our age.

The innocence of this approach to the radical past is made embarrassingly clear by O'Neill, who contrasts modern business unionism with the tough labor battles *The Masses* reported—Paterson, Ludlow and the like—in which men died for union recognition or a nickel more an hour: "The very innocence of these demands inspires a certain nostalgia today. . . ."

Our conditions are not nearly those of *The Masses'* world, and I do not mean to suggest that the magazine, in taste or politics, could easily be duplicated nor even should be. Neither do I mean to deny the limitations of *The Masses'* romantic, sometimes ingenuous and apocalyptic, vision of working-class triumph. Or the deep troubles, ambiguities and disasters in the radical movement in the last fifty years of trying. But *The Masses* still speaks—and speaks best—to those who are attempting to remake our world. In its example it may encourage our bravado and teach us some lilt.

Echoes of Revolt, however, is made for the drooping. It is dedicated to one of the drooped, Max Eastman, who reprints a chapter of his first autobiography as an afterword. He and Howe and O'Neill essentially agree that *The Masses* was lovable—and is irrelevant. Among them Eastman has the best reasons for nostalgia—he who, more than any other, created *The Masses* and never did anything so fine again. The reader's digester and national reviewer revises *The Masses'* meaning to make it seem comfy, wedding the ideals of Marx and William Buckley with mendacious rhetoric:

So far, at any rate, as I shaped its policy, the guiding ideal of the magazine was that every individual should be made free to live and grow in his own chosen way. That was what I hoped might be achieved with all this distasteful palaver about politics and economics. . . . As my notebook of those days declares: "I can bear the prospect that the world may never be free, but I can not bear the prospect of my living in it and not taking my part in the fight for freedom." (Emphasis added.)

Eastman does *not* reprint another of his comments on his one-time glory:

For ten years, as editor of the old *Masses* and *Liberator*, I poured out my soul, and what there was of my intellect, in works of editorial art that are not only dead but dead wrong.

Louis Untermeyer, one of *The Masses'* editors, from whose second autobiography I quote Eastman, observes with more candor than one will find anywhere in the apparatus of this anthology: "Seldom has a living man written so unhappy an obituary."

The Masses was the graveyard of dreams, as well as the cradle. Few of the magazine's principals survived with their radical principles intact. There are many reasons, not the least of them the failure of the American Left in subsequent decades to make room for such cultural expansiveness and troublesome self-criticism as *The Masses* dished up. But there was also a failure of nerve. One of O'Neill's omissions is William Rose Benét's "Revolution" which concludes:

It is easy to preach Revolution—
 Revolution in pink reviews,
 Or flourish a Phrygian cap from the
 top of a steeple;
 But if ever it came to an uprising of
 the people,
 How many pale poets would stand in
 the leaders' shoes?

The Masses' poets and artists were never tested by an uprising. Most of

them were tested, however—by success, acceptance, and by the unexpected toughness of engineering their dreams. Irving Howe is pleased that *The Masses'* people "were not, by and large, tempted to settle into comfort." But most of them did settle eventually, and made their peace with the system they once sought to upturn. "They did not fret," says Howe, "the way younger radicals of the sixties do, from fear of selling or copping out." With a few exceptions, they just did it, by and by, without fretting. But *The Masses* had the best of them.

The pattern seems endemic to the culture of the American Left: For a few years a group of predominantly middle-class intellectuals found their best expression in terms of working-class radical politics. Most of them could not sustain the effort, however grand it was. William O'Neill suggests that *The Masses'* makers followed H.G. Wells in their politics, but they were more Wellsian in personality. Still a Red, Floyd Dell wrote about his generation in *The Liberator* in 1924,

[Wells's] heroes reproduced and held up to our esteem a quality which we

all possessed . . . which peculiarly unfitted them, as it unfitted us, for service on behalf of the future. . . . They were individualists par excellence—queer, lonely, self-opinionated, impulsive, erratic and ego-worshipping creatures, utterly undisciplined. . . .

At its usual best, *The Masses* sublimated such creature characteristics. The Revolution was too important, too possible, it seemed. That Revolution failed and its most talented intellectuals deserted. Another "revolutionary" period, the 1930s, came and went; its intellectuals tried and tired. Another time of revolt is upon us. Floyd Dell asked toward the end of that same article in *The Liberator*:

Is this new Revolution, like the last, going to bring realities different from our dreams? And are we, by reason of our disillusionment and chagrin, condemned to be unable to take part in the life of the new age, but destined rather to turn back and seek refuge in romantic dreams of the past? And, finally, how much blame for that discrepancy may we lay upon that new world-order, and how much upon ourselves?

And Middle-Class Daydreams

THE SMART SET: A History and Anthology. By Carl R. Dolmetsch. With an Introductory Reminiscence by S. N. Behrman. The Dial Press. 262 pp. \$17.50.

KENNETH S. LYNN

Mr. Lynn is professor of English at Harvard University.

The parent publication of *The Smart Set* was an occasionally scurrilous, incorrigibly gossipy gazette called *Town Topics*, and the latter's rise to popularity in the mid-1880s marked a historic reversal in the editorial attitude of American magazines toward the most important phenomenon of our post-Civil War civilization: the emergent city, as prophetically symbolized by New York.

Until *Town Topics* came along, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, etc., had expressed extremely confused and contradictory ideas about the city. On the one hand, New York was where the action was; on the other, it was a Vanity Fair wherein many a pilgrim's progress came to grief. Henry James and W. D. Howells, the sophisticated magazine contributors of the period, had no doubt that urban culture, for all its faults, was infinitely superior to the

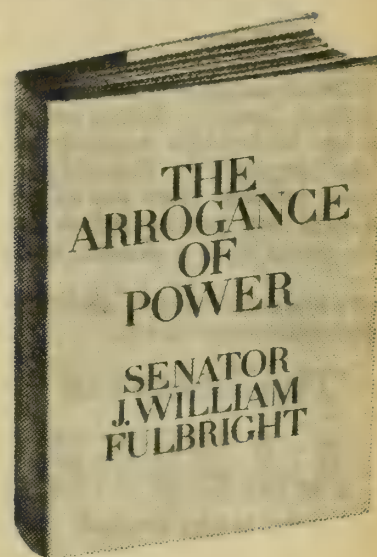
provincial narrowness of life in New England villages, but they were far outnumbered by writers like E. P. Roe (the most popular novelist of the day) who saw the city as a threat to family life and Christian faith, as well as by scores of regional writers who, from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Sarah Orne Jewett, exalted the village as the guardian of all the good old values.

Town Topics, however, displayed no uncertainty whatsoever about the attractiveness of city life. In its pace and power and glamour, New York was indeed a threat to traditional values, and the bright and lively young men like Percival Pollard, Vance Thompson and James Gibbons Huneker who soon began writing for the weekly gloried in that fact. In their unsigned commentaries on Gotham goings on they affected the world-weary cynicism of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, but underneath their *fin-de-siècle* tone was a wide-eyed wonder and enthusiasm. Between *Town Topics* and *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" the lines of connection are very clear, indeed.

Despite the brilliance of its editorial staff, the idea for a monthly counterpart that would deal more in fiction than did

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RANDOM HOUSE

the quasi-reportorial weekly was the brain child not of the editors of *Town Topics* but of its publisher, the notorious Col. William D'Alton Mann. One of the great con men of American history, Mann combined the preposterousness of Mark Twain's Beriah Sellers with the cunning of Dos Passos' Doc Bingham. By 1900, the year *The Smart Set* was established, Colonel Mann was one of the sights of Manhattan, a dandy in a flaming red tie, impeccable frock coat and spectacularly flaring white whiskers. Behind him he had a varied career as a cavalry commandant in the Civil War, profiteering bureaucrat in the War Department, peddler of phony oil stocks, speculator in cottonseed, newspaper proprietor in Mobile, Ala., and carpetbagging Congressman (in which role Mann was thwarted by the refusal of Reconstruction officers to certify his election).

But it was the patent he took out, in 1872, on a "boudoir" sleeping car that made Mann rich. For while the American railroad market was dominated by the Pullman Company, Europe was wide open; and Mann's idea eventually grew into the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits. By that time, however, Mann was up to his whiskers in New York journalism. *Town Topics* proved to be a bonanza, and on

March 10, 1900, he launched *The Smart Set* in quest of another.

Subtitled "The Magazine of Cleverness," it quickly built a circulation of 165,000—the equivalent of 850,000 by today's standards. According to Carl R. Dolmetsch, a professor of American literature at the College of William and Mary, who has written a delightful if somewhat uneven introduction for a new anthology of *Smart Set* pieces, this audience represented a leisure-class readership which was narcissistically interested in reading about itself. But Dolmetsch's contention must be doubted on the ground that the circulation was much too large to be accounted for in terms of a single economic class. As *The New Yorker* would discover in the 1920s, making a great show of the fact that you were not interested in publishing a magazine for old ladies in Dubuque merely brought Iowa's interest in you to a boil. The stories that formed the stock in trade of *The Smart Set* in its early days were novelettes like "The Idle Rich" by Hobert C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald DeKoven which recounted the glittering adventures of debonair, rich, handsome Schuyler Ainslee; such stories were not mirrors, as Professor Dolmetsch would have it, in which the "so-called Four Hundred and the [sic] hoi polloi" could recognize reflections of themselves; they were fantasies which fed middle-class daydreams.

All of which is not to say that the early *Smart Set* published nothing but pap. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Bliss Carman, Henry Seidel Canby, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, Ludwig Lewisohn and Agnes Repplier were among the early contributors; and while *The Smart Set* did not exactly "discover" James Branch Cabell and O. Henry, it nevertheless gave these two very different writers more encouragement, and more money, than did any other publication of the period. When the magazine almost went under in 1906, it was not from any dearth of writing talent but rather because Colonel Mann's habit of using the gossip columns of *Town Topics* as an instrument for blackmail finally exploded in a sensational trial in which Mann foolishly accused Norman Hapgood, the crusading editor of *Collier's Weekly* of defaming his character. The jury's verdict of "not guilty" not only freed Hapgood; it convicted Mann—at least in the opinion of the public—and some of the tar on the brush rubbed off on *The Smart Set*. Advertisers canceled their contracts, and in 1906 alone, the magazine lost 25,000 subscriptions.

In this crisis Mann was forced into

one editorial innovation after another, including such gimmicks as frontispiece portraits of Consuelo Vanderbilt, Mrs. Potter Palmer and other *grandes dames*, a practice which foreshadowed the celebrity hunting of many subsequent magazines. The most memorable innovation, however, was the decision, taken in 1908, to find a literary editor to conduct a monthly book column. After a certain amount of searching, a 28-year-old Baltimore newspaper man was hired for the job. "By the standards of our day," Professor Dolmetsch writes, "he was abysmally untrained and ill-equipped to run the critical department of a national magazine. He knew no more of literature than one could then acquire with a city high school education and a passion (unsystematic and idiosyncratic) for leisure reading. But he compensated, at least in part, for the huge gaps in his knowledge by having the practiced eye of a master reporter (with nine years' service on three Baltimore papers) and a freewheeling style admirably suited to the magazine's still unwavering claims to 'cleverness.' His penchant for paradox and vivid, sometimes caustic, phrases had already brought him a modicum of fame in circles outside Baltimore. . . ."

The neophyte reviewer was of course Henry L. (not yet H. L.) Mencken. Within a year of his coming to *The Smart Set* he had begun to inveigh against the entire code of the American Way of Life, from religion to democracy to romantic love, thereby preparing the critical climate in this country for the acceptance of Dreiser and of the iconoclastic poets and novelists whose names are associated with the so-called Renaissance of 1912. Mencken's was not the only voice which spoke out for a reevaluation of American values during that first dead decade of the 20th century (after all, the careers of Van Wyck Brooks and Ezra Pound also date from 1908), but his polemical skill made him the most formidable freedom fighter of them all.

A year after Mencken joined *The Smart Set* the staff was further augmented by the arrival of George Jean Nathan. His first effort for the magazine was an essay entitled "Why We Fall in Love With Actresses" which failed to answer the question. Then in November, 1909, he inaugurated a regular theatre column. Although it took Nathan considerably longer than it did Mencken to find his critical voice, the side-by-side appearance of the critics in the back pages of *The Smart Set* gave the magazine the wittiest, the most exciting, criticism in the history of American magazines.

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But in spite of the one-two punch of Mencken and Nathan and the appearance in the magazine of such new and talented writers as Deems Taylor, John Erskine, Carl Van Vechten and E. Phillips Oppenheim, the circulation continued to sag. Finally in 1911, Mann was forced to sell his pet publication, his only consolation being that he got an inflated price for it. As he had so often in the past, the old con man found a sucker, this time a gullible millionaire from New England named John Adams Thayer. Once the new owner had awakened to a realization of the magazine's desperate financial plight, he turned helplessly to his brilliant literary editor for advice about how to interest a new generation of readers. Mencken immediately urged the appointment of a new editor, his candidate for the job being Willard Huntington Wright, whose book reviews for the *Los Angeles Times* had won Mencken's interest and whose admiration for Nietzsche outrivalled his own.

In the very first issue of the magazine that he produced, the 25-year-old Wright proclaimed his iconoclasm by describing himself as one who "for years has waged war against effeminacy and formalism in American letters." In a time of literary revolution, a revolutionist had come to editorial power, and Wright wasted no time in exercising his authority. The *Kitsch* on which the magazine had always relied was replaced by manuscripts scouted out by Ezra Pound in London. A long satire was purchased from Frank Harris on the

hypocrisies of academic piety that helped to establish *The Smart Set* as the voice of restless collegians. Dreiser was welcomed into the magazine, and so were D. H. Lawrence, Conrad, Strindberg and W. B. Yeats.

Yet by 1914, Wright had been dismissed. He was too erratic, too pro-German and (the worst sin of all, from a Yankee point of view) too lavish in the prices he paid for manuscripts. Having fired Wright, Thayer sold the magazine to Eltinge Warner who, like Scott Fitzgerald, was a native of Minneapolis and a graduate of Princeton, and who had recently turned a moribund publication called *Field and Stream* from a financial liability into a gold mine. Under Warner's benign leadership, *The Smart Set* was in effect turned over to Mencken and Nathan, and until they left it in the early twenties to found *The American Mercury*, the magazine published a dazzling array of talents. It was the first American magazine to publish Joyce's stories; it brought Scott Fitzgerald to national attention; and the theatre and book reviewing were better than ever.

After Mencken and Nathan left, Warner sold the magazine to Hearst in 1924. Within a matter of months the erstwhile "Magazine of Cleverness" was publishing the poetry of Edgar Guest and the inspirational sermons of Dr. Frank Crane, the well-known Baptist sexologist. In 1930, the magazine died. The task of sophisticating the national taste had long since passed to other hands.

Messages in a Bottle

WINTER NEWS. By John Haines. Wesleyan University Press. 71 pp. \$4. \$1.85 paper.

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

The news that John Haines brings us is of deep winter indeed. His poems describe a world that is limitless and vastly empty, where all the sounds have been stifled, and where those movements that still resemble life are accomplished with a slowness that is familiar to us, perhaps, only in dreams. It is the massive winter of Alaska, where Mr. Haines has lived for nineteen years, scraping together his living as a homesteader on the frontier, 70 miles from Fairbanks. His poems are the shape he has given

to his very real isolation; the words—and there are so few of them—which have survived his decision to renounce our complicated violence and our civilities. Unlike Thoreau, he went more than the symbolic mile from home. The quiet brutalities of winter, which Haines describes, occur at an incalculable distance from the anxieties and the familiar pleasures of our lives: not a mile but a world away. The poems are like messages in a bottle, launched half-distrustfully from the far side of this isolation; the reader is an accident, a piece of unexpected good or ill fortune, yet somehow not part of the plan.

*I came to this place,
a young man green and lonely.*

*Well quit of the world,
I framed a house of moss and timber,*

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Before we can find a
way out, we ought to know
how we got in

THE FIRST VIETNAM CRISIS

by Melvin Gurtov

Today's Vietnam dilemma dates back to the crisis of 1953-54 when the United States made a controversial assumption that has resulted in a far greater commitment than had been foreseen. "This is an amply documented book which provides necessary background...Recommended."—*Library Journal*. "Basic assumptions...need to be completely re-examined, says Mr. Gurtov. His own efforts in this direction certainly seem to be an excellent beginning."—*Virginia Kirkus' Service*.

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called it a home,
and sat in the warm evenings
singing to myself as a man sings
when he knows there is
no one to hear.

This simple description points to what is best and worst in Haines's poetry. He speaks as a man "well quit of the world," who has swept aside the cluttered surface of his emotions in order to sing only to himself. Every object he describes to us, every rhythm of speech and landscape in the poems, embodies this retreat—or is it, on the contrary, an adventurous journey?—into what is utterly cold:

*Over the sleeping houses a dense
fog rises—smoke from banked fires,
and the snowy breath of an abyss
through which the cold town
is perceptibly falling.*

*As if Death were a voice made visible,
with the power of illumination. . . .*

Haines reminds us that he made a voyage once; that his removal to this world of winter was in its time difficult and painful, but it has been accomplished. Now he is there, on the other side of life, where the events of winter are a constant illumination: "As if Death were a voice made visible." At their best, his poems are that voice. The violence and the dislocations of the voyage are behind him; what remains is the soft-spoken authority of a style which, when it is most effective, convinces that its quietness is a strength; as if the imposing vastness of this winter had made the loud voice impertinent—shouting is as quickly drowned as a whisper in such endless snow—and gesticulation a sign only of bad nerves.

In the dozen or so poems that are carried through successfully from be-

ginning to end—but also in lines and stanzas of many other poems—Haines explores a world of quiet, brutal reversals: a lamp filled with shadows that burns on a table; another flickering in a "drafty cave . . . walled with visions." The lamp is an image for the poems themselves. It describes an uncertain perimeter of light in which men sit "gazing past the limit of fire into the towering darkness," or where they "awaken and listen in darkness, / guarding a smoky candle / against the silent / and relentless cold." The puddle of clarity—the life and the poem—are small moments in the hugeness of the frozen landscape.

Although the texture of the poems is simple, and their style subdued, they render the winteriness of Haines's vision with a kind of sparse detail which comes surely from the lived experience itself. As the cold descends, "the wells are freezing at Northway"; the quietness of the encroaching ice is underscored by the sound of "oil tins" that "bang as evening comes on." The short stanza:

*Men go out to feed
the stiffening dogs.*

dramatizes the slow stiffening of all life in the grip of such transformation as the cold brings: an irreversible, clarifying change, "delivering / to the homes of those / who have died of the frost / word of the resurrection of Silence."

Several of Haines's strongest poems describe an unexpected dialogue, which is at the same time a kind of metamorphosis. What he cannot say to men the poet says to animals, with the controlled but deadly energy of the hunter who is "haunted by the deaths of animals," for "they listen / as though I had something

to tell them." In "Horns," he describes this dangerous exchange:

*I went to the edge of the wood
in the color of evening,
and rubbed with a piece of horn
against a tree,
believing the great, dark moose
would come . . .*

*The October moon rose,
and down a wide, frozen stream
the moose came roaring,
hoarse with rage and desire.*

The poet's message is one of violence, mingled with a strange, lonely sexuality; and he talks it to the proper inhabitants of his winter: the moose, the salmon, the owl, as if by killing them he too could become indigenous, not an exile or an intruder but a changed being, a member of the snowy "abyss." That is the change he imagines in one of the most beautiful poems of the book, where he listens to an owl at nightfall and, when he hears it, dreams that he will glide to meet it over the river:

*We will not speak,
but hooded against the frost
soar above
the alder flats, searching
with tawny eyes.*


*And then we'll sit
in the shadowy spruce and
pick the bones
of careless mice,
while the long moon drifts
toward Asia
and the river mutters
in its icy bed.*

Haines has discovered in Alaska a world that corresponds to something at the center of his character: quiet, slow moving, contemplative, ready to display, under the calm surface, a kind of sober murderousness. "Well quit of the world," singing only to himself, he imagines this pure circumference of which he is the center: a vacillating, smoky candle, half in love with the frost that is its only interlocutor and that may, at any moment, put it out.

But isolation has another aspect: not only does it reveal—it also conceals. And this too is apparent in the poems. The question is: what kind of language does a man use when he is talking only to himself? What happens to such circular discourse? Words are sharpened by the situations they create; in order to convince a reader, a lover, a father, one must not only know the truth, one must use good arguments. The words, straining against real incomprehension, must be crisp and effective.

Yeats wrote that poetry is made out of the argument with oneself, rhetoric out of the argument with others. But this argument of poetry is made, none-

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theless, in the presence of others. In some sense, the drama of self-discovery must then become another drama which takes shape in the reader's imagination. In Haines's poetry, one feels the lack of this other. His argument with himself is made too often, in the presence of no one. It is surely no accident that many of his strongest poems are those which describe an exchange of messages—"If the Owl Calls Again," "The House of the Injured," "Poem of the Wintery Fisherman,"—I mean those animal poems where owl, moose and salmon provide the drama and articulation which elsewhere may be lacking. There is a danger in being too well quit of the world: the messages that drift back lose their sharp human resonance; they may

become undecipherable or just boring.

Haines escapes this danger often enough to have written a number of distinctive poems which are like little that has been written in recent American poetry. The cumulative effect of *Winter News* is, however, muffled by a number of poems whose vague imagery and blurred emotions cannot but disappoint; as if Haines had taken the shadow for the living object, the surface movement for the singular discovery it only half indicates. This indecisiveness is surely the danger of Haines's vision, and of the very real isolation in which it is rooted. Yet it is clear that *Winter News*, John Haines's first book, contains, at its best, an achieved style and a degree of insight which make it well worth reading.

bined population of 90,000, and only two of them have risen to the modest rank of a "prefecture." By contrast, four Zähringer towns can boast of great universities; Bern is the capital of Switzerland; Zurich an international power in finance; Freiburg, Villingen and Fribourg important regional centers. Yet this overall success does not result from a uniform political, social or economic development. The Zähringer town-system was planned in an effort to create a dynastic state straddling the Rhine by uniting territories in what is today southwest Germany and Switzerland. But when the family became extinct in 1218, their political dream collapsed. Thereafter, the histories of the towns took different paths. Those in the German group suffered from wars and frequent destruction. The Swiss group developed more evenly but was still quite varied. Murten and Thun were subjects of Bern, which by the 16th century had become the most powerful city-state north of the Alps. Further, the people living in the German and Swiss towns are of different stock, and in two towns close to the language border the inhabitants are French speaking. Yet in all Zähringer towns some common characteristics prevail—there is an affinity of spirit that

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

To the chagrin of architects, it has become fashionable among sociologists to deny the importance of the physical environment to the quality of society. This attitude may stem from disenchantment with public housing: in the '30s it was generally hoped that the provision of clean, solid, orderly shelter would quickly change the motivation and morals of the inmates. It didn't work out so.

Yet psychologists insist that stimulus inputs from the physical environment are important to the development of the individual, and animal experiments by J. B. Calhoun and others have proved the correlation between patterns in the environment and social behavior. The relevance of such experiments is often shrugged off with the remark that "people ain't rats," but recently the same findings have been generalized as working concepts in urban psychology. Those who stubbornly held to their faith in the impact of design on social behavior found their articulate leader in Albert E. Parr, former director of the American Museum of Natural History. As a sign of changing winds in sociology, the entire October volume of *Social Issues* was devoted to "Man's Response to the Physical Environment."

Interest in the relation between the designed environment and urban society lies not merely in interdisciplinary skirmishing but in the crucial importance of this question for the design of New Towns, where—other factors being equal—success or failure hinges on qualities of the plan. To prove this contention would require experiments of enormous scope under controlled conditions. Urban history offers a storehouse of pertinent material,

but due to the complexity of forces acting on a town's development it is difficult to single out the "design" component of the "success" factor. In a few cases, however, the similarity of conditions in the origin and growth of a group of towns limits the likelihood of arbitrary interpretation, and the insights gained contribute to the discussion of environment and society.

It is for this reason that a medieval town-system may command general interest. Accordingly, I recommend the exhibition on "The Zähringer New Towns," sponsored by the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, which opened at Columbia University recently and is currently displayed at MIT. It deals with a regional system of New Towns planned by the Dukes of Zähringen in the 12th century. What makes these towns unusual is the fact that their successful development can be credited to a good extent to qualities inherent in the original plan. Of the twelve towns founded by the Dukes within a few decades, most prosper today and none has disappeared. This could not be taken for granted. Other communities of medieval foundations have atrophied; in some cases their faint outlines can be detected only on aerial photographs. Compared to the better-known group of French *bastides* founded by the Counts of Toulouse and the Kings of France and England, the Zähringer towns impress both statistically and by "performance." Today their combined population exceeds 500,000 (more than 1 million if we include Zurich, which the Zähringers enlarged considerably), while the more numerous *bastides* hardly muster a com-

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impresses even a superficial visitor, a similarity of life patterns formed by the Zähringer plan. Even in the biggest of these towns the old core retains in plan and in spatial concept the essence of the original foundation, and yet it has not become a mere tourist precinct but remains the undisputed center of the modern city and region.

The central idea of the Zähringer plan is the spinal importance of the wide market thoroughfare. Unlike the French *bastides*, where the fixed size of the central market square limited the future of the town from the beginning, the linear markets of the Zähringer towns were capable of growth. Paul Hofer—the leading authority on Zähringer towns—likes to compare the loosely rectangular grid of their street pattern to a string net that, being elastic, can casually stretch and distort without losing its basic characteristics. This flexibility permitted application of the system to a variety of sites, hills as well as plains.

The area between streets was organized in *Hofstätten*, superplots of fixed size and proportion. Although these blocks have often been subdivided and again recombined during the centuries, the basic module assures that all buildings still retain the cadence of the original order. This rhythm is experienced as a "patterned stimulation," which avoids monotony by permitting various combinations but which is still disciplined by the underlying module.

Another characteristic of Zähringer towns derives from town charters that permitted private owners to erect stone arcades in front of the lots—"the granting of air rights over public right of way," we would say—in return for the construction and maintenance of a covered public pedestrian way. Where this practice caught on it became astonishingly useful: in Bern, the medieval arcades and associated modern cross connections—covered and partially heated concourses and passages—add up to 5 miles of protected pedestrian walks in the area of the old town. And just as improved highways generate more traffic, the existence of this sophisticated pedestrian system may account for the vitality of old Bern that is so much admired by planners of modern shopping centers.

The plan of Bern (1190 A.D.) is in many respects the final formulation of the Zähringer concept. Located in a loop of the river Aare, the old town occupies an area of about 100 acres. From the tip of the peninsula the Zähringian town stretches some 2,000 feet along the wide linear market—a distance equal to a walk from 42nd Street to St. Patrick's

along New York's Fifth Avenue. During the 13th and 14th centuries Bern doubled its area by expanding westward in the spirit of the original pattern. There are some dimensional similarities between Bern's street plan and the familiar grid of Manhattan, but distances between Bern's avenues correspond to the distances separating Manhattan's cross streets and vice versa. The Bern pattern seems more sensible, since there are fewer crossings along the principal arteries. There are only thirty-five intersections in this area and modern traffic is regulated by a single policeman and three traffic lights. Unlike other historic towns, where vehicular traffic had to be restricted, Bern's streets can handle all kinds of traffic, any time.

The old block pattern proved equally adaptable to changes and pressures created by increased commercial and office use—including the vast amounts of space claimed by the city, canton and federal governments whose offices are interwoven with shops, cellar theatres and attic studios in Kafkaesque complexity.

Some planners would dismiss the relevance of historical models by pointing to the great disparity of size between medieval and modern towns. Granted, some of the original Zähringer foundations are hardly as large as a single neighborhood unit of modern planning. But such comparisons are misleading. The minimal initial population needed to guarantee a viable New Town may be a function of the relative complexity of society and the hierarchy and distribution of surrounding communities. Numbers alone do not make a city. The physical pattern is an important factor in development as it furthers or frustrates communication, defines or limits the life patterns of the inhabitants. Unless the minimum number of components—people, production units, institutions—are brought together in sufficient concentration and density, creative interaction cannot take place and the New Town will not thrive. This concept of the "Critical Initial Urban Mass" means simply that the minimal population is a variable dependent on the physical pattern and density. A compact, well-structured New Town will succeed with a smaller population than will a low-density, spread-out agglomeration. This concept is useful in examining the development of New Towns—of any age and in any society. The Zähringer towns offer convincing models of the dense, patterned type, and their influence can be traced to far corners. The plan of the British New Town, Hook, strongly resembles Bern, both in concept and dimensions. Hook

—yet unbuilt—has nevertheless become very influential as the first departure from the loose, low-density type of British New Town. Like Bern, it is organized along a market spine paralleled by two distributor roads; like Bern it provides housing in the core area, and the staging plan for Hook strikingly recalls the historic growth pattern of medieval Bern. A similar model was proposed by H. Weber, J. Perez-Canto and myself for the center of the new industrial town of Ciudad Guyana on a peninsula of Venezuela's Caroni River—a site which even topographically is similar to Zähringian Bern.

The exhibition of "The Zähringer New Towns" demonstrates the forming influence of city structure on preferences in the way of living and shows the continuity of thought from medieval to modern urban design.

It is a most important contribution to the present discussion on the psychology of towns and fulfills in a beautiful way what Siegfried Giedion asked of history—"that it should uncover for our own age vital interrelations with the past . . . by searching out aspects which are significant concerns of our own period . . . and thus offer insights into the moving process of life."

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

What do we mean when we speak of expressive content? The ordinary playgoer might translate it as "what we got out of a show." He thinks of it as something that can be summed up in a phrase, a thesis, an insight. It is what stays with him after he has digested the plot of a play, its nourishing residue. There is something ethical or humanistic about the notion.

It is a valuable, though vague, concept. Still we may be misled by a quest for something "deeper" than the surface. Content is not something "underneath" and separate from the play's visible and audible body. Body and soul are one.

These reflections occur to me after seeing Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) and Molière's *Les Femmes Savantes* in French—now touring the campuses and small auditoriums of the country. Both plays are

almost without content as we commonly define it. Yet I enjoyed them thoroughly.

It may seem heresy to speak of *Les Femmes Savantes* as almost meaningless. In its day—1672—it was a topical satire. The title mocks the pretensions of certain 17th-century ladies just as *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* pokes fun at the middle-class gentlemen who strived to ape court manners.

The merchants were an ascending class. Their wives, lacking the opportunity, though they may have had the means, to indulge themselves in the airs of aristocracy, often took to studying Descartes, or at any rate to citing him; they conducted home experiments in the advancing sciences. The most modest of their occupations was the reading or composition of hoity-toity verses based on antique models. With what awe the ladies introduce a poetaster who knows Greek. They would like to marry their

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daughters to such epigones. They were "in."

We have our own ladies of learning and culture today but they cannot be lampooned or disposed of with Molière's arguments. Our bluestockings are too formidable to be quelled by the barbs of the old bourgeoisie. Molière today is square.

The company calling itself *Le Tréteau de Paris* (a "portable" theatre) plays *Les Femmes Savantes* in modern clothes. The girls are drawing-room disk jockeys, they hang odd and presumably ultra-modern bits of wire sculpture around the premises, they examine sundry objects through microscopes, they do setting-up exercises out of physical culture manuals, they wear mini skirts. These inoffensively childish effects do not damage the play: they are sauce for the gander. They may even be of help.

What can the content of such a play be at present? It lies in a marvelous sense of movement, not the actors' physical movement but a certain dance of the mind which motivates the stage action, a dance inherent in Molière's very language. Reading the text, the verse might strike the foreign ear as a sort of gay

doggerel: the vocabulary is simple, the rhythm pleasantly conventional. But it is a language meant to be acted; it implies sudden changes of pace, bursts of energy, sudden switches in mood, all of them essentially joyous, pure play. What keeps Molière fresh is his robust, springy, tonic sense of fun. His "melody" transcends all moralizing. It is in itself the healthiest of maxims. Mental notes on the play's meaning don't matter: our spirit is made to leap and twirl with a kind of open-air vigor so close to some primal source of life that our very intelligence becomes cleansed and fortified.

Black Comedy is altogether void of intellectual significance. Yet, except for being too long by about ten minutes, it is very good sport. Based on the Kabuki convention of staging almost everything under bright illumination—including night scenes—the action of *Black Comedy* occurs in bright light, though nearly all of it is supposed to be happening in pitch darkness. The result is a series of hilarious sight gags.

What happens in this dark? People blunder ridiculously. Apropos of what? What's the story? I've seen the play twice and I can hardly remember. The content lies in the crazy cavortings, the mishaps, the absurdity of the human body diminished to an inept instrument by the absence of what we take for granted as a natural environmental element.

The cast at the Barrymore is composed of good American and English actors—notably Michael Crawford, Geraldine Page, Lynn Redgrave, though in a certain sense their individual merits matter little in this entertainment. The essential fun is created by the scenic idea and John Dexter's brilliant direction, which in this case is a kind of choreography. The laughter at *Black Comedy* has a certain purity because we hardly realize why we are laughing. This in a small way is the laughter of the gods.

To precede his farce, Shaffer has written a serious companion piece called *White Lies*. This play has a message. People must be true, true to their nature, their feeling and thought—and not enact the white lies deemed expedient for successful navigation in the turbid waters of everyday existence. This thought is phrased differently and no doubt more felicitously in the play. It begins with a certain degree of suspense and quasi-exotic color, taking place in a fortuneteller's gloomy digs at an English seaside resort off season, chilly, humid, sunless. The atmosphere makes us hope for some enlivening miracle, but

THE MAID'S STORY

*Between her leaving Cobb
And putting the kettle on
Each morning on the stove,
Twenty springs had gone.*

*A slow flutter of nerves
Told her the slow truth:
There was to be no love
In heaven or on earth.*

*She never could put the losses
In words, never could say —
When they asked, "What's the matter?" —
What was the matter. They*

*Were patient and impatient
Like the city she stared at.
She was lint in the clothes closet.
She was dust under the rug.*

*She stayed that way for years,
In between loss and loss;
Each night, she dreamed of a house
That was hers. It never was.*

*Then less and less mattered,
Each day was just each day.
Finally nothing mattered,
She opened her mouth to say.*

HOWARD MOSS

the miracle doesn't happen. The content of the play, to which if we will we may nod assent, is trite in the telling, a blank cartridge.

Except for a pleasant surprise in an early scene, *White Lies* is noteworthy only for Geraldine Page's acting of the impecunious fortuneteller, a putative Baroness of foreign origin and accent. The characterization is capital in its clarity, assurance and incisiveness. Miss Page's usually strange voice, with its peculiar waverings and abrupt diminutions as if it stifled a sob, becomes in this role acid and taut. Her face, normally wan and misty as if covered by a thin, straw-colored veil, has become a mask of grim Mediterranean intensity. Usually there is something sweetly plaintive in Miss Page's manner; as the Baroness she conveys sybilline power under a disguise of eccentricity. Her eyes penetrate, her thinking holds us. The actress leads us to anticipate a momentous revelation but is betrayed by the collapse of the play in platitude. But never mind: *Black Comedy* redeems the evening.

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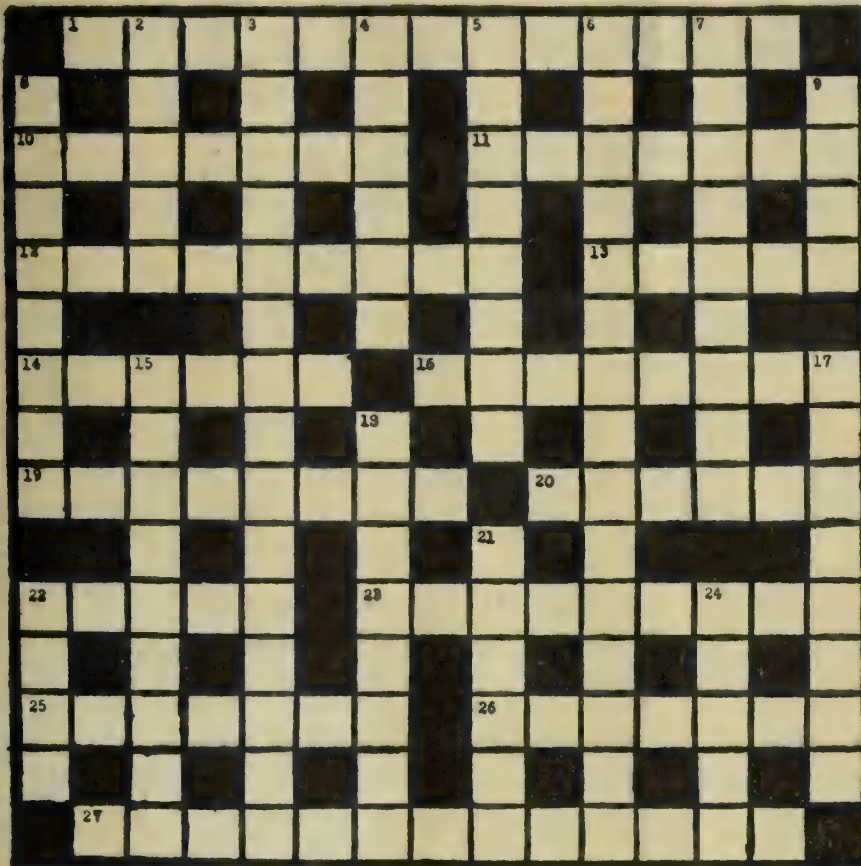
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1190

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 22 down One of the things the Germans managed was single-minded effort on modern pseudo-culture. (13, 4)
- 10 A Dodger fan could get enthusiastic, but spread in excess. (7)
- 11 Plate fabric, with everything the wrong way! (7)
- 12 Proving staying around is what the dissidents might be peacefully occupied with. (9)
- 13 He went around a long time for his love. (5)
- 14 The moa is strangely enough never found out. (2, 4)
- 16 Where next month's volume might be knowingly anticipated. (4, 4)
- 19 Do births appear to be responsible for a possible drop in wildfowl? (8)
- 20 What would you say about the North surrounding the South's capital? All together, now! (6)
- 22 Fabricates things of modest value, usually. (5)
- 23 A reasonable offering might be light if one is so perfect. (9)
- 25 An enemy fighter gets to talk extravagantly and one doesn't stay for long. (7)
- 26 The capital of Bulgaria is found in a western state, where one finds an old southern neighbor president. (7)
- 27 Some of them get money for making rubber. (6, 7)

DOWN:

- 2 Responds conformably with supplication to the native rulers, perhaps. (5)

- 3 Nowadays it shouldn't be several months from this to Easter. (9, 6)
- 4 Sister joins a labor organization as a representative. (6)
- 5 More than fifty in the area, as those in it believe. (8)
- 6 Dewey, Nixon, and Truman shouldn't be confused with just anybody! (3, 4, 3, 5)
- 7 False lies, if old, when non-productive could be well-improved. (3, 6)
- 8 It sounds spread under the opening, which is where it belongs. (4, 4)
- 15 One sent before could be made to bring her a better position. (9)
- 17 Another word for what the barefoot boy got at first. (8)
- 18 and 9 down. The silent cliché implies a very early setting, but one is evidently getting the idea. (5, 3, 4)
- 21 What a 25 musician was once said to do. (6)
- 24 Of course a German holds it to be enthusiastic! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1189

ACROSS: 1 Baking powder; 10 Elision; 11 Calypso; 12 Heath; 13 Formative; 14 Wildebeest; 16 Seth; 18 Heat; 20 Stem-winder; 23 Yo-heave-ho; 25 Abele; 26 Upright; 27 Ice floe; 28 Copyrighting. DOWN: 2 Abigail; 3 Irish Sea; 4 Genuflect; 5 Oscar; 6 Dollar; 7 Reprise; 8 See how they run; 9 Foreshortened; 15 Summoning; 17 Ligation; 19 Amharic; 21 Dwell on; 22 Hang up; 24 Enter.

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Bryn Mawr, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Congratulations to John McDermott for his excellent statement on Vietnam ["Vietnam Is No Mistake," *The Nation*, Feb. 13]. . . . He provides the latest chapter in a twenty-year history whose chief contours were depicted so brilliantly for us in 1961 by Prof. D. F. Fleming, in his *The Cold War and Its Origins 1917-1960*, as well as by David Horowitz and Gar Alperovitz in their recent books.

But one matter intrigues me. How does McDermott reconcile all this with his earlier thoughts about "Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam" [*The Nation*, July 25, 1966] as the honest but mistaken goal of U.S. policy in that martyred land?

Richard B. Du Boff

New York City

DEAR SIR: In describing "welfare imperialism" as he does, Professor Du Boff has evidently allowed the moderate stance of my earlier article to overshadow the radical critique it contained. The central burden of my analysis was to show that U.S. foreign aid programs produced satellites with imbalanced economic development, increased social conflict and growing authoritarianism as system-properties of the AID relationship, not because this or that government official had malevolent intentions. . . . True, I emphasized the amiable intentions of the American public. But I went to even greater pains to describe how, and with what conscious justification, U.S. policy makers were willing to coerce the people of Vietnam, and elsewhere. . . .

John McDermott

enforced banality

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Kudos for your kudos for Mr. Bullitt of King Broadcasting [editorial, *The Nation*, Jan. 23]. However, it is not, as you imply, only the wish of large financial interests to placate all and sundry that causes the innumerable endorsements of Christmas seals to be pawned off as editorials, but the very real presence of that watchdog for the people, the Federal Communications Commission, with its ability to tie up a station owner's license renewal application every three years. . . . Freedom of speech, it would seem, is not for broadcasters, as the slightest acquaintance with the operations of the Federal Communications Commission will show. Don't blame it all on big money.

Laurence A. Elgin

endorsement

Lawrence, Kan.

DEAR SIR: This is, if you will, a letter from a satisfied client: our advertisement in your Nov. 14 issue produced extremely good results. I would appreciate it if you would run this letter, or a part of it, to let readers know that, while copies of our issue on Truman are still available, as are regular subscriptions, we are completely sold out of the special issue on the American Indian. Orders for that issue, often multiple orders for twenty-five or more copies, are still coming in, and we can't fill them. We are thinking of reprinting the issue, or of negotiating with a publisher to bring it out, revised and expanded, in book form, but for the moment, we are forced to return checks.

Stuart Levine, Editor
Midcontinent American Studies Journal

EDITORIALS

Corruption

After some initial shock at the revelations of Central Intelligence infiltration into a wide assortment of once respectable organizations, a predictable effort is being made to mitigate the disclosures. The argument, basically, is that it was all rather innocent. Totalitarian governments had to be countered some which way; neutralizing their devilish tricks required money; the CIA had the money and, providentially, could provide it through unvouchered disbursements, without awkward accounting to Congress. Of course, there were Congressional committees charged with overseeing the operations of the CIA, but ordinary members of the House and Senate obviously had to be kept in the dark. The inference is that these outsiders should be grateful for having been spared knowledge of covert but essentially virtuous arrangements. The reasoning is tortuous and will appeal only to those who are unalterably committed to the cold war and everything that is perpetrated in its name.

Many of the CIA operations abroad were in violation of basic American principles, but those who believed in the overriding sacredness of the crusade against communism could console themselves with the thought that domestic affairs were an area the CIA was debarred from entering. When the wall of secrecy was breached, it turned out that the CIA was under no such inhibition, that it regarded itself as licensed to deceive the American public with as little scruple as it employed toward its enemy abroad. It felt no obligation to reckon with the consequences: the conflicts of interest that would automatically be generated when it operated on the domestic front, the individuals who would be forced to lie, the damage to these persons, to the organizations they led, and even to the CIA itself. Nothing counted except some sort of victory—whether real or mythical and, if real, however short-lived—over the forces of communism.

The stupidity and shortsightedness of the CIA seducers were matched by complementary qualities on the part of the seduced. So long as the money came from the government with a patriotic label attached to it, they were eager to lay their hands on it. Where there was everything to suspect, they allege that they suspected nothing. The officials of the American Newspaper Guild speak more eloquently than they perhaps suspect. Its Secretary-Treasurer, Charles A. Perlik Jr., says he was "unfamiliar" with the background of the \$1 million subsidy the Guild was getting from somewhere. Asked whether he knew if CIA funds were involved, he replied: "It was not a question that I ever asked. It never concerned me. All I know is that I was never asked to do anything." William J. Farson, the executive vice president, deposes to the same effect. These statements are probably technically correct; once people enter into these

transactions, they become expert in the use of language to evade the truth. But all sorts of questions arise. Who led the Guild to the particular foundations that were "conduits" to the CIA front organizations, some of which had been exposed by Rep. Wright Patman as early as 1964? Or were the officials guided by pure intuition? If the foundations took the initiative, did the Guild officers have no suspicions as to their motives? What Guild officials failed to share their knowledge of what was afoot with what other officials? How far down in the officer ranks did internal deception or willful blindness extend? Did anyone have compunctions about hiding important sources of income from the membership?

Parallel questions arise on the governmental side. *The Washington Post* reports on the authority of Robert Kennedy that President Johnson was "totally unaware" of the subsidy to the National Student Association, nor was any member of the White House staff informed until "quite recently." This is hard to square with other revelations. A high official in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations says that the White House did in fact know, and that is the only view that makes sense. The students talked to Vice President Humphrey in July, 1966; did Humphrey shield Johnson from these unpleasant facts?

Many of the officers of organizations caught in the exposé hope that it will quickly blow over. Officials of the Executive branch no doubt share this hope. And they have grounds for optimism. If the CIA, which still lives in the McCarthy era, is allowed to continue in the untrammelled possession of its powers, subject only to occasional interrogation by members of Congress similarly unburdened by scruples, no change can be expected. Nor is the CIA the only federal organization which, under the cloak of seeking intelligence, exercises little or no restraint. The whole conspiratorial intelligence apparatus of the government is in need of ventilation and overhaul. If Congress does not apply itself to the job, it will be recreant to its trust.

State Examines Itself

In a rare (and limited) exhibition of candor and courage, the State Department has publicized the results of three management conferences held in 1965 for the purpose of criticism of themselves and the department by senior foreign service officers. The results are set forth in "Some Causes of Organizational Ineffectiveness within the Department of State," by Chris Argyris (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402, 25c). They reinforce the diagnosis made by Smith Simpson, ■ retired senior foreign service officer, in the article on Dean Rusk, p. 294 of this issue.

Dr. Argyris, professor of organizational behavior at Yale, is described in the preface as "a friend and confidant" of the department. His belief is, broadly, that "the way modern organizations are designed, built and

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administered, inevitably creates forces toward ineffectiveness and organizational illness. . . . I believe that the problems described in this report compound the felony committed by the traditional organizational structure and managerial controls used by the State Department."

The content of Dr. Argyris' paper amply supports this conclusion, but the fact that the investigation was authorized, and that officers disclosed thoughts and feelings usually concealed, shows that some, at least, are aware of the need for improvement, both in themselves and in the department's system of norms. It is only fair to recognize, also, as Argyris points out, that all organizations are plagued by problems similar to those of the State Department. However, if a large corporation, or even a revered university, is thus handicapped, it is not as important as when such conditions exist in the agency responsible, at least in theory, for the conduct of our foreign affairs.

The picture that emerges from the conferences is one of partial or complete concealment of views in the interest of career advancement. One would think that standards of probity would be incomparably higher in the State Department than in the despised movie industry, but the similarities turn out to be more striking than the differences. Movie bywords are that a director is only as good as his last picture, that nobody in Hollywood loves a loser, and that yes men abound. In State, likewise, the courage to "level" is rare, and one senior officer declares: ". . . if you get the reputation of having lost several important battles—no one wants a loser. The word gets around and you have been ruled off the promotion lists. Soon you learn. . . ." Another confides: "If I were to be very honest, I think that one reason I have succeeded is that I have learned *not* to be open, *not* to be candid." (His italics.)

When they are persuaded thus to unbosom themselves, foreign service officers are seen to be quite human, and in many cases so frustrated that one begins to sympathize with them. But this is irrelevant to the overriding consideration of what these individuals are doing to the country and the world. Dr. Argyris was not concerned with this aspect, but it is more important than efforts to improve organizational effectiveness. It leads to such questions as: Why has State become subordinate to Defense? What normative judgments are to be expected of men who pursue their careers so deviously, and for ends in which U.S. aggression in Vietnam, for instance, is turned upside down and described as aggression against the United States? What chance has an official who disagrees radically with U.S. policy in Southeast Asia to make his views heard, much less taken seriously? What traumatic role does the McCarthy era still play in the affairs of the department?

If foreign service officers would search their souls along these lines, the long-term effects for the United States could only be salutary. But self-criticism is scarcely likely to extend to such lengths.

The Great Wackenhut

Florida and California normally run neck and neck as the jazziest states in the Union, but just now Florida is well ahead. California has Ronald Reagan and up to a few months ago he seemed hard to beat, but Florida's Claude Kirk is not only clearly the more bizarre but promises to outshine the long list of half-screwball, all-demagogue Southern governors who came before him. What decides the contest beyond doubt is that Kirk has George R. Wackenhut heading his privately financed state police force. Wackenhut operates in California too, but his headquarters are in Coral Gables and it is only in Florida that he is the state's official crime-buster.

The Wackenhut success story is of epic proportions. Like most top-flight private detectives, he is an ex-FBI man. He joined Hoover's constabulary in 1951 and resigned in 1954 to set up his own agency, in company with three other ex-agents. For several years the company was strapped for funds. Its break came in 1960 when, with legal assistance from the law firm of Sen. George A. Smathers, it became eligible for government contracts. An inconvenient law which prohibits the government from contracting with companies that furnish detective services was circumvented by the formation of a Wackenhut subsidiary corporation for security work. The federal establishment then became Wackenhut's biggest customer. The Atomic Energy Commission alone pays Wackenhut \$3 million a year for guard services at its Nevada test site—quite a distance from Florida—and Wackenhut operatives also guard the space center at Cocoa Beach. About 40 per cent of the company's \$23 million income is derived from government sources. Presently, Wackenhut operates with 4,100 employees in twenty-eight offices in the continental United States, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia. It has plans for further expansion abroad. Last year, the Wackenhut organization "went public" with the sale of 135,000 shares through underwriters at \$11.60 a share. However, Mr. and Mrs. Wackenhut still retain more than 70 per cent of the capital stock.

It would be a mistake to regard Mr. Wackenhut as a mere businessman. Patriotism, in a particular form, animates him more than the desire for wealth. His associates in the crusade for God and country include such men as Ralph E. Davis, the Wackenhut Western division manager and a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society; Loyd Wright, the Los Angeles lawyer who praised the Society during his unsuccessful campaign against Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel in 1962; and Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, perhaps the nation's most eminent right winger. Wackenhut himself is a militant foe of organized labor; as for communism, he regards it as "the most vicious form of organized crime ever perpetrated on the human race."

In his alliance with Governor Kirk he is breaking new ground and possibly establishing precedents for the pro-

tection of private property and the free-enterprise system in the future. Soon after Wackenhut's appointment as the \$1-a-year guardian of Florida's security became known, the company's stock jumped \$2 a share. The cost of the operational campaign against crime, about \$1,000 a day, is to be met by private contributions. The Wackenhut organization will, on behalf of the governor, oversee the police departments of municipalities and in general act as a super police force. Those who have expressed alarm at the creation of what might readily be described as a private police force are assured by Mr. Kirk that only racketeers, hoodlums and criminals need be apprehensive. For his part, Wackenhut promises that the private operations of his agency and his work for Kirk and Florida will remain separate. For instance, he will not add to the dossiers he already has on 2,500,000 persons by taking advantage of his access to the police files of Miami and other Florida cities. Still, when a Wackenhut man appears at the door, the householder may be somewhat uncertain as to whom he represents.

Bizneyland

The status of big business on college campuses across the country has been dropping steadily during recent years. One poll shows that in 1964 only 14 per cent of the Harvard senior class entered business, down from 39 per cent in 1960. And a 1966 survey has found that only 12 per cent of all American college students want to enter business.

Accordingly, the University of Michigan has decided it's time to glorify, if not beautify, the corporate image with a "Business Hall of Fame."

Like its baseball counterpart in Cooperstown, N.Y., Bizneyland will honor American businessmen with bas-relief plaques; it will also be a repository of pertinent artifacts, photographs and film biographies. The Michigan officials expect the hall of fame to become an inspiration to students, a mecca for businessmen and one of the leading tourist attractions in the state.

"We hope," says Floyd Bond, dean of the university's business school, "that the hall will cause visitors to pause and reflect upon their heritage; that it will inspire respect for the great entrepreneurs who have done so much to build our nation. Ideally, the hall will make one feel that he is in the presence of greatness."

David Lewis, director of the hall of fame, expects fifty to seventy-five businessmen to be elected during the remainder of this century. (Electors will be other puissant executives.) Lewis indicates that "such factors as their business innovation, their firm's performance, their contribution to the nation's economic progress, and their business ethics and morals," will be weighed in selecting members. He hastens to add that "businessmen's ethics and morals are expected to be judged in the context of their times, rather than by today's standards."

Lewis suggests that attractive contenders for nomination in 1968 are Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., James B. Duke, James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman.

One requirement for membership in Bizneyland is that a nominee must be dead for at least three years. The director thinks that, as soon as they have served their term in limbo, J. Paul Getty, Alfred C. Fuller, Conrad Hilton, Norton Simon, Henry Ford II, David Sarnoff and H. L. Hunt stand a good chance of resurrection in bas-relief—"provided they don't stub their toes before their business careers come to an end."

It makes you wonder what Mr. Bond had in mind when he suggested that visitors would "pause and reflect upon their heritage."

A.J.

In 1933, the year I was born, A.J. Muste was just resigning the directorship of the Brookwood Labor College after a decade of service. By then, A.J. was nearly 50 years old and already a veteran of nearly thirty years in the factional melee of labor, Socialist and pacifist politics. He could look back on a life that included fierce beatings on the picket lines of the Lawrence textile strike, the organization of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, the organizing years of the American Civil Liberties Union, and the agonizing struggle to defend the conscientious objectors during World War I. When—thirty years later—I met A.J. for the first time, it was difficult to imagine that there could be any role for me but to keep my ears respectfully open and my opinions deferentially to myself. He had, after all, for more than twice my lifetime been taking his knocks in behalf of every worth-while cause I could name. What did I have to tell someone like that?

But that's not the way it was, because that's not the way A.J. could ever let it be. It was his gift to draw friendship out of people, spontaneously and immediately, rather the way I imagine Socrates must have drawn knowledge from his students: by enveloping them in a field of trust and receptivity. And suddenly I was talking to A.J. about everything that was most important to me. And I knew that he was really listening, that he cared—indeed, that he was trying to learn from me and about me. "Tell me about yourself," I remember his saying as we shared a two-hour lunch. "I'd like to know who you are."

This is not a quality one expects to find among radical activists—this capacity to listen, this willingness to learn. Most activists are out to harangue, to overbear, to score, to whet their ideological commitments on your moral uncertainties, or, worse, to launder their consciences in the tears of your guilt. Perhaps that is why so many activists wind up doing a better job of making themselves obnoxious than of making the world beautiful.

But here was A.J. Muste, in my eyes the authentic voice of a radical Populist tradition that reaches back

gloriously through American history to Eugene Debs and the great abolitionists and Thoreau and Jefferson and Roger Williams (as great a soul as any of them), and he was listening to me as if I had something to teach him. But, in fact, I think A.J.'s listening was *his* way of teaching. It was his way of teaching the value of openness, which, in turn, is the meaning of nonviolence. Looking through the soon-to-be-released collection of A.J.'s essays (edited by Nat Hentoff for Bobbs-Merrill), one is impressed by nothing so much as this quality of openness. It shows itself in the infinite care with which he always reconstructed the arguments of opponents, even those with whom he profoundly disagreed. It shows itself in his repeated use of the unassuming "it seems to me" as he gently introduces his own views. A.J. was a brave soul, but not mainly because he was still scaling fences to trespass on missile bases at the age of 75; rather I think he was brave mainly because he remained willing to the last to face the dangers of dialogue: the honest risk

of listening, of learning, of changing. There is, I suspect, no worse ordeal for political radicals.

What does one say of him at last? Perhaps that he knew, better than all but a few in our time, the difference between true revolution and mere power shuffling. "The believers in nonviolence," he said in an essay of a few years ago, "do not see the task of our age as that of seizure of power by a new social element and the setting up of a new power structure. They see the task of our age as that of building the beloved community."

The beloved community. There aren't many of us who can get away with phrases like that. But A.J. could. Because he knew—and he made you know if you gave the dialogue even half a chance—what all his grim Niebuhrian critics within the ministry and all the strenuous ideologues within the movement and all the wrong-headed men of power have never wanted to know: that the purpose of political action is—at last—to save your own soul.

THEODORE ROSZAK

THE RUSK ENIGMA

Who Runs the State Department?

SMITH SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson, a retired Foreign Service officer with twenty years' experience in and around the diplomatic Establishment, is the author of Anatomy of the State Department, to be published by Houghton Mifflin in April.

After six years in office, the Secretary of State is still an enigma to his fellow Americans. Our principal foreign policy adviser and architect of diplomacy has escaped not only notoriety but even clear characterization.

Background in part accounts for this bewildering elusiveness. In the whole stretch of Rusk's fifty-two years from birth in a Georgia parsonage, there is almost nothing that one would normally associate with preparation for his present work, and to which one could turn for clues to his competence. There is no trace of political experience; no large-scale managerial testing; no outstanding involvement in public affairs; no national recognition; not even an association with Presidents. Apart from such unfortunate predecessors as Robert Lansing and Frank L. Polk, whom almost no one remembers, Dean Rusk's record (or rather lack of record) is unique.

Nor does his parsonage extraction appear to be significant. If one could find some missionary zeal in his conduct of foreign affairs, some inclination to international crusades, such as Woodrow Wilson and John Foster Dulles exhibited, one might feel some thread with which to begin an embroidery. The overseas evils of war and colonialism, communism's threat, neutralism in the face of imminent danger, and poverty have all had strong gravitational pulls on American statesmen of evangelical disposition. Is the modest Rusk really as unevangelical

as he seems? Would a probing of his attitude on Vietnam reveal any trace of hitherto undetected crusading spirit?

Rusk's former academic connection likewise offers no clear characterization. College professors are not celebrated for being practical men, but Rusk is eminently practical. Some of his critics feel he is too practical, too much of an "incher," who is thus overwhelmed by major problems before he becomes aware that they are stealing upon him and his crisis-ridden department.

Rusk gave a good account of himself as a staff officer during the last World War, both in Southeast Asia and in the Pentagon. If it is true, as is said, that he considered a permanent military career at the end of the war, he was presumably not disillusioned by his army experience. Has it had, then, the effect of inducing him to yield unduly to military leadership? Does the State Department's very weak handling of the Vietnamese problem suggest this diffidence? Has Rusk been able to hold his own with McNamara, or have we been witnessing since 1961 a resumption of the pendulum swing in foreign affairs which began in World War II and was arrested only by the special resources of the Marshall-Acheson combination?

Rusk first went to the State Department in 1946, reverted to the War Department and followed Marshall back to State a year later, rising to the level of Assistant Secretary. One wonders whether he gained at the time adequate insight into the basic operating confusions of the diplomatic Establishment, or whether, swamped by the substantive problems of his particular area of specialization, he acquired only fleeting, fragmentary insights.

After he left the State Department to become president of the Rockefeller Foundation, Rusk's career was

shrouded for nine years in the quiet anonymity of affluent good works. He then emerged, startlingly, in his present exalted capacity. Had he used any of these preceding nine years to prepare himself for such a role?

All these questions are intriguing, but Rusk's self-effacing nature does not permit him to help in answering them. Like General Marshall, whom he greatly admired and after whom he is said to have considered at one time patterning his own career, Rusk does not regard himself as important. Only ideas, principles, problems and correct solutions seem significant to him. Like Marshall, therefore, he preserves a jealous reticence.

The less personal question, to which we can address ourselves here, is how well Rusk has performed in his job. This is indeed a part of the enigma he presents and I can suggest some of the answers, having been in the Establishment myself. I can testify, to begin with, that while everyone wondered at the start if he could make a go of it, the Washington foreign affairs community saw him quietly, promptly and competently taking hold of the immediate demands of his job. Unlike his long-tenured predecessor, John Foster Dulles, who monopolized many decisions and no little information, Rusk was a team player. He solicited the full cooperation of his department. Moreover, his exceptional capacity for crisp, incisive analysis and for reaching decisions of militarylike preciseness set a high standard to which that cooperation was clearly expected to ascend. He and President Kennedy worked hard and fruitfully in the early months to modernize and rejuvenate the department, to stimulate it, to bring to focus its straggling resources. They strengthened research, restored planning to something of the vigor it had once possessed, strove to close the gap between echelons that Dulles had permitted to develop.

At the White House Rusk had a special problem. Responsibilities were diffused by Presidential task forces and the brash, if well-intentioned scurrying about and thrusting of White House staffers. Questions and difficulties promptly arose. Was Adolph Berle, Richard Goodwin or Robert Woodward in charge of Latin American affairs? Where did Teodoro Moscoso, head of the Alliance for Progress, fit in? Was Acheson or Rusk in command of planning for the Berlin flare-up? And what was Bowles doing abroad so much of the time when Rusk needed an effective deputy at his right hand? If the White House was not sure of Rusk in that early hurly-burly, Rusk and his associates were not sure of the White House. Through it all, the Secretary kept his temper and his patience, striving doggedly for quality of performance in his own organization as the only effective answer to this broad and mystifying distribution of authority.

When the Abbé Sièyes was asked what he did during the French Revolution, he replied that he survived. His response was one that many people—looking ahead in 1961—might have anticipated from Rusk at the end of six years. But survival has been more of a feat than anyone could have expected. In half a dozen years of repeated crises Rusk has survived not one President but two—two men of very different backgrounds, characters and values, demanding, it would seem, two different kinds of Secretaries of State. This may not have been a bad

to live through as the French Revolution, but survival was no mean achievement. And Rusk has done more. He enjoys Johnson's respect—something not easily won and retained.

In the months when Lyndon Johnson was an uneasy appendage to the Executive Mansion, one saw the process in fascinating evolution. Again and again, Rusk took occasion to encourage the Vice President's interest in foreign affairs, considering this essential from a political point of view as well as from that of Johnson's personal need. The Texan had never been much concerned with events abroad and Rusk saw the benefit of overseas exposure. On his expeditions, the Vice President received cheering cables from the Secretary of State, which served two purposes: they encouraged Johnson and they warned embassies not to become disturbed by some of the more grievous demands and idiosyncracies of the Texas politician. Perhaps they also helped to keep the Vice President on the beam. The President may joke now that Mrs. Johnson is so fond of the Rusks she would never let him ditch Dean, but Johnson too has a similar sentimental attachment to a couple who had been friendly and thoughtful when times were rough.

In the hectic early days of the Kennedy administration, the quiet, analytical sorting-out process which goes on constantly in Rusk's mind made him a listener and analyst rather than an advocate, a summarizer at the end rather than a leader of debate. This caused some observers who prefer forceful and dramatic personalities to describe him, as does Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., as a kind of American Buddha. Schlesinger has even stated that Kennedy thought of replacing Rusk, but no Chief Executive in his senses would have jettisoned a Secretary of State who had the degree of Congressional respect Rusk early came to possess.

Congress is not a body that usually warms up to the head of our diplomatic Establishment, but it quickly warmed to Rusk. Not since Cordell Hull has a Secretary of State enjoyed such esteem bordering on affection. This is all the more astonishing because, unlike Hull who had spent almost a quarter century on Capitol Hill, Rusk was wholly unknown. Moreover, his college professorship and participation in the Atlantic seaboard coterie in foreign affairs were hurdles he had to surmount.

Such a man might well have foundered on Capitol Hill. Rusk, however, has a deeply rooted democratic philosophy which steers him patiently and successfully through the endless shifting and treacherous shoals of Congressional dealings. When he tells Congressmen that, far from rocking the diplomatic boat, they can be of great help to him, he believes it as profoundly as they. When he stresses the constructive uses of committee hearings, of Congressmen's travels abroad, of Congressional prying and probing all over the place, he is perfectly sincere. He even goes so far as to tell long-term members of foreign affairs and appropriations committees that having specialized in the department's operations much longer than he or any one of his associates, they know more than anybody in Washington about such things. This is indeed true, by and large, but it is rank heresy among the diplomats to concede it. If Rusk's position mystifies his career associates,

it is a cheering concession to hard-working, conscientious Congressmen unaccustomed to bouquets from the Executive branch.

So it happens that a Middle West Senator ungiven to eulogy of Secretaries of State described Rusk to me as follows: "He is a sterling, distinguished public servant. The course he has followed has been honestly and realistically purposed to perpetuate the life of our country. Depending on what has been in our best interest, he has followed the commendable course of yielding when our interest so required, and remaining as firm as the rock of Gibraltar when obduracy was needed."

But the Senator who used this language a few weeks ago has also said some very hard things of the department which Rusk heads. "In every corner of the world," he has vigorously asserted, "we are losing ground to the Communists. Our flag is trampled, our prestige and power are flouted. Our embassies are mobbed, our officials threatened or arrested at gun point." And who is responsible? The Senator continued: "As the agency responsible for our foreign relations, the State Department must stand chiefly accountable for these defeats. The harsh fact is that State is not equipped to cope with explosive conflicts our enemies are stirring." The State Department soft-pedals "grim facts," clings to "old lines," "glosses over critical matters until they turn into disasters," "forgets that we must act our role as the free world's leader, and enforce our rights if we expect to survive." State, he says, has failed to devise "a consistent plan to defeat communism's political-warfare strategy," adheres to "decision-making machinery so inefficient that it moves at caterpillar pace," and is staffed with people "not up to the tasks that confront it."

Such complaints are often heard of the State Department and its overseas Foreign Service, and I know from more than thirty-five years of study and experience in the diplomatic Establishment that they are only too well justified. Moreover, there is a serious problem of morale in the department and service under Rusk, as there was under Dulles.

It is precisely here that some of the ordinary citizen's mystification over Rusk begins. If he is as good as he is pictured by Congressmen and others, how does it happen that his organization is open to such critical indictment? If General Motors or the Department of Commerce were as severely attacked, its head would be regarded as culpable and sacked. If Rusk is not responsible for his department's performance, who—or what—is?

To say that the department is would not be very illuminating—but it is a fact. The department largely runs itself, no matter who is Secretary of State. Over the long years it has evolved its own attitudes of mind, its own premises and prejudices, its own values, its own criteria of performance, and its own procedures which both express and reinforce all these. And no secretary who lacks thorough familiarity with this state of affairs, who has not mastered the managerial techniques for operating large organizations, can possibly cope with the State Department. The indications are that Rusk is not familiar with them. He evidently does not see the vital relationship of managerial problems to foreign policy and diplomacy.

This constitutes a weakness in his performance so serious that if it continues, it may well make the difference between the success and failure of American world leadership.

In this unresolved situation, the military factor in our international relationships becomes increasingly evident. Inevitably, when the contempt of diplomatic officers for training and education assures pedestrian work at the Foreign Service Institute, when their disdain for research and planning infects the department, when their reliance on daily improvisation continues unabated, the military will more and more fill the area of foreign policy and diplomacy. For the military long ago learned the value of education and training in international affairs. There are combat colonels in Vietnam today who hold Ph.D.s in international affairs. The State Department, by contrast, does not require of its officers any knowledge of international law and international organization or any systematic knowledge of the techniques of diplomacy; nor does it offer any courses in these disciplines at the Foreign Service Institute. To get even a correspondence course in international law, diplomatic officers must apply to the Naval War College.

Since the 1930s, as a consequence, the military establishment has increasingly influenced the dynamic and broadening area known as politico-military problems in world affairs. The appointment of a general as Secretary of State, another as Under Secretary, and a number of generals and admirals as ambassadors, as well as the inability of any career diplomatic officer to earn a top position in the Pentagon as a politico-military adviser, are symptoms of this disturbing trend.

This situation has deep implications for the preservation of democracy at home as well as abroad, but the department has only tinkered with it, and Rusk has indulged the tinkering. His relations—personal and official—with McNamara are excellent and some cross-fertilization of personnel has been achieved between their two establishments. But diplomats need thorough education and training in the politico-military area and suggestions to that effect should not always have to come from the military.

This problem of effective inter-agency integration of thinking, techniques, research and other resources affects not only diplomatic and military departments; it relates to State's broad role in the federal government. It took a general to establish a systematic inter-agency mechanism for this integration: when he became President, Mr. Eisenhower quickly saw that the Operations Coordinating Board was essential. It took another general to insist that the vacuum be filled after Kennedy, on very poor advice, abolished the OCB. It is now General Maxwell Taylor who publicly calls attention to the fact that we were politically unprepared for our Southeast Asia commitment in 1954, for our deepening involvement in that area in the 1960s, and for the ultimate victory we are striving for there today. I know this to be true, and one of several reasons for my early retirement from the diplomatic service in 1962 was to gain the freedom to say so. More and more, the military is advising Presidents on how the State Department should be organized to function



properly. Sooner than we think, another general may be appointed to run the department.

Dean Rusk has not given sufficient attention to correcting the prevailing attitudes of his Establishment, to revamping its anarchic procedures, updating and extending its educational and training programs, vitalizing its library facilities and demanding the money for these essential renovations. In such areas, the department is starved for funds. While he was Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, William J. Crockett took the revolutionary step—revolutionary for the State Department—of employing first-class psychologists to study the attitudes of diplomatic officers and relate these attitudes to the Department's operating problems. Experimentation revealed what large private firms have known for years: attitudes have a basic impact upon organizational efficiency. Crockett began experimenting with so-called "sensitivity training" to see if the deeply rooted attitudes of officers could be changed, and of course the experiments revealed that they could. But the department has resources to do this on only a very limited scale—some 100 officers a year. Out of several thousand officers this is pitifully limited, and among those treated there is constant attrition through retirement and resignation.

One of the bewildering puzzles concerns the depth of Rusk's concern for the internal well-being of his department. Before one committee of Congress—Senator Jackson's subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations, which has been exploring for eight years the problems State encounters in formulating and coordinating foreign policy—Rusk says one thing. Before Representative Rooney's subcommittee on appropriations he takes a different tack. He tells the Jackson subcommittee: "We try to keep not just abreast of events but ahead of events"; diplomacy has undergone "a revolutionary trans-

formation"; we live in a time when "any action taken on one important matter in one place sends a chain reaction of effect in every other important problem with which we are dealing," and we must have "officers who understand these chain reactions." All this means "more and more management," and it means the diplomatic Establishment has need of "increased staff." It means "additional ways to broaden the experience of our professional officers," more "generalists who are deeply familiar with a lot of special fields," more "understanding in depth" and "getting policy officers into a planning frame of mind. We are trying to get the word across that every officer of the department, from the junior officer all the way to the top, is responsible for his own initiative, for considering the problems in front of him and coming up with new ideas. If he happens to have an idea which is not strictly in his field of responsibility, he is encouraged to pass it along to his neighbor who does have that responsibility." In answer to a question concerning the department's success in getting its share of the national talent, Rusk replied: "There is a national shortage of talent. . . . So that, when government moves out to recruit top talent, the competition is very keen." He emphasized his belief that "if you can build up the quality of personnel you can cut back in numbers. We try to urge our colleagues not to be timid about coming forward with ideas or suggestions, or in challenging basic assumptions or questioning a conventional interpretation of a factual situation, so we can avoid the failure of not thinking about the problem in the deepest and broadest terms." And for this, "opportunity for quiet thought is important." The department needs "far more chiefs and far fewer Indians," and to get these should "upgrade the desk officer," who is the lowest officer in the department's hierarchy. The problem of getting "accurate and relevant information" is a key one. "The ghost that haunts the policy officer or haunts the man who makes the final decision is the question as to whether, in fact, he has in his mind all of the important elements that ought to bear upon his decision, or whether there is a missing piece that he is not aware of that could have a decisive effect if it became known."

But before the Rooney subcommittee Rusk does not discuss these admirable concepts. They all cost money and his budget reflects the most niggardly thinking imaginable for a department which is on the front line of our national defense. The library is starved, research is starved, the planning staff is starved, training is starved. Far from asking for a staffing pattern which would give officers the leisure to keep "ahead of events," to acquire or preserve "understanding in depth," to seek "additional ways to broaden their experience," to "brood over" the complex problems with which the nation has entrusted them, and come up "with new ideas," the Secretary has boasted that for five years he has not asked for any personnel increases. He must know that by and large, under the conditions of the last fifteen years, officers are too hard worked to have any leisure at all. Here and there an office in the department or a section of a post overseas may be overstaffed, but it is not the pattern. Officers have, in fact, been known to faint from overwork.

If diplomacy has indeed undergone "a revolutionary

transformation" it is not reflected in the Secretary's budget requests. There has been no revolutionary change in the criteria for admission of officers to the diplomatic Establishment or in testing techniques for admission, assignment or promotion of such officers. Apart from training in counterinsurgency problems begun in 1963 (which it took the imagination of the attorney general to suggest and the prestige of the President to initiate), one has looked in vain for any recognition of this revolution in the department's training program until the last year. Just recently, the department has actually introduced a science seminar and an intensive course in modern economics. It is also discussing a course in modern political science concepts and techniques, but probably won't succeed in getting it under way for lack of funds. It had to scrape up funds from private sources to start the science seminar.

These slow acknowledgments of "revolutionary transformation" in world affairs affect but a handful of officers. More than this cannot be spared by a department whose personnel has not increased during five years of expanding responsibilities. Moreover, much of the training is offered to senior officers, and these are in such surplus, due to poor planning and wholly inadequate analysis of junior-officer grumbling for promotion, that the department must now force about one-third of them into retirement, the trained and the untrained alike.

Even the introduction of computers to dispel that "ghost that haunts the policy officer" has lagged, partly from lack of funds, partly from incompetence. A department that must use obsolescent typewriters and adding machines which cost more for repairs than they are worth is not likely to invest heavily in computers. And, at least for the time being, such an investment might be dubious in any case. The people responsible for operating the few computers the department has been able to wangle have been trying for some two years to master the intricacies of printing out simple personnel data. Any broad application of computers to foreign affairs, so as to permit the storage and instant retrieval of needed information, is clearly a long way off in the State Department.

Occasionally, an event which shows the need for rapid improvement in departmental communications gets splashed on the front pages of the world's press. I remind readers of the furor in August, 1965, when the Prime Minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, stated that three years earlier the CIA had offered him a \$3.3 million bribe. The State Department first denied the charge; then, when Lee produced a letter from Secretary Rusk apologizing for the incident, admitted that the Prime Minister was right. I happen to know that the department had honestly believed the charge to be false. The officers who knew of the affair had been rotated elsewhere and those responsible for Singapore and Southeast Asian matters at the time of the charge were completely in the dark. A computer would have spared the United States this, and many another humiliation.

This brings up the long-established practice of rotating officers from job to job, country to country, continent to continent. Frequent moves make for a fascinating life, as I well know, but I long ago came to the con-

clusion that they make for superficial officers. Rusk, who is well aware of the practice, tells the Jackson subcommittee that the diplomatic Establishment urgently requires "more generalists who are deeply familiar with a lot of special fields." How can constantly rotating officers become "deeply familiar with a lot of special fields"? Effective training could help, but training has lagged throughout Rusk's tenure. This sluggishness is the more astonishing in view of the Secretary's own educational background. Either Rusk does not mean what he says and is only idly philosophizing along lines that he knows will please the Jackson subcommittee, or he hasn't the time to do anything about the effective management of his department, or he does not know how to delegate the task.

A choice example of how a badly managed department can leave a secretary—and the nation—in the lurch is provided by the Vietnamese problem inherited by Rusk. Since 1954, when the Geneva Agreements brought a brief respite to Southeast Asia, and the acknowledged unsteadiness of the agreements led Dulles to negotiate the formation of SEATO and to bring Vietnam within its defense perimeter, we have faced a critical need for special knowledge of the area and special skills to deal with its problems. The few resources we did have the department permitted to be dissipated by rotating officers.

For ten years after 1954 the department introduced no training in depth for officers assigned to that area. It never analyzed the new commitment; never asked itself what skills it would demand. When the department finally stirred, the move came too late for it to lead—it could only react. Such indifference is indeed disturbing; it may in large part explain why Rusk refers with such unwonted eloquence to "the ghost that haunts the man who makes the final decision."

By 1957, the department had had three years to perceive the magnitude of Vietnam and adjust to it. From then until 1963, the year in which Vietnam became a matter for Secretary Rusk himself to handle, three different desk officers in the department had been in immediate charge of South Vietnamese affairs—one for considerably less than two years. There, supervisors—directors and deputy directors of the Office of Southeast Asian Affairs—were also changed during this period: four of each came and went. Only two of the desk officers and one of the superiors had served in Vietnam and, as one might expect, these three relatively experienced men had difficulty making their knowledge prevail in the face of their colleagues' ignorance.

This travesty of diplomacy occurred not only in the department's lower ranks but at more exalted levels as well. In the nine-year period, 1957-66, there were seven Assistant Secretaries of State for the Far East and four different Deputy Assistant Secretaries for economic matters. Of these eleven, six had had no experience in Southeast Asia, and all but one had had none in Vietnam. None had been given any special training in Vietnamese affairs before or during his tenure of office.

During this same nine-year period we had three Secretaries of State, six Under Secretaries, and four officials whose titles varied from Under Secretary to Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs. Three of these had had

experience in Southeast Asia, only one in Vietnam. Rusk introduced one element of sanity into this vortex by arranging that Alexis Johnson, his Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs from 1961 to 1964, should have a year's tour of duty in Saigon as Deputy Ambassador before resuming his departmental job in 1965-66.

With the exception of ambassadors, this chaotic situation has prevailed in Saigon as well. Officers have been rotated in and out, barely able to assimilate the complexities of Vietnam before departing to some other, far-off assignment. Too large a proportion of the embassy staff has consisted of junior officers unable, because of age and inexperience, to impress Vietnamese officials. Even after Rusk was nudged into giving a counterinsurgency course, the rotation frenzy canceled out much of the potential value of that project.

This is not diplomacy. Nor does it indicate a satisfactory foreign policy. For policy must take account of means and resources, as well as objectives. Although we have now gained a certain appreciation of the magnitude of the Vietnamese commitment, Rusk continues to permit the department to disperse throughout the world officers who possess some knowledge and experience in Vietnamese and Southeast Asian affairs. This practice may explain why he finds that South Vietnamese officials are not easily persuaded that we really know what we are talking about. It could also be one reason why he finds the North Vietnamese so mysteriously indisposed to negotiate. Keeping tabs on our personnel merry-go-round it just may occur to them that they should wait until we have unmistakably proved ourselves incapable of helping to build order and political stability in the South. Our own

generals have been warning for a long time that force alone will not win in Vietnam. The more perceptive of them have been saying from the beginning that in this type of war the political factors are decisive. Does Rusk find himself at the head of a department which he cannot stimulate to realize this point or to act upon it?

In policy making, Rusk has been keen and adept; his analytical ability has been of the first order. In negotiations where he appears himself other governments have been impressed by his willingness to listen, his patience, his lack of evangelical fervor. An American who does not claim to have all the answers, is prepared to hear what others have to offer, and to arrive at agreements by meticulous examination of all the arguments is a welcome addition to the international community. That is why Rusk has been successful in dealing with the Soviets and is now beginning to reap some fruit from his patient efforts to build bridges to Eastern Europe.

These qualities have been Rusk's strong points in dealing with Vietnam. He has been unemotional, rational, uncrusading. He has avoided sweeping claims and generalizations. But he has also avoided the bold and revolutionary steps called for within his department to provide the human and organizational resources needed to respond to the revolution in Vietnam.

Thus, the problems of both Vietnam and departmental management have overtaken Rusk before he became aware of their awesome proportions. Unlike Vietnam, the management problem has not received any concentrated attention. The sooner it does the better, for we cannot tolerate a ramshackle diplomatic Establishment in these days when it is supposed to constitute our first line of national defense.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 6

DISNEY'S FANTASY EMPIRE

JOHN BRIGHT

Mr. Bright, a long-time resident of California, is a screen writer and novelist.

Los Angeles

Walt Disney, grand vizier of fantasy, possessed the world's largest collection of personal honoraria—praise emblazoned on plaques, medals, cups, scrolls, statuettes and testimonials. Shortly before he died, Uncle Walt, as he was known to his professional family, assigned a woman to organize and annotate the laurels. She worked a year at it, full time.

Most of these evidences of approval came from such sources as the Motion Picture Academy (which handed

more Oscars to Disney than to any score of film people), distributors, chambers of commerce, fraternal lodges, cities, states, even nations. Some of these may be suspect as motivated by flackery, or impersonal business gratitude. (Disney's public relations machinery was the best in the field. Henceforward it may be a little like Christianity without Christ.) Not so the thumping superlative of Dr. Max Rafferty, boss of California's sophomores, who once said that "Disney is the greatest educator of the century."

If this compliment seems tarnished by the dubious authority of its tosser, a similar garland was pitched by David Low, the respected British cartoonist, who elevated Disney to be "the most significant figure in graphic art since Leonardo." No art critics squirmed in protest, perhaps because they read their own meaning into Low's "significant."

Educators, however, took Rafferty's goose grease at its full value. Librarian Frances Clarke Sayers of UCLA blasted the "absurd appraisal." "In the Disney films," she wrote, "I find genuine feeling ignored, the imagina-

This article was conceived as a critique of a man, his works and organization. The recent death of Walt Disney necessitated not only changes in tense but a look at the Fantasy Empire's future. No other revisions of fact, opinion or judgment are deemed imperative.

—The Author

tion of children bludgeoned with mediocrity, and much of it overcast with vulgarity. Look at the wretched sprite with the wand and the oversized buttocks which announces every Disney program on TV. She is a vulgar little thing who has been too long at the sugar bowls."

Dr. Benjamin Spock deplored the sadism in many of the Disney cartoons, citing the Wicked Witch in *Snow White* as a terrifying figure for young children, reporting that "Nelson Rockefeller told my wife a long time ago that they had to reupholster the seats in Radio City Music Hall after *Snow White* because they were wet so often by frightened children." (The present writer witnessed an almost fatal attack of juvenile hysteria in a Mexico City theatre when Pinocchio was swallowed by the whale.)

Disneyland, too, has produced a chorus of outrage. John Ciardi, driven into verbal murk by his distaste, noted in the *Saturday Review* that he was "ready to see him [Disney] as the incarnate myth of all that is naturally depthless," then added sourly: "I saw instead the shyster in the backroom of the illusion, diluting his witch's brew with tap water, while all his gnomes worked frantically to design a gaudier and gaudier design for the mess."

Julian Halevy (in *The Nation*, June 7, 1958) suffered a socio-philosophical recoil from the fantasy Mecca, where "the whole world, the universe, and all man's dominion over self and nature has been reduced to a sickening blend of cheap formulas packaged to sell." Equating Disneyland with Las Vegas he intoned ominously: "Their huge profits and mushrooming growth suggest that as conformity and adjustment become more rigidly imposed on the American scene the drift to fantasy will become a flight."

The article drew fire from Ray Bradbury who wrote an *ad hominem* letter to *The Nation*, concluding with his "sneaking suspicion . . . that Mr. Halevy loved Disneyland but is not man enough, or child enough, to admit it." Later Bradbury aired his own feelings about the park for *Holiday*, in rhapsodic prose more imaginative than anything of Uncle Walt's.

I tend to side with Bradbury and the new masses on this issue. Halevy's analogy is snobbery and spurious. Las Vegas is Western civilization at its cynical worst, a reduction of man's dignity to an alienating scramble for a dirty, desperate buck. It is truly narcotic, neurotic, unreal but not fantasy. Disneyland, to adults, who almost outnumber the delighted kids, is a retreat (or escape, if you will) from the anxieties of that scramble and the conformities it imposes. All escape is not neurotic. What's sick about a vacation?

There is here a germane paradox: while the films and the park were both Disney's deeply personal creations—and while in some ways they overlap as reflections of his attitudes—most of the criticisms that can reasonably be leveled at the movies simply do not apply to Disneyland.

Item: It is the only major amusement park in America which does not stimulate and capitalize upon hostile aggression and competitiveness. Nor upon fright. Its thrills (except to overgrownups like Ciardi and Halevy)

are derived from and targeted to the child in us. I'm sure Dr. Spock would concur.

Item: Disneyland is relatively free of appeals to chauvinism and racism. The qualification is necessitated by an "Aunt Jemima" restaurant, a suspicious paucity of Negro help, even in the unskilled functions, and several concessions to stereotype: e. g., panicky blacks from a safari pursued by wild animals and climbing a totem pole having a white man symbolically at the top; and an exhibit of birds from different countries that speak English in stereotypical accents—*mañana* Mexicans, oo-la-la Frenchmen, pidgin Chinese, etc. The patronizing is not blatant, but it has a cumulative effect. Nevertheless, "It's a Small World" is more representative of the park's overall tone. Here the singing and dancing doll-children of the earth—white and black, brown and yellow—are equally attractive and charming. It is the one-world concept applied to a child's dream of a toy store come wondrously to life. The "adventure," originally presented in New York at the fair, scarcely reflected Uncle Walt's political views, so there may have been a liberal Moses in the bulrushes. (The commercial sponsor of the exhibit is the Bank of America, thinking globally these days since going international, with branches and agents everywhere this side of the dollar curtain.)

Item: Through the most intelligently managed system of controls—from parking to adventuring and dining—an entirely new kind of crowd behavior is stimulated. The same people who grow raucously assertive at ball games and prize fights, and in other amusement parks, here comport themselves with a conspicuous good nature and freedom from irritation that has been remarked by observers less than by biased press agents. Squalling infants, even at fatigue peak in the evening hours, are rare. The park's ban on alcohol, determined by its family orientation, reduces hooliganism to a minimum. In 1965 there was only one "rumble" in Disneyland, and it was swiftly suppressed, without counter violence. Last year was altogether untroubled. The almost Dutch cleanliness of the pavement and exhibits, under ceaseless janitoring, is contagious. People respond, consciously or otherwise, to their surroundings. Do you see cigarette butts and beer cans in a cemetery? Perhaps Khrushchev's eagerness to visit the park betrayed more than the roly-poly child in Nikita, and was to verify spy rumors that this was capitalist crowd handling at its smoothest—a technique applicable to his own centers of culture and rest. In a nation of endless queues, so corrupting to tempers and morale, Disneyland has devised a pattern of narrow-railed aisles, humorously suggesting a rat maze, and creating the illusion of a short line.

Item: There is a fixed policy of no-pitch, no-hustle. Instead of the pock-nosed carnies of boardwalk familiarity, fresh-faced youngsters, recruited mainly from the neighboring colleges, are given a six-week course in manners at the "University of Disneyland," and emerge as courteous as librarians.

Item: No gangsters, frontier or modern, are glorified. The park's only historical hero is Abe Lincoln, an astonishingly (even disturbingly) lifelike robot animated in speech and movement with electronic sorcery. The



sponsor of the Great Emancipator spectacle, not surprisingly, is Lincoln Savings.

Offsetting these virtues, many critics remark the middle-class, somewhat shallow and anti-intellectual, character of the Disney entertainment product. One of the qualities of its babbittry is a stubborn, uncritical optimism: things are getting better and better; what's faulty will inevitably be corrected. An amusing illustration of this is in "Rocket to the Moon," a simulated space ride in that section of the Disney pie called Tomorrowland. It is circa 1970, and the taped voice of the alleged captain of the vessel proclaims as we approach home: "That cloudy mass you see on the earth is not smog—it is a bank of clouds. Smog was eliminated in North America some time ago." The audience (passengers) laughed. To their inflamed eyes this was wishful thinking. To Disney it was prophecy.

Disney's films have come in for a similar but heavier bombardment from the educated. Again to quote Dr. Sayers, whose misgivings are typical:

I think Disney falsifies life by pretending that everything is so sweet, so saccharine, without any conflict except the obvious conflict of violence. I think that even in the lines of Mother Goose you find an element that is in all great literature, and that is the realization that in life is a tragic tension between good and evil, between disaster and triumph, and it isn't all a matter of sweetness and light. The first people to know this intuitively are the children themselves. . . . This, I think, is the tragic break in Disney. He misplaces the sweetness and misplaces the violence, and the result is like soap opera, not really related to the great truths of life.

The Sayers anger might be extended to the bedrock Hollywood rationalization: "We have to give them what they want if we are to stay in business!" It overlooks the point that having retarded the child, our alternative is to cater to his deficiency. He wants what he has been taught to want.

To all such diatribes Disney responded with mild hurt and dismay; and a kind of bewilderment, since his belief in movies and television as solely entertainment

was sincere. And because he was the only producer whose name on the marquee sold tickets (except possibly De Mille, another treacle salesman), his policy was fortified by the primary American judgment: what makes money must be good. As Al Capone once put it to the present writer: "How can a million dollars be wrong?"

Until his last illness Uncle Walt was reputed to be a happy uncle. He may have had dark moments in his private projection room, but he was smilingly insistent that happiness pervade his films, like a permanent Edgar Guest in the house. Motion pictures accounted for 46 per cent of his happily diversified empire; TV contributed 8 per cent more. Some indication of the cash value of happiness is the box-office intake of *Mary Poppins*, a gross approaching \$50 million, with more ahead from reissue and eventual television rights. *That Darn Cat* is expected to do almost as well.

Until two decades ago, Disney catered very little to the national sweet tooth. He concentrated, rather, upon breaking ground and ground rules. Some of his innovations were recklessly *avant-garde*, earning him pages in the journals of serious students of the cinema. Robert Feild, a Harvard professor of art, wrote a carefully researched encomium, *The Art of Walt Disney*, in 1942.

Ironically, the decline of the Disney fortunes was touched off by his first big hit, *Snow White*, which the industry looked forward to, with secret glee, as a foolish departure from convention. When the picture became a noisy success, here and abroad, Walt and his normally cautious brother, Roy, went on an inflationary spree of feature-length animated cartoons, all enormously costly. The company had gone deep into debt to build the Burbank studio, and was in a precarious position unless each of these pictures would do better than pay its way. When *Fantasia* flopped, the Disneys were in Zeckendorf-type trouble, overexpanded and with dismal credit. The bankers had, somewhat reluctantly, loaned construction money to Disney when their community studies indicated that the site he had chosen for a studio

could perhaps be better used for a hospital: that explains the oversize elevators and the reception desks at both ends of all halls. There is small likelihood today of the studio's being converted into a hospital, even with Disney gone, but the bankers' researches were right: the Catholic Church has since built a hospital across the street.

In desperation the Disneys were compelled to "go public," sharing ownership and control with an army of alien stockholders. For Walt this could have meant the sacrifice of artistic freedom to avoid bankruptcy. Shareholders disapprove of experimentation with *their* money. More immediately, the situation called for severe reduction of studio overhead. Disney's behavior in this period scarcely sustains the benevolent paternalism of his sedulously nurtured image. It is missing from the swollen library of Disneyana, like George Washington's false teeth. Even John McDonald, in an otherwise excellent *Fortune* piece, ignores the salient facts and substitutes sentimentality.

Disney first confronted the crisis of 1941 in a plea to his employees—a compound of passion and anguish and charm—that they take a wage cut or face wholesale firings. Everyone chose the cut to save the job. Within a fortnight Disney violated the gentlemen's agreement by dismissing thirteen men, of whom twelve were militants in the Screen Cartoonists Guild, then seeking recognition under the Wagner Act as the bargaining agent for the animated cartoon industry. In the prolonged strike that followed, to make Disney's studio a closed shop, the rehiring of the thirteen men was a major union demand.

In *Fortune's* account it was a "jurisdictional strike," and it added that "the event so dismayed Walt Disney that he wept." There are of course jurisdictional strikes, conflicts of power between labor blocs, but the phrase is also often used to arouse public prejudice against a legitimate walkout. As for the Disney tears, they were more likely symptoms of rage than of dismay. Filmed views of his confrontation of the picket line show him in apoplectic fury.

One of Disney's defensive measures was to exploit illusion, his specialty, as a strikebreaking weapon. The studio was 50 per cent struck. To convey the impression that only a few mavericks had gone out, photographs were taken from the air by the *Los Angeles Times*, a stern Uncle Walt having ordered that all the automobiles of the on-the-job workers and the studio cars and trucks be taken from sheds and garages and posed for the skyborne cameras.

The current obese solvency of the Disney complex (total income in 1965 was \$110 million) is due only in part to the marshmallow cream puffs of intellectual disdain. The ship of fantasy is now a flotilla, all vessels controlled from a single port but each with a separate identity and cargo.

Until Disney, horizontal diversification was unknown in show business, unless popcorn can be so construed. Production and exhibition—recently divorced by a Supreme Court that has not prevented clandestine remarriage—is not diversification; it is neutral *control*.

Roy Disney has made a brilliant application of insurance-company structuring to the entertainment field. In fact, it has a tighter logic—that of fingers on a hand. Disneyland advertises Disney movies and animal personalities, Disney TV plugs the park, where commercial exhibits by TV advertisers reduce overhead and raise profits. And the same golden symbiosis applies to publications, comic strips, toys and 2,000 other products.

And yet—may not the empire crack and crumble with the death of Caesar? Stockholders and top staffers have long been worried about that, and even the atheists among them prayed for his immortality. Roy Disney may have joined them in supplication, but this did not preclude an insurance policy, with the company as beneficiary, larger than Mrs. Graham's coverage of Billy.

In my view, the apprehension is groundless. Disney Enterprises has long and widely been considered a one-man overlordship, a multiple genius surrounded by echoes. This is a dogma to make a legendary figure out of Uncle Walt. (Part of the ritual was an arrangement whereby Disney picked up all the studio Oscars, a usurpation resented by the creators.) The need for this aggrandizement stemmed in part from the studio's casting policy. Hollywood pundits say that "Disney gets them on the way up or on the way down," spurning the star system with its bloated salaries. To compete in the glamour game, Disney himself became the box-office attraction—as producer of a predictable family style and the father of a family of lovable animals.

Behind the façade has always been a legion of diverse, anonymous talents. Except for the loss of its generalissimo, this army is today intact, and with a general staff. Of the established components of the mother-lode, Disneyland now needs Disney no more than *The Saturday Evening Post* needs Ben Franklin. As for the live-action films and TV, they are also on their own, requiring to maintain altitude only an inventive mediocrity—the basic coin of Hollywood.

What may be affected (if the myth of Walt's indispensability has penetrated the banking heart) are the two gigantic projects of potential *super* profits, long on the expansionary drawing board—Mineral King and the invasion of Florida.

Closer to fruition, with ample pledged financing, Mineral King is planned as an Alpine village in the Sequoia National Forest, a year-round ski resort to accommodate 20,000 on the slopes at one time—and house and feed them. Tentative budget: \$38 million. There are no insurmountable engineering difficulties; the only snag is political. An extended highway through mountain terrain is vital, and its cost would place too great an amortization burden on the resort. So the Disneys have been insisting that the state pay the bill, with an argument not altogether selfish: tourism is big business in California. Now Uncle Walt's extraordinary gifts of persuasion are missing—but so is Pat Brown. Governor Reagan will probably be happy to dedicate the road as a macadam memorial to his old friend.

More uncertain is the destiny of the Florida promotion, a jumbo Disneyland and "model city of the future," to be located near Orlando. Disney's biggest

dream, the construction estimate is \$500 million, it promises to ignite the biggest boom since William Jennings Bryan sold real estate in Florida.

It promises another reward for the Disneys—an atonement for the sickening mistake they made when they founded Disneyland. Building the park on cheap desert land (rather than in Burbank, the original idea) was sharp operation. But creating a powerful crowd magnet for outsiders to profit from was a galling oversight. In the last decade, a prosperous growth of hotels, motels, restaurants, gas stations and stores, even a wax museum (fantasy cribbing), have mushroomed around Disneyland. The neighboring town of Anaheim, formerly a sleepy village, is today a bustling big town, with a thriving John Birch Society chapter. It is a kind of cheating, like watching drive-in movies from outside the fence.

No such error is to tarnish the Florida triumph. Land has been bought, or optioned, in large concentric circles, including a buffer region. *This* time no pip-squeak parasites were to get rich off Uncle Walt. Now it is not certain that this sweet revenge will come to pass, but there is a straw in the wind: when news of Walt's demise came over the news ticker, the Disney stock dipped a melancholy dollar. However, it quickly rallied on the rumor of a merger with Litton Industries, a saber-toothed holding company. Such a union could signal the conquest of Florida.

Just how does one assay the Disney phenomenon? To call him a genius, as his sycophants do, is not only absurd; it is unenlightening. I think the man's unique success can be understood only by reference to his personal *non-uniqueness*. Of all the activists of public

diversion, Uncle Walt was the one most precisely in the American midstream—in taste and morality, attitudes and opinions, prides and prejudices. The revealing clue is his familiar (and utterly sincere) statement that he never made a picture he didn't want his family to see. His competitors made pictures they thought, or guessed, the public wanted to see. Disney operated through maximal *identification* with John Doe; the others seek to discover what John Doe is like in order to cater to him.

The celebrated Disney inventiveness is the x-factor in the success story. A key to this might be found in his immaturity, or not realized maturity—not used here in the pejorative sense. Walt, growing from infant to child to youngster, to adult, to uncle and granduncle, never abandoned the delights and preoccupations of each stage of development, as most of us have done, at least in part. This was his "genius." Disneyland could have been created only by a man-child who never tired of toys or shed the belief that animals and insects have human attributes.

Not long ago he described his role with a characteristic metaphor:

"You know, I was stumped one day when a little boy asked, 'Do you draw Mickey Mouse?' I had to admit I didn't draw any more. 'Then you think up all the jokes and ideas?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't do that.' Finally he looked at me and said: 'Mr. Disney, just what do you do?' . . . 'Well,' I said, 'sometimes I think of myself as a little bee. I go from one area of the studio to another and gather pollen and sort of stimulate everybody. I guess that's the job I do.'"

It isn't every man who is privileged to write his own epitaph.

POLITICS OF COPPER

PROXY FIGHT IN THE CONGO

PAUL SEMONIN

Mr. Semonin received his M.A. at the University of Ghana and spent an additional year in French-speaking West Africa under a Ford Foundation fellowship.

Rarely since the inauguration of the "Open Door" policy at the Berlin Conference of 1884 has Washington missed an opportunity to send an emissary to referee a Congo contest. Therefore, Theodore Sorensen's recent trip to Kinshasa set off wide speculation again about Washington's role in the controversy over the new state's expropriation of the huge Belgian mining complex of Union Minière. The Congolese Government hired the former aide to the late President Kennedy along with a French lawyer named René Floriot to argue the Congo's case against the Belgian company.

The Nation caught the scent of these developments several weeks ago [editorial, February 13] by drawing attention to the mild U.S. reaction to the nationalization, while noting the involvement of American interests in a

consortium rumored to be moving toward a purchase of the 40 per cent of shares in the new Congolese company being offered to foreign investors. Although these companies flatly denied the reports, the sight of NATO lawyers flocking to the scene brings back memories of the disarray in the West at Suez and raises many questions about their motives today.

Few observers puzzling over this display are likely to give the Congolese credit for putting the NATO powers on opposite sides of the negotiating table. To most veteran Congo hands the line-up resembles a kangaroo court, with the Western powers calling all the shots. But the remarkable fact seems to be the unprecedented flexibility of the young President in the face of these pressures. I suggest that the time has come to regard more carefully the coalescence of forces brought onto the scene by Mobutu's coup. The shaky political system inherited from the Belgians has clearly been streamlined to give a new generation of Congolese leaders increased maneuverability against the continued sway of Western powers.

Three guidelines are useful for analyzing the exceedingly complex developments surrounding the Union Minière affair and the corresponding strategy adopted by the Congolese to achieve "economic independence." The first point to recognize is the unique conditions posed by the role of the Congo state as a principal shareholder in Union Minière. Legal participation by the Congolese Government in an important sector of the Belgian economy has greatly complicated the latter's relations with its former colony and has spurred efforts toward disengagement. The Union Minière conflict has characteristics of a proxy fight between major shareholders for control over a corporation rather than pure nationalization.

Second, the expropriation, with all its legal ironies, should be set squarely in the context of the sharpened rivalries in the Atlantic community. Sorensen and Floriot's bizarre appearance across the table from the Belgians corresponds to the international conjuncture facing the developing Congolese nation.

Third, the ulterior motives or "side effects" of American policy beyond the designated cold-war priorities should be kept in mind. European powers are beginning to question the avowed anti-Communist aims of Washington's containment policy in the light of a growing American penetration of their markets.

President Mobutu's statement last summer, following the dissolution of the diamond mining company Forminière, keynotes the legal roots of his government's policy toward Union Minière. "Why nationalize?" he asked a Belgian television audience, "I don't need to nationalize." He described the dissolution of Forminière, in which the Congolese state held a 55 per cent share, as a move "to redress the balance of corporate control."

The most troublesome aspect of the Union Minière case for the juridically minded Belgian businessmen stemmed from similarly sizable holdings in the company which the new state inherited from the old colonial administration. Belgian business circles were naturally alarmed before independence by the prospect of the Congolese controlling 35.7 per cent of the voting rights in Union Minière by virtue of the colonial state's two-third share in a charter company called the Comité Spécial du Katanga (CSK).

Recognizing the danger of such legalized "mixed enterprise," Belgian officials arranged with the Compagnie du Katanga, a private company holding the other one-third share of CSK, to dissolve the charter company on June 27, 1960, only three days before independence. This act reduced the voting rights controlled by the Congolese state in Union Minière by one-third to 24.5 per cent which while still the largest shareholding was smaller than the voting bloc formed by the other major shareholders, Société Générale, Tanganyika Concessions and Compagnie du Katanga.

Reactions varied in Belgium when the act dissolving the CSK was never formally ratified by the Congolese parliament, although the Belgian Government refused to cede to the Congolese titles they possessed in private companies on the ground that these were "held in trust" to guarantee payment of the external debt inherited by

the Congolese from the colonial administration. Belgium was not forced to negotiate the transfer of the Congo's portfolio of investments, including the Union Minière shares, until the arch foe of the present government, Moïse Tshombe, issued a decree on November 29, 1964, rescinding the concessionary rights of three Belgian-run companies, including the CSK. Tshombe's provocative gesture melted into the cigar smoke at Val Duchesse castle in Belgium three months later when he met privately with delegates from the Compagnie du Katanga to sign an agreement highly favorable to the Belgians. The private agreement confirmed the diminution of the Congo's voting rights in Union Minière to 24.5 per cent, and opened the way to the signing of a separate bilateral treaty on February 6, 1965, dealing with the whole gamut of financial questions between the two countries.

The new Congolese cabinet appointed by Mobutu called into question portions of this treaty on May 6 last year when it announced that by January 1, 1967, all companies legally constituted in the Congo would have to move their headquarters to the Congo. Union Minière demonstrated its inscrutable paternalism then by answering the Congolese with a conciliatory statement setting down firmly the limits of the company's generosity. The company's president, Louis Wallef, told the annual general meeting on May 26 that the board of directors had decided to set up an "administrative headquarters" in Kinshasa. Wallef made a clear distinction, however, between the opening of administrative headquarters and "the plan for a company established under Congolese law," which was "fraught with difficulties" owing to its "fiscal implications."

Last fall Wallef led the company's delegation to Kinshasa for formal negotiations with Congolese officials about the transfer. He proposed a geographic division of Union Minière into two companies, Union Minière du Congo, a mining company consisting of the company's assets in the Congo, and Union Minière et Métallurgie, a Brussels-based company managing the sales end of the new company's activities, its monetary reserves and portfolio of investments. Shares in the first company were to be split fifty-fifty, while the Congo's share in the second company was to be the same 18 per cent held in the old company.*

President Mobutu's complaint later about the high-handed manner in which Wallef conducted the talks might normally be attributed to hurt Congolese pride. But other published reports confirm Mobutu's claim that the Union Minière president at first flatly refused to negotiate with the appointed Congolese delegation headed by Albert Ndele, governor of the National Bank. He reportedly asked the Congolese: "Where are your advisers? How can we start talking in their absence?"

Wallef's composure would not have been ruffled if he had faced, as in the past, a subaltern clerk in the guise of cabinet minister carrying brief cases of Belgian advice

*The shares held by each party should not be confused with their voting rights: the Congo controlled 25.4 per cent of the shares and 35.7 per cent of the country's voting rights before the dissolution of CSK; afterward the Congo held 18 per cent shares and 24.5 per cent of the voting rights.

under each arm. But President Mobutu's closest advisers on economic policy are neither subaltern clerks nor Belgians but young university graduates schooled in "free enterprise" economics and Belgian law. Wallef entered the room to find himself alone with a "Lumumbist" lawyer, a Congolese banker and a post-Keynesian economist bargaining for control over a corporation instead of looking for the perennial *matabiche* or handout.

The talks ultimately foundered on more substantive issues than Wallef's crusty contempt for Congolese negotiators. After nearing a signed agreement in early December, negotiations suddenly hung fire on several issues pertaining to the marketing of the new Congolese company's products. On a last-minute trip to Brussels shortly before Christmas, Congolese Foreign Minister Bomboko recounted how the Congolese had discovered on rereading the Union Minière proposal that the Congo would lose control over all copper leaving the country, including the \$200 million worth then moving through the shipment "pipe line." The agreement required them to accept on faith Union Minière's accounting of sales without any legal right to be informed of marketing procedures. Marketing of Union Minière's products had previously been entrusted to a separate company, which kept vital sales information cloaked in secrecy.

The *Financial Times* reported that among the "points of friction" leading to the breakdown of negotiations were the old company's request for control of marketing, a 6 per cent tax on the sales of copper and key posts on the board of the new company, including the chairmanship. The journal claimed that the underlying purpose of the Congolese efforts to secure the transfer of the company's head offices was the desire to have proceeds from export sales channeled through sources other than the Belgian National Bank in Brussels. Union Minière's strict control over marketing, and the cloistered management of external assets, represented in Congolese eyes similar financial controls dating from colonial days which, to borrow a phrase from the Belgians, did not provide them with "adequate security for *their* investments" and constituted major obstacles to any effective planning of the "national economy."

Union Minière's tersely worded statement on December 23, only a week before the Congolese deadline for the transfer of company headquarters, announced that "as a matter of law and fact, the domicile and central headquarters of the company could not be transferred to Kinshasa." Besides requiring the unanimous consent of all shareholders, a transfer placing "all the assets of the company situated outside the Congo" under Congolese jurisdiction would, according to the board, deny shareholders adequate security for their investments.

The company's statement made no reference to the real Congolese grievances. Kinshasa's representatives were not bargaining merely to get their hands on Union Minière's external assets but rather to mitigate various forms of financial hegemony associated with previous marketing practices, the handling of customs duties and balance of payments accounts.

Prospects for any compromise solution went by the

board with the Congolese decision to enforce the deadline on the company's transfer. The formation of a new company by the Congolese Government on December 31, *Congolaise Générale des Minerais*, was a point of no return. Even though concessions may still be made and new agreements reached, each party altered significantly the terms of the dispute after this rupture, leaving behind them numerous burned bridges.

Union Minière's statement on January 3 shows the firmness with which the company met the Congolese action. Its most significant step was the nullification of the Congo state's shareholding in Union Minière. By entrusting the company's mining concession to a new company, the board of directors argued, the Congolese Government had "rendered null and void the Congolese participation in Union Minière, as well as the connected rights." The company declared with a curiously "business as usual" blandness that Union Minière would be able to continue "satisfactory activities" whether or not the company gains any indemnification for its losses.

How does a company claiming to have lost the bulk of assets worth an estimated \$800 million expect to continue "business as usual" with assets outside the Congo which the company itself values at only a "sizeable fraction" of the property lost? For the time being the company can be reasonably confident of some compensation from continued control over the marketing of Congolese copper since the agreement of "technical cooperation" signed on February 17 between the Congolese company and *Société Générale des Minerais*, a subsidiary of Union Minière, designates the latter as the "contracting administrative and technical agent" of the Congolese company. Belgian investors have additional assurance in that the Congolese have also agreed to submit the question of compensation to international arbitration.

The board of director's response to the Congolese action was undoubtedly based on other long-run benefits deriving from carefully thought out plans for disposing of the new liabilities associated with the Congo operations since independence. Rumors in Brussels last May, for example, intimated that company officials were discussing even then a plan for "nationalization" with indemnification as a suitable way out. The increasing liabilities created by the Congolese demands for integration into the "national economy" and the poor economic health of the country in general had long ruffled the sober business sense of Belgian investors. Union Minière's statement December 23 claimed that had the new fiscal charges applied in 1966 been enforced in 1965, the net profit of 843 million Belgian francs would have been transformed into a loss of 778 million. Loss of income on the dual rate of currency exchange had also cut deeply into the company's rate of profit since 1963. Despite a period of rising production and high prices, the net profit per share for the last four years averaged only 49 francs compared to 274 francs in 1959.

Viewed over the long run, a serious adjustment not only seemed inevitable but very likely was desirable in Belgian opinion. While a "geographic division" of the companies' assets was probably the preferable solution,

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expropriation achieved many of the same goals. The Congolese would have to shoulder the tax load and the losses on currency exchange while the "sizable fraction" of the old company's external assets would be freed from the dangerous flywheel effect of Congolese shareholding that had disturbed the equilibrium of Belgian finance for years.

The presence of Sorensen and Floriot on the scene testifies to the international pressures influencing Union Minière's decision to renovate its ties with the Congo. French purchases of Congolese copper had mounted spectacularly in the first six months of 1966 until France was buying an estimated 40 per cent of the Congo's copper. Jean Nicault, head of the French mining mission in the Congo, stated flatly after the formation of the new Congolese company that "France is firmly decided to support the Congo in the present difficulties it is going through in the mining domain." After overtures from Foreign Minister Bomboko, representatives of the consortium organized by Banque Lambert, including the French metal fabricators Penarroya and an Anglo-American company, Rhodesian Selection Trust, flew to Kinshasa in mid-February as "observers" to report on the evolution of negotiations. While these companies denied any intent to force Union Minière out, their presence probably served to keep the Belgians "honest" in their talks with Congolese officials.

Belgium's competitors are not likely to risk the capital or the political repercussions to make a really clean sweep and take over Union Minière's operations. The real stakes generating these veiled bids are the country's vast unexploited mineral deposits which the Congolese, along with various Western interests, refuse to leave on private preserves forbidden to everyone except the Belgians. Belgian finance appears in this respect to be yielding to pressure for an international capitalization of the Congo's resources—comparable to the precedent set by France in encouraging consortium financing of the huge manganese deposits in Gabon, or the iron ore in Guinea and Mauritania. In adopting this policy France, too, was adjusting to the strain on its resources by sharing the cost of developing the most vital ore bodies.

President Mobutu's desire to create a viable "national economy" obviously runs counter to this trend toward the opening of the country's resources to unfettered capitalist powers. It would be a mistake, however, to interpret his present Open Door policy simply as a capitulation to Western powers or a sellout to American interests. As least temporarily, the effect has been to loosen the grip of Société Générale's financial empire on the country's economy. Rivalries among other Western powers vying for increased influence on or entry into the Congo market provide the Congolese with a breathing space within the interstices of the vast financial empires of the West. Viewing with a certain realism their limited resources for combating the nefarious behavior of these interests, the Congolese seem to be evolving a variation on the tactic of "nonalignment," using one mammoth power to offset another.

The United States tends to be the primary target of Belgian resentment at the Congo's manipulation of the

old American Open Door policy. United States Ambassador to Belgium, Ridgeway Knight, had to allay Belgian fears at the growth of American influence in a speech last year to the Cercle Royal Africain, whose members rank among the most influential Belgian interests in the Congo. "You can rest assured," he said, "that the United States has no secret designs or projects for seizing the Congo."

Actually, there does seem to be a swing of the pendulum away from the peak period of 1964-65 when U.S. military aid to the Congo was four times that of Belgium. And after momentarily replacing Belgium as the chief supplier of goods to the Congo in 1963, the United States has slipped lately in the face of surging competition from other European countries.

Bachir Ben Yachmid, the editor of the popular African magazine, *Jeune Afrique*, observed not so long ago that American intervention in the Congo was originally based on the theory that Lumumba's repudiation of Belgian hegemony had created a "vacuum," eyed enviously by the Soviet Union. Looked at through the kaleidoscope of 1960, the threat of Soviet intervention in the Congo, or later the artfully manipulated China scare, may indeed have appeared more substantial than the antagonisms among Western nations in guiding the formulation of American policy. Yet now when the dust has settled, the former seem too illusory to explain fully the motives behind this policy. After all, the architect of our containment policy, John Foster Dulles, once remarked: "The colonial system is obsolete and should be done away with as soon as possible." His militant anti-communism clearly went hand in hand with a "limited economic war" on the private spheres of influence formerly belonging to European powers.

American Congo policy will undoubtedly be overhauled along with the rest of our African policy once the State Department digests the Korry report on African affairs submitted to President Johnson last fall. Apparently the report describes the Congo situation as "dangerously fluid." Ambassador Godley's recall from Kinshasa in October reflected the growing apprehension with President Mobutu's policies long before the Union Minière crisis. Theodore Sorensen's voyage to the Congo, therefore, became the hinge on which American interests swung during the recent crisis.

The amelioration of the Congo's relations with neighboring African countries as the rebellion declined modestly enhances President Mobutu's position in these delicate maneuvers. Since the Nairobi conference of East African heads of state last April, his prestige in the crucial states adjoining the Congo has risen enormously. The threat of Tshombe's return has lessened considerably, especially in the light of complaints by a Belgian senator that the Belgian Government had denied three requests by Tshombe for a visa during the height of the Union Minière controversy. Mobutu's real test remains his handling of the strange bedfellows arguing his case against Union Minière. Should Washington and Brussels develop any concerted opposition to his policies, the tiny breathing space afforded by their rivalry could close on him like a vise.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'Losing Our Cool' — in Ghana

THE RISE AND FALL OF KWAME NKRUMAH: A Study of Personal Rule in Africa. By Henry L. Bretton. Frederick A. Praeger. 232 pp. \$5.95.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

Mr. O'Brien, former Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana, is now the Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at New York University. He is the author of *To Katanga and Back* (Simon & Schuster) and *Writers and Politics* (Pantheon).

"When Nkrumah"—says Professor Bretton in his preface—"admonished me to be 'intellectually honest' in my writings about Ghana, I decided there and then to oblige by writing a book addressed to the core problem of Ghana—namely Kwame Nkrumah and his political machine."

Henry Bretton is well qualified to undertake the task so rashly assigned to him by Ghana's Osagyefo. A professor of political science at the University of Michigan, he has devoted his main interest to Africa, especially West Africa, over the past ten years. His book, *Power and Stability in Nigeria*, published during the heyday of the Federation, at the time when the "successful progress" of that "great democratic experiment" was being most loudly heralded, went behind the façade of the Nigerian system and laid bare essential weaknesses in the structure itself. Subsequent events have demonstrated the validity of his analysis. Those—and there will be many—who will be angered by his harsh criticisms of Nkrumah's Ghana ought, before pronouncing any judgment on it, to read also his Nigerian book.

Bretton gathered materials for the present work in 1956—that is, before independence—and again in 1959 and 1962: his most extended stay was, however, in 1964-65, during the last period of Nkrumah's reign. I suspect he would have written a somewhat different book—not greatly different in substance but significantly so in tone and emphasis—had he not had the experience of living there at that particular time. I was in Ghana then—it was the last period of my three-year tenure at the University of Ghana—and as Bretton and I were both interested in the same phenomena, and undergoing their impact in similar ways, we often compared notes. When he visited the country briefly early in

1964, during a disturbed period for the university, I was struck by the air of almost clinical detachment with which he contemplated the busy scene (it was a time of mass demonstrations, arrests and deportations).

We were in some danger of losing our cool, but he as a political scientist seemed to look at the matter as a biologist might look at some particularly rich specimen of pond life. I remember him examining with eager curiosity some hitherto unclassified sub-variety of "Messianic Dedication" (a column devoted to extolling Nkrumah's leadership in Eric Heymann's *Evening News*), and myself being moved, rather absurdly, to protest: "Henry, that's our evening paper!" When, not long after, he joined as it were the denizens of the pond, his perspective necessarily altered somewhat; not that his method of investigation changed but that it was impossible, living in Ghana, reading its press, and listening to its radio, not to feel more strongly about the Messianic Dedication than those who read or heard about him from afar, through media with more varied interests, would be likely to do. At least one of Nkrumah's more sensitive non-African admirers resolved his dilemma by refusing either to read the local press or listen to the local radio. By this strategy, one got one's news when the air-mail edition of *The Times* reached Accra from London and one was therefore in a position to protest, in unsullied innocence, if that newspaper made allegations about any "cult of personality" in Ghana.

For Henry Bretton, as a political scientist, this resource of voluntary ignorance was not available. His book is, in my view, the better for his sojourn in Ghana, but the reader should be aware that in *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah* the accent is necessarily on the fall, because it was during the last and worst period of Nkrumah's rule that the author actually lived in Ghana—the period of most hysterical adulation, of most panicky and spendthrift administration, and of most general and heartfelt desire for an end of the regime. Similar considerations apply to my own comments; I find almost invariably that people who lived in Ghana at earlier phases than I

did are more gentle in their judgments on Nkrumah and his regime than I can be. The gentlest in their judgment, and the most enthusiastic are those who never lived in Ghana at all.

Bretton's book is in five main sections. In the first, "Background to Personal Rule," he gives proper weight to a factor often overlooked by most British and some other critics of Nkrumah's authoritarian regime. This is the fact that the colonial regime, whose levers of power Nkrumah inherited, was itself essentially authoritarian:

The colonial regime, beneath a thin veneer of democratic formalism, rested essentially on a highly centralized, hierarchical, authoritarian administration that was deliberately somewhat militaristic. As a matter of policy, the democratic content of the political system at home was not passed on to the subject peoples. It appears that a more or less determined effort was made, behind a smokescreen of constitutionality, to extend to the African successor regime not the heritage of the Westminster model of parliamentary democracy but the authoritarian features of the colonial administration.

This factor applied throughout colonial Africa, and it is hard to see how anyone can have seriously expected institutions of genuine parliamentary democracy to spring up overnight after independence, among people whose only experience of centralized, modern government was of an authoritarian system—and whose experience of traditional systems hinged on chiefs appointed by the authoritarian central government and subservient to it.

In section two, "Kwame Nkrumah: the Political Man," Bretton gives a general verdict which seems fair on Nkrumah's character and aspirations:

Kwame Nkrumah was a moderately capable, highly volatile and energetic, somewhat professional, somewhat amateurish leader. On public record, he was affable, readily forgiving, decidedly humane. Guiding his conduct, there was undoubtedly a strong desire to correct the injustices wrought by the colonial powers in Africa—and in particular upon his people—and a vision, albeit somewhat darkly seen, that he could, by creating a new society in Ghana, correct the social evils he believed to have been developed over a

thousand years of feudalism and capitalism. He undoubtedly had other virtues and probably no fewer than the normal share of weaknesses found in political leaders.

Some of the remarks in the same chapter on Nkrumah's political advisers seem to me less firmly grounded. In particular I think that the influence of Geoffrey Bing was more limited both in time and otherwise than the reader might infer from Bretton's references. In the final and worst period of Nkrumah's rule I have reason to believe that Mr. Bing wielded little or no influence. I believe also that his influence latterly tended to be on the side of restraint—and that is why it waned. Dr. Alan Nunn May (also mentioned as an adviser) had little or no influence, at least in the last period—being compromised in Nkrumah's eyes by his refusal to abet the "take-over" plans for the university.

In the same section Bretton mentions the attempts on Nkrumah's life and notes that these "did not emanate only from domestic sources." He mentions "neighbouring countries"—whose governments did indeed have reason to dislike Nkrumah—and he says that Nkrumah was "positively obsessed by fear of the Central Intelligence Agency." Now I am not one of those who believe that the CIA was responsible for Nkrumah's fall—I agree with Bretton that the domestic reasons for that were so ample as to make an external hypothesis superfluous—but I cannot feel that the word "obsessed" is the *mot juste* here. It suggests that preoccupation with the activities of this agency was irrational, an *idée fixe*. I cannot see that it was irrational. He knew that the CIA was active in Ghana, and also that it had played a significant part in the downfall, and perhaps in the deaths, of other leaders in Africa and Asia; he did not know what it was doing in Ghana or what it intended, or whether anyone else knew what it was doing or what it intended; he did know that from time to time people threw grenades or fired shots in his direction. In the circumstances it seems to me that his preoccupation with the workings of this agency was one of the less whimsical elements in his make-up.

The third and fourth sections are entitled "Building the Political Machine." The choice of the word "machine" instead of "party" is not fortuitous; one of the author's main points is that there really was no party—no entity with a collective will of its own—but only a machine which, under the outward ap-

pearance of a party, served to proclaim and help carry out whatever the leader might wish. Here and in his footnotes, Bretton has some scathing comments on certain academic writers who took the "mass-mobilization" Convention People's Party at its face value. His remarks are certainly justified, for the final years of the Nkrumah regime, and possibly for the earlier years also; there are, however, those who claim that the concept of "the party" as something of a force in itself had validity in earlier years, especially before independence, and that the condition which Bretton accurately describes was reached only late, and by a long process of degeneration, in which the purging of Nkrumah's most able collaborator, Gbedemah, played a decisive part. If this is so—and I think a reasonable case for it can be made—then the academic writers at whom Bretton snipes—David Apter is one of them—are not so wide of the mark as he suggests; they were, after all, writing from the perspective of an earlier point of time, with the confident morning of the movement more clearly in sight, and without prevision of its shady close.

In the fourth section Bretton cites some of the revelations about the corruption of Nkrumah and his regime, and in particular the charge that Nkrumah, in addition to amounts deposited for him in Ghana and abroad, owned extensive real estate holdings and commercial property worth "several million pounds." It may well be so; certainly Ayeh-Kumi's role, as "financial adviser to the President," his intense activity in that capacity and obvious closeness to the seat of power, his enthusiasm for raising large sums of money at high interest rates and short repayment periods from independent foreign capitalists (a characteristic of which I had direct experience in connection with the ill-fated Ghana Medical School) were among the incongruous phenomena of scientific socialism in its Nkrumahist development.

It is impossible to say whether the "Socialist" regime in Ghana was more or less corrupt than the "democratic" one in Nigeria; here—as in other, more rhetorical domains—there was earnest competition between the two systems. As regards the extent of Nkrumah's personal enrichment, however, I think the post-coup revelations of Ayeh-Kumi and others should be treated with some reserve. They were, after all, in the hands of Nkrumah's enemies; they were open to grave charges themselves, as Nkrumah's close, and in some cases most

detested, associates; they had every incentive to maximize Nkrumah's ill-gotten gains, if they were to have any hope of eventually enjoying any part of their own. I doubt whether Nkrumah is now a very wealthy man. Vast sums undoubtedly passed through his hands, but he was a generous man—"princely" in many ways, including the old-fashioned sense of bestowing lavish gifts on friends, mistresses, courtiers, servants, philosophers and soothsayers. Tshombe, a more modern figure, makes a wealthier exile, as the contrast between Madrid and Conakry would suggest.

In the same section Bretton has a number of sound and acid judgments on a body of men who, in the opinion of some outside commentators—and sometimes in their own heated imaginations—manipulated Nkrumah from behind the scenes:

It is hard to imagine a weaker group, a group more dependent on one leader for its very survival than the vaunted Ghanaian Left.

What members of the Left had been able to do, and with reasonable success, was to provide Nkrumah with sets of rationales—literally so in *Consciencism*—that he could use to cloak the old-fashioned, garden-variety political machine in ideologically respectable garments. . . .

If the Leader commanded "turn left," one followed. If he commanded the opposite, one followed also. For whatever Nkrumah wanted was, by definition, correct ideology. It was Nkrumahism.

In section five, "The Final Year," Bretton is dealing with phenomena to which he was able to give close and continuous on-the-spot scrutiny; this section is the strongest in the book, containing a number of grim, succinct and well-founded verdicts on the last phase of Nkrumahism. On economic planning:

Thus, long-range considerations of personnel, manpower recruitment, and resource planning were regularly thrown to the winds, increasingly so toward the end as a result of mounting economic pressure. Such subtle essentials of planning as phasing—the inner logic governing each plan segment and dictating specific courses of action and prescribing appropriate administration machinery—were regularly overridden by *ad hoc*, spur-of-the-moment decisions. These decisions, as likely as not emerging from a . . . conference between Nkrumah and his Minister of Finance or a high-pressure salesman from one of the more highly industrialized countries, would change budget estimates, reallocate expenditures, transfer functions from one Ministry to another, change intra- and inter-agency alloca-

tions at will. Major policy changes were made in this fashion regardless of provisions in the annual or long-range plans, frequently based on no research or systematic consultation whatsoever and disregarding the wholly subordinate, decorative planning, state control, and audit agencies and commissions. Nebulous projects, such as "continent planning" in the case of the 1965 budget, were allowed to influence changes in the estimates, including allocation of actual working capital to "basic-industry construction" although none of the existing plans had made provision for that at this stage.

And this on the Parliament and investigations into corruption, etc.:

On the very few occasions when some kind of action was taken in response to major criticism first voiced on the floor of the Assembly, it was certain that a number of conditions had first been met: (1) an abuse had been uncovered that benefited a person or persons other than the President or anyone favored by the President; (2) a need had been established for a public scape-goat in order to divert public attention from a major flaw in administration; and (3) the co-operation of the President had been secured to stage the appropriate debate, to allow a motion of censure to be introduced, and to allow the press to publish the names of the hapless culprits.

Section six, "Evaluation: The Effects of Personal Rule," and with it the Epilogue seem to me looser and more miscellaneous, incorporating some more sweeping and, to my mind, more doubtful judgments. I see little reason to believe that Nkrumah "was actually delivering Ghana into the economic, political and military grip of either one or both of the Communist powers." The only solid reality here seems to me to be the Russian-trained Presidential guard, representing perhaps a rather faintly potential "military grip." Politically, Ghana remained, as Bretton's book amply shows, in the personal grip of Kwame Nkrumah, who most certainly had no intention of relinquishing this grip for anyone. Economically, Ghana was not in the grip of anyone at all, not even its own government, and certainly not in that of the exporters of Bull's Blood and canned lychees. And how could any government, with the most sinister will in the world, deliver a country into the grip of both Russia and China in 1965, 1966 or the foreseeable future?

In this part of the book Bretton also gives the regime credit—belatedly but not ungenerously—for its constructive economic achievements:

By general consensus, the principal monument to Nkrumah's drive, energy, and vision is the Volta River project at Akosombo, with its diverse and far-reaching benefits—its production of hydro-electric power and its potential for creating further industrialization, new sources of internal commerce, and new means of internal transportation. The project could eventually free millions of Ghanaians from the bonds of poverty and ignorance.

He goes on to praise it also for its remarkable achievement in the expansion of education at every level. He hardly gives Nkrumah due credit however for what may prove his most lasting achievement: his contribution to nation building. His personality and style of leadership were such that the responses to him, both favorable and unfavorable, cut right across tribal lines. These responses developed in such a way that it can be said with truth that in the beginning he united most of Ghana behind him and in the end he united most of Ghana against him. He left Ghana with very great problems but he also left it with a greater sense of national unity and purpose than has been achieved anywhere else in tropical Africa. This was not all Nkrumah's doing, and not all of Nkrumah's contribution to it was voluntary, but he nonetheless played a significant part in the

process of converting a unit with arbitrary boundaries into a nation.

Those who want to know "what went wrong in Ghana" could not do better than read *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah*. Subject to certain queries, most of which I have tried to indicate, it is an acute and valid piece of political pathology. Yet reading it I found myself saying not "it wasn't as bad as all that"—because it was—but "it wasn't as bad as this would make you think it was if you read this and hadn't been there."

There was and there remains in the Ghanaian character an elastic, astute power of adjustment, good-humored in appearance, and also (but in a somewhat different way) good-humored in substance. Influenced by this characteristic, the actual workings of the dictatorship were never as horrendous as the zeal of its own press sought to suggest. Bretton himself notes that the record is unstained by any political execution; this notable achievement is symptomatic of much else, distinguishing this regime from the savage dictatorships of Europe. Under Kwame Nkrumah this gifted, cautious, courteous people underwent the first—expensive but effective—phase of its political education. The second phase is now in progress. I look forward to reading, in due course, an interim report on it by Professor Bretton.

A Talk With Doris Lessing

FLORENCE HOWE

On leave from Goucher College, where she teaches English, Miss Howe conducted an interview with Miss Lessing in October, 1966. What follows are excerpted portions of the interview. Doris Lessing, born in Rhodesia, is the author of novels, short stories and personal accounts of life in Africa and England, where she has lived for the last sixteen years. Among her many works are the 4-volume novel series, Children of Violence and The Golden Notebook (both Simon & Schuster).

My father, by white terms, was poor. . . . But he had 3,000 acres of land. He paid 10 bob an acre for it, and this was land off which Africans had been thrown—into reserves. . . . After the Second World War, they did this all again. And for all I know, they're doing it now, this very minute. They "opened up an area to white occupation," as they call it, and the whites coming back from the war got it, and I think it cost 5 bob an acre. Maybe it was 10. The white farmer is given a whopping big

loan from the land bank, and he's in business. My father employed, depending on the season, anywhere between forty to sixty Africans, and an adult male was paid 12/6 a month, which is what, \$1.50? The African is given a day to build himself a hut in the compound. He'll dig a trench, cut some logs, put in the logs, throw some mud on the logs, put some thatch on top of that, and in that he will live. There's no sanitation. A great many farms are like this, as I speak. I'm not talking about vanished conditions.

Since I came to England—I've been here for sixteen years—the whole attitude has changed about color—in two ways. When I came, South Africa hardly existed except for a tiny group of left wingers who went on about it. Now it's in everybody's consciousness. Nobody ever heard of Rhodesia—it didn't exist. Now there's a kind of political consciousness that is new. And the other thing, very strong, is a color prejudice in this country—in England—that hasn't

begun to really show. I think we're going to be appalled when it shows. . . .

Prejudice is very deep in this country, anti-Semitism and anti-color. But you'll find middle-class people with exactly the same prejudices, using careful language but showing it, whereas working-class people are likely to come out with it. And I prefer that. I prefer it "out" to a kind of hidden language, because people these days who will use language to conceal what they really feel are likely to be concealing it from themselves as well, and that is frightening. It's much more frightening than someone in the open, someone who says, "I'd like to bash those niggers if they take my job," something straightforward about that.

What about Vietnam?

I can't say anything about Vietnam except a sense of despair, really. Can one really see this ending? Nobody wants to end it fast, except the Vietnamese. I don't know what's the matter with us. What struck me recently is that somewhere buried in me is a foolish idealist that believes that people must be ashamed of behaving badly. Then I read about white people beating up black children, and not being ashamed of it. Almost as if there's a permanent boil in the human soul.

Do you find it difficult to write?

Actually I'm too prolific. But I agree with Virginia Woolf that everybody should have a private income—what was it, £500 a year? Five hundred a year would have made all the difference to my life. Even now.

Why do you consider The Golden Notebook a failure?

The Golden Notebook was an extremely carefully constructed book. And the way it's constructed says what the book is about—which very few people have understood. . . . What *The Golden Notebook* is taken to be by practically everyone is a latter-day feminism. What I was doing is this: I was thinking about the kind of ideas we take for granted . . . a complex of ideas which could be described as Left—and which were born with the French Revolution. And they're all to do with freedom. They are revolutionary ideas that are no longer revolutionary and have been absorbed into the fabric of how we live. And they're ideas that fit together in a system, broadly speaking, nonreligious in the old sense, and have to do with the individual in relation to his society and the rights of the individual. Which is a new idea and we don't realize how new it is. We take it *absolutely for granted*. Three hundred years ago it

wouldn't have been taken for granted. And in parts of the world now it wouldn't be—they'd just look at you and not know what you were talking about. But we take it for granted. . . .

There was a time in my life when I was a member of a Communist group which was pure—they had no contact with any kind of reality. It must have been blessed by Lenin from his grave, it was so pure. The thing was, if we had been in any other part of the world, where in fact there was a Communist party, the beautiful purity of the ideas that we were trying to operate couldn't have worked. I found this when I came to England and had a short association with the British Communist Party.

Was this in Rhodesia?

Well, the point was there was no Communist party in Rhodesia. And for a period of about three years, a group of enormously idealistic and mostly extremely intellectual people created a Communist party in a vacuum which no existing Communist party anywhere in the world would have recognized as such. But you see, this experience is not so way out as one might think, because if you talk to other Communists—communism isn't one thing; it varies from country to country—you find that's what left-wing movements have in common, I think, and this is true not only of the Communist Party, but certainly true of left-wing labor: one is always living in a state of embattled ideas. In fact, *nothing is taken for granted*. . . .

I thought that if I wrote a book about the kind of experiences that people I knew had had, I would in fact be writing a book about the kind of ideas people were having—almost as a record. I wrote from inside a woman's viewpoint, naturally, since I am one. Ideas about equality of women and so on. Inside any left-wing group I've been a member of—these ideas are always there, being debated in one way or another and fought out in private relationships. But they are the ideas you would find in the *Sunday Times Supplement* in a cruder form—they're the same ideas. What I'm trying to say is that the left-wing idea is not left wing at all. Because it always has to do with the individual, the rights of. Rights. Fair play. Justice. When *The Golden Notebook* came out, I was astonished that people got so emotional about that book, one way or another. They didn't bother to see, even to look at, how it was shaped. I could mention a dozen books by male authors in which the attitudes to women are the obverse, mirror attitudes, of the attitudes to men in *The Golden Notebook*. But no one would say that these men are

anti-women. They would say—I don't know—this man has a problem or he's screwed up, or something. Because after all, deep problems very often are expressed through sex. But I articulated the same things from a female point of view, and this is what was interesting. It was taken as a kind of banner.

In the last generation women have become what is known as free. And I don't want to get into an argument about how free they are—that's not the point. The point is they're still fighting battles to get free—and rightly. And men are still—some men, you know—some men resist it. But what is interesting, what interests me—what interests me in that book—was, in fact, the ideas. And they still interest me because you have to be apart, a little bit, from an idea before you can see it, even in association with another one. What I'm trying to say is that it was a detached book. It was a failure, of course, for if it had been a success, then people wouldn't get so damned emotional when I didn't want them to be. . . .

Women will say to one another in conversation, or to their own private man, something they'd never dream of saying publicly for fear of being called anti-feminine or anti-male. The relationship between the sexes everywhere, not just in Western society, is so much of a melting pot. It's like the color bar—all kinds of emotions that don't belong get sucked in. You know, I'm convinced that all sorts of emotions that have nothing to do with color get associated around the color bar. Similarly with men and women, any sort of loaded point sucks in anger or fear. . . . I don't think we understand nearly as much as we think we understand about what goes on.

You know, the Free Women section in *The Golden Notebook*—the envelope—I was really trying to express my sense of despair about writing a conventional novel in that. Actually that is an absolutely whole conventional novel, and the rest of the book is the material that went into making it. One of the things I was saying was: Well, look, this is a conventional novel. God knows, I write them myself and doubtless will again. One has this feeling after writing a novel. There it is: 120,000 words; it's got a nice shape and the reviewers will say this and that. And the bloody complexity that went into it. And it's always a lie. And the terrible despair. So you've written a good novel or a moderate novel, but what does it actually say about what you've actually experienced? The truth is—absolutely nothing. Because you can't. I don't know what one does about

novels. I shall write volume 5 [of *Children of Violence*] with my usual enthusiasm. I know perfectly well that when I've finished it I shall think, Christ, what a lie. Because you can't get life into it—that's all there is to it—no matter how hard you try.

And you think you have in *The Golden Notebook*, in the non-novel sections?

Well, at least I think it's more truthful

because it's more complex. People are like other people. I mean, I don't think we are as extraordinary as we like to think we are. We are more like other people than we would wish to believe. The same people occur again and again in our lives. Situations do. And any moment of time is so complicated. I like *The Golden Notebook* even though I believe it to be a failure, because it at least hints at complexity.

The Color of Want

THE RACE WAR: The World-Wide Clash of White and Non-White. By Ronald Segal. The Viking Press. 416 pp. \$6.50.

NADINE GORDIMER

Miss Gordimer is a South African novelist. Her most recent book is *The Late Bourgeois World* (Viking).

There have been good books about the problems of Africa and good books about the Troubles in the United States and good books about China's one revolution and South and Central America's many, and there have been writers who have followed some of the lines of blood relationship between these problems and peoples. But no one has used, quite as Ronald Segal does, the wide-angle lens of intellectual courage to bring them all under our scrutiny at once, in a bold thesis of their essential oneness. Mr. Segal has brought together historical and psychological facts that any honest intelligence must have long accepted when they were suitably fragmented—presented as pertaining to this country or that period—but whose falling into place across continents and centuries with such awful inevitability one may have failed or, more likely, refused to recognize.

Even those of us who live in centers of racial conflict like to think that, unlike ourselves, not everyone has his nose in the dirt; over the horizon there are other preoccupations, other threats. We like to believe that the ugliness of our own situation shrinks in importance, from the perspective of a world's-eye view. This book strips away that unhealthy comfort. Mr. Segal shows that race conflict, criss-crossing national boundaries, is the preoccupation of mankind and that a race war, already engaged in many parts of the world, both openly and under the guise of other principles, is mankind's greatest danger. From a brilliantly sustained analysis, scrupulously documented, which follows

the confrontation of colored and white through chapters on "The Black World of Africa," "The Coloured World of Southern America," "The White World of the United States," "The White World of London and Moscow" and "The Yellow World of China," he produces a deadly convincing argument.

Ronald Segal's book is addressed to the white world. He writes as a radical and, demonstrably, as such he is the only kind of writer equal to this subject. For it is plain from the long history of white rejection of colored and the new, growing history of colored rejection of white, that the shuffle of hard-won concessions toward humanity has simply brought colored and white full circle, face to face with hate. We cannot hope to free ourselves unless the white world is prepared to cut loose, to the bone, from the rotting tangle of failed good intentions as well as the leg irons of oppression.

How likely is a race war? A war where color reaches out to make common cause with color across national loyalties and boundaries?

Segal gives the grim facts of the world-wide correspondence of color and poverty. Street by street and country by country, the haves are white (Japan is the single exception) and the have-nots are black, brown or yellow, and in the massive majority—70 per cent of the world's population live in want, almost all of them colored. The disaffections of the color bar and the disaffections of poverty run together, so that in actuality the people of Malawi, in Central Africa, with its per capita annual income of £12/10 (about \$3), have more in common with the hungry peasants of distant South America or Mao's peasants than with the people of a fellow member of the British Commonwealth, Canada, with a per capita annual income of £570 (about \$1,600). If the British Commonwealth is a "family," the poor relations are black, just as in

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the United States the "affluent society" stops short of the Negro ghettos—or, indeed, moves out, taking its benefits with it, where Negroes move in. *Hunger of the stomach . . . hunger for liberty, hunger for work and hunger for a little culture* (Enrique Obregón Valverde, as quoted in J. Halcro Ferguson's *Latin America*)—these hungers of the dispossessed are shared by Jamaicans, Botswanas, Indians, Congolese, Vietnamese, Ghanaians, Argentinians, Chinese, and millions more. So is color. Segal shows how awareness of common cause against the white world has grown and is growing, born of despair and pride.

The white man took the black man from Africa and spread him across half the world, but there he remained an underling and interloper; the white man penetrated the black man's environment in Africa, used its resources overwhelmingly to white advantage, and made himself master of the black man in the black man's home. Segal's "Black World of Africa" chapter follows the white man through his successive guises there as slave trader, colonist, governor and settler and, finally, disburser of post-independence loans or stay-put defender of white supremacy; and the African as slave, voteless laborer, politician and/or revolutionary and, finally, citizen of one of the independent black states or noncitizen under white minority rule in Rhodesia, South Africa and the Portuguese territories. "The Coloured World of Southern America" (a term the author uses to encompass English-speaking countries like Jamaica, along with the Latin American countries, including those of Central America, and Mexico) follows the habituation of the African slave, through admixtures of

blood reflecting the overlordship of various masters, Spanish, Portuguese and French, to the status of peon, at best exchanging through numerous revolutions which achieved little else, one *caudillo* (boss)—a shade or two whiter than the peon himself—for the other. "The White World of the United States" follows the black slave every step of the way from the cotton fields to the civil rights march on Washington, the Los Angeles riots, and the door of Elijah Muhammad. "The White World of London and Moscow" records the reception of the poor relations of the Commonwealth when, from the West Indies, India and Pakistan, they came home to mother, and the experience of colored people who reached out hopefully for a white hand that had had no association with the colonial past.

The blacks in the Diaspora lost, in white dominance, their native tongues, their history, their religions and traditional social structures. The Negro at home in Africa saw all these reviled, laughed at and debased. Now and then, in response to visionaries among them like Marcus Garvey, Negroes abroad turned their heads to Africa; but what, for centuries, was there to identify with but the shame of running to answer when the white man called "Nigger"?

The American Negro's identification with Africa as the continent that has thrown off the white man's rule has grown in proportion to the Negro's disillusion with white America. The emergence of Ghana in 1957 as an African state with its destiny in its own hands was an occasion for pride that crossed seas, as the slaves had done before it, and was claimed by others who shared a common ancestry of color with the Ghanaians. At the same time, Segal points out how Castro's Cuba, seen as

the successful overthrow of white economic domination by a mixed population with an emphasis on racial integration, has become an inspiration not only to the colored peoples of South America from Brazil to Jamaica but also among the Negroes of the United States. Neither is this identification without reciprocation; he reminds us that Castro stayed at the Hotel Theresa in Harlem when he came to the United Nations in 1960.

As with new-found pride, so with the anger generated by despair. The Africans shot by white South African police at Sharpeville, like the American Negro victims of the Birmingham Sunday bombing, have become the martyrs of a world whose frontiers are not those of South Africa or the Deep South but of color. Lumumba's murder meant the same to colored men in Johannesburg, Harlem or Accra: the murder of black aspiration for white greed. And if the O.A.U. passes resolutions condemning the apartheid regime in South Africa and Smith's rebel Rhodesia without having the power to intervene in either, the fact remains that the existence of the South African and Rhodesian regimes is felt by the whole colored world as a humiliation for which, by the same token, the whole white world has become answerable.

It will be argued that the years that have seen the magnetic coherence of the fragmented Negro identity have also seen the first real emancipation of his condition since the abolition of slavery. Most of Africa is black independent; civil rights legislation at last has been validated in the United States; by extension of the brotherhood of color, the Arab victory over the French in Algeria is a common one—indeed, does not the life of Fanon, Negro descendant of a Martinique slave who went to Algeria to become a participant in and prophet of the F.L.N. struggle, symbolize this? On the face of it, the black man would seem to be coming into his own.

Much of this remarkable book is concerned with demonstrating that this is not so, and why. With encyclopedic knowledge, rare intelligence, and a controlled urgency before which the most closed of minds surely cannot help but unclench, Segal shows that the battle for Negro human rights in the United States has *not* been won by the granting of constitutional liberty and the legislation to enforce it, and accuses the United States Government of failing to bring about that enforcement where "wide wastelands of intransigence re-

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main." As for the new multitude of Negro voters themselves, "... their poverty is so profound ... that an enormous investment of resources ... is required to rescue them."

But the most serious charge laid at America's door in her now prolonged confrontation with the colored world in general, and South America and Asia in particular, is America's refusal to countenance revolution because she equates it with communism. Segal calls this "obsession" with communism "dangerously irrelevant": "In the end this refusal to countenance revolution simply advances the prospects of racial struggle, for it perpetuates the economic inequalities, the national poverty and the resentment at white domination in the present and the past that produce the colored consensus of rebellion. And should the West and the Soviet Union really reach an agreement to police the world together, as an alliance of white communism and white capitalism to control unrest, it will increase, not diminish, the possibilities of race war." In Africa, America, along with Britain and the other former colonial powers, has shown itself less concerned with the freedom of peoples than with the stability of regimes where white investment lies.

Segal examines in detail how the Soviet Union, whose "very existence" was once an "implied, occasionally explicit, restraint on Western actions" has also declined in prestige among Africa's peoples. Africans visiting the West during the days of colonial insurrection were disappointed with the policies of Western Communists—for example, the "political acrobatics" of the American C.P. on the color question. Then, in the full flush of independence, African students met with racial discrimination

in the Soviet Union. And to colored people the conduct of the Communist bloc at the United Nations "has increasingly reflected a closer concern with great-power interests than with fortifying an independent authority which the coloured states ... might gradually direct to their benefit." But since the Bandung Conference of 1955, when the Soviet Union was excluded despite its claim to be an Asian as well as a European state, and China won acceptance "as a coloured state rather than a communist one," the Soviet Union has had a competitor for Communist and revolutionary influence—which, Segal again and again stresses, are not necessarily the same thing. China has the inescapable advantage of color. And now, of course, in the Sino-Soviet split, the world's forces are being realigned along the lines of color, across those of ideology. More and more, the colored peoples see the Soviet Union, despite her 20 per cent nonwhite population, as part of the white world, the Other Side. The idea of white communism and white capitalism "policing the world together" is not inconceivable.

China and the Chinese Revolution loom large in this book (clinically critical as it is of both Communist and capitalist societies), not as the Yellow Peril of the West and the Soviet Union—but as perhaps the only example of achieved full-scale social change with which the colored world can identify itself. The peoples of that world may not want a Communist revolution; what Segal pleads for is the West's recognition that *revolutionary change* is inevitable to transform these societies "now aligned only with poverty and despair." Segal's book is indispensable to a consideration of the implications of color in human society.

Africans and Afrikaners

RUN FOR THE TREES. By James S. Rand. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 398 pp. \$5.95.

ROGUE OF THE AFRICAN NIGHT. By Harold Beaver. Dodd, Mead & Co. 218 pp. \$4.

CHARLES R. LARSON

Mr. Larson teaches African studies at American University in Washington, D. C.

Though many African writers have entered the world literary scene in the last dozen or fifteen years, here in the United States publishers are still more

apt to publish a gutsy novel about Africa by a non-African, whose knowledge of the continent may be hardly more than vicarious, than take the risk of publishing a novel by an African. Two recent novels about Africa—James S. Rand's *Run for the Trees* and Harold Beaver's *Rogue of the African Night*—will easily deepen the stereotyped view most American readers already have about Africa and Africans. Both were written by Englishmen who have had some firsthand experience living in Africa.

James S. Rand's *Run for the Trees* is a particularly bad novel in any terms

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—not just a particularly bad novel about Africa. What little plot there is has been summarized by the publisher who calls *Run for the Trees* "the story of a man who wrested his part of Africa from the savages—both men and beasts—and believed that it belonged to him." The setting is Voortrekker land in the Union of South Africa about 1918. George Miller, a Scotsman, saves the life of Piet Van Zyl—an Afrikaner—and for the next 350 pages these two insatiable Paul Bunyans fight, drink, fornicate, kidnap native women, observe the mating habits of rhinoceros, attend native fertility rites, hunt crocodiles, and kill hundreds and hundreds of lions and leopards.

For good measure Rand has mixed in a few of the more widely accepted African stereotypes. He tells us—over and over again—that Van Zyl is humanitarian toward his African workers and especially the women in his harem—about thirty mulattoes, one Norwegian, one Oriental, and two eunuchs. If the reader thinks Van Zyl is treating his Africans badly, Rand reminds him of the American white man and how he treated his slaves before the Civil War. But the reader knows the Africans love Van Zyl. They call him Bwana. And Rand, in his foreword to *Run for the Trees*, reassures us that his novel is based on "historic truth."

Harold Beaver's *Rogue of the African Night* is a much better novel than Rand's. Beaver's theme—as well as his rogue—is the contemporary alienated African. Unfortunately, there have been too many novels about alienated Africans—including good novels—from Joyce Cary's masterpiece, *Mister Johnson*, to Peter Abraham's *Mine Boy*. Indeed, with *Rogue of the African Night* it appears as if Beaver had read all the African novels available and then created his own composite African character.

Jotham Simiyu, Beaver's alienated hero, is placed in a series of picaresque situations which have been used by half a dozen other writers of African fiction. (Jotham's father is dead; his mother has run off to Nairobi; Jotham goes from schoolboy, to clerk in an Indian shop, to house boy, to tutor, to safari guide, to agriculture officer, to preacher and politician.) It is an old story but worth one more retelling. At the beginning of the book, "editor" Beaver tells in an introduction how he discovered twelve school exercise books in which Jotham recorded the story of his life. (This attempt at verisimilitude has also been used before—more ef-

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automatically,
by hand.
It's the moon that's
on his mind, gentlemen —
the stars, the
ladies turning over
one more time
to show their lips,
their honest
hips,
to whisper
in their sleep
you're doing fine,
roofer.*

GARY GILDNER

fectively—in *Une Vie de boy* by Camerounian writer Ferdinand Oyono.) This is followed by a letter from Reuben Gold, an education officer who supposedly once taught Jotham in school. The alienation theme is articulated by Gold who writes of his former pupil: "Above all, he is preoccupied with his own identity—family identity (lost), clan identity (half-assimilated), tribal identity (confused), eventually trying to find in politics a mass identity (of African Nationalism). . . ." That's quite a bit for one book.

Yet Beaver's novel has merit. He has done a first-rate job of catching and recording African idiom—proverbs, aphorisms, myths, etc. And Beaver has created—and here again this is reminiscent of Cary's *Mister Johnson*—some highly comic and quaintly touching scenes.

But to really learn about Africa, we must return to the genuine—the works written by Africans. I am not making the claim that a novel by an African is automatically better than one by a non-African. (Cary's *Mister Johnson* is still the best novel about Africa written by anyone.) African writers can be equally guilty of stereotyping and overworking an idea. But something new has been happening to African fiction in the past two or three years. African writers are exploring new themes, attempting new forms, and writing some of the most exciting fiction during the brief fifteen- or twenty-year span of the contemporary African novel. Let me end by briefly commenting on three novels which were published in England last year:

Efuru, by Flora Nwapa, was the first novel written by a woman from a tropical African country, and the first completely developed portrayal of a woman in African fiction. Flora Nwapa, an Ibo from Eastern Nigeria, tells the story of Efuru whose conflicts are contained within her own womanliness and her traditional culture. The story is simple, yet idyllic and beautiful, worth its weight in gold for what it tells us of the rapidly changing place of women in Ibo society. A particularly impressive novel is Lenrie Peters' *The Second Round*, a story about a young African doctor in Freetown. And *On Trial for My Country* (all published by Heinemann) by Rhodesian writer Stanlake Samkange, a historical novel in its conception, illustrates the conflict between Cecil Rhodes and Lobengula, the Matabele King, and the white man's scramble for East and Central Africa. [See also Robert Green in *The Nation* (October 11, 1965): "The Clashing Old and New," an essay discussing the works of Chinua Achebe, Mongo Beti, Wole Soyinka, Amos Tutuola and Camera Laye; and *The Nation* (April 18, 1966): Robert Green's review of Chinua Achebe's fourth novel, *A Man of the People*.]

These are all closer to the African truth and its universality than the books by Rand and Beaver.

THEATRE HAROLD CLURMAN

I recommend Shakespeare! It is true that in many performances he is rendered almost as foolish as the less imposing dramatists encountered in a season of Broadway playgoing. But there is never a time that we can't get something out of the mighty and much abused Bard. If nothing else, seeing and hearing Shakespeare (when we do hear him) recalls the height and scope that writing for the theatre may achieve.

The latest Shakespeare comes to us from the Bristol Old Vic, whose productions of *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, now at the City Center, will tour the country and continent, ending at Montreal in June. The Bristol Old Vic, of which the fixed habitat is the beautiful old Theatre Royal in that city, is one of Britain's six nationally subsidized theatres. It should be noted in passing that the population of Bristol is less than half a million.

The company also runs a theatre for "experimental" productions and conducts a school. "The most important part of

the company's policy," the playbill states, "is to build up a permanent ensemble of actors who form a group which stays together long enough to develop a distinctive style. . . . Plays by Brecht, Anouilh, Dürrenmatt and Frisch rub shoulders with Shakespeare."

I shall not attempt to pass judgment on the company on the basis of the first two productions alone (I have not yet seen *Juliet*). The daily press has received them cordially, and perhaps this is deserved, since the less versatile and vigorous A.P.A. is reputed to be "The Best Repertory Company We Possess."

Measure for Measure and *Hamlet* were well staged in what is usually called the traditional style (the first by Tyrone Guthrie, the second by Val May, the company's general director). The actors speak well and make sense. The voices are generally good, so trained as to make nearly all of them sound alike. They bear a standard intonation that holds the right of way from Stratford in central England to Bristol in its southwest. The impression made is that of a first-rate stock company.

I was glad of the opportunity to see

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Measure for Measure again: that "unpleasant" and somewhat ambiguous comedy in which the "hero" is the Duke (whom I regard as the villain), and in which the severely righteous Angelo distraught with lust is the villain (whom I regard as the Duke's chief victim). The "heroine," Isabella, would rather see her brother beheaded than sacrifice her chaste treasure to save him; her brother would rather she made the sacrifice than die, and everyone is willy-nilly forced to marry whomever the Duke orders into nuptial bliss.

This is the sour Shakespeare on his way to majestic pessimism. Very interesting, except that one would like to see the play interpreted, that is, given a point of view, instead of being presented blandly at its confusing face value. As for *Hamlet*—well, it's *Hamlet*, done better than many I've seen but without the impress of a special, a revealing insight.

What these productions made me think of most is the constant discussion of why we in America don't have our own important Shakespeare productions, the kind that might be taken as seriously as the Hopkins-Jones-Barrymore *Hamlet* way back in the twenties, productions of which our reviewers might

be as respectful as they seem to be of the present Bristol Old Vic season.

The critical consensus is that our actors do not know how to speak Shakespeare, that they do not command the "manner." After long and patient reflection I have come to the conclusion that this is sheer rot. Any moderately educated young man or woman, given three years of insistent training with a proper guide (of which there are several among us), can learn to speak Shakespeare and acquire the "manner." The problem is to act Shakespeare.

It is because we think of playing Shakespeare chiefly as a matter of voice and speech, and because we harbor an altogether external idea of what constitutes style, that most Shakespeare production for years has been so crucially uninteresting. It is also because of this that the Shakespeare I have found most arresting as theatre, rather than as an exercise in conventional elocution, has been in foreign languages. Lest this be thought a personal whim or extravagance, I report that Gordon Craig assured me that *King Lear* at the Jewish Chamber Theatre in Moscow (1935) was the best production of Shakespeare he had even seen.

Certainly Shakespeare must be magnificently spoken. (Does this mean that contemporary dramatists should be badly spoken?) But good, elegant or virile speech alone does not produce a satisfactory Shakespeare. That is mere reading. Nor will an interpretation that is little more than what an informed college instructor might impart to his students suffice.

Shakespeare requires, apart from

proper diction and an understanding of Elizabethan prosody, original imagination, loftiness of thought, boldness of conception, extremes of sensibility and passion from utmost lyric delicacy to that impetuosity, that wildness, grandeur and volcanic intensity which are the marks of Shakespeare's writing.

This is acknowledged today in England itself. The early 19th-century romanticism that had deteriorated into a form of genteel declamation—spiced by occasional bursts of temperament or vocal crescendos which many still think of as the "tradition"—is no longer acceptable. Recent productions of the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford and in London follow a new line. Very often this results in a deflation and a reduction of Shakespeare in an astringent reaction to the grandiose, as in the Brook-Scofield *Lear*, which, though mistaken, certainly possessed its own particular truth.

There is at the very least a freshness in these new productions. They make us watch and listen anew, query and debate, instead of making the greatest dramatist in English sound like a classic-by-rote, a museum piece or a monument we are sufficiently civilized to appreciate without effort and without the excitement, the throb of individual reaction which attends contact with a vital experience.

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*Mother, when I was eight, I lied,
Stole money from your purse and the maid.
I poured my haemoglobin down the sink and had
Horrible headaches. You know all that.
Grandfather lay snoring like a bear
In remote, nineteenth-century underwear,
As I tip-toed on the gallery.
I dreamed him dead a whole month.*

*When I grow up I do not want to be
Thirty-four, bored and ashamed, bad at my work.
Diligent of heart, steady, I shall amuse
And rule my love and children where nothing happens.
But now I am my behavior, I am what
I do not understand and have funny thoughts a lot.
These afternoons I repeat the expensive,
Valuable past and I do not forget:
Both of us pay; but it is not a debt.*

JOHN N. MORRIS

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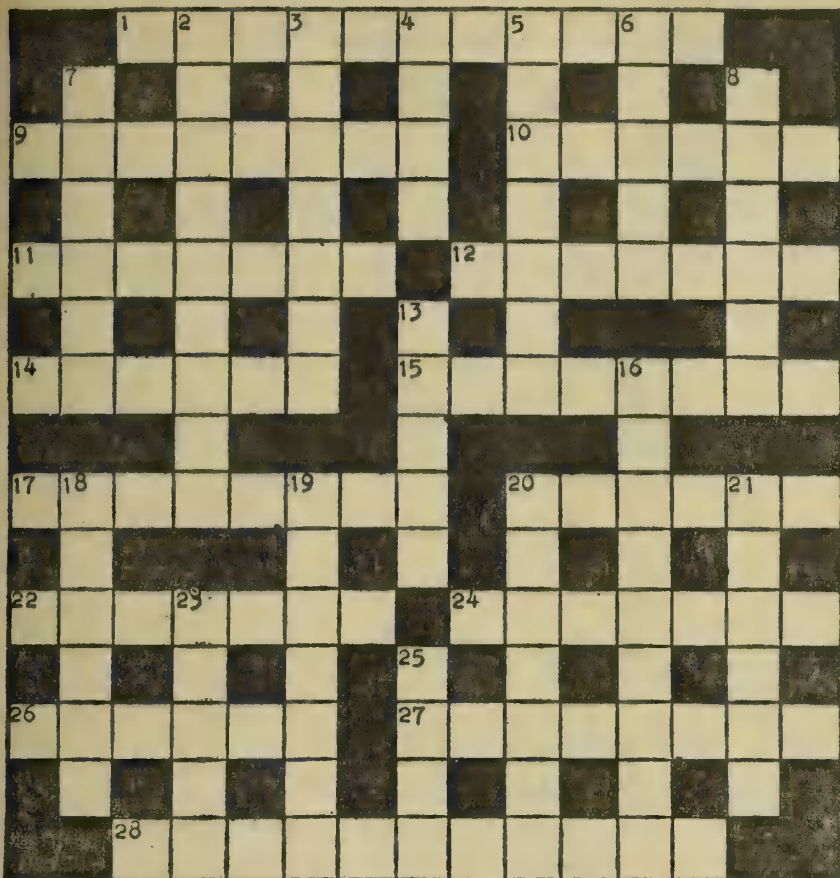
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1191

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 20 across
- 9 Antonio was such a merchant, in event a disguise is to be penetrated. (8)
- 10 Are such people identified by enunciation or diction? (6)
- 11 Uncertain aims can make people mad. (7)
- 12 and 14 See 20 across
- 15 What one sometimes does if the charger is given free rein? (8)
- 17 See 20 across
- 20, 24, 1, 26, 14, 12, 8, 28, 17 and 4 What in the world is the basic composition! (6, 5, 2, 5, 6, 6, 2, 4, 4, 3, 6, 5, 3, 8, 4)
- 22 Where the sharpshooter sees his target with discernment. (7)
- 24 and 26 See 20 across
- 27 Those who scrape sometimes have their bows. (8)
- 28 See 20 across

DOWN:

- 2 This could tell something about the country. (9)
- 3 Proving, in the end, vice degenerated. (7)
- 4 See 20 across
- 5 Four bottoms are sometimes measured. (7)
- 6 Not a small attribute of Horatio's make-up, possibly. (5)

- 7 One of the backfield might, in part. (6)
- 8 See 20 across
- 13 Gets into mail and rises in the saddle. (5)
- 16 Construction materials are to this, and suffer. (3, 2, 4)
- 18 They go into helmets and ships. (6)
- 19 Neither orators nor their audiences should suffer from it. (7)
- 20 Acted as a roller. (7)
- 21 Things are no longer fast when you do. (6)
- 23 Hippy? (5)
- 25 In favor of a small vessel? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1190

ACROSS: 1 and 22 down Concentration camp; 10 Overrun; 11 Lamella; 12 Resist; 13 Ixion; 14 At home; 16 Book Club; 19 Birdshot; 20 Unison; 22 Coins; 23 Matchless; 25 Migrant; 26 Obregon; 27 Bridge players. DOWN: 2 Obeys; 3 Christmas Island; 4 Nuncio; 5 Religion; 6 Tom, Dick and Harry; 7 Oil fields; 8 Door jamb; 15 Harbinger; 17 Benisons; 18 and 9 Comes the dawn; 21 Stroll; 24 Eager.

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LETTERS

angry artist

New York City

DEAR SIR: I am not very concerned about Curtis Harnack's misspelling of my name ["Week of the Angry Artist," *The Nation*, Feb. 20]; I mention it only because it seems characteristic of the general inaccuracy of his observations.

I don't believe Mr. Harnack witnessed one of our performances, or he would have made himself known to us, so that he could speak with some of the actual participants (I'm told this method often lends weight to a journalistic piece). . . .

He would have observed that with the use of a microphone plus two speakers you don't get "poetry shouted from street corners," but rather poems read from a platform. There is a difference: your voice never gets "lost in the general hubbub."

If Mr. Harnack had been present at any one of the fifteen places we stopped at, he would have read one of the little mimeographed booklets we were handing out, containing 2 pages of our poems, the ones we were reading on the truck, and been able to quote at length from at least one of the poems, to back up his contention that the muse was, for these occasions, "in service to politics" (i.e., none of what we read were good poems).

He could not have failed to notice those people who applauded us, or those (some 5,000 all week) who took the booklets. . . . He does not say who were the witnesses he relied on. They were not particularly observant: most of the poets and players did not have beards. Tony Weinberger has a mustache—well, that's nearly a beard. And Paul Blackburn: he's got a beard; is he an "East Village type"? He's a poet widely known and widely respected. How about Robert Bly? Perhaps he is the exception. He looked to me pretty much like the rest of us. I myself don't have a beard, nor do I have skinny legs; but maybe Mr. Harnack means that I'm an East Village type because I live in the East Village.

Where were Mr. Harnack's eyewitnesses when the Harlem crowd at 125th St. and Lenox Ave. were cheering us? Where were they when 500 booklets were handed out and 200 people watched our program in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art?

Of course some people were against us; does Mr. Harnack think they would have been for us if we had changed our clothes? Winter being what it is, we were all wearing heavy shoes, warm coats. When he talks about the "defiance implicit in their garb" maybe he means we were defying the weather? Is he telling us that the hecklers in the crowd were objecting to our appearance rather than our ideas? I only wish it were true.

. . . If he had chosen to tell how we were belted with eggs and garbage and physically attacked by Cuban exiles on upper Broadway, he would have inferred from that isolated incident that we were similarly treated all over the city. The logic is the same: you pick one performance out of the fifteen and maintain that it is typical. . . . Where were you, Mr. Harnack? Clearly you were nowhere in our vicinity at any time, or you would have had to write a different sort of article. What you have written about the Poets' Caravan is irresponsible, inaccurate and misleading.

Dick Lourie

New York City

DEAR SIR: I regret that Curtis Harnack spent so much space on the panel discussion which was not an event typical of the week's activities and none at all on the program called Vietnamese Life which brought together many artists, known and unknown, from different fields, in an attempt to realize imaginatively not their own feelings about the

(Continued on page 350)

EDITORIALS

War and Peace

At a recent press conference, President Johnson drew a yellowish parchment from a desk drawer and read out to the reporters the well-known passage in which Abraham Lincoln, after promising to do the very best he could, remarks: "If the end brings me out all right, what is said about me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference. . . ." Ted Lewis was not being unduly harsh in the *New York Daily News* when he said that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy never resorted to the public displays of self-pity and appeals for understanding that suffused this press conference. The implied comparison with Lincoln verges on the grotesque.

In the decisions that preceded the press conference, Mr. Johnson and his aides followed a familiar pattern. It was succinctly expressed in a newspaper headline: LBJ STEPPING UP WAR TO PROMOTE PEACE. It could have come straight out of George Orwell. Whenever the possibility of peace appears on the horizon, Johnson, Rusk and McNamara respond with new escalations: in the present instance no less than three—naval shelling of the North Vietnamese seacoast, artillery fire across the demilitarized zone and mining of northern rivers. When the reporters asked whether these actions did not amount to a widening of the war, so that the United States was faced with a more ominous situation, Mr. Johnson conceded that what he had done was "more far-reaching," but it was necessary "to protect the safety, the lives of our men there, and to try to bring about a halt to the war and the aggression." When, a few days later, Robert Kennedy presented to the Senate a three-point proposal that would do no more than add a flavor of "credibility" to our oft-repeated proffers of negotiation, Secretary Rusk issued within hours a bleak rejection of the Senator's cautious peace signal.

The Johnson Administration is determined to achieve a military and diplomatic victory in Vietnam and will not negotiate until such an outcome is assured. For their part, the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese, beset by heavy losses and the Sino-Soviet split, would like to end the war, but it is impossible for them to acknowledge defeat and lose at the conference table all that they won in the war with the French. A plausible picture of their objectives emerges in a report from Saigon by Richard Critchfield in the February 23 *Washington Evening Star*. Critchfield has been in touch with Vietnamese Communists, who told him that the Vietcong were willing to lay down their arms and collaborate with a non-Communist regime in Saigon, providing it was "reasonably liberal" and not led by generals like Premier Ky and his junta, composed almost entirely of

North Vietnamese who fought on the side of the French. The Front, Critchfield reports further, would not demand cabinet posts or a U.S. guarantee of safety.

The National Liberation Front is even willing to consider a deal with the existing military junta, but in that case it wants 50 per cent of all cabinet posts, legalization of an overt Communist Party and a guarantee of safety from the United States. Apparently the Front would accede to an American presence in South Vietnam to prevent a renewal of hostilities. By all indications, the Johnson Administration will not negotiate on any such basis. Its objective is revealed in Vice President Humphrey's news conference of February 27, in connection with the AFL-CIO convention. He was not speaking for the Administration, he said, but he saw the coming elections in South Vietnam as a step toward a peaceful settlement—perhaps next summer. He echoed the Johnson assurances of “constantly probing” for peace negotiations while “maintaining military pressure.” The maintenance—and stepping up—of military pressure is the reality in this dualism, the probing for peace is the cover story. The agony this entails for the Vietnamese people, North and South, and the risk of an uncontrollable spread of the war are of minor importance in the Johnson-Rusk-McNamara strategy.

The Wronged Far Right

Under the leadership of square-jawed, bluff Barry Goldwater, the far Right enjoys a reputation for forthrightness, for hitting issues head-on, for the direct confrontation. In the image it has created for itself, it puts principle above expediency, it scorns special pleading, it restores to our squalid politics the purity of the early American character.

But in its reaction to the revelations of CIA subordination of American institutions, the far Right displays precious little of these pretensions. On *Face the Nation*, Goldwater expressed his outrage that the CIA had given money to “left-wing” organizations—he made a special point of an organization with which Norman Thomas had been identified—and then his indignation turned into a sense of being ill-used. “Why didn’t they spread this money around?” he asked. It is a strange question to come from one so opposed to governmental influence over private persons and organizations. It is doubly strange because at least one Right-led group did receive CIA funds to the extent of \$1 million or more; it is the Cuban Freedom Committee, a front for Christianform (see *The Nation*, May 9, 1966). One might have thought that Goldwater would spurn subsidies for his side, leaving such loose political morals to degenerate liberals.

A somewhat different objection is voiced by Rep. James B. Utt, another luminary of the far Right. He cannot understand why the CIA should have made a cat's-paw of the National Student League, a group that

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was not (and still isn't) "strongly anti-Communist." This position is held by other bodies of the Goldwater-Utt persuasion. Thus, Young Americans for Freedom proclaim: "... we are absolutely astounded to discover that federal funds in huge amounts have been placed in the hands of irresponsible leftists who do not represent American students." It may be that they would not have been satisfied to have the money "spread around"; probably they would have been happier if it had all gone to them.

The trouble with that tactic is that it would never work. The CIA knew perfectly well what it was doing. An ostensibly liberal organization, once corrupted, could serve CIA purposes as a rightist group never could. The far Right philosophy is not very salable in most parts of the world or, for that matter, in the United States. While representing only one sector of student opinion, the NSA is far more influential than Young Americans for Freedom and similar groups.

There is surely a place for a liberal student organization like the NSA—provided it is honestly and independently run and its officers do not sell out the membership. But, with blind animus, the far Right is now trying to seize on the NSA's discomfiture to ruin it. Perhaps these pseudo-conservatives think they can thus demonstrate their dedication to principle and, simultaneously, pick up the pieces. It is more likely that they can do neither. Probably most Americans, and surely the great majority in academic life, would like to see the NSA profit by the errors (to use a kindly word) of its past leaders, and demonstrate its fitness to survive by its future works.

Candid Camera on TV

On New York City radio station WOR last month, Allen Funt put his finger on what is basically wrong with the recent Carnegie Commission report on educational television. The creator of *Candid Camera* did not do so intentionally; he was merely being candid about some of the money aspects of commercial television—perhaps in bitterness that his show is being dropped by C.B.S. at the end of this season.

"It's sickening to anyone to get the kind of money TV performers are paid," Funt said. "I make more than six

The Nation Institute regrets that it could not honor several hundred requests for reservations for its oversubscribed California Conference on Redirecting American Power, held in Los Angeles on February 25.

Radio Station KPFK-FM is broadcasting selected portions of the conference proceedings on some Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 7:00. KPFK taped the entire conference and plans to air it complete in a series of broadcasts. The schedule for this later project will be announced in the station's published program.

times what the President of the United States gets." Even more sickening was Funt's disclosure that his co-producer, Bob Banner, received 50 per cent ownership of the show—worth \$7,000 weekly—merely for getting it on the air; and that Funt's agent, Ted Ashley, collects "\$7,500 weekly for having sold the program seven years ago."

Despite this excessive milking, the company that telecast the grossly padded program made a record profit last year of \$64,115,649 on record sales of \$814,533,621.

What has all this to do with the Carnegie Commission report? By narrowing its vision to only the poor-relative side, the educational side, of American television, the Carnegie Commission could with spurious innocence overlook the obvious. Examining only the extreme poverty of educational television, and ignoring the bloated stomachs of commercial television, it proposed an excise tax on TV sets to establish a noncommercial public television service.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that any such manufacturer's tax would be passed on to the public, which already has invested \$20 billion in television sets and is currently buying them at the rate of \$2 billion a year. But the obvious point is this: Commercial interests use the public air waves, and they are not providing the public service they had promised (else why is public television now necessary?). They are siphoning off into private pockets a boodle of money acquired by the private use of public property.

Commercial television operates at a level in excess of \$2 billion a year, educational television at about 3 per cent of that amount. Commercial television has enjoyed ever higher annual profits for more than a dozen years. Educational television has shamelessly begged and borrowed inadequate funds permitting it merely to survive.

The American public not only has allowed such a dual system to be established; it still acts as if one system had nothing to do with the other, although both use the same air waves and are licensed to operate in "the public interest, convenience and necessity."

We could use a *Candid Camera* on the total picture of American television.

More in Sorrow than Anger

At three o'clock in the morning, after seven hours of fatiguing debate, the representative from the University of Pennsylvania turned to the representative from Yale: "If there are real differences between us, let's not paper them over with sophistry."

The differences among the delegates to the Student Conference on Vietnam, held at Cornell, February 15 to 18, could be acknowledged in such generous spirit because they were so minor when compared to the range of agreement. Surprisingly, in a conference made up only of representatives from official student governments, no unmoving middle sat athwart the proceedings. In fact, the two rival resolutions which had preoccupied the long

night were but variations of the same theme; they were both ringing denunciations of U.S. policy in Vietnam. The conference, whose heavily Eastern complement of forty-two delegations was sprinkled with representation from such regional outposts as Berkeley, Duke and Carleton, divided mainly on the mechanics of United States withdrawal. The final vote was 51 to 42 (one man, one vote) for the tougher resolution, calling for a halt to all bombing, immediate withdrawal of American troops under international supervision, and recognition of the National Liberation Front as a "largely independent political force" worthy of separate negotiation. The defeated resolution would have stayed the withdrawal until the establishment of an interim government through talks between the NLF and Saigon.

The tone of the resolution, offered more in sorrow than anger, was that of loyal but troubled youth, respectfully rejecting the prejudices of their elders. "We believe ourselves to be representative Americans who love our country and the ideals which it has given to the world," the students affirmed; but they concluded that "because of the crusading rhetoric in the cold war, the misapprehension of the changing nature of world communism, and the failure to perceive clearly the character of social change in the underdeveloped world, the United States is now pursuing a reactionary foreign policy." Prevention of future wars, a less debatable topic than therapeutics for Vietnam, drew a quick 50-to-25 vote for the proposition that the "insurgency in Thailand is primarily an economic problem" calling for nonmilitary solutions.

That buttressing argument of economics was characteristic of the didactic temper of the conference. The trouble with policy makers, the students seemed to imply, is probably not their intentions but their perception, which might yield to the weight of contrary evidence. Every resolution thus came to the floor a miniature white paper stuffed with historical prologue and adorned with assertions of is and ought. The delegates put themselves through a daily intellectual regimen of lectures and discussions in which a speaker could often be seen rising to argue a point, book in hand, reverently turning the pages as if looking for an appropriate psalm.

Least impressed by the arguments of the final resolution were the nine angry men who stalked out of the session to protest its "biased disposition" after their pro-war resolution had failed miserably. The delegates from Fordham, St. John's (Brooklyn and Jamaica), MIT and Rutgers refused to believe that a conference which delivered only twelve votes for king and country represented opinion on the nation's campus. The dissenters argued that the conference was unrepresentative since only about one-fourth of the delegation had been selected by a campus election specifically on the Vietnamese question. Admittedly, the dissenters were not so elected either; they said they simply knew in their hearts that they embodied the red-blooded majority of college students.

Bernard Fall

His short, turbulent and splendid life was not marked by the usual chasm between the scholar and the man of action. At 16 he was a member of the French Resistance; when he wrote of war, he did not get his information from the books. He spent almost as much time in the combat areas of Vietnam as at home. What Senator McGovern said of him could be said by *The Nation's* editors as well: "I personally came to regard him as the most valuable single source of information and interpretation on the background of the Vietnamese conflict." One of his early pieces for *The Nation* has a significant title: "Solution in Indo-China: Cease-Fire, Negotiate." The date was March 6, 1954. He was always generous with advice and counsel, and his guidance was always valuable. Would that it had been heeded in high places!

Needling the Press

Some years ago, the editorial page editor of the lamented New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out that ideas rarely originate in the big media; rather, one is apt to find them in more or less obscure places, where writers have nothing to stop them from thinking. It would be wrong to conclude that such writers are smarter than those on the big media. A wealthy, powerful publication wants above all to remain wealthy and powerful. This imperative puts a premium on not thinking the wrong thoughts; it also influences decisions on what is, and what is not, news. But here also the small publication plays an intrusive role—it may force a big newspaper to print something that the editors wished would go away and not bother them. A small publication, *Grassroots Editor*, has reconstructed how this happened in Denver during the housewives' boycott of supermarkets, a movement which spread across the country and is still reverberating in the national economy.

As early as August, 1966, groups of Denver women were complaining about prices to the food chains. In mid-September they had their first meeting with supermarket officials. The women understood the importance of publicity and appealed to the Denver dailies to let the city know of their activities; they were told this sort of thing wasn't newsworthy. *University Park News*, a local weekly, was less inhibited. On September 22, it carried a story about one of the meetings between the embattled housewives and their supermarket opponents. On the same day, *Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal*, a weekly, carried a story, "Housewives Arming for Price Fight," on page 31. On October 5, *Cervi's* ran a lead story, "Housewives War on Supermarkets to Open October 17." The paper judged that the story fell into the public-service class and refrained from copyrighting it. The next morning three radio stations hit the story heavily, followed in the afternoon by television channels 2, 4, 7 and 9.

Now the dailies were on the spot. The *Denver Post*

had to print something and did—on page 37. As the story kept growing, it forced its way forward; on October 9 it reached page 2 in the *Post*. In the *Rocky Mountain News* it got as far as page 5. The Associated Press received an inquiry from New York, looked into the situation, and put the story on the national wires.

In Baltimore, a food industry representative accused *Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal* of having instigated the

boycott. *Cervi's* was not contrite. As for the two dailies, one can, if one chooses, conclude that they ignored the story for several weeks in the honest conviction that it wasn't news. But any newspaper man will regard this as a worse reflection on the editors than saying that they were influenced by their large revenues from supermarket advertising. Journalists may forgive excessive caution but lack of curiosity, never.

THE CHINA PUZZLE

OLD MAN IN A HURRY

C. P. FITZGERALD

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Canberra

Whatever else the Great Cultural Revolution and the Red Guard movement may or may not have achieved, they have taught the China experts humility. The self-confidence, the assurance of informed interpretation are gone, to be replaced by a rueful awareness that all is speculation, that every theory is rapidly discredited, that each hypothesis is demolished by the next day's news. Yet these new facts must be fitted into some interpretation, must make sense, even if no observer will now be prepared to assert that the interpretation will not prove nonsense next week. Accordingly, with every reservation concerning the development and outcome of the crisis in China today, certain broad questions can be discussed and some observations made.

Three major questions present themselves: Why did the Cultural Revolution apparently suddenly and unexpectedly arise and develop with such astonishing rapidity in the summer of 1966? What are the real ends which this movement seeks to attain? What is the true character and political meaning of the crisis? It cannot be suggested that the answer to any of these questions is clear or definite, but it can be claimed that the official Chinese explanation accounts for all the known facts no better than do the numerous theories put forward by the "China watchers." It may be as well to glance first at the shortcomings of this official explanation.

The Cultural Revolution, we are told, was a spontaneous uprising on the part of the young, dedicated followers of the leader of the Chinese Revolution, Chairman Mao Tse-tung. It arose because leading members of the Communist Party itself were deviating from the true doctrine as expounded in the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, were using their position for selfish aims, and were permitting a revival of bourgeois manners and ideology. The aims of the movement are to clean out this element, to eliminate its pernicious influence, and to uproot the noxious growth of bourgeois manners and ideas. The character of the movement is democratic, an upsurge of the mass of the people awakened to the failings of some men

in high places, a movement inspired by the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, determined to insure that these doctrines shall prevail and guide the future path of the revolution. It has nothing to do with such political matters as the succession to supreme power or the ambitions of personalities, other than to remove from office men who have failed to mold their conduct on Mao Tse-tung's precepts.

This explanation is truly a *lucus a non lucendo*—one which by omitting all inconvenient facts illuminates nothing. A spontaneous movement of the young, that is of people who have neither influence, power nor resources, was able within a few months or even weeks to mobilize from all parts of China thousands, and even, we are told, millions of students and teen-age schoolboys; organize them into Red Guards, transport them across hundreds of miles, feed them, lodge them, and rally them at Peking and other large cities. There they are able to carry on a bitter campaign against certain classes and individuals, and are permitted to molest these people, to publish denunciations of high party members and ministers—all in the name of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung as set out in a handy red-covered booklet, printed by the millions of copies and to be found in the hand of every Red Guard. This is a very considerable logistic achievement for boys and girls to carry out.

The persons attacked and dismissed from office, and those still under attack, but not yet out of office, include men who were well known as ardent supporters of Marxism-Leninism, fierce opponents of Russian revisionism, sharp critics of the West and its policies. On the other hand, some who were less conspicuous in these attitudes have been immune from Red Guard criticism and retain positions of great power. Among the intellectuals denounced as infected with bourgeois tendencies are several who are celebrated for their wholehearted support of the Communist revolution and all its previous policies. The progress of the movement has been associated with the rise to great influence of people not formerly rated as major leaders, and in some cases almost unknown in the political field.

Western observers of China and other Communist countries have long been accustomed to assume, on the best information, that all changes of line, all shifts of policy, whether internal or in foreign relations, were

decided by the top leadership, carried out by the obedient party, and proclaimed to the nation and the world with complete public unanimity, no discordant voice being heard, no dissent acknowledged. Today the activity of the Red Guards is manifestly, even admittedly, opposed by persons of influence and power; the denunciations of leading men are not now followed automatically by their disgrace and removal from office; some remain, still under attack; against others, attacks are discontinued, then renewed, then once more abandoned. What has become of that monolithic unity which was the accepted characteristic of totalitarian regimes? Following the poster war of denunciation carried on by the Red Guards, the outside observer might be excused for thinking that he was witnessing something like a Western election campaign, carried on, to be sure, with unseemly violence of language, but essentially revealing open political disagreement, openly expressed. If this is what is meant by describing the Cultural Revolution as "democratic," it almost qualifies, in a wry way, for that description.

It can, therefore, be held as certain that whatever the nature of the Red Guard movement, or its final aims, it has involved China in a political crisis of a kind hitherto unprecedented in the Communist world. Previously, there have been disagreements, there may have been plots, but those who did not carry the day in the inner and highest circles of leadership were purged, removed from office silently and often without any disclosure of the fact or of their fate for many months. The outward unity was always sedulously preserved. One certainty is that this is not so today. Still more significantly, certain very prominent figures whose characters and actions might be thought to mark them as obvious targets for Red Guard denunciation not only escape all censure, but have, almost alone, uttered warnings against excessive zeal and the resort to disorderly conduct. On all the evidence the claim that the movement is directed only to the removal of persons who have failed to eliminate bourgeois tendencies, and faltered in their adherence to the doctrines of Mao Tse-tung, cannot be made to fit the facts.

The suggestion that personalities are in no way involved and that the movement is free from any taint of ambitious self-seeking is equally inconsistent with observed facts. Accompanying the development of the Red Guards has been the spectacular rise of the Defense Minister, Lin Piao. Lin is now the designated second in command; the almost openly acknowledged heir apparent of Mao. He was known for many years past as one of the most able military commanders of the People's Liberation Army; an old comrade of the Long March, and before that too, of the Nanchang Uprising in 1928 which created the original Communist Red Army. It is not uncommon to find that distinguished soldiers, when they turn to political life in their later years, are somewhat at sea in the new and unfamiliar atmosphere; they too often tend to become the instruments of men more versed in these matters than themselves. The Napoleons of revolutions take up the task of supreme government at an age much younger than 58, when they are still in active command of the armies. Lin Piao, no longer young, has also suffered for many years from serious ill health due, it is said, to a severe war wound. Late middle age, bad

health and a military reputation earned in wars fought twenty years ago would not seem the best qualifications for the supreme leadership of the Chinese nation, even assuming that this post will very soon be vacant. Until events prove otherwise, we must recognize the possibility that Lin Piao, invaluable as the man who could put the resources and authority of the army behind the immense task of organizing the Red Guard movement and its logistics, is nonetheless not the prime mover.

The interpretations which foreign observers can put upon these facts are limited by the difficulty in collecting adequate information from all parts of so huge a country. The official media of publicity in Peking, and many other centers also, are clearly controlled by the supporters of Mao Tse-tung. Information from Canton via Hong Kong, and from Shanghai by way of travelers, seems often to be reflecting the views of his opponents: from most of the other great cities of China, and virtually from all rural areas, there is no reliable information and frequently no information at all. Strangely enough, the official news releases, editorials and radio broadcasts are the source for most of the allegations of widespread and active resistance to the Great Cultural Revolution. It has at times seemed that the followers of Mao were eager to emphasize the extent and strength of the opposition to his policy. This in turn leads to the suspicion that much of this opposition does not in fact exist except in these propaganda statements, and that they are designed to inspire and stimulate the ardor of the Red Guards and make attacks upon the holders of high party office explicable to the general public.

Such an interpretation is strengthened by the lack of



Mao Tse-tung

any evidence of a coherent opposition movement, operating under recognized leadership and putting forth an alternative policy. Liu Shao-ch'i, head of the state, and formerly the second ranking member of the party, has been denounced and finally, it would seem, ousted from office. Teng Hsiao-p'ing, secretary of the Communist Party, has suffered the same fate, as have Peng Chen, former mayor of Peking and Lo Jui-ching, former chief of staff of the army. A number of lesser figures, but all men holding high rank in the party, seem to have been driven out of office and probably arrested. Some of those who were brought in and promoted to high positions in the early period of the Cultural Revolution, such as Tao Chu, have subsequently been attacked and degraded. How far these men acted in common, if they did at all, or how far they have been selected for victimization merely because they were high-ranking party men who may not have always agreed with Mao Tse-tung on varying questions of policy, remains obscure. What does seem certain is that the attacks and denunciations were for only a brief period, for about two weeks in August last, directed against so-called "bourgeois" scholars and intellectuals. Thereafter, the campaign switched its attention to the higher ranks of the Communist Party itself.

This leads to the view that the main purpose of the movement is not wholly inconsistent with its professed aim, and is derived from Mao Tse-tung's distrust and dislike of bureaucracy and above all of party machinery. He is said to believe that the consolidation of power in the hands of the party hierarchy has dampened revolutionary zeal, was responsible for the economic setbacks of the Great Leap Forward, and for the unrewarding foreign policy of recent years. Above all, the party was growing more and more like the detested "revisionist" Russian Communist Party; slowly, or indeed swiftly, becoming an elite cut off from contact with the revolutionary youth of China and apt to adopt bourgeois standards of life and conduct.

It might be thought that granted the justice of this condemnation, the normal method of correcting it in an authoritarian state would be the quiet dismissal of prominent offenders and a purge of the lesser men. But this would be contrary to Mao's conception of the all-important role of "revolutionary zeal." Removing some men and substituting others, also party bureaucrats, would be a mere political maneuver, incomprehensible to the masses and also unquestioned by them. What Mao needed was a new revolution to arouse the frenzy and enthusiasm of the young; he would give the rising generation a revolution in which they could play a major part, instead of listening to the tales of the heroic deeds of their fathers on the Long March and in the War of Resistance against Japan.

The party must therefore be publicly and openly attacked, disrupted and purged; moreover, the new regime must be based upon a new system, less susceptible to similar influences of decay and decline. The model would appear to be the "primitive communism" of the Paris Commune of 1871, defined in Chinese terms as an alliance of "soldiers, peasants, students and Red Guards." Such a combination is said to have been installed in the

city of Taiyuan, capital of the province of Shansi. It may well prove to be an unstable and inherently incoherent association of widely different groups: soldiers, who if they are to govern, must leave their units; peasants who to participate must cease to farm; students who will soon be too mature for further higher education; Red Guards who cannot be kept out of school indefinitely, and in any case soon grow up. As an instrument for ousting isolated eminent party men and mobilizing mass pressure to degrade them, such a union may well be most efficient; as an instrument for governing a great country it is an administrator's nightmare.

The administrators, indeed, spared thus far in the campaign of denunciation, seem to realize these dangers, and in the person of their most eminent representative, Prime Minister Chou En-lai, have actually uttered warnings that the state machinery and the major industries must not be involved. They seem to follow a line of cautious neutrality, never opposing the Cultural Revolution, supporting it with words, but attempting to restrain it with warnings. In one view this effort is doomed to failure: when Mao has finished with the party bureaucrats he will next attack and attempt to remove and purge the ministers of state and the civil servants. It is also argued in support of this view that if Western observers can predict that the civil service and its leaders would otherwise ultimately inherit all the authority of which the party is now being deprived, Mao must see the danger for himself; he does not propose to cut off Charles's head in order to make James king.

There is also the enigmatic role of the army, the last resort, the underlying force which supports all authority in any state. Lin Piao, Minister of Defense, is not certainly in full control of the army in the sense that he can count on all its high commanders in all parts of the country to do his bidding, however contrary to their inclinations or previous traditions. If the opposition to the Cultural Revolution and Mao Tse-tung were really as widespread and as organized as the official Peking press claims, it would seem very strange that conditions of near chaos could be tolerated month after month without it being thought necessary to call in the army to restore order. But indications or allegations that this has been done are far from clear or proved. It is suggested by some observers that China may be drifting toward a situation such as developed in Indonesia: a failing leader whose policies are becoming discredited and who himself may be losing his touch with reality; an army slowly finding itself the only coherent force capable of arresting growing disorder; a civil service waiting to join in support of whatever power group finally gains the victory.

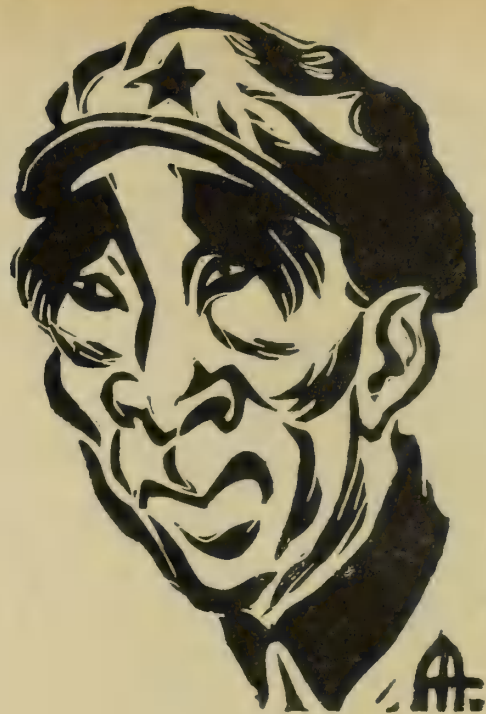
Another view, at least equally credible, and equally hypothetical, considers that aided by his immense prestige and control of the central media of publicity in the capital, Mao must win the first round at least, while the army stands aloof, and the civil service remains outwardly loyal. But when it comes to setting up a government and regional authorities, upon the model of the Paris Commune of 1871, it is difficult to accept the probability that such a system could work competently for very long, if at all. In a few years Mao himself may be either too old

and failing to maintain any real control; or he may die. If the civil service and its leaders remain untouched, they, with the probable support of the army, would take over, and while perhaps continuing to give lip service to the ideals of the Cultural Revolution would put the Red Guards back to school and restore the effective role of the party, although no doubt under new men who would be much less independent of the civil service than the former party hierarchy.

An element of further doubt is injected by the very extreme attitudes adopted in foreign affairs, particularly with Russia. It is clear that Mao is trying to force the Russians to break diplomatic relations. It would seem certain that he must know that such a break could not end there but would be followed by a permanent breach in the Communist world, in which China would be outlawed by the majority, probably the big majority of Communist parties. This would seem to make the realization of China's ambition to lead the Communist world wholly unattainable. This must be, therefore, a change of policy, either induced by the conviction that China cannot under his leadership ever reach this goal; or more probably, in the light of Mao's known character and beliefs, that it is no longer a desirable goal at all. Russia and the European Communist states are all fatally tainted by the disease of revisionism; they are rotted through and through: China, The Pure Land, must avoid defilement, and in the manner of the Chinese Communist Party's original retreat to Yen-an rebuild in the stronghold, which Mao is shaping, a new center from which in years to come the true Communists can once more issue forth to battle and to triumph.

However little such an idealistic policy might appeal to most of the Chinese educated class, Communist or not, it is certainly in character with the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. It is to some degree confirmed by the almost complete indifference to and aloofness from other foreign contacts which now prevail in Peking. Ambassadors of even the most friendly Asian states cannot find any ranking official willing to receive them if they call upon the Chinese Foreign Office. Whether this is a deliberate reduction of contact—as suggested by the massive recall to Peking of Chinese diplomatic personnel serving abroad—or due to the fear of the officials for any visible contact or relations with “imperialists,” is uncertain, but the former explanation seems the more likely.

It has been suggested that an important motive for the Cultural Revolution and the creation of the Red Guards was the genuine fear of the Chinese leadership that war with the United States was imminent. Thus the nation had to be inspired with revolutionary zeal capable of withstanding a major nuclear attack, for which China has no defense. Bourgeois elements who could well prove unreliable had to be ousted from power. Those party leaders who may have advocated caution, or even diminished involvement in the Vietnamese War, were hounded out as potential traitors. There is some evidence that in late 1965 the Chinese genuinely entertained these fears; but that was several months before the Cultural Revolution and the Red Guards became major phenomena. There is also now strong evidence that these fears no longer dominate the minds of China's leaders. It may be, in fact,



Lin Biao

that the Cultural Revolution and its inevitable disruption of many organizations and consequent unsettlement of the public mind could not be risked until the leaders were confident that the danger of war with the United States had greatly receded.

China cannot be expected to renounce, publicly, its support for wars of national liberation; that would be “revisionist.” But all current indications point to a growing desire to avoid tiresome foreign commitments ranging from relations with Russia to the support of Communist movements in Asia and elsewhere. This, too, is intelligible in terms of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. The Communist Party in China itself had first to find and secure a strong base: Kiangsi proving a failure, The Long March brought the party to far-off Yen-an. Aided by predictable outside pressures upon the enemy (the Kuomintang), the Japanese invasion enabled the Communists to secure very wide public support and clandestine control of vast areas of so-called Japanese occupied territory. After being for more than ten years based on Yen-an, the party was strong enough to enter the open contest for power, and to win it. Today the attempt to wrest control of the Communist world from Russia has failed; the expectation of widespread Communist revolutions or coups in Southeast Asia is fading; it is once more a time to consolidate the base and wait for the inevitable change in the situation; for by definition, the situation must change, and in favor of Communist aspirations. But this may take several years. Mao can devote his last years and strength to making sure that the nation is set on the right road and that doubtful, bourgeois and revisionist elements are eliminated. The real aim is long term, and he will not live to see it; the immediate task is vital and must be completed swiftly; it is only in this sense that Mao Tse-tung is an old man in a hurry.

THE RIGHT HAS NINE LIVES

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many important special articles for The Nation.

The 1964 election, which was supposed to have settled the matter, in retrospect settled nothing. The direct confrontation between inimical political faiths—liberal and ultraconservative—resulted in a historical election disaster for the radical Right, and the natural prevalent tendency was to say, “well, that takes care of *that*.” Only it didn’t. The radical Right flourishes today as vigorously as ever, and it promises once more to dominate the Republican convention of 1968. What happened?

President Lyndon B. Johnson, widely touted as the wiliest politician of his time, has contributed to this revival by dissipating the greatest consensus in modern American politics over the divisive issue of Vietnam and by his malign genius for creating widespread public mistrust in the credibility and motives of his Administration. But it would be folly to blame the tenacity of the far Right solely on the blunders of the President. The truth is that, buried though it was in the electoral avalanche of 1964, the far-Right movement was never dead. It is indigenous to the American scene in this latter half of the 20th century; and, unlike know-nothing follies of the past, its roots are deep, its power structure awesome.

This reality conflicts with a good deal of wishful thinking, summed up most vividly in “the little old ladies in tennis shoes” wisecrack. The implication was that the radical Right comprised just another bunch of kooks and crackpots, fringe fanatics who didn’t really matter. Even so astute an observer of the modern scene as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has been beguiled by this myth into overlooking the depth and permanence of the movement’s hold on the body politic. At least three solid bases give the radical Right endurance and stability:

¶ *A broad hold at the grass roots.* Millions of Americans feel threatened and act out their resentments. Some believe themselves menaced by the Negro drive for equality (an emotion that affects the workingman as well as the middle-class resident of suburbia); some couple this racial hatred with a dislike of Jews; some respond with religious fervor to the call for a holy war against communism, and couple every progressive idea intended to make life meaningful in a mass society with Communist ideology. This is the passion base of right-wing radicalism, but it must not be forgotten that it is also an extremely powerful financial base, a resource more significant and more vital than the contributions of H. L. Hunt.

¶ *Powerful financial support from millionaire respectables.* The alliance of the grass roots and the executive suite is fostered by a whole complex of common fears and detestations. Joint concern with the safeguarding of prerogatives impels support of propaganda activities that brainwash the American people, as one observer puts it, “daily, hourly, year in, year out. It never stops.”

¶ *A growing sophistication.* The crude appeals to passion and prejudice still go on, but they are now supple-

mented at the top by a new suavity. This approach appeals to the same basic prejudices, but the message is cloaked in charm and good taste. Television programs are put together with consummate artistry; slick magazines offer good writing and shun Eisenhower-was-a-Communist idiocies; and book clubs aimed at the conservative market whet the appetite with brochures whose style would not shame the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The voice of the grass roots is still to be heard in Gerald L. K. Smith. A recent cover of Smith’s *The Cross and the Flag* was emblazoned with three main features, virtually a composite theme song of the radical Right: “LBJ and the Jews,” “The Rape of the Church,” and “Inside Report on the UN.” This is the meat-ax approach, and Gerald L. K. Smith has been peddling it since the early thirties, when he first emerged as a disciple of Huey Long. Though he is no longer the headline figure he was briefly in those years, he is still going strong and does very well financially.

“He’s the one man in this field who files meticulous financial reports on all donations over \$100,” says a spokesman for Group Research in Washington, the liberal-oriented research outfit that keeps an eye on the activities of the radical Right. “His reports show that in the first ten months last year he took in nearly \$300,000 for his Christian Nationalist Crusade. Now, you can go through his list of donations, as we have time and again, and you won’t recognize more than one or two names in the lot. His contributions come from every state, virtually every county—and from towns so obscure you never heard of them. When you think that he is raising probably better than \$300,000 a year from such sources, this spells out to a lot of grass-roots support.”

The same kind of backing supports the activities of the Rev. Billy James Hargis’ Christian Crusade. His reports show that in 1965 he took in \$1,107,000. Within the past year, Internal Revenue revoked the Christian Crusade’s tax-exempt status because of its political activity, but Hargis insists the revocation won’t hurt him much because his support comes not primarily from big donors eager to claim a charity tax exemption but from a number of small believers dedicated to the cause. “Hargis doesn’t file the kind of reports Smith does,” says the Group Research investigator, “but from all we can learn, we are inclined to believe that he is right in this contention.”

Just what kind of people make up this army of the fearful and discontented on whom Gerald L. K. Smith and Billy James Hargis and Robert Welch rely for support? A fairly typical example, anonymous but by no means imaginary, is a solid family man in a New Jersey suburb, whom we’ll call Joe. Joe is an expert engineer-technician who makes a reasonably good living by repairing and servicing some of the gadgets of our industrialized society. Married, the father of two children, he owns his own home, and he and his wife are sober, industrious people. Joe likes to fish, likes to get out in the country; and when he takes a vacation, he and his wife

pack up the kids and go off to some fairly isolated spot where man has not yet completely ruined nature. Here, almost anyone would say, are fine people: solid, substantial, down-to-earth, nothing phony about them.

Yet to Joe and his wife, it is clear that something is drastically wrong in modern America. Every time there is a race riot in Los Angeles, Joe becomes more convinced that the Negro "must be put in his place." He is incensed by what he considers the coddling of the Negroes in our cities, and he feels ever more certain that there is too much compromise, too much political wooing of the Negro vote. As he expresses it, Americans don't have the guts to stand up and fight for their heritage any more. Joe strongly suspects that the reason they don't is that their will and determination have been insidiously undermined by a creeping socialism, masquerading as liberalism, and that it will take drastic action to reverse the trend. So he and his wife believe that Robert Welch and his Birch Society are right, that they see the modern world realistically; and, if you happen to get Joe and his wife talking about the assassination of John F. Kennedy, you will hear them say: "Well, it was terrible, of course, an awful thing to happen to anyone, but if that was the only way we could get rid of him, it was a good thing."

No one knows how many Joes there are in modern America, but the success of the radical Right, the flourishing of its myriad organizations, indicates that there must be millions. To keep these millions almost fanatically dedicated, to keep pushing the doctrine into the minds of others not yet infected, requires a never-ceasing barrage of propaganda, and it is here that the second powerful ally, the millionaire reactionary and his controlled corporations, comes to the aid of the grass roots.

H. L. Hunt, the Dallas oil billionaire whose *Facts Forum* and *Life Line* programs were carried by hundreds of radio stations, probably stands as the symbol of this activity in the popular imagination. His new endeavor, *Youth*, consists of some thirty to forty teen-aged evangelists, trained to deliver three-to-four minute patriotic orations to business and civic clubs. Hunt's prominence as an angel of the radical Right has tended somewhat to obscure the fact that he is only one among many, and that he probably spends a lot less of his own money for the cause than do some others.

General Electric, for example, helped to underwrite Harding College in Searcy, Ark., as a right-wing brain trust and first put Ronald Reagan on the after-dinner circuit, polishing up the cowboy for the governor's chair. Allen-Bradley, of Milwaukee, helped to underwrite Dr. Fred C. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade (still doing well, with an income that ranges from \$600,000 to about \$750,000 a year). Because many reports are incomplete, it is impossible to document the full extent of such financing, but Group Research staffers have become convinced that large corporate and foundation support of the radical Right is increasing. Occasionally an isolated event suggests the magnitude of this support. For example, Dallas Bedford Lewis, the head of the Doctor Ross Dog Food Company, had been for many years a financial pillar of the radical Right. When he died recently, he left a will, which his widow is now con-

testing, bequeathing \$1 million each to the John Birch Society and to Dan Smoot.

Among the living, kicking angels of the radical Right probably none is more important today than Patrick J. Frawley. Frawley built Papermate Pen into a property that he later sold to Gillette for \$15.5 million; he then took the controlling power in Eversharp, Inc., and the Schick Safety Razor Company. Since 1961, he has been chairman of the board of Technicolor, Inc., where his vice president was a former Hollywood hoofer named George Murphy, now the junior U.S. Senator from California, and still listed as a director of Technicolor.

Frawley first came to public notice as an important supporter of the radical Right in 1960 and 1961, when he joined forces with Dr. Schwarz in producing the "Greater Los Angeles School of Anti-Communism." In October, 1961, Frawley's firms picked up the tab for a three-hour telecast of a star-studded extravaganza from the Hollywood Bowl, billed as "Hollywood's Answer to Communism."

During the 1964 election campaign, Frawley sent 40,000 copies of Phyllis Schlafly's book, *A Choice Not an Echo*, to Catholic priests throughout the nation. In a covering letter on Schick stationery, Frawley wrote: "I am convinced that how we Catholics vote on November 3 will decide not only the future of America but also the future of five hundred million Catholics and of the whole free world."

The Goldwater debacle did not convince Frawley that the final word had been spoken; indeed, it seems only to have inspired him to mightier endeavors. In a study of his activities on June 24, 1966, *The Wall Street Journal* quoted him as saying that he gives away his annual income of "several hundred thousand dollars," and it enumerated, as follows, some of the causes that feed on this bankroll:

¶ Frawley sends \$5,000 a year to each of five groups which "fight communism full time," one of these being Dr. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

¶ Eversharp pays \$20,000 monthly for a daily five-minute radio program about the cold war produced by the American Security Council and aired on 1,000 stations across the nation. Frawley's companies have also put up \$100,000 for an ASC-sponsored contest on how businessmen can fight more effectively against communism.

¶ Eversharp paid \$175,000 in 1965 to telecast over N.B.C. the awards ball of the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, and it contributes regularly to the foundation.

¶ Eversharp backs the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation and the Jewish Council Against Communism.

¶ Eversharp and Frawley have backed the Moral Re-Armament telecast, "Up With People," which has been shown five times a week in some fifty cities. The *Journal* estimated that this sponsorship has cost the companies at least \$150,000.

This is not the sum of Frawley's ultra-Right activities. Through the advertising budgets of his companies he contributes to a variety of periodicals. William Buckley's *National Review* often gets a full-page advertisement,

usually either the inside back cover or a page at center spread; half-page ads go into *The Wanderer*, a lay Catholic weekly of highly conservative content published in St. Paul, Minn. Far larger advertising sums go to *Pace*, a slick-paper, imitation *Life*, aimed at the college and young-family market. *Pace* would solve the complex problems of the modern world by reliance on the eternal verities of God, Motherhood, Morality and Country. It is Ronald Reagan in slick prose and upbeat pictures of young, 100 per cent Americans, and for this Schick, Eversharp and Technicolor regularly contribute 3 or 4 full pages of advertising, including the inside front cover and often both sides of the back cover.

Of all Frawley's activities, the one that undoubtedly reaches the greatest audience is the daily radio broadcast of the American Security Council. The ASC was founded in 1955 by a group of former FBI men to keep tabs on employees in American industry and to watch out for "Communist and other statist activities." In other words, it is a private loyalty-clearance outfit, and for its services in protecting American industry from the intellectually wayward, or potentially wayward, some 3,500 companies regularly contribute about \$250,000 annually. ASC's ties with the far Right have always been close. Loyd Wright, the militant California rightist, sits on its advisory board, and Gen. Robert E. Wood, former head of Sears, Roebuck, and backer of right-wing causes, sent out a special fund appeal in 1964. In recent years, the ASC has expanded its interests to include cold-war indoctrination and advocacy of a "hard-line" foreign policy. Editors of the program are Dr. Walter H. Judd, the former ultraconservative Republican Congressman from Minnesota, and Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, the almost equally conservative Democrat from Connecticut.

Advertisements for up-coming programs are frequently taken in local newspapers. In Washington, in the last full week of January, this was the fare that was being advertised: January 23, Dr. Judd—"Soviet Union: No. 2 on the High Seas"; January 24, Dr. Judd, interview with Dr. Lev Dobriansky—"Korea's Economic Progress"; January 25, Dr. Judd—"Soviet Version of Island Hopping"; January 25, Dr. Judd, interview with Dr. Georgi Dimitrov—"Tito's Release of Djilas"; January 27, Dr. Judd—"The Africans We Heed." Another week's programs featured a couple of performances by Senator Dodd, one on "Peiping and Hanoi," the second on "Communist Attack on Chancellor Kiesinger." The titles indicate the slant of a program beamed five days a week from coast to coast; aired by stations in Alaska, Hawaii, Guam and Puerto Rico; carried overseas by Radio Free Europe and the Armed Forces Radio.

Frawley's one-man crusade is only a single instance of the heavy financial underwriting of the radical Right. The leading organization in financing, power and influence remains the John Birch Society. When the society was founded in late 1958, it had the backing of ultraconservative businessmen, including former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers; it still has that kind of support. Robert Welch had hoped to operate on a budget of \$6 million in 1966; he had to be content, he has said, with a mere \$5 million—a figure

that is still \$2 million above the society's revenues for the previous year.

In the world of the Birch Society nothing has changed. Welch, who at one point pretended to be withdrawing from active control, remains the dictator of his monolithic organization. He continues to see Reds and subversives everywhere. The United States, he estimates, is now 60 to 80 per cent controlled, and is surrounded by a world-embracing sea of Red. Despite the alleged pervasiveness of the menace, it has been seemingly powerless against the Birchers. In New York City last year, they won a controversy over the right of their members to belong to the police force, and they followed this up by playing an important role in the November defeat of the Civilian Review Board proposal.

On the national scene, the society was more active than ever. It put together a new, fifteen-minute weekly radio program that was being heard over 176 stations at the end of October. ORFIT, the Organization for Repeal of Federal Income Taxes, was made an affiliate. Civil Rights Seminars were sponsored locally with the help of Birch staffers. The Jewish Society of Americanists, composed entirely of Jewish members of the John Birch Society—the Birch ghetto, you might say—was organized and started a newsletter. A front called TRAIN—To Restore American Independence Now—was organized to promote the society's long-standing objective of getting the U.S. out of the UN, and vice versa, and a film strip denouncing the UN was produced. Two other films hammered hard at pet Birch Society hates. *Show Biz in the Streets* attacked street demonstrations by students and by civil rights and migratory workers; *Anarchy USA* attacked what it called "the civil rights fraud" and concluded that civil rights leaders were "simply part of a world-wide movement directed by Communists to enslave the world." On top of all this, Welch announced in Los Angeles in mid-January that he is really going to steam up the Birchers' long-standing campaign to impeach Chief Justice Earl Warren. On the foreign scene, he views the Vietnamese War as a devious liberal plot. We ought "to get it over with," he says, and argues that the Johnson Administration doesn't really want to win—it wants to keep the war going so that it can impose rationing and rigid wage and economic controls, subjugating all of us.

Old, hard liners like the Birch Society are being abetted by a number of new organizations devoted to the task of intellectual propagandizing. Probably the most important of these is Constructive Action, Inc., founded in Whittier, Calif., in early 1963. According to one of its brochures, "The basic objective of Constructive Action, Inc., is to provide the American public with educational materials alerting them to the threat of Socialist and Communist inroads in our American institutions and to the erosion of our personal freedoms by advocates of the welfare state."

M. W. Brainard, a retired engineer and corporation president, formed Constructive Action and became its president. He was also a trustee of the Americanism Educational League, and an important contributor to Howard Kershner's Christian Freedom Foundation. Right-

wing doctors, lawyers and educators were on the board of Constructive Action, and so was Walter Knott, proprietor of Knott's Berry Farm.

Constructive Action aimed from the start at getting the widest possible distribution for the periodicals and books of the radical Right. It offered to supply the waiting rooms of doctors, dentists, lawyers and professional people with reading racks loaded with such materials. *Human Events*, the ultraconservative Washington newsletter, became a major display on these racks, and a check showed that, of the fourteen periodicals with which CAI regularly stocked waiting rooms, seven were on the "approved list" of the John Birch Society; of the forty-seven "basic" book titles it distributed, thirty-seven had won Birch Society approval.

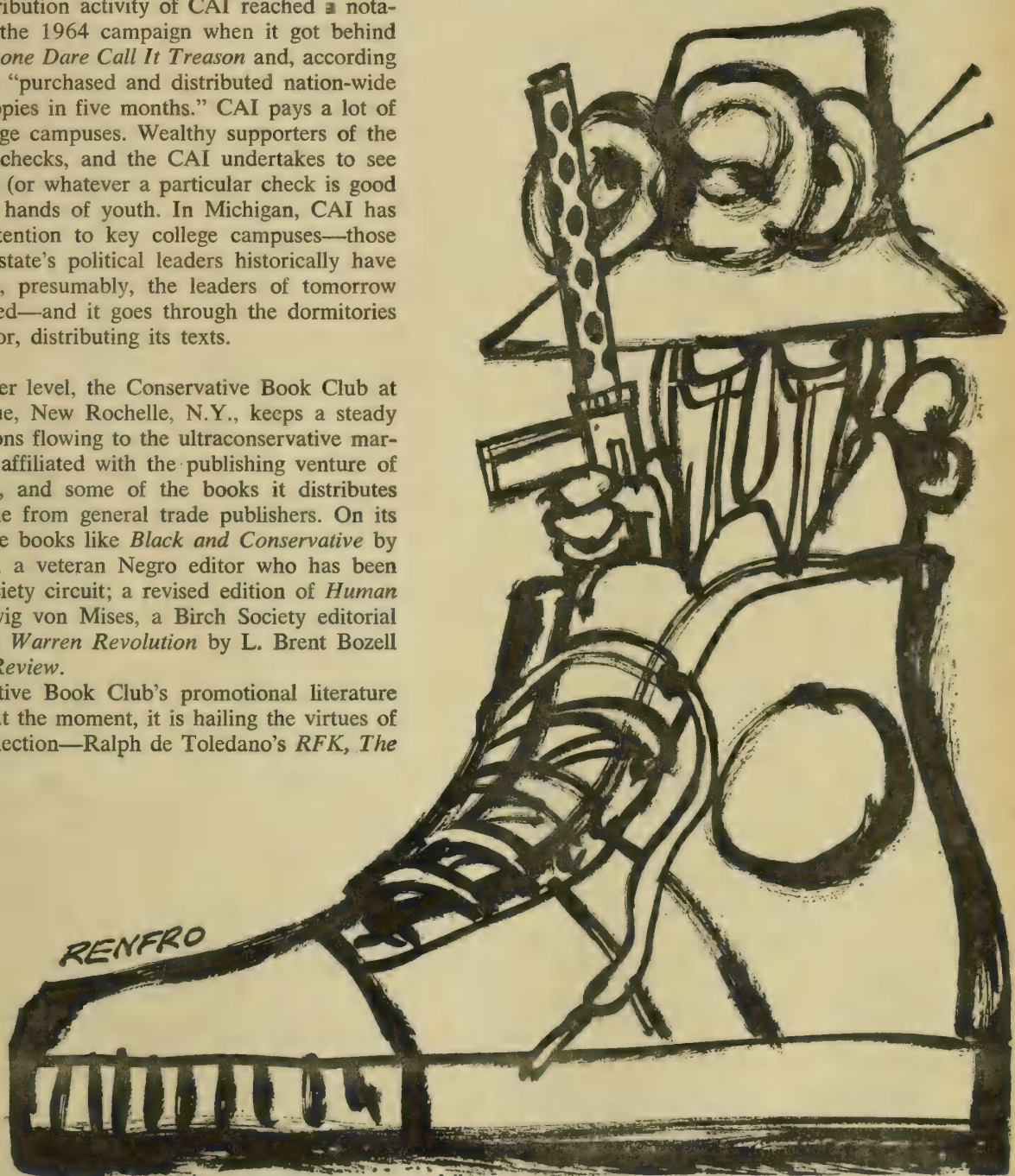
The book distribution activity of CAI reached a notable peak during the 1964 campaign when it got behind John Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason* and, according to its own claim, "purchased and distributed nation-wide over 2 million copies in five months." CAI pays a lot of attention to college campuses. Wealthy supporters of the movement write checks, and the CAI undertakes to see that 1,000 books (or whatever a particular check is good for) get into the hands of youth. In Michigan, CAI has paid a lot of attention to key college campuses—those from which the state's political leaders historically have come and where, presumably, the leaders of tomorrow are being educated—and it goes through the dormitories from door to door, distributing its texts.

On another level, the Conservative Book Club at 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y., keeps a steady stream of selections flowing to the ultraconservative market. The club is affiliated with the publishing venture of Arlington House, and some of the books it distributes are its own, some from general trade publishers. On its list last year were books like *Black and Conservative* by George Schuyler, a veteran Negro editor who has been on the Birch Society circuit; a revised edition of *Human Action*, by Ludwig von Mises, a Birch Society editorial adviser; and *The Warren Revolution* by L. Brent Bozell of the *National Review*.

The Conservative Book Club's promotional literature is well written. At the moment, it is hailing the virtues of a forthcoming selection—Ralph de Toledano's *RFK, The*

Man Who Would Be President. The come-on blurb says in part, "Bobby Kennedy Is Driving for the White House. Could Our Country Survive Him?"

The cumulative effect of this propaganda blitz is felt in two principal ways: at the polls and in insidious influence in Congress. The election of 1966 was like a shot of adrenalin for the radical Right. Though notable Republican victories were scored by moderates—Percy in Illinois, Hatfield in Oregon, Brooke in Massachusetts—the tide throughout the nation appeared to be overwhelmingly conservative. Group Research specialists emphasize that not a single spokesman for the extreme Right went down to defeat in an election in which the bodies of liberal Democrats were left cluttering the landscape. Americans for Constitutional Action, billed as the counter-



poise for Americans for Democratic Action, but a group that interlocks with the John Birch Society, claimed that 180 of the 225 candidates it either endorsed or actively supported won election in 1966, a score of 80 per cent. Of the 121 Congressmen up for re-election who had ACA ratings of 60 per cent or better, only one was defeated—and he was Glenn Andrews, a Republican running in an Alabama district. And California, of course, produced the great and dramatic triumph that is making the radical Right drool: Ronald Reagan, the B-movie actor with the handsome profile and the bland and vague morality program, trounced liberal Edmund Brown.

In Congress, this money, propaganda and demonstrated power at the polls translate into influence at many levels. One of the most striking examples of its force may be found in the story of the continuing, nearly three-year stall of the consular treaty with the Soviet Union. This treaty, signed in Moscow in June, 1964, has been checked in the Senate by a barrage of mail and telegrams spawned by a Washington outfit known as the Liberty Lobby, aided by certain *émigré* groups. The lobby, with headquarters located almost in the shadow of the Capitol, hopped on the issue almost the instant the treaty was drafted, proclaiming in its July, 1964, *Liberty Letter*: "SECRET LBJ TREATY DANGEROUS RED PLOT." The letter declared: "Johnson and his friends in the State Department *cannot* establish this espionage network for the Soviet Union." Senate ratification of the treaty, it pointed out, was necessary, and so the Senate "must become again the battlefield where patriots can resist." This diatribe, with its implication that even the President was little more than a stooge for the Red conspiracy, was widely distributed by Goldwater supporters during the 1964 campaign.

Despite the Goldwater disaster, the Liberty Lobby has prospered. In 1963, it operated with a budget of less than \$65,000, but in 1965 it reported revenues of \$434,239, a figure, it was estimated, that put it in the ranks of the top ten radical-Right organizations. The founder and moving spirit of the Liberty Lobby is Willis Carto, a Californian who worked briefly in Birch Society headquarters in Belmont, Mass., and has long been associated with rightist causes. An indication of his thinking may be found in his proposal that all Negroes be shipped back to Africa.

Actually, all the treaty does is establish a legal framework for resuming consular relations between the two nations; by so doing, it would give Americans traveling in Russia a degree of protection they do not now have. Though the treaty does not stipulate the opening of new consulates, it is the general understanding that one new consulate, staffed by some ten to fifteen Russians, would be opened here, and that the United States would open a similar consulate in Russia.

Relying on a letter from J. Edgar Hoover that seemed to say such an arrangement would throw open the doors to Soviet espionage, the Liberty Lobby laid siege to the Senate. The treaty, reported out favorably by a 2-to-1 margin in the Foreign Relations Committee in 1965, never got to a vote. It was similarly sidetracked last year, and in the current session of Congress the propa-

ganda began again, with some writers even contending that Russian diplomats could bring in enough atom bombs in their diplomatic pouches to cripple the nation.

This frenzy finally became too much for the moderate Republicans in the Senate, and Sens. Thruston B. Morton, of Kentucky, and Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, denounced what they called "professionally inspired hate mail." Morton added: "This avalanche is largely the result of a carefully planned and well-financed 'big-lie' operation designed by paranoids and fear mongers." With Republicans calling for strong Presidential leadership to get the treaty through, President Johnson got Hoover to say that he guessed his FBI could keep tabs on another ten to fifteen Russian diplomats without collapsing from overwork. As of this writing, it seems that the treaty will soon be ratified—after more than two years of unscrupulous obstruction.

In many other ways far more subtle, the influence of the radical Right is already making itself felt in this 90th Congress. Drew Pearson, for example, has called the infiltration of Congressional staffs by radical rightists "the most serious threat to democracy since the Communists infiltrated political-front organizations and labor unions in the 1930s." He has charged that half the South Carolina delegation is "infected with the virus," and he has accused the office of Rep. Mike Feighan (D., Ohio) of trying to help Frank Capell, the right-wing pamphleteer who was convicted in the ugly smear of Sen. Thomas Kuchel, the liberal Republican from California. Capell's latest production is a pamphlet accusing Communists of killing actress Marilyn Monroe to cover up an affair she was alleged to be having with Sen. Robert Kennedy. So far does the radical Right go.

On more obvious levels, radical-Right influence shows in the power structure of the Republican Party. Rep. Melvin R. Laird, the conservative who played a major role in writing the Goldwater platform of 1964, still heads the powerful policy committee of the House; and in the Senate, George Murphy, Frawley's side-kick in *Technicolor*, has been jumped into a sensitive command post—chairman of the Republican Senate Finance Committee. The chairmanship of this committee on both the Republican and Democratic sides of the Senate carries enormous power; both the late John F. Kennedy and Barry Goldwater used it to solidify their positions with party leaders across the country and collect the IOUs that made their later Presidential nominations possible. Therefore, it is no insignificant matter when Senator Murphy, only two years in office, is elevated over the heads of party veterans and given the reins of the committee that will collect and distribute funds for the Senatorial contests of 1968. It can hardly be good news for a liberal like Tom Kuchel who faces the battle of his political life in California.

Nor is there much reason for anyone to look forward optimistically to the Presidential contest of 1968. In that election the Republican Party, if it is to justify its existence, must give the voters a valid choice. But already the cards are stacked. The rightists who seized control in San Francisco in 1964 have so arranged matters that the largest single bloc of delegates (356 out of 1,333) will

come from the South, which is Goldwater and radical-Right territory. To this steam roller will be added California, the nation's most prosperous state. Further inroads have been made into the party structure in the Far West and the Midwest. The Young Republicans are still securely in the hands of the radical Right; the ultras'

influence with women's groups in the party remains strong. It will take a virtual miracle to nominate a moderate like Gov. George Romney, of Michigan. As of now, it looks as though it will be much easier, and much more likely, for the Republicans to nominate that new-new man of the people, Richard Milhous Nixon.

THE CYBERNETICS OF BLUNDER

MORDECAI ROSHWALD

Mr. Roshwald, author of Level 7, a novel of a future war, teaches at the University of Minnesota.

Contrary to popular belief, science is simpler, less complex, less sophisticated, than reality. It is true, of course, that scientific formulas may prove quite intricate; this, however, does not mean that the things they try to formulate, including situations produced by laymen, are less complex. It is the attempt to generalize that makes for the intricacy of science, yet its intricacy is no guarantee of reliability: the particular, the unique, may well escape the net of the formula, however finely knotted it may seem. In the realm of political affairs, the net has had singularly big holes, while the situations retain an unusual degree of individuality. In other words: the generalizations are too broad to net the phenomena. No wonder that such a peculiar situation as that of Vietnam slips through the net.

Modern social scientists—in their attempt to be scientific, to grasp reality in general formulas—incline to think in models. When you ask a social scientist today why Nation A wages war on, or makes peace with, Nation B, do not expect an answer “because of economic interests,” or “because of traditional hostility” or “because of man’s insanity.” Such answers are regarded as fit for a journalist or a philosopher. The scientist will tell you it is all bound up with *the decision-making process*. Only very few people seem to realize that this phrase means no more than that decisions in politics are made, and that there are agents who make them. Most laymen—and not a few nonlaymen—seem to believe that the answer is one of substance and that a formula exists which really explains *how* decisions are made. And if one finds it difficult to understand how a single formula can encompass decision making in such diverse countries as the United States, Russia, China, Congo and Vietnam, there is always the consolation that what is difficult for men is a mere child’s game for electronic computers.

It is hard to know to what extent computers have participated in making decisions in various decision-making situations concerning the war in Vietnam, but it is a fair guess that the computer *mentality* has had a considerable impact on the involvement in Southeast Asia. This mentality implies that one can rely on science and ignore common sense, that one should trust theory

and forget about reality, that there are objective answers which dwarf the significance of subjective experiences. The domino theory, the game theory, the escalation model, are all expressions of this sophisticated credulity.

Nobody has tested the domino theory yet, though one could be suspicious of a model which is based not even on the domino game but on the way a 3-year-old child plays with dominoes. So far the nations of Southeast Asia have shaped their policies with a rather un-domino-like individuality, if we bear in mind Indonesia, Cambodia and some other examples.

The slightly more sophisticated notion that in a conflict between a superpower and an underdeveloped, small nation, all the trump cards are in the hand of the mighty is another case of naïveté. The game theorists and their credulous flock simply forget that human beings—for better or worse—do not behave according to rules, however logical. Human beings, especially in the dangerous game of politics, do not behave rationally—if they did, there would have been no wars in the first place. Some people, and nations, prefer martyrdom—however absurd it may be—to peace. Some people, and nations, are sensitive on points of honor. Some are not sportsmanlike at all, and prove bad losers. You can play chess with someone who accepts the rules, but if he ignores them, there is no way of predicting the outcome of a game, even if one party has a crucial advantage. For without rules the game ceases to be one, as the Vietnamese situation proves.

The naive acceptance of the game theory as a pattern for dealing with international conflicts may be not only due to the credulity of politicians and generals in the omnipotence of the new science; it may also stem from the American pattern of social and economic life, which fits into and reinforces the concepts of game theory. This pattern is well known: competition within the framework of law, i.e., accepted rules. If the small business goes under because the corporation is stronger and has escalated competition by de-escalating prices beyond the resistance power of the small firm, this surely should apply to the conflict between U.S.A., Inc. and Uncle Ho’s grocery store. The trouble is that Uncle Ho does not abide by the rules. Possibly, he may be thinking in altogether different concepts, though having been to the West, may express them in “models” as well. His model, one would guess, is the rice paddy, or swamp: the heavier your boots, the deeper you sink. This may make him conclude—at his own peril—that the barefoot Vietnamese

have an edge over the well-shod soldiers of the richest and best-equipped army in the world.

The blunder is here and one can only express a belated wish that the policy planners and decision makers had had the sense to ponder about the mentality of their potential adversary and the social and political realities of Indo-China, before plunging into the conflict, confident in their superiority and confiding in computers and game-theory specialists. Had they read, carefully, Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*, instead of relying on mechanical computer logic, they might have sensed the subtleties of the political arena in Southeast Asia. But then Greene is a novelist, an artist with an instinct for the unique and peculiar—not a scientist who carries the universal answer in a simple formula.

That belated advice to politicians applies also in a

democracy to the ordinary citizens. To ponder about the other side, without thinking of oneself as the ultimate model of humanity, would have spelled more caution. The mere pondering and thinking about a political situation, instead of relying on conflict specialists and electronic brains, would have led to more public interest, more public knowledge, and less obscurity and apathy. Even the present suspicions about the credibility of the President, which are the expression of a residual common sense in the populace, need not have become so deep, had there been a continuous interest in and knowledge of the situation.

Whether these attitudes—of politicians and citizens—would have prevented the present blunder is hard to know. What is now more important—they may prevent similar blunders in the future.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 7

LIFE IN THE INSTANT CITIES

THEODORE ROSZAK

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Berkeley

Well over 100 New Towns of one description or another are presently under construction or in the planning stage in the United States. More than one-third of them are in California, and it is likely that the state will continue to dominate these efforts at shoring up the disintegration of American cities. California's seemingly uncheckable population boom; its citizens' masochistic fascination with the agony of freeway commuting; the pre-eminence in California's economy of light industry which can locate almost anywhere; the vast accessibility of California land to speculators and private developers—these factors will probably continue to invite and encourage New Town and satellite city developments in California.

There is also the fact that urban sprawl and blight seem to be far more hideously advanced in California than any place else on earth. In many cases the destruction has been for nothing better than to create ghost towns. In some of the cheaper and more hideous San Francisco Bay Area tracts (they bear names like "Tropicana Village" or "Eden Roc" or "Olé!") down payments and terms are so low that transient families can buy, move in, dilapidate, then abandon the property and vanish. It is no secret that many areas of California are grossly overbuilt with such tracts and that both savings and loans associations and developers are sweating to save sour investments. (See "The Easy Lenders" by Michael Harris; *The Nation*, August 22, 1966.)

As of today, nothing worth mentioning in the way of an enforceable official program or an active public agency stands in the path of this state-wide devastation. So, by default, the very few efforts to plan and direct the chaotic growth of California have emerged from the real estate

interests themselves. It is certainly the most significant single aspect of the New Towns—not only in California but across the nation—that they are the product of private planning and investment. In marked contrast to the British and Scandinavian New Towns, most of which have been government undertakings from first to last, the American New Towns are an effort by private capital to solve the problems of urban decay. One might suspect from the outset that in this instance as in so many others, public good and private gain won't mix, and that no better than a bad compromise between the two will result.

The two most ambitious New Towns now under construction in California are Foster City, located about 20 miles south of San Francisco on the San Francisco peninsula, and Valencia, in the San Fernando Valley, north of Los Angeles. Another as yet unnamed town, which is far larger and in some respects more interesting than either of these, but which is still very much in the planning stage, will rise on the 88,000-acre Irvine Ranch east of Los Angeles, and will use a new branch of the University of California as the economic core for its projected 500,000 population. Most of the other California New Towns are either little more than glorified housing tracts—cum-shopping centers, or well-to-do old folks' towns, like the various Leisure World developments, and are too trivial or too eccentric to merit attention as efforts at city planning.

But both Valencia and Foster City are comparable to Robert Simon's Reston in Virginia and James Rouse's Columbia in Maryland. [See Architecture columns by Ervin Galantay, *The Nation*, December 12 and 26, 1966.] They purport to be conscientious attempts to inhibit urban blight by achieving Ebenezer Howard's vision of the garden city. Indeed, Howard's idea of the self-contained satellite town—totally planned from the beginning, embracing all the vital services of a community and sup-

ported by its own economic base—is frequently referred to in the literature for both towns.

Valencia, whose designer is Victor Gruen and Associates, is the more grandiose effort of the two; Foster City is further along in the building (4,000 people are already living there). The site for Valencia is the 44,000-acre Newhall ranch, about 20 miles north of Burbank and presently inhabited by many cattle and a few hundred oil wells. The plans call for a city of 200,000 to 250,000 population by 1990, largely supported by its own industrial park. This, along with the projected Irvine, is by far the largest New Town development in America, dwarfing even Reston which is planned for 75,000 inhabitants on 6,750 acres, and at least six times as large as Foster City, which is expected to have a population of only 35,000 on 2,600 acres by 1974. (Foster City more nearly approaches the dimensions of Howard's model, which was planned for 32,000 people.)

Foster City takes its uninspired but no doubt ego-gratifying name from T. Jack Foster, an Oklahoma land developer. In the early 1960s, Foster bought Brewer Island, a swampy grazing area in San Francisco Bay just east of San Mateo, filled it in here and there, diked it to form lagoons and canals, and set about investing half a billion dollars in "a new kind of metropolis, pre-planned every step of the way." The gushing promotional literature for Foster City insists on exaggerating the community into a "metropolis" when it isn't calling it a "dream."

Nevertheless, Foster City requires attention because it is an example of what the New Town concept has come to mean among private builders—and through them to the public at large. It was, for example, the subject of a special and very ambitious exhibition in 1965 at the San Francisco Museum of Art; therefore, to a large part of the Bay Area public it exemplifies the New Town idea. Unfortunately, the first thing one notes about the project is the amount of Madison Avenue persuasion that envelops what offers itself as a sober attempt to solve a major social problem. This viewpoint is also symptomatic of many of the gravest weaknesses of profit-based town planning.

But before turning to those weaknesses, what is there to be said in favor of instant cities like Valencia and Foster City? I think there are two points to be credited to their planners (both sites boast of having been two whole years in the planning). To begin with (as at Reston and Columbia), a deliberate effort has been made, at least in theory, to break away from the depressing dormitory suburb, and to turn instead toward a more organically planned community. The Valencia developers put it this way:

Parts of the Valley could be profitably turned over to tract developers and become an extension, in style and function, of the variegated sub-cities and "bedroom" towns of the San Fernando Valley. Or they [the developers] could elect to create an island of reason in the path of the metropolitan sprawl. . . . Once having rejected the attractions of the conventional sub-division, the builders are committed to a city. A city which will never need the violent therapy of rebuilding.

This means that Foster City and Valencia hope to see

a major portion of their populations employed in local business and industry. So a large portion of each site has been set aside for industrial parks. Of the first 4,000 acres of Valencia to be developed, a concentrated 600 acres will go to industrial uses. Of the 2,600 initial acres of Foster City now under development, 310 are reserved for industry. I believe that autonomy will prove difficult to achieve, but it is commendable that, at least on the drawing board, developers recognize the need to dam up the urban sprawl and to diminish commuting.

The rest of what is good about the New Towns can be summed up under the heading of physical planning. One need only survey the plans for Valencia or walk a few streets in Foster City to realize that in these projects private developers have come a long way since Charles Levitt, soon after World War II, set about turning his New Jersey tracts into desolations of fragile and identical match-box homes crowded into a monotonous concrete and asphalt grid. Both Valencia and Foster City have promised to foster variety, recreational space, intelligent traffic control and some sense of neighborhood. On this last point the literature of the two developments reaches high-sounding sociological eloquence. According to Valencia's copywriters:

Of special concern to the planner of Valencia is an environmental answer to the restoration of *neighborhoods*, those comfortable clusters ideally comprised of compatible humans with similar ideals and goals, which deliberately and by design include both interdependence and privacy. . . .

Thus, at least the physical form of neighborhoods has been drawn into the plans of the New Towns. The main civic center of Valencia is to be surrounded by "villages," each with a population of 6,000; and each village is to be composed of "neighborhoods" of 200 to 700. Foster City will comprise nine "neighborhoods" of about 4,000 each. It must be noted, however (I shall come back to this point), that these smaller component communities are defined almost entirely by their physical planning, not by social integrity.

As for variety and visual appeal, the towns achieve them by providing for a great deal of open space (a very great deal more in the plans for Valencia than for Foster City), parks, malls, riding trails, lakes and lagoons. Auto traffic is intelligently controlled to permit a good deal of uninterrupted foot traffic—especially in Valencia, where, supposedly, children may walk to schools and stores without having to cross streets. Foster City is built around a winding canal which is supposed to carry a certain amount of picturesque boating.

The commercial and residential architecture also contributes to the planned variety. High rise civic centers in Foster City will include two great glass boxes by Mies van der Rohe. Each town is employing a number of domestic builders, and each builder is providing a selection of styles in a broad price range. The base price for homes in both towns will apparently be \$22,000-\$25,000 (this for very "compact" homes, apparently intended for "retired couples"), and will slope up steeply from there to perhaps \$60,000 homes in Foster City

and what are called "estate-size ranchos" in Valencia. There are also apartment house accommodations in both towns. These are lavish "garden apartment" arrangements (clusters of buildings connected by lawn and built around a clublike recreation center: pool, sauna bath, putting green, etc.). Rentals for two-bedroom apartments rise from just above \$200 per month.

One sees at once that whatever architectural variety is produced, the price range screens out one kind of social variety: low-income families. Foster City speaks of "a balanced community," but it will cater, as do most New Towns, to the middle, upper-middle class. (The price range in Reston is \$27,000 to \$46,000.)

Finally, to finish off what there is to be said in behalf of physical planning: all the basic facilities of the towns have been established in advance of the building. Both towns will provide sewers, not septic tanks, and have buried their power lines. Such are the best points in the plans for Valencia and Foster City. Added up, they promise prospective inhabitants—and this is by far the major emphasis of all the literature for the two towns—a life of self-contained comfort, active leisure, lavish recreation, luxury and status. The promotional pictures show us happy families setting out for an afternoon sail on the lake or lagoon, children scampering barefoot through groves of fruit trees, housewives strolling about elegant shopping centers, patio barbecues, esplanades, horseback riding, swimming-pool parties, "flower-splashed malls," golf courses, tennis courts. . . . "The finest of all possible worlds!" And that, we may take it, is what these New Towns are meant to be all about.

Some of the luster must be rubbed off this sybaritic image at once. The promotional literature leaves many things very much out of its account. For example, Foster City lies just south of San Francisco Airport and directly in the flight pattern. The island of blue lagoons will thus be treated to the stimulating sounds of the jet age by day and night. And when the airport is opened to the new supersonics, the community should acquire all the charm of living next to the old Third Avenue "el" in New York.

The compulsive thrust toward prestige and leisure tends, in Foster City as in most contemporary American housing developments, to undercut economic value. Home construction often sacrifices finish and workmanship, even sensible design, to lavish effects and cut-rate luxury. Builders know that what sells a house these days is the sunken Roman tub, the spacious "family room," the "queen-size" antiques mirrors, the onyx-tiled entries, the double pullman sinks, the breakfast bar. And the garden apartment designers are probably right in believing that people will forgo adequate soundproofing and privacy to have the inevitable wall-to-wall carpet and garbage disposal. Edward Stone has designed for Foster City a monstrously congested and institutional apartment project called The Commodore (2 bedrooms: \$225; 3 bedrooms: \$295 per month). But it will doubtless prosper on the lure of its attached putting green and swimming pools. Tenants at the Commodore automatically belong to the "Racquet Club"—"all the fun of

a resort combined with the privacy of a fashionable club."

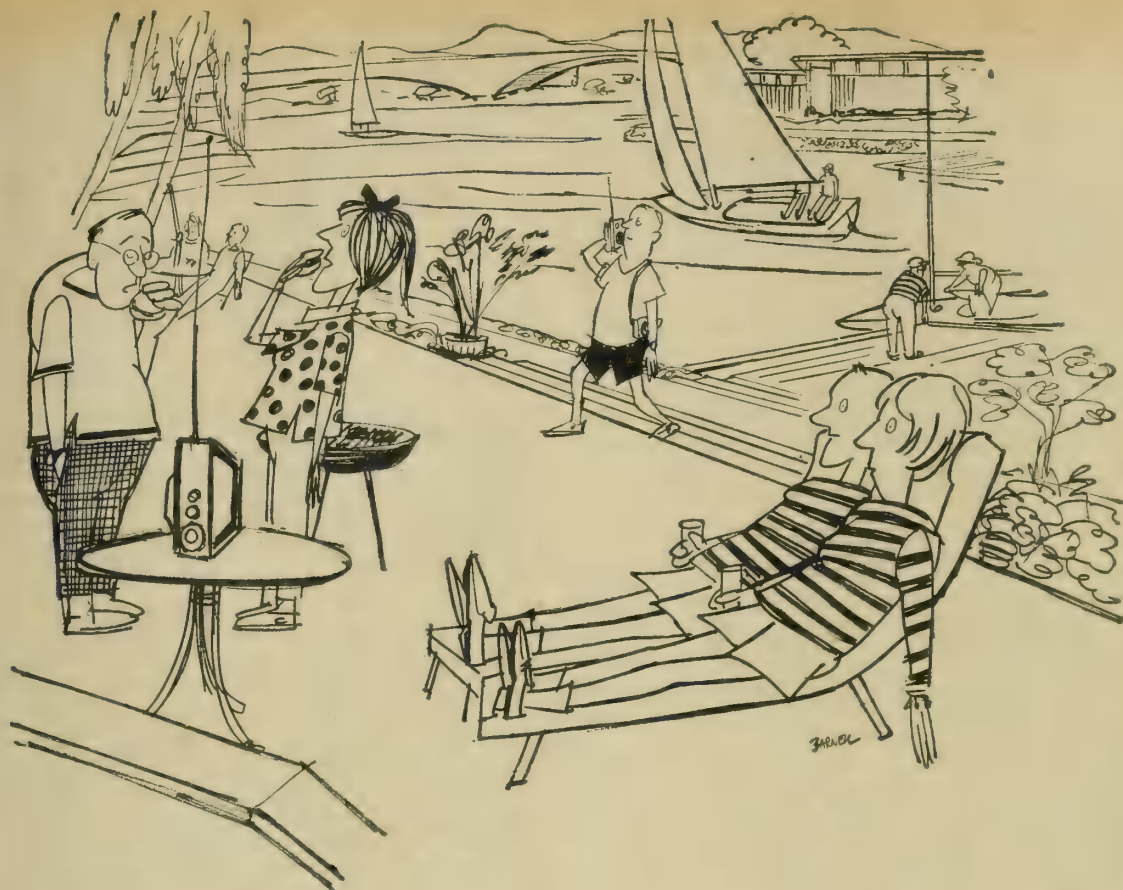
More serious than the skimping on construction is the fact that whenever the mortgage bankers behind the New Towns feel that they must squeeze a nickel, the recreational amenities and the more imaginative architecture prove most vulnerable. Or so I understand from people who have been in on the planning at Valencia—where apparently there have been serious second thoughts about all those big parks and artificial lakes. It will be interesting to see, as village follows village into construction, how the profits of the last development affect the size of plazas and esplanades in the next.

No doubt the physical planning of such developments will always preserve a great deal more in the way of open space, eye appeal and recreation than is found in conventional housing tracts. Still, it is not in the least remarkable that a development pitched at this income level should be able to provide such amenities. After all, a suburban location, most of whose homes sell in the \$30,000 to \$40,000 bracket, and whose family rentals begin at \$225 a month, had better provide a good deal more in the way of setting and conveniences than a "\$99-down-moves-you-in" housing tract. The critical question about New Towns like Valencia and Foster City is whether they will be anything *more* than the usual sanitized suburban reservation. Will they help solve the problem of urban decay? Above all, will they overcome the social sameness and malaise of spirit that has come to characterize conventional suburbia?

One begins to sense the underlying ambiguity of Valencia and Foster City as soon as he sees how persistently their promotional literature emphasizes ease of commuting. The towns, one is assured, are never more than 20 or 30 minutes from anywhere one might want to get. Freeways are drawn in heavily on all the plans, and a projected brand-new freeway to San Francisco will apparently run up the bay along the whole eastern side of Foster City. (It is unclear how this freeway will affect those rather expensive properties now fronting the bay, or indeed how it will affect access to the bay for all the city's would-be yachtsmen.)

What is the importance of all these commuting facilities to a "self-contained" town? The answer becomes clear when one does a bit of make-believe house hunting in Foster City. No matter where you say you work, a realtor will tell you that Foster City is "near in," that a great many people in the development are commuting that far and farther. If you want to buy, they want to sell—and who cares about "self-containment"? Can one expect a realtor to turn down a sale because the prospect doesn't plan to work in the nearby industrial park? In brief, who is responsible for making sure that self-containment comes about? Surely one doesn't get self-containment simply because Victor Gruen has drawn a blue area on a map next to a yellow area.

There are other problems about self-containment. In Valencia, the largest single prospective employer at this point is Lockheed, but there is some doubt that Valencia housing will be within reach of many Lockheed em-



employees unless the costs fall under \$200 per month. And if Lockheed people will have difficulty reaching the base price on housing, what about the thousands whose semi-skilled or unskilled daily labor and services will be indispensable to a town of 200,000? Valencia is not a community in which shop assistants and shipping clerks, repairmen, policemen, firemen, barbers and beauticians, maintenance men, trash collectors, gardeners, bank tellers, service-station attendants and mechanics, waiters and waitresses—or for that matter even lower-paid professionals, such as teachers, nurses or librarians—could expect to live. Where will they live then? Back in the central city? Or perhaps somewhere nearby, in the nearest low- to middle-income tract: Valencia's own suburb? In the absence of careful planning and coordination one can easily imagine two-way commuting every morning: out go all the Valencia breadwinners whose work is not in the industrial park; in comes the cheap help to keep the city serviced. Such a system could certainly work; but it has nothing to do with solving the dilemmas of conurbation and the proliferation of freeways.

One begins to suspect that only under government direction can a real garden city be built. For perhaps only a public agency can successfully coordinate population with industry. (Indeed, in some of the New Towns an indirect helping hand from Washington begins to make self-containment begin to seem feasible. For example, the government has decided to locate a 2,000-man agency in Reston.) Moreover, only government could absorb the costs of setting up in the towns low-income

housing that wouldn't be an intolerable eyesore or a potential slum tract from the outset. In the Finnish New Town, Tapiola, excellent family housing is available for purchase at as low as \$2,500—with government subsidies.

Even if New Towns like Valencia and Foster City could achieve a fairly high degree of self-containment, that would not in itself make any great contribution to saving our cities. One of the standard criticisms of suburbia is its tendency to select high-income groups out of the core city—along with their taxes and purchasing power—and leave behind the poor and less socially adequate who obviously cannot finance the culture and social services of a major city.

Early last year San Francisco defeated a bond issue that would have provided necessary repairs to the War Memorial Opera House. More recently still, in August, the Actor's Workshop went out of business after fourteen years of distinguished work, and San Francisco is left without a major theatrical company. For a city of 750,000, San Francisco already supports a fair-sized cultural establishment: three major art museums, two opera companies, a symphony orchestra, a ballet company, a major library. And then there are the planetarium, the zoo, the aquarium, the parks and all the secondary educational-cultural paraphernalia that every major urban center is supposed to provide. Even so, the money that was needed to support the workshop and to repair the opera house no doubt exists in San Francisco, and is being put to less worthy uses. But clearly it would be a lot easier to

get it up if the city could tap the money that is being hoarded in its well-to-do suburbs.

Will a 35,000-population Foster City be able to finance its own repertory theatre? The answer is no. Then is Foster City going to help San Francisco finance that theatre? Again, the answer is no. Foster City's money is earmarked for barbecue pits, sailboats, shopping on the "flower-splashed mall" and the usual distractions of suburban affluence. Now that San Francisco has managed to put together the private and public moneys to support another theatre company, the recently established Actors Conservatory Theatre, one may be sure that Foster City (remember it is only twenty convenient minutes from San Francisco) will want to enjoy it. Just as Foster City will want to send its school kids on excursions to San Francisco's art museums, zoo, planetarium, etc.

Valencia will be much larger, but even a town of 200,000 is not going to finance an adequate cultural establishment. That obviously is why there is so much hoopla about swimming pools and sauna baths and sailboats. They are as much "culture" as mortgage bankers and land developers are prepared to offer—which is one great reason why it is ludicrous to talk of these projects as "cities."

Suburbia's selfishness and parasitism have so often been lambasted that it is remarkable how unaware of this line of criticism the New Town builders seem to be. Lewis Mumford has summed up that criticism by calling the suburb "an asylum for the preservation of illusion." The Valencia and Foster City developers might almost have decided, with a kind of vicious perversity, to turn Mumford's criticism into their primary promotional theme.

And on the problems of urban blight they have nothing to offer. Here and there a heroic philanthropist struggles to rebuild the life of our cities, or the foundations step in, or, of course, the federal government. But neither the Valencia nor the Foster City developers will be able to claim credit for these city-saving efforts. On the contrary, their work runs in the direction of further destroying the balance between urban needs and suburban affluence, and so will do more harm than good.

It is, finally, on the issue of politics that Valencia and Foster City prove most deficient. In his *Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics*, Robert C. Wood has concluded that the fact or illusion of participative, town-meeting politics is what has very largely drawn people from the impersonal cities to the suburb. If that is true, then neither Valencia nor Foster City has cared to pay much attention to Wood. The absolute last thing that gets mentioned in their literature is politics, if it gets mentioned at all. One brochure takes up the blessings of Foster City in this order: location, education, shopping, recreation. Some brochures vaguely mention incorporation—it will happen some day, after the developers have finished moving in the industrial component, have determined the social and income composition of the town, and have set aside the land and concessions they intend to retain for themselves or their backers. We never dis-

cover the political meaning of the often mentioned "villages" and "neighborhoods." Are they really anything but colored areas on a designer's map, ringing the parks and shopping centers?

I suspect that the style of home that tends to prevail in these communities gives a hint of how significant the idea of neighborhood is. It is a house that ingeniously retreats into itself. The garage fronts on the street, shielding the house behind it. One enters and leaves home by car, through the garage. The front door is often opened by an electric buzzer and leads into a court, beyond which there is another entrance way. The design as a whole focuses on an internal atrium or court. Fences and landscaping further defend the house. It is a self-contained family unit that retreats from the street, the neighborhood, the world. Not insurmountably to be sure, but the mood of such design is obvious enough. (In the Reston development, however, one should note that homes have been clustered in the midst of collective lawns.)

A city whose sense of politics never gets beyond selfish defensiveness, and an obsessive concern for property values, is a sick city. In fact, one of the common diseases of suburbia is to be just independent enough to inhibit intelligent regional planning, but much too weak to prevail against major corporate interests, the military, or even the state highway engineers. In the Bay Area, for example, all the communities are far too dependent on military contractors to hold their own politically; but they just manage to frustrate all region-wide efforts to stop the pell-mell filling in and contamination of San Francisco Bay.

As an example of what this political vacuousness leads to, consider only one missed opportunity: Foster City and Valencia would be ideal places to start consumer cooperatives. They are large, closed-off markets, all of whose major services and merchandising could easily be handled by cooperatives: the groceries, department stores, gas stations, garages, movie houses, etc. And instead of banks, there could be credit unions. The result would be a community that not only saved itself a small fortune by preventing the chain stores from absconding with the profits of its consumption but that had some basic control over its economy. And this could lead to an interesting ethos—rather like that prevailing among co-operators in Berkeley, Calif., where consumer co-ops have been stupendously successful. But the developers have already leased to Safeway and Magnin's and Crocker-Anglo Bank, and thus have usurped a basic political decision.

The fact is, one cannot easily imagine what kind of politics can emerge when the New Towns have been developed. Once the basic decisions have been built in, what will the New Town governments decide—except perhaps the date of the local beauty pageant, or whether to rename a few boulevards?

To a certain extent, this usurpation of basic decisions seems to be a problem of even government-developed New Towns. But it ought not to be beyond the capacity

(Continued on page 350)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Simplicity Behind the Disguises

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Richard Ellmann. The Viking Press. Vol. II. 472 pp. Vol. III. 584 pp. \$25 the set.

KEVIN SULLIVAN

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Le grand Joyce, Andre Gide had called him, and most of the literate world agreed. But when some ten years ago Stuart Gilbert edited a single volume of the letters of Joyce (a new and corrected edition is now published along with Richard Ellmann's two volumes of additional letters), many readers were put off by what seemed the unrelieved ordinariness of the man. Readers, I suppose, had expected that the artist who in his work had deliberately sought "to refine himself out of existence" would in his letters be somehow reassembled as recognizably human—perhaps as more than human. What in fact they encountered was the figure of a harassed but hardheaded businessman who, when the creative fires were banked, devoted his remaining energies to the unremitting, and often unavailing, promotion of his literary properties. This was human enough, all too human, but there was not much grandeur about it. The voice of the artist, when audible at all, came through those letters in the cautious countering tones of the *petit bourgeois*. And a reader, setting aside Gilbert's volume, might have been a little too ready to agree with Joyce's derisive self-assessment that he had, under the borrowed cap of a Milesian, the mind of a grocer's assistant.

But readers of these additional letters, well over 1,000 of them, are not likely to be disappointed. The businessman is still around, but now only another persona. "We all wear masks," Joyce as a young man had written to Nora Barnacle, and "can you not see the simplicity which is at the back of all my disguises?" In the same letter Joyce had also written "you do not know much of my mind," but Nora must have seen something of it ("simple-minded Jim," she called him); enough anyhow to have risked everything when she was asked and, being a woman of considerable simplicity herself, to have followed him

on no more than a kiss and not much of a promise into self-imposed exile. That was the beginning. From then on Nora was the only person to whom Joyce, stepping from behind his mask and dropping all disguises, ever fully revealed himself. The letters in which he does so are among the most important that appear in Ellmann's collection.

Joyce spent most of the latter half of 1909 in Dublin while Nora remained in Trieste—their first prolonged separation since leaving the city together five years before. The letters they exchanged during this period (Nora's have not survived) are, from one point of view, a bizarre exercise in *amor in distans*; from another, a brave but no less bizarre attempt to preserve the sexual integrity of a monogamous union (not officially recorded until twenty years later) without forgoing, despite time and distance, mutual sexual excitation. Written with this purpose in mind, the letters are frankly erotic, the more unrestrained passages illustrating what experts in these matters have technically detailed in their handbooks on sexual pathology and—more relevant perhaps in this case—moral theology. There is nothing in Joyce's work, not even in the Circe or Penelope episodes of *Ulysses*, to match these passages, and where they are equaled in *Finnegans Wake*, the shock is cushioned for the reader, if it is felt at all, by the periphrastic—and prophylactic—ingenuity of the artist's multiple disguises. But though the letters are undisguised and direct in their sexuality, there is little in them likely to shock the modern reader. There are reasons for this.

In the state of benumbed enlightenment that has followed upon the so-called sexual revolution, most readers are, or would like to think themselves, unshockable. At the end of *La Philosophie dans le boudoir*, liberally translated and now generally available, the naïf, Eugenie, chortles ecstatically: "Here I am: at one stroke incestuous, adulterous, sodomite, and all that in a girl who only lost her maidenhead today!" After listening to Eugenie, whom no labor of love could weary, or similar accounts from countless other ladies, titled or plainly wrapped, the simple heterosexual pleasures of James and

Nora may seem Arcadian in their innocence. But while Eugenie and her sisters are pornographic abstractions, there is no doubt about the reality of Nora and James Joyce. A reader may be only amused by the vicarious voyeurism of pornography, but he will take a very different view of an actual voyeur at a bedroom window—especially if that window looks like his own.

The problem thus raised in the Joyce correspondence has been tactfully handled by Mr. Ellmann. Not all of Joyce's extant letters to Nora Barnacle are reproduced here, and of those that do appear not all are reproduced in full. This would ordinarily be cause for complaint, but in this instance compliments seem in order. Joyce himself had more than once warned Nora: "Keep my letters to yourself, dear. They are written for you." Or again, "I wired you *Be Careful*. I meant be careful to keep my letters secret. . . ." The surest way of keeping the secret would have been to destroy the letters—as Joyce had apparently destroyed Nora's of that period. Nora, taking Joyce literally, kept the letters (why? one wonders) and, when they turned up in the Mennen Collection at Cornell some years after her death, their secret became readily accessible. At first only to scholars, who have so far exercised notable restraint in their use of them. Ellmann, in making the letters more widely available, has shown similar restraint. This has required both firm judgment and good taste.

The intimate moments in the life of a man and a woman can hardly be thought the concern of anyone else—excepting always the morbidly curious. Their love, which makes them unique, can be of great interest; but their coupling, which makes them like everybody else, strips them in that moment of intimacy of their uniqueness. "Beast gave beast as much," Yeats wrote in one of his later poems, and in another, echoing at a distance La Rochefoucauld's wry aphorism that the sexual act is a mark of the divine irony:

*But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement. . . .*

Though as good a case might be made for the divine economy, the simple point to be made here is that human love, whatever else it may be, is not exclu-

sively or essentially sexual. (At one time "spiritual love" was to Joyce "lying drivell," a judgment that he was to temper and reverse in later years.) And yet the sexuality of an artist, especially of the artist who created Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Bloom, is among the legitimate interests of a critic and the public for whom he writes. Enough of Joyce's correspondence is printed here to satisfy that interest.

The importance of these letters—and of others less startling—is their relevance both to the content of Joyce's work and to the conscience, or moral awareness, that gave the work its form. The first is everywhere discernible. It is apparent in Nora's innocence of syntax and punctuation (in those letters which survived)—a fault happily heightened into art throughout the equally innocent run-along soliloquy of Molly Bloom. It is almost as apparent in the likeness of Martha Fleischmann (with whom Joyce carried on a silly flirtation in Zurich) both to the Martha who is Leopold's amorous pen pal and (Joyce addressed Miss Fleischmann as "Nausicaa" and signed himself "Odysseus") to Gerty McDowell. More speculatively, the cadenced sorrows of Anna Livia Plurabelle hitherandthithering back to the nothingness of the sea may carry in their flow the almost inarticulate anxiety of Joyce and the anguish of his daughter Lucia as that young girl faded gradually from among the living into the shadows of schizophrenia. In this way the letters indicate the matter, or possible matter, that Joyce used in his work. His real work of course was to transform all this into art by raising it to a new plane of intelligibility.

It is important, too, to keep in mind that while he was about this task Joyce was at the same time transforming himself. The man who sketched a draft of *Stephen Hero* was not the same man who wrote *A Portrait*, nor was this man the same as the author of *Exiles* or *Ulysses*, nor the latter the same again as the creator of *Finnegans Wake*. The letters also help to illustrate this other kind of transformation.

Nevertheless, there is a clear consistency in the development of the whole body of Joyce's work—in the movement, for example, from genre to genre: lyric to narrative (and micro- to macro-narrative) to drama to epic to a point, finally, where the epic is resolved again into lyric—that argues not only a singleness of purpose but a oneness of vision. Joyce's gaze does not shift; its object becomes, as the work progresses, more luminous under his gaze. The letters reveal something about this too, though it would require a full-scale study to demonstrate the ways in which the conscience of Joyce—agitated as it is in his letters to Nora—operates in determining the shape and tone of each of his books. At the risk of oversimplification, this can be only suggested.

"Now, my darling Nora," Joyce writes, "I want you to read over all I have written to you. Some of it is ugly, obscene and bestial, some of it is pure and holy and spiritual: all of it is myself." A fair summary. The dichotomy is neat and its resolution, though apparently asserted, is in fact impossible. For Joyce, however greatly he desired it, there could be no reconciliation between his image of Nora as "virgin or madonna" (she is to his manhood, he writes, what the Blessed Virgin was to his boyhood) and his counter-image of her as "fuckbird . . . shameless, insolent, half naked and obscene." He knows fully what he is about: "If this filth I have written insults you bring me to my senses again with the lash as you have done before. God help me!" To Joyce it is filth, to his countryman, Wilde, it would have been the delicious posturing of a pagan, to Freud—old stuff.

"The atmosphere," Ellmann writes in comment on these letters, "is not one of Catholic guilt." Catholics, right enough, have no monopoly on guilt, but Irish Catholics of Joyce's class and background appear historically to have had a notorious predisposition toward just the sort of guilt Ellmann refers to. And the atmosphere, if not Catholic, is certainly one familiar to an old and austere

cut of moralist—Augustine ("Grant me, O Lord, chastity—but not yet!") is quick to mind—in the Catholic tradition. Even H. G. Wells, in a letter included in Volume I of this collection, recognized the impact of that tradition—"a monstrous system of contradictions" he called it—upon Joyce. Imagine the latter's bemusement to read in Wells's ferocious scrawl: "You began Catholic. . . . You really believe in chastity, purity and the personal God and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of cunt, shit and hell." Wells, I think, despite his heavy-handedness, was closer to the heart of the matter here. In any event, Joyce, brooding over these contradictions as a young man, thought at times he was going mad.

Joyce preserved his sanity by coming to terms with the impossible. "It is perhaps in art, Nora dearest, that you and I will find a solace for our own love. . . . O take me into your soul of souls and then I will become indeed the poet of my race." Nora was to take little solace from Joyce's art (she never read her copy of *Ulysses*), but through her, or beginning out of his love for her, Joyce was indeed to become the poet of his race. In him the juxtaposition of opposites (in lesser men mere contraries) was classical in its simplicity and provided a pattern for the work by which the complexities of experience could be reduced to intelligible order. To superimpose an ideal and essentially incorruptible world upon the "real" and manifestly corrupt world around us is to take a cosmic view of the latter and a comic view of both. Even the gods of Homer were moved to laughter at the sight, and not since the days of Cervantes has a comic artist displayed it in such rich and hilarious detail.

The simplicity which Joyce told Nora lay behind all his disguises is demonstrated in the letters in two ways: in the absolute faith he had in his own genius, and in a complete indifference to everything that could not be made to serve the ends of genius. That faith seems to have been both congenital and consensual; certainly it long antedated any visible proof that it might be justified, and certainly too it won the consent—sometimes amused but always genuine—of men like William Archer and W. B. Yeats and even, it appears, that of the redoubtable Lady Gregory. This explains too the irritation and scorn—amply documented here—that Joyce felt for those who he thought, rightly or wrongly, were obstructing the progress, publication, or appreciation of his work. The feelings approximate paranoia at times, but are just as often

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rerouted in the way of self-mockery.

From those surrounding him he extracted his own form of Peter's pence. Especially heavy tribute was laid upon his brother Stanislaus who quite accurately described their relationship in titling his own book *My Brother's Keeper*. Ezra Pound, who once sent him via T. S. Eliot a parcel containing, unknown to Eliot, a pair of secondhand shoes, saluted the master at another time as "Jhayzus Aloysius Chrysostum," and true to this role the master had in attendance, though at respectful distance, a complement of sometimes rich, always worshipful and generally helpful women. He used them—as he used the self-appointed disciples among his male acquaintances—always to advance the work in progress. There was neither cynicism nor egotism in this, or at least not so much as would appear had the artist been more, or the art less, durable.

The letters written during the last months of his life have a darker cast than the others. In the summer of 1940 the Germans had engulfed France, and the Joyces, removing from Paris to Saint-Gerand-Le-Puy in unoccupied territory, had apparently hoped to wait out this second war as they had the first in Switzerland. The circumstances, however, both personal and historical, were very different. The Vichy government was less than pleased with the presence of British subjects in its territory, and the Swiss were singularly uncooperative about allowing the Joyces entry into their own. Nearly all of Joyce's time during these last months was given to exhausting attempts, reflected in his letters, to effect this removal.

If he had once signed himself "Job" in mockery, he was now called upon to play this last role in earnest. He was more than half-blind (eleven eye operations in almost as many years) and plagued by sciatica and a duodenal ulcer not diagnosed (his doctors thought it mere "nerves") until the very end. His daughter was in a mental asylum, his son in distress over a broken marriage, and his daughter-in-law—in a state worse than Lucia's—had already been carried off to America. Nora during this time seems to have been in a state of shamed benumbment and of little help in attending to the practical details that wholly occupied Joyce. Meanwhile there was his grandson Stephen in school nearby who had also to be cared for—all of them cut off by the war from friends, funds and (so it was to turn out for Joyce) the future.

The Swiss finally relented and in mid-December the broken family made its

way to Zurich. Within a month—on January 13, 1941—Joyce was dead. The tone of the last letters brings us back to another Joyce had written to his son Giorgio some time before: "My eyes

are tired. For over half a century, they have gazed into nullity where they have found a lovely nothing."

The ultimate simplicity? Or a last disguise.

Aging Beautifully

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS (Complete Version). By Gertrude Stein. *Something Else Press*. 925 pp. \$10.95. *Harcourt, Brace & World*. \$2.95 paper (abridged edition).

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Gertrude Stein's second major work was a rehaul of the English language in the shape of an immense novel called *The Making of Americans* which, along with Joyce's two important books, is the most extended and successful experiment with the form of the novel and the syntax of English prose that the literature of the early 20th century has to offer. Written in 1907, the complete version was first published in 1925, and promptly went out of print. (Harcourt, Brace published a cut version in 1934, which also went out of print within two years.) The original has remained out of print for forty-two years, while a reputation for unreadability has pestered its obscure existence, as little boys pester an old lady rumored to have been a great sinner. For that reason, the book's reappearance now casts a certain light on the trajectory of a classic through the history of literary style. In *Axel's Castle*, Edmund Wilson confessed that despite his admiration he couldn't get through the book and doubted that anyone could. But Hemingway got through it, probably several times (he corrected the original proofs), and the book obviously constituted for him a 1,000-page lesson in literature. Now that any journalist stuffed in front of a typewriter in a crashing city room has Stein's syntactical revolution at his finger tips—from the "feel" of it—reading this "impossible" book is an odd experience, rather like listening carefully so as not to miss those chords in Beethoven's Third Symphony that made the most refined listeners of the time want to scream.

The Making of Americans is not at all unreadable; on the contrary, it is an easily accessible book, written in a plain, simple style which Stein's countless followers have permanently diffused into the air and made a sound in English.

Moving at a leisurely 100 pages an evening, the reader will sail through the whole thing in a little over a week. The style is very much Stein's own of course; there is no other prose quite like it anywhere, but it is neither new nor surprising. Whatever it once was, *The Making of Americans* is no longer a difficult book. Slipping into the idiom and the quirks of punctuation takes a little concentration, but as soon as the idiosyncracies click, the reader will find himself listening to the vindication of Stein's prophetic ear. Doubtless *The Making of Americans* was once almost impossible. But now, in the way time has with masterpieces, time has made it readable; time has made it go through that change which Stein herself called the fate of all classics—to become beautiful.

The reappearance of the book in 1967 is simultaneously exhilarating and depressing, a phenomenon which closely

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resembles the recent American première of Schoenberg's *Moses and Aron* by the Opera Company of Boston, or to carry the analogy to painting, the situation which would exist if New Yorkers were traveling to some obscure suburb of Baltimore, there to see the very first American showing of Matisse.

Writers still have a great deal to learn from Stein—both from her example as an artist, and from the formal properties of her work. Whether they will do so is a different matter; even though it is now set out in shiny blue covers as if it were new, *The Making of Americans* is after all a sixty-year-old classic, and its work in the evolution of style may be completed by now. (Stein's remarkable innovations in narrative technique, however, have never been really

taken up by anyone; they are an open and very spacious field.) I hope these shiny blue covers and the words between them encourage some to take heart. For like so much of our own best writing, this monumental work was written underground; its author was a hilarious joke; publishers told her, "but Miss Stein, writing is obviously not your métier." Yet *The Making of Americans* changed people's lives before it was even in print, and for a time it did change the course of the art. It is some satisfaction to know that in a period like our own—so filled with all those novelists and poets who have made the word literature a synonym for boredom—a work like this has managed to survive despite critics and climates, that it has held out as Gertrude Stein herself taught writers to hold out, and that it has now risen to the surface again, as if it were new.

The novel takes as its subject two families: the Dehnings (of Bridgepoint) and the Hershlans (of a small Midwestern town); these families are brought together when Julia Dehning marries David Hershland. The book "describes" the grandparents, parents, siblings, servants and neighbors of these young people, discusses their marriage and its failure, and ends with a prolonged exploration of the young man, David, who was once spiritually alive and who now dies.

The Making of Americans is a novel, but it is only tangentially based on the forms of narrative. Its form, like its language, is based in a kind of discursive, analytic rumination. There is almost no dialogue of any kind, nor is there any of the traditional exposition that describes the town, "paints" the corner drugstore, tells what kind of car Mr. X drives or what brand of cigarettes Madame Y stuffs into her long green holder. The voice of the book is exclusively Gertrude Stein's voice, and she never drops it for a moment to mimic characters directly, though she sometimes quotes them herself with the inflection of someone quoting a friend in conversation.

For this reason, one never experiences the illusion of "seeing reality." One hears only Stein's voice in the act of describing and analyzing. Describing what? States of being, rendered as language. This is sometimes done as quasi-narration:

Mrs. Hershland and Madeleine Wyman were then for a while then closely in each other's living, Madeleine always then all the rest of her living was in her being in Mrs. Hershland's

living. In Mrs. Hershland later there was weakening, she never had Madeleine Wyman in her as true being. In Mrs. Hershland, real being was rich right living, her Bridgepoint family living and her marrying, and her country house living and her children. Later in her living she was weakening inside her, she was scared then, her children were big around her and outside her, trouble was coming then, the country house living was ending and often then Mr. Hershland forgot her as being, and later then she died away from them and they soon, all of them then, lost remembering her among them.

Or analytically (note here how the "analysis" is coextensive with the "parsing" of the units of speech):

Every one is one inside them, every one reminds some one of some other one who is or was or will be living. Every one has it to say of each one he is like such a one I see it in him, every one has it to say she is like some one else I can tell by remembering. And so they go on repeating, everyone is always inside them and everyone is resembling to others, and that is always interesting.

And sometimes Stein speaks for herself:

There are many that I know and I know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and now I will write it. This is now a history of my love of it.

The style of the book is the extended embodiment of Stein's awareness in the repetitious surge and flow of her private rhetoric—it is the extended experience of her voice speaking, knowing itself, and becoming awareness itself. In its concern for the precision of its rhetoric, the justness of its resonance and fugal repetition, this prose sets aside the attributes of narrative and takes on those of song, though the song in this case is a low, extended chant that takes as its motifs the experience of hearing people "repeat their being" through the medium of language. The analytic manner serves at once the function of description and the function of song—to make awareness be experienced impersonally, and to make it come alive.

Thus the book's hypnotic monotone, its repetitiousness, its narrowly defined vocabulary, and its absolute egocentricity of voice combine to raise the psychological narration to the impersonal condition of poetry. The reader should allow these elements to flow by and through him, as he allows musical recapitulation or as he participates in the singer's impersonal ego.

"Listen to a bird singing," Stein suggested. "It is always the same and yet it is always different each time." Exactly so. The voice in *The Making of*

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Americans achieves an absolutely staggering variety on one resonating note.

The analogy to music may give the impression that the book is "contentless"—that it has no subject matter. On the contrary, *The Making of Americans* is Stein's awareness of others rendered as language. This language is designed to have all the attributes of consciousness itself. Consciousness is always of something and yet it is always something in itself. Stein refuses to complicate this dualism. Again, consciousness is always whole and complete, and yet it is extended in time, surging and flaring in a linear way, and like a line in geometry, it is potentially infinite and therefore always incomplete, ended only with death. The book's tempo is slow; it does not drop or pick up speed, but moves steadily through its ruminations at what one might roughly call clock time—the tempo of the ordinary conversing voice. Within these limits it has its moments of intensity and even rhapsody.

There are dead spots. Both Hemingway and Edmund Wilson report that near the end of the book the light flickers out. Hemingway was of the opinion that at a certain point Stein stopped caring, and sat placidly at her desk running her pen over paper with nothing to say. They are right, but I doubt that the reason was Stein's laziness. The problem seems to be in the subject matter: a young man and his spiritual death. The passages that describe women are the finest in the book, but Stein does not seem to have had much sensitivity as a writer to the male sensibility in any of its forms except fatherhood. In any case, the descriptions of fathers are the only interesting treatments of men in the novel. When Stein comes to describe the young David Herskland and his sense of life, it becomes clear that male sexuality and sensuality were simply blanks to her. And it may be that the subject of death also extinguished her connection with the prose. These strange passages offer the most interesting example I know of the subtle miracle involved in giving feeling to language, making it *be* awareness. The words, the style, the forms, the rhythms in the David Herskland chapter are the same as those in the most incandescent passages of the book. And yet the language is dead.

That should not keep anyone from reading this extraordinary work of art. It remains to be seen whether *The Making of Americans* can nourish the art of the future as it once nourished that of the past. In the meantime, here is Gertrude Stein at last and once again.

Stormy Revelations

J.M.W. TURNER: His Life and Work. *A Critical Biography* by Jack Lindsay. New York Graphic Society. 275 pp. \$12.50.

JOSEPH SOLMAN

Mr. Solman is a painter, art teacher and commentator. He is the subject of the art book, Joseph Solman (Crown).

Modern art criticism has paid homage to the last works of Monet and Turner, but with the unfortunate slant of picturing the artist as a fascicule of rare retinal sensations, full of skill but devoid of thought. Both artists were, indeed, masters of a variety of painterly concepts, and Turner's long career was particularly marked by alternating states of growth and crisis, consonant with a heroic stature. If Turner is invoked by the present crop of "color field" and

"candy-stripe" painters, these acolytes have curiously blurred the text of their high priest.

Perhaps the most salutary aspect of Jack Lindsay's book on Turner, therefore, is his portrait of the artist as an acute thinker, a probing, tormented individual, whose scenes of sea storms are both pictorially exciting and full of complex symbolism. He reveals a man involved in the social ideas of his epoch and in the attempt to encompass many of these ideas in his agitated canvases. Lindsay's approach is simultaneously to carry forward Turner's biography and artistic development, explaining the symbolism inherent in many key paintings, the artist's social ideals as reflected in his favorite poets as well as his own verse, and, finally, Turner's amazing color revelations.

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Lindsay churns up a bit too much material in the early chapters. But the litter clears away by Chapter V, "The World of Poetry," in which he deals with Turner's indebtedness to the poet James Thomson. Lindsay includes quotations from Thomson's poems as well as Turner's own poetry, found in the painter's sketchbooks. Though other painters of the period besides the great

Blake wrote verse, Lindsay claims that "Turner was alone in seriously and consistently trying to link verse and painting, and thus deepen his consciousness of aims."

What were the painter's aims? In canvases like "The Destruction of Sodom" and "The Plague," painted in 1805 when Turner was 30, his themes were still those of cataclysm "that men were bringing on themselves by corruption, greed and violence." But during the next five years Turner was to concentrate on direct landscape, particularly his sea themes, pouring "his most passionate concern and anguish, his deepest insights into them, till the storm on land and sea became for him a complex and finely articulated image of social and spiritual crisis."

In the chapter, "Hannibal Crosses the Alps," Lindsay brilliantly analyzes one of Turner's key pictures of the 1812 period, describing the new elements of design taking place in the artist's work (the arcs, vortexes and gyres), as well as the feelings of hope and despair symbolized in this painting. In "Politics and Symbolism," the author examines Turner's social insights as evidenced by the painter's long friendship with the radical Fawkes, the elaborate allegorical content in many of Turner's important canvases, and the influence of the poet Akenside (along with Thomson) on his philosophy.

Lindsay is thorough in tracing Turner's growth as a painter; his long artistic journey through the influence of Claude, Poussin, the Dutch landscapists, Cozens and Richard Wilson, to his own broad style—a stubborn caravan that should remind young artists that originality is not the first task of the painter. Lindsay is particularly eloquent in his description of a group of late water colors which he terms color structures. "Colours

are used to create recession without the least element of chiaroscuro or local effects; broad bands and opposed colour masses. . . . At moments forms emerge with a faint persistent clarity, set securely in space, yet floating on a mist of transience. Again and again we wonder at the grip on tone and structure which makes of the least colour-wash something that is firmly rooted in time and space, and suggests the fullness of the scene by a sort of slow breathing, a palpitation of obstinate life, like the universe on the edge of bursting out of chaos."

It was fortunate for Turner that he became a Royal Academician in his early 20s and that his early vigorous paintings won him enough public approval to make him independently wealthy in his later years. His mature style, broadly spumed with white, was called "soapsuds and whitewash" by the critics. Ruskin arrived on the scene none too soon and hailed him Master. During the Cézanne and cubist periods, Turner was regarded by art critics as literary and melodramatic; today he is sacrosanct—one of the great color innovators, a paradox prophesied by Turner's own trenchant definition: "It is not the love of arts that prompts a critic but vanity and the never ceasing lust to be thought a man of superior taste."

The well-chosen examples in color and black and white are too few for such a scholarly book. At least two dozen more should have been included to illustrate Lindsay's fine analyses. Nevertheless, the book is a highly valuable contribution to our understanding of "the artist of a paradisiac earth and also of tragic catastrophe." Let us hope Lindsay may some day interest a publisher in the printing of the 390 color structures locked in the National Gallery. It would make a glowing sequel to the present work.

THE HAYSTACK

*In memory I see a youth
And a girl looking into each other's eyes
In the surge and height of their life principle,
Which they do not understand.*

*On a northern lake in a rowboat
They catch a glittering fish, slight
Catch, they think nothing of it.
Grace is theirs, youth's insolence.*

*Back at the house an old man
Drools and cannot speak a word.
They look at each other. They drool.
They fall together behind the gray-green haystack.*

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The Royal Shakespeare production of *Marat/Sade* which dominated the Broadway season last year, has been made into a compelling, repellent and photographically beautiful film. It is unmistakably the same interpretation of Peter Weiss's play, but Peter Brook, who directed both versions, is cunning in both mediums, and he has remodeled his stage creation for the screen. There have been losses as well as gains.

The principal loss—and one senses almost from the outset that it is gone—is the extraordinary drive, the circus-like agility, rush and wild efficiency that Brook engendered in the theatre. His stage *Marat/Sade* was orchestrated like some devil's symphony (indeed, it seemed to me at the time that the manic trumpeter in the left-hand box was actually conducting the proceedings below him). This spectacle of dexterous chaos was inevitably high spirited; the tone was incongruous in a context of insanity and may well have taken liberties with its author's intentions. However, the humor of bedlam is an old idea that has been making a comeback in our theatre, and purely as spectacle the production was a reeling masterpiece.

On the screen, we come up much closer to the action; indeed, we are for the most part inside that nightmarish bathhouse, ducking and dodging (a hand-held camera that also ducks and dodges reinforces the illusion) among the distracted Thespians. As a result, one looks with conscious appreciation at the myriad individual inventions of this incomparable cast, whereas in the theatre one was aware only that wonderful bits were there to be seen (as in a Breughel phantasmagoria) if one but had the time to focus on them. The screen effect is more shocking; I am not convinced, though, that it is more compelling. The stage production created an illusion of insanity; the screen attempts to document it. However, when you look this closely at feigned madness, what you principally see is make-up and mannerism. The Lon Chaney effect is ghoulishly naive.

Also, paradoxically, I felt more removed at the same time that I was brought closer. This is so because Brook has framed his movie as a play within a play within a film. He has set a row of bars across what was originally the front of the stage and placed on the fixed-camera side of it an audience of Parisian notables for whom the inmates perform their show of caged hostility in the guise of historical charade. In the

theatre, we were those Parisian notables, and there were moments when the footlights seemed an all too fragile barrier. Now who are we—an audience behind an audience? More puzzling still, we seem to be a disembodied eye that drifts into and away from the action as the composition of events dictates. It is difficult, thus, to take a position with respect to what is going on, and empathy is unquestionably lost.

A clear gain for the screen is the duel of words and wills between Marat (Ian Richardson) and Sade (Patrick Magee). These two, who embellish their characterizations with no tics or droolings, no rolling eyes or spastic mouths, are indeed the maddest of all. It is their manner of speech that gives them away—the calm and inhumanly precise articulation of controlled lunacy. These steel-cut exchanges in close-up produce the awkward fact that one is forced to attend somewhat to the ideas that are mouthed so gloriously, and to worry again that Weiss intends us to take some message from the pronouncements on freedom, death, truth and the spirit of man. But assuming that brilliant madmen will deliver themselves of patheti-

cally impotent ideas, the parry and thrust is physically thrilling.

I think that *Marat/Sade* offers little if any content beyond its actual presence. Little content, that is, that can still kindle speculation. The proposition that today's revolutionary is tomorrow's tyrant, that men kill in the name of love and seize power in the name of equality are too well domesticated in our flock of guilty knowledge to raise a stir. To take dramatic advantage of such notions today, you must find the oblique ways in which such plagues breach our defenses. Weiss goes at it head-on, as though he had just discovered the perversity of abstract principle.

So *Marat/Sade* seems to me more theatre than drama. It is perhaps a lesser achievement for that reason, but in the hands of Peter Brook and in the persons of the Royal Shakespeare Company, theatre is raised to a height of proficiency that confers its own delight. It is a remarkable feat to achieve this success twice in two very different mediums. In the film I miss the great dance of the humane bedlam at Charenton, but on the stage I did not appreciate the alert concern of the nursing sisters or the brisk violence of the male attendants that work a lean counterpoint into the extravagant waste of lunatic emotion. And I was much moved, as

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I had not been previously, by Glenda Jackson's portrayal of Charlotte Corday as a distracted girl reaching out for the comfort of sanity through the memorized lines of her hysterical role in the pageant. Finally, the camera work in the film, its acid pastels flaring and bleaching in sun-struck exposures, its focuses pouncing and retreating, its field expanding and contracting as though through an ungoverned iris, is disconcertingly beautiful, and I believe (as I hope never to confirm) the true visual world of dementia.

THEATRE **HAROLD CLURMAN**

If I were interested only in reporting my immediate reactions to stage fare I should have this to say about Barbara Garson's *MacBird!* (Village Gate: 185 Thompson St.): I laughed four or five times, I smiled faintly an equal number of times. I thought Jeanne Button's costumes clever, the staging by Roy Levine entertaining, William Devane engagingly like "Robert Ken O'Dunc" in looks and accent, and that Stacy Keach imitated his prototype "MacBird" efficiently. In view of the event, I liked the saloon atmosphere—with drinks at a price. I was unaffected by the show most of the time—neither offended nor elated—but I was pleased that it had happened.

More important than all this—I have often declared that opinions as such are of little moment in criticism—I was interested in the show's origin in the community and how it is received.

Let no one say that the play has no political significance. True, the script is a spoof: a parody of the ham Shakespearean manner. The characters, by this time it is almost needless to say, are John Ken O'Dunc, patterned on the late President, Robert Ken O'Dunc, on the Senator, Ted Ken O'Dunc, on his junior brother, MacBird on Johnson, Egg of Head on Stevenson, the Wayne of Morse, on guess who! etc.

It has been said that the first part of the play is better than the second because it deals with things that have happened (the assassination of Kennedy), while the second is fiction or fantasy (Robert Ken O'Dunc aided by his cohorts kill MacBird). To make this distinction is simple-minded. Nothing in this play has happened; the presumption that John Ken O'Dunc was murdered at the instigation of Lady MacBird is not conceivably intended as a serious indictment. Just as a dream bespeaks the re-

ality of a wish or ■ anxiety, so *MacBird!* indicates what its author and those who in one way or another respond affirmatively to the play feel about our present statesmen and politicians.

They think Johnson an absurd demagogue and hypocrite, that Robert Kennedy's "pulpy heart" is replaced by "a precision instrument apparatus of steel and plastic tubing," that the Earl of Warren, against his conscience, may have served as a scapegoat, that the Egg of Head is ■ man who, when urged to take a firm stand, wavers and says: "I know you think I'm acting like ■ toad, but still I choose the middle of the road." And if this isn't what our friends think, it represents how they feel: totally disgusted, altogether distrustful, entirely irreverent or, as the Fugs say about all our leaders, "Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!" Say what you will, and I shall, this is a definite though probably futile political sentiment.

Barbara Garson, who is 25 and part of the Berkeley New Left, is ■ political activist. Her play is a gesture of the "youth movement." That it amounts to a resounding Bronx cheer or a stink bomb, and that these are less damaging than dynamite, is not very important in itself. What matters is that numerous young people (not to mention many of their elders) believe that such manifestations as *MacBird!* are imperative.

More telling in a way is the fact that certain sophisticated folk approve of *MacBird!*—but somewhat slyly. They speak of Mrs. Garson's satirical faculty (as if it existed in a void), her ability to handle iambic pentameter, both of which talents are on a collegiate level. They praise her theatre sense, which is hardly superior to that of the lampoons one might see in dozens of American and English universities. Such backbench rebels rarely assert that Mrs. Garson's sentiments find an echo in their own spirit, that they second her motion.

I welcome *MacBird!* for the "subversive" intentions, not because I am opposed to this or that public figure but because what is called "subversion"—sharp and insistent criticism of our society from top to bottom—is a needed corrective, a purgative of our Stygian world. The play speaks of the "Pox Americana," which is only a passable pun; it also refers several times to our politicians' ambition to devise a "Smooth Society," which is much better. What troubles me, however, is that many of our cultivated gentry should express so much glee at the pseudo-brilliance of these schoolboy shenanigans and tomfoolery. Better this than nothing, I agree, but are we so low in precision, daring

and eloquence that we should speak of such trifles as though we were in the presence of Swift, Gogol, Hogarth, George Grosz, Brecht; or even the Village Vanguard revues of the depression years, or more recently, *The Premise*, the *Second City* and *Beyond the Fringe*?

I laughed at Mrs. Garson's adept use of two four-letter words; they exploded at just the right spots. I suppose her to be a spunky young woman who might accomplish more in fields outside the cabaret or the stage but, to repeat, I am worried by the kind of accolade accorded her by more adult persons. Seats of power are never shaken by hoots and toy barbs. The show will not be suppressed. Radical changes in our ways of thinking and behavior are ■ long way off if such things as *MacBird!* inspire us with a sense of being on the road to a new day. Folks who enjoy and applaud the play may well go on voting for people very similar to the objects of Mrs. Garson's derision.

The rebellion of true satire moves us to struggle rather than to sound the breaking wind of impotence. As a symptom of something stirring among the young, *MacBird!* may be encouraging, but I look forward to the day when our good kids will have grown up. Much more acutely, I hope those grownups will not be satisfied with making kids of themselves.

Reviewing Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* (*The Nation*, February 27), I referred to the Kabuki (Japanese) tradition of playing all scenes—including night scenes—in full light. This is primarily a Chinese tradition, and Mr. Shaffer got the scheme for his play from that source. My error was caused by my having seen a similar play performed at the Kabuki theatre in Tokyo. Apologies to all.

RECORDS

BENJAMIN BORETZ

THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG: Volume 4. Complete Music for Solo Piano. Songs for Voice and Piano. Donald Gramm, Ellen Faull, Helen Vanni, vocalists; Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia M2L 336/M2S 736.

The principal relevance of this album is its representation of the early Schoenberg vocal literature previously unavailable on recordings. For even the Op. 1 songs reveal astonishing compositional maturity and the abundance of ideas and insights that Schoenberg seemed to command at every stage of his activity. Indeed, for many listeners the songs of Op. 1 and 2 may be the most fruitful introduction to the quality of Schoenberg's thought. In the absence of the neogrammatical problems posed by later pieces, and in a traditional context, one finds Schoenberg attempting to realize in tonal terms many of the constructional ideas for which he later developed a self-contained new syntax. But his effort to expand tonality to project these extended relational ideas is extraordinary, and, in a sense that ought to be more prevalent, heroic. Thus the awareness projected in Op. 1 and 2 of the kinds of relation, from smallest- to largest-scaled, that can be articulated by configurations and successions of pitches within the resources and limits of a tonal reference is surely maximal. And the increasing interest of Schoenberg and his students in the ramifications of these relations beyond the referential limits of tonal structure can be perceived, even by a relatively uninitiated listener, as a direct outgrowth of the preoccupa-

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tions one finds in these songs, as they began to generate a language of their own from "inside" the traditional framework. This development is, in fact, evident even in the immediate relation between the two sets of songs; the far greater complexity in texture and polyphony in Op. 2 is an extraordinary one-opus leap. And by the time of the Op. 15 *Book of the Hanging Gardens*, a new world of musical coherence has already emerged: the tonal reference is now only a sonority and the extrapolations have become the heart of structure.

But unhappily, it is impossible to recommend the album as in any sense comparable with the earlier volumes in this series. Where almost all the other performances (under Robert Craft) have been, if not definitive, manifestly superior to others currently available, the reverse is true in the present instance, largely as a consequence of Glenn Gould's aggressively irresponsible and idiosyncratic playing. I find myself particularly unappreciative of the subjection of Schoenberg's hardheaded ideas, tonal,

atonal and twelve-tonal, to grotesque exaggerations of articulation that virtually dissipate the continuity. Gould also distorts and misrepresents dynamic and other textual matters unambiguously indicated in the scores—in the name, presumably of a kind of "personalization" demonstrating that Schoenberg's music has as much spiritual *grandeur* as all the other music on which this particular interpretative outrage is traditionally visited. Moreover, the piano music has already been recorded in performances that are not only adequate but often impressive in their interpretive insight, in particular by Charles Rosen and the late Edouard Steuermann.

Perhaps even more obtrusive are the inadequacies of the singers chosen to accompany Gould in his performances of the piano-vocal music. In the case of the early songs, and even aside from manifold inaccuracies, it is impossible to discern any basic concept of phrasing, succession or dynamic differentiation (not just relevant or significant ones but any at all). And a comparison of Helen Van-

ni's perfunctory performance of the *Book of the Hanging Gardens* with the Bethany Beardslee-Robert Helps recording (on Son-Nova) is almost invidious. Miss Vanni's singing seems a paradigmatic instance of perfect-pitch vocalism: while many of the pitches produced are within reasonable range of those requested (although the number of alternating departures from and returns to correct intonation is most disconcerting), there is almost never a sense of interval, of the relations between successive pitches and groups of pitches. As a result, restatements of the same notated pitches are never quite alike, a characteristic that almost trivially guarantees incoherence to any musical structure, but seems particularly inappropriate in the work of the composer who first spoke of "composing with intervals." In the end, the album's primary value may be as a useful demonstration of why one should not urge too strongly that "standard-repertoire" performers ought to feel obliged to perform the 20th-century literature as well.

CALIFORNIA (Continued from page 340)

of a government to absorb the costs of patiently taking a prospective New Town population into consultation about the shape and character of its town. This could be done in areas close to major cities which are presently covered with ugly tracts and senseless strip developments. Here, with federal money, state and local governments might begin aggregating already populated land and then planning New Town projects *with* the residents, gradually replacing what may already be decaying suburban housing with an organically designed community. In this way New Towns might achieve desirable locations close to metropolitan centers, as well as democratic involvement in their creation. And the latter experience would be a useful discipline for many of our city planners whose ideas of "what people need" come out of textbooks and blueprints and various mystical sources of inspiration. Would such land acquisition be expensive? Of course it would. Buying up the land for such New Towns might for a time cost the government almost as much per month as it is presently spending to devastate Vietnam.

The conclusion seems widely accepted now that the privately developed New Towns are not going to solve America's urban problems—except for those middle- and upper-class whites who are really in the market for escape rather than a solution. And in so doing, they are in the way of causing very great harm. For by creating the impression that private enterprise is "carrying the ball" where New Towns are concerned, the developers are taking the pressure off state and federal government to assume responsibility in the building of *real* garden cities.

LETTERS (Continued from page 322)

war—often a self-indulgent pursuit—but what Vietnam and the Vietnamese are like, what is the quality of life that is being destroyed there, what *they* feel. From three in the afternoon till ten at night, this program earnestly, with love and humor in a modest spirit that precluded any use of the situation for egotistic purposes, justified its dedication as "An Act of Respect for the Vietnamese People."

Denise Levertov

P. S. A line from my poem, "Life at War," was misquoted in the same article—it should have read "burnt human flesh is smelling in Vietnam."

New York City

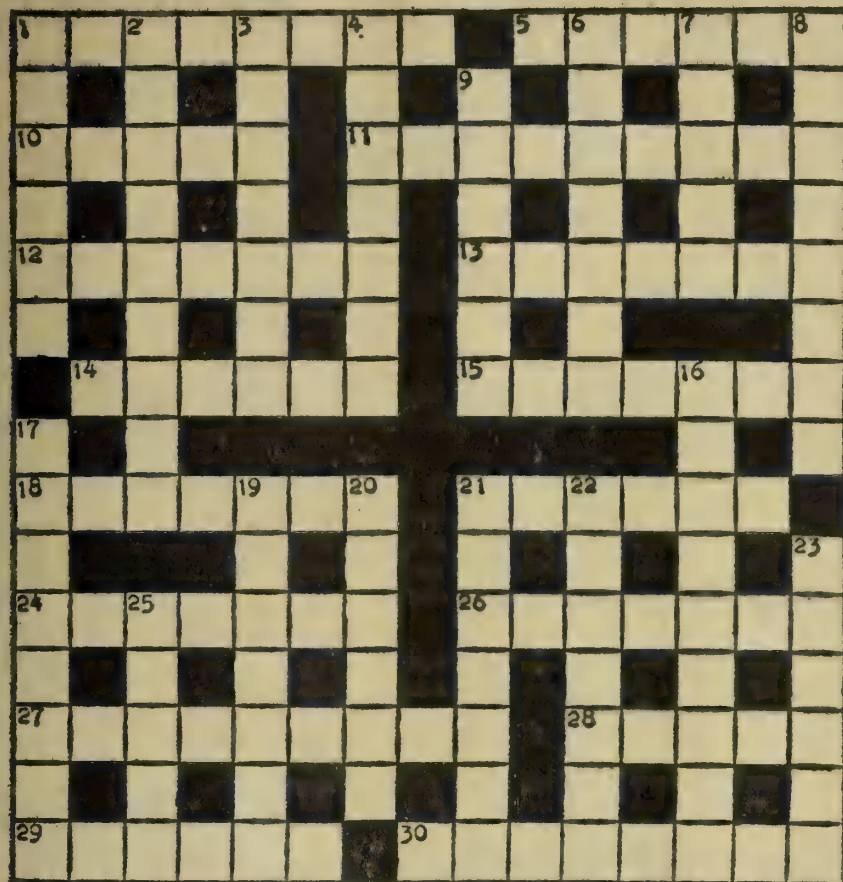
DEAR SIR: I am sure Mr. Lourie does not wish to deny that he talked with me on the phone and that he told me in person (after the Napalm Poetry Reading) where the caravan would be on Feb. 2. That he may not have recognized me at the stops in the Bronx and at 95th St. and Broadway is understandable under the circumstances. But at both places I talked with his fellow poets and members of the audience; I received literature passed out; and I chatted with a member of the Pageant Players, who was a personal acquaintance. How a reporter gathers information and impressions is *his* prerogative; Mr. Lourie may have his own ways. But I am disturbed that he does not seem to have read the whole article; otherwise, how could he say, "If he had chosen to tell how we were belted with eggs . . ." when indeed I specifically mention the attack by Cuban exiles? Perhaps having one's name misspelled is just cause for anger. I apologize.

If he had read on, he would have seen that my article was not merely about the Poets' Caravan. My point was not to denigrate their efforts but to question how audiences might best be reached and how to convince them of the need to oppose present U.S. policy in Vietnam. The element of *épater le bourgeois*, which consciously or unconsciously was in the Poets' Caravan venture, I felt did not help to accomplish this purpose.

Curtis Harnack

Crossword Puzzle No. 1192

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 28 across
- 5 Is to be otherwise considered as a final statement? (2, 2, 2)
- 10 and 15 across Might also be South or Central, if a non-first-class Italian gets mixed with what Whitman heard. (5, 7)
- 11 It should be proper if one can, and yet not remember the face. (5, 4)
- 12 Motion may be at least temporarily stopped by it. (7)
- 13 Would one make demands on a former screen star? (7)
- 14 Is the salad of a poor sailor? (6)
- 15 See 10 across
- 18 One gets by with this gear, perhaps. (7)
- 21 Either of the dancers in the fancy house on the corner? (6)
- 24 Possibly a pecan's more appropriate before dinner! (7)
- 26 Mail a good one for the favorite voyager? (4-3)
- 27 All the more like a riot, or fair, perhaps. (1, 8)
- 28 and 1 across It sounds as though it should be especially regular, but in fact it's very unusual. (13)
- 29 Behaves like a bonny boat, but some bikes have more than two. (6)
- 30 A postulate is a bad omen in what 11 properly is. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Recent leaf to turn over? (2, 4)
- 2 Not necessarily histories, even though they tell of important engagements. (4, 5)

- 3 Logically, how some kids are brought up across the ocean. (7)
- 4 Called again, if the numbers in the book are wrong? (7)
- 6 Extra money in the till, but probably not good for the draft. (7)
- 7 How old is the moon on January 1? (5)
- 8 and 23 down Wand, no longer dark? (3, 5, 2, 4)
- 9 Box, perhaps, with someone looking for a snap job. (6)
- 16 Having become sick, gains as they say? (3-6)
- 17 A change of places is not ordinary for the TV. (8)
- 19 Change for a dime, put into what should be charged. (7)
- 20 A light substance to study, such as D'Artagnan. (6)
- 21 Scene of some fighting in a card game?
- 22 Variety of bean, in addition? Light, in part! (7)
- 23 See 11 down
- 25 Nose-ring in the middle, or just a sort of ring? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1191

ACROSS: 9 Venetian; 10 Nordic; 11 Maniacs; 15 Overpays; 20, 24, 1, 26, 14, 12, 8, 28, 17, and 4 Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land; 22 Insight; 27 Rehaired. DOWN: 2 Americana; 3 Evincend; 5 Tonnage; 6 Large; 7 Behalf; 13 Posts; 16 Put up with; 18 Liners; 19 Aphasia; 20 Lurched; 21 Loosen; 23 Iliac; 25 Proa.

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NEWSPAPER N

LETTERS

Mistakes no policy

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Amid some words of wisdom, John McDermott's premise in "Vietnam Is No Mistake" [*The Nation*, Feb. 13] is, I believe, mistaken. He contends that U.S. victory in the Cuban missile crisis was a "disaster" because it demonstrated that there was "only one international superpower," that "there is no balance of power in the world," and that "America has no power rival in any part of the world." This is quite wrong. Kennedy and Khrushchev faced a reality of a wholly different order. Moscow agreed to withdraw the missiles. Washington agreed not to invade Cuba and to withdraw Jupiter missiles from Turkey. There was no "victory," but a compromise between equals, followed in 1963 by the beginnings of a hopeful American-Soviet *détente*—prior to death in Dallas.

McDermott's error is compounded by his interpretation of the motives of LBJ & Co., to whom he attributes *Realpolitik* astuteness in waging war in Vietnam in order to split China and Russia, discredit both and "roll back" Communist power. . . .

This policy is not clever but idiotic. Is Washington "happy with the progress of the Vietnamese War"? When the greatest military power on earth, after years of effort and vast squandering of life and treasure, proves wholly incapable of crushing rebellion in a small, poor country of peasant patriots, what "happiness" accrues to the perpetrators of the crime? . . .

The tragedy is not a product of conspiracy but of stupidity—against which, as Schiller once wrote, "even the gods are helpless." In *The Bitter Heritage*, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., poses the issue more accurately: "Vietnam is a triumph of the politics of inadvertence. We have achieved our present entanglement, not after due and deliberate consideration, but through a series of small decisions. . . ."

The McDermott approach will get us nowhere. . . . Americans, if they wish to survive, must somehow convince their leaders that they have made a ghastly blunder which must be rectified. Obfuscation is not helpful in the enterprise.

Frederick L. Schuman

desperate rally

Rochester, Mich.

DEAR SIR: With reference to the letter from W. H. Spooner [*The Nation*, Feb. 20] advising us "to rally around the President and bury our differences lest we have a Reagan on the national scene," may I suggest that relative madness does not become wisdom simply because it can be contrasted with absolute imbecility? Does Mr. Spooner forget that we have already rallied around Johnson to save ourselves from Goldwater?

Harold Fromm

simply murder

New York City

DEAR SIR: Even if we accept the contention of the Air Force that military installations and military oriented buildings are its only targets in North Vietnam, the fact is that during these raids numbers of civilians are killed, houses destroyed, that despite the "accuracy" of the bombings, many of the bombs are far off target. Now the Air Force knows the logistics of its own maneuvers, knows what percentage of bombs will hit on target, and knows that if these targets are located in populated areas then almost certainly many civilians will be killed. Thus we come to the conclusion that in these raids the Air Force

(Continued on page 372)

EDITORIALS

Should There Be a Draft?

Almost since the cold war was launched with the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, it has been impossible to debate the *ends* of foreign policy. The necessity to stop communism, anywhere and everywhere, answered all questions in advance. We are, however, still privileged to debate *means*, and the coming controversy over the draft will not only be important in itself but will permit a discussion of the purpose of conscription, and hence of foreign policy in the large.

This twofold debate starts off auspiciously. Both Congress and the White House have released fairly meritorious studies of the manpower situation. There is much unrest and dissatisfaction which will now find expression. With a June 30 target date, only a limited amount of the customary obfuscation and confusion can be tolerated. The debate promises to be clarifying.

The issue in the forefront at this early stage is fairness. Almost everyone wants the draft to be as fair as possible; at least that is the only position that can be taken publicly. Actually, a great many people benefit by the unfairness of the present system. The surest way for a young man, sound in mind and limb, to avoid going to war is to stay in school. Automatically, then, the poor, and especially Negroes, who cannot aspire to higher education, do a disproportionate part of the fighting and dying. Few of the privileged, though aware of the fact, will argue that this is the way it should be. They will have to find other grounds for defending the *status quo*.

Fairness, however, is not the *primary* issue. If the draft were not needed at all, there would be no question of fairness or unfairness. The crucial issue is whether we need a mass army: if we don't, we don't need the draft. Obviously we do need a mass army—and a mass navy, and a mass air force—if we are to intervene wherever class warfare breaks out, or communism threatens to take over a country (whether by force or free elections does not really matter).

In fact, by all indications our armed forces are not nearly large enough if we are to continue on this course. In Southeast Asia we have some 500,000 men under arms in three small countries—South Vietnam, Thailand and Laos—with a fourth, North Vietnam, under aerial and artillery bombardment. We have about another 75,000 men offshore in the Seventh Fleet. Since we have had to make this large investment of personnel in a fairly small place, we obviously must have a big army and we must draft young men to fill up the ranks—if our foreign policy is to remain unchanged.

On this assumption, the draft will become a hot political issue. Everything indicates that the middle class will shortly be relieved of its partial exemption. With the prospect of sons being sent to the jungles of Vietnam,

many fathers and mothers for whom the war has been a matter of remote concern will now take a personal interest. Many of the prospective draftees who have been shielded by their status as present or future students will have to choose between going to war in a cause in which they do not believe and resisting the draft in one way or another. But, overall, it should be noted that the lottery gimmick—actually a reversion to the method of World War I—together with the priority to be given to 19 year olds, enlarges the pool of eligibles. It lays the ground for an expanded military force—one large enough to fight another world war on the order of the previous ones. We might need 10 million men under arms to thwart the Communists wherever their way of life impinges on the capitalist way.

Thus the debate on the draft may lead to a reconsideration of what Walter Lippmann calls the sovereign issue of our time—whether the interest and duty of the United States is to involve itself in the Vietnams of the future. If present foreign policy is projected into the future, these young men will be needed.

Mr. Johnson's Two-Step

Striving to maintain a balance of sorts between the hawks and the doves, the President takes a step toward one, then a step toward the other. The steps, however, are not of equal length: each move brings him nearer the position of the hawks who, by their nature, are never satisfied and always press for an even less restrained reliance on force. There is no possible equilibrium for Mr. Johnson in this process. Whether he senses it or not, he is walking into grave political danger, and dragging the Democratic Party with him.

What the President must reckon with is the growing frustration in a country whose citizens have been fed for twenty years on cold-war doctrine, on an oversimplified definition of our place in the world, and on the notion that we can lick every other nation with one hand tied behind our back. How is the public to reconcile this world outlook with our inability to conquer a wretched little country of rice paddies cultivated with water buffaloes by illiterate peasants who live in thatched huts? The patience of these Americans, nurtured on advanced technology, space exploration and the mechanized household, is rapidly running out. Unless Mr. Johnson, who plunged them deep into this mess, can come up fairly soon with victory or an "honorable" peace (the two are not far apart), it is Mr. Johnson who will take the rap.

Nor do these dissatisfied citizens lack leadership and advice. They may not be inclined to listen to the moderate voice of Harold Brown, the Secretary of the Air Force, who says with exemplary good sense: "If we should come out as well in Vietnam as we did in the Korean War, I would consider it a great success." How much more exhilarating to pick up *U.S. News & World Report*

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and be told by Gen. John K. Waters, U.S. Army (Ret.), that "the U.S. can do anything in the world that she wants to do—so let's get on with this task and get it cleared up." Or Sen. Richard B. Russell: "I am convinced the use of superior force is the only means by which [Hanoi] can be forced to the conference table. We have the means, and we should not hesitate. . . ." Or Rep. Mendel Rivers: "Flatten Hanoi, if necessary [and] let world opinion fly a kite." Or Gen. Curtis LeMay: "Instead of negotiation, our objective must be to make the war so costly for the Communists that they will end it." Or Barry Goldwater, who calls for intensification of the war "to end it as quickly as possible."

These pressures, contained thus far, will mount and find an outlet, probably via George Wallace's third-party candidacy, catering to hate, fear and frustration, and as a side benefit promising to keep the Negro in his place. On the Republican side, the prospect is for the nomination of a right winger, perhaps Richard Nixon, who masquerades as a middle-of-the-road aspirant but will take on whatever coloration seems to promise the most votes. Nixon may not be hawkish enough to satisfy the voters unhinged by frustration, but the prospect of a Johnson-Nixon-Wallace contest must surely be enough to daunt the minority that still cling to the idea that foreign affairs can be managed with an admixture, at least, of good sense and good will.

When Mr. Johnson began to accelerate the Vietnamese War, he probably did not foresee these consequences. If he had foreseen them, it is difficult to imagine that he would have done what he did. Yet with every passing month his chances of extricating himself grow smaller and smaller. The best chance of ending this miserable war is through the action of forces outside of the White House of such magnitude that the President will have his hand forced, before it is forced by the chauvinists on his right.

A Coalition for Peace

But is it possible? In politics, one must always assess the alignments that are coming apart before one can guess what might become possible in the future. Recent developments support what Sen. George D. Aiken, one of our most level-headed legislators, recently said: ". . . at home the postwar bipartisan consensus, which since World War II enforced the conduct of foreign policy in its important dimensions, has been fragmented. . . . The conduct of foreign policy has become a major source of public unrest and frustration all across the land." Nothing could be more salutary than the breakup of a coalition that, without debate or adequate discussion, has blindly approved cold-war policies for twenty years, allowing successive administrations—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson—to carry on policy almost independently of Congressional control. The change is important, but can anything positive come of it?

Senator Fulbright's hearings last year, carefully limited in scope and labeled "education," represent the first serious attempt on the part of the Senate to regain some of the power which it had relinquished. Since then, events have unfolded rapidly:

(1) Sen. Joseph S. Clark, in a move as unspectacular as it was astute, proposed a resolution which would limit the commitment of troops in South Vietnam to a number not greatly exceeding those already there, and would instruct the Administration to refrain from military activity over North Vietnam. If the President desired to exceed a troop strength of 500,000 he would have to ask Congress for a declaration of war. To head off Senator Clark's move, Majority Leader Mansfield had to offer a substitute resolution which obliquely indicated dissatisfaction with the war and expressed hopes for peace. However equivocally, some members were trying to get the Senate to assert its independence.

(2) Sen. Robert Kennedy made his speech, and it was steam-rolled by the Administration before the words were out of his mouth. But what Kennedy said was more notable for its background than its content. He had crossed the Rubicon and taken public issue with the President, while carefully avoiding any hint of personal animosity—of which there is a certain amount, especially on the President's part. There will be a further hardening of attitudes. Kennedy cannot retreat; rather, he must look for future chances to press forward.

(3) Then came Senator Aiken's notable speech. The question he has raised is whether a new bipartisan determination to end the war in Vietnam and establish a sensible foreign policy can take the place of the disintegrating coalition. Mr. Johnson has been relying for support principally on a line-up of conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats—a strange alliance for one who insists that he thinks of himself as the heir of Franklin D. Roosevelt. At the same time, the sharpest divisions are emerging in the President's own party. The conservative Democrats are at least as far from the left-of-Center Democrats as the latter are from the conservative Republicans. Javits and Kennedy are closer on Vietnam than, say, Richard Russell and Kennedy. A newcomer like Percy of Illinois, seeing the debate with a fresh viewpoint, in effect supported Kennedy. These tendencies are indicative of future agreements which the war is likely to bring about.

If the Republicans had the wit and courage to nominate a team in 1968 that would offer a tangible hope of peace, Democrats would desert Lyndon Johnson in droves. Even without such a development, with both parties divided, a coalition for peace is not a mere figment of the imagination. It must begin with like-minded individuals collaborating on key issues. They face a common peril and are offered a common opportunity. It is not impossible, then, that concerted action will develop to repudiate a policy that has reached a dead end.

The Brassy Trumpet

Maxwell D. Taylor is no ordinary retired general. He does not explode with screwball ideas like the Air Force general, now deceased, who pleaded at a service club luncheon to be allowed to bomb the atom bomb installations of the Soviet Union. Taylor is a gentleman, a diplomat and strategist, and an author. His book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, had considerable influence in hardening U.S. foreign policy. Consequently his short work, *Responsibility and Response* (\$3.50 for 84 pages) cannot be dismissed as mere bombast. It must be taken seriously as a possible forecast of America's role in the world; so construed, it will arouse forebodings in all but the most maniacal hawks among us.

In Taylor's world outlook the non-American nations are divided into three categories: revolutionaries or, more generally, "troublemakers," to be forcibly held in check by American military power; "victims" of the troublemakers to be defended militarily and economically; and would-be "bystanders" who are obligated to help us suppress the troublemakers. While the arch-troublemakers are of course Communists, other types are included. Taylor's book was derived from lectures he delivered some time ago and Sukarno of Indonesia is included among the troublemakers; so is Nasser of Egypt, who deals with the USSR when it suits his purposes but permits no Communist movement in his realm.

Taylor believes, quite simply, in the American mission to police the world during the calculable future. Where Metternich aspired only to curb revolution in Europe, Taylor sees the world as our counterrevolutionary responsibility. We have the weapons, but do we have the will? The possible weakness of the latter is his principal worry. As an afterthought, he concedes that there may be practical limits to our power. One would think that his own failure in Vietnam, and the present stalemate there, would enjoin more prudence on his strategic theorizing, but the effect is slight.

That Taylor's view remains a powerful influence in Washington is shown by President Johnson's directive of less than a year ago, creating the little-known Senior Interdepartmental Group (SIG) at a time when the National Security Council was falling into desuetude. SIG's chairman is the Under Secretary of State; the other members are the Deputy Secretary of Defense, the Administrator of the Agency for International Development, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Director of the U.S. Information Agency and a White House liaison man. SIG, in Taylor's words, is to have jurisdiction over "all those activities abroad which involve more than one department or agency, or which are of such nature as to affect significantly the overall United States program in a country or of a region."

The power of SIG and the influence of General Taylor, its architect, may dismay some Americans, but in

many quarters it is a welcome proclamation of American strength. Roger Lewis, president and chairman of General Dynamics, one of the biggest government contractors, is one of those who approve. General Dynamics has had its ups and downs, the principal financial tribulation being the loss of \$470 million in the production of the Convair 880 and 990 jet airliners in the early sixties. Since then, General Dynamics has stuck to war goods. In *Forbes* (December 1, 1966), Lewis expresses views complementing those of Taylor. There used to be an enemy to focus on, he points out—the Germans in World War II, for instance. "Today," he continues, "there is no such focus. The tensions of the world are continually changing, and in the midst of all these changes, this country is forever getting richer and, in relative terms, smaller. The real enemy, then, is not going to be some specific people but a condition of hunger or poverty or despair." *Forbes* comments that our future enemies, on this premise, are not people but conditions "which can come into being in one country almost as easily as in another." And the moral drawn from this entirely accurate observation is not that we should attack the causes of poverty but that we should continue to arm ourselves against the poor—who will always, and everywhere, be with us.

Reviewing *Responsibility and Response* in *Book Week* (February 12), Malcolm W. Browne comments that by transforming Taylor's ideas into a working Executive body, President Johnson has moved foreign affairs and war one step further from the American people, and of course from Congress, which is supposed to represent the people, especially in intervals when the President does not. Browne sees Taylor's book as posing what foreign nations—and many Americans—have come to regard as "The American Problem."

The Wrong Symbol

It is late in the day to call attention to the essential crassness of the National Book Awards, whose eighteenth annual presentation ceremony took place on March 8. An awards ceremony is predictable; those expecting truth, poetry or passion should take their business elsewhere. But to have invited Vice President Humphrey as the principal speaker was the kind of obvious mistake the distinguished members of the Awards Advisory Committee and the Boards of Judges cannot be excused for allowing to occur. (If their plea is powerlessness, so much the worse for the nature of the occasion.) At its best, the invitation can be seen only as an effort to ignore the despair and rage over our government's conduct in Vietnam felt by a significant number of intellectuals and artists. At its worst, it was an attempt to use the publishing community as part of the patina of "consensus" which gilded the proceedings at Lincoln Center. Fifty to 100 writers, editors and publishers walked out of the audience for the duration of the Vice President's speech;

they refused to play a part in an act of deliberate evasion.

Nobody cares to spoil a party, or turn down a prize, or be rude to one's host, and that no like gesture came from the platform is understandable. Vice President Humphrey unnecessarily reminded the audience that the walkout represented one of our free-speech prerogatives, and he used his speech to extol the safely stirring works of Mark Twain, Thomas Paine and Jefferson, among others. Nothing wrong there.

And nothing wrong either with the quality of the books that did receive the awards. If the party turned out to be a troubled one, it was because of the symbol represented by the Vice Presidential office in a period of violent intellectual dissent. Under the circumstances, the choice of speaker was an incredibly insensitive one.

'The Quintessential Harry'

The tributes paid to Henry Luce were, of course, a just and fair measure of the remarkable position he had come to occupy in the roster of the great American journalists. The tributes, which ranged from fair to fulsome, reflected a nearly unanimous feeling that Luce possessed a quality of prevision which, in retrospect, had added an extra dimension to his stature. Although not expressly stated, it was as though the course of events had vindicated his conception of America's role in the world. And of course it had.

"The quintessential Harry," as *Newsweek* pointed out, was Luce the Imperialist. Not only did he greatly admire Theodore Roosevelt but he was "forthrightly and unashamedly an American imperialist—first, last and always. . . ." Among imperialists, the frank, no-nonsense

types are always preferable to those who mask their objectives in pious rhetoric. One can be grateful that Luce never made the slightest pretense of being anything other than what he was—an old-style, hard-nosed imperialist. He never attempted to conceal his personal views or to deny his prejudices. And who today, reflecting on his career, will say that he was not a prophet?

In a famous *Life* editorial on "The American Century," written in 1941, he said that it was time "to accept wholeheartedly our duty and our opportunity as the most powerful and vital nation in the world and in consequence to exert upon the world the full impact of our influence, for such purposes as we see fit and by such means as we see fit." No ambiguity there. At the time, this kind of plain-speaking grated harshly on ears attuned to the rhetoric of Roosevelt and Willkie and Wallace. The applause was not deafening and there were even catcalls. But a quarter century of dedication to the pursuit of cold-war policies has toughened us; we are not as sensitive to the moral implications of policy as we were then. Today we are not particularly affronted by "the arrogance of power." We no longer draw back from the suggestion that it is not merely our right but our clear duty to police the world.

Not only did Henry Luce have a realistic prevision of the postwar world but he put the resources of the journalistic empire he had created at the service of the New American Imperium. He did not hitch his wagon to a star—he put its weight behind the juggernaut of American power. In this sense he picked the right time to die: when it seemed as though his ideas had triumphed and before the consequences of this triumph could return to haunt him.

SOUTH ARABIA

NASSER AND THE SULTANS

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

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Beirut

Sometime soon, possibly before the end of 1967, the British will have pulled out of South Arabia, a vast desert backwater bigger than the United Kingdom itself, which stretches around the southern rim of the oil-rich Arabian peninsula from the Yemen to the feudal sultanate of Muscat and Oman. The withdrawal has already begun. As of January 1, no more British service families are being sent to South Arabia, and the huge military housing ghetto built by enterprising merchants on reclaimed land in the heart of Aden crown colony is slowly emptying.

The British decision to get out is provoking civil dis-

order in the area. Financed by the Egyptians and operating from the sanctuary of Republican Yemen, terrorists are daily throwing bombs in Aden. In the trackless back country that used to be called the West Aden Protectorate and is now the South Arabian Federation, wild, dissident tribesmen ambush patrols and shoot up the picturesque *Beau Geste* forts that dot the barren mountains and dry river beds. At present, two groups appear to be responsible for the bulk of the violence: the Front for the Liberation of South Yemen (FLOSY), which operates out of Yemen with Egyptian support; and the National Liberation Front, which lost its support from Cairo when it refused to merge with FLOSY. The two groups, thought to be working under an uneasy truce, use terrorist tactics to upset British plans to launch the South Arabian Federation. Further trouble is expected with the arrival of a UN mission within the next few weeks.

The situation resembles Palestine before the British withdrawal in 1948, only this time Arab will be fighting Arab, instead of Arabs against Jews. Casualties are fairly high: 363 killed in 1965 and 1966, including twenty-nine British servicemen. But it was not the cost in human lives but the critical economic situation facing Great Britain that dictated the pull-out.

Why all the bloodshed if the British are serious about leaving, as they certainly seem to be? The answer, at least in Arab nationalist eyes, is that while the Union Jack may well be hauled down some sunny day, the devious plotters in Whitehall don't give up that easily. The whole structure of the South Arabian Federation, in which sixteen nominally independent sheikdoms and Aden have joined together, is to the nationalist a heinous British scheme to perpetuate their rule through feudal back-country sultans who are at their beck and call.

Naturally, the British and the aforementioned sultans look at the situation somewhat differently. To them, the Egyptian-inspired terrorism is nothing less than a prelude to a Nasserite take-over attempt in South Arabia the moment the British are gone. There is an element of truth in both views. For that reason, the crown colony of Aden, with 285,000 people the largest single element in the Federation and vastly more advanced than the hinterland, had to be dragooned into joining the Federation. The result so far has been that for months past the colony has lived under emergency rule with all normal legislative and executive functions scrapped. Hardly, one might say, good training for the independence which is just around the corner.

Like it or not, Aden is now committed to the struggle on the side of the sultans, but not all of South Arabia has taken the plunge. The most important state to stand aloof from the Federation is Qa'iti, the largest in all South Arabia, with an estimated 300,000 people in an area the size of Pennsylvania. Because Qa'iti completely dominates the other two states in the old Eastern Protectorate, all three have stayed as far as possible away from the muddle going on to the west.

The reasons for this abstention have been numerous. One was pure avarice: Pan American was searching for oil in the east at the time the Federation was taking shape, and the rulers there were not eager to put themselves into a situation where they would have to share the prospective loot with the westerners. Another motive was self-preservation. There was a strong feeling—so far it has held good—that the eastern states would be spared Egyptian-inspired terrorism as long as they did not commit themselves to the Federation. A third factor was national feeling. The core of the Eastern Protectorate is the Hadhramut, a potentially rich and occasionally fertile valley that stretches some 300 miles through the barren mountains. It has that special evolutionary combination of promise and uncertainty which produces unusual people. It is the graveyard of legendary kingdoms that go back into prehistory; it was a rich prize in the Queen of Sheba's days, and she was but one of many who coveted the valley. It produced art, sculpture and civilization, and an outward-looking community of traders and soldiers of fortune. The Hadhramut gives the eastern section of South Arabia a special sense of identity, and its people set them-

selves apart from those of the west, whom they look upon as Yemenis, no matter what the British and the sultans say.

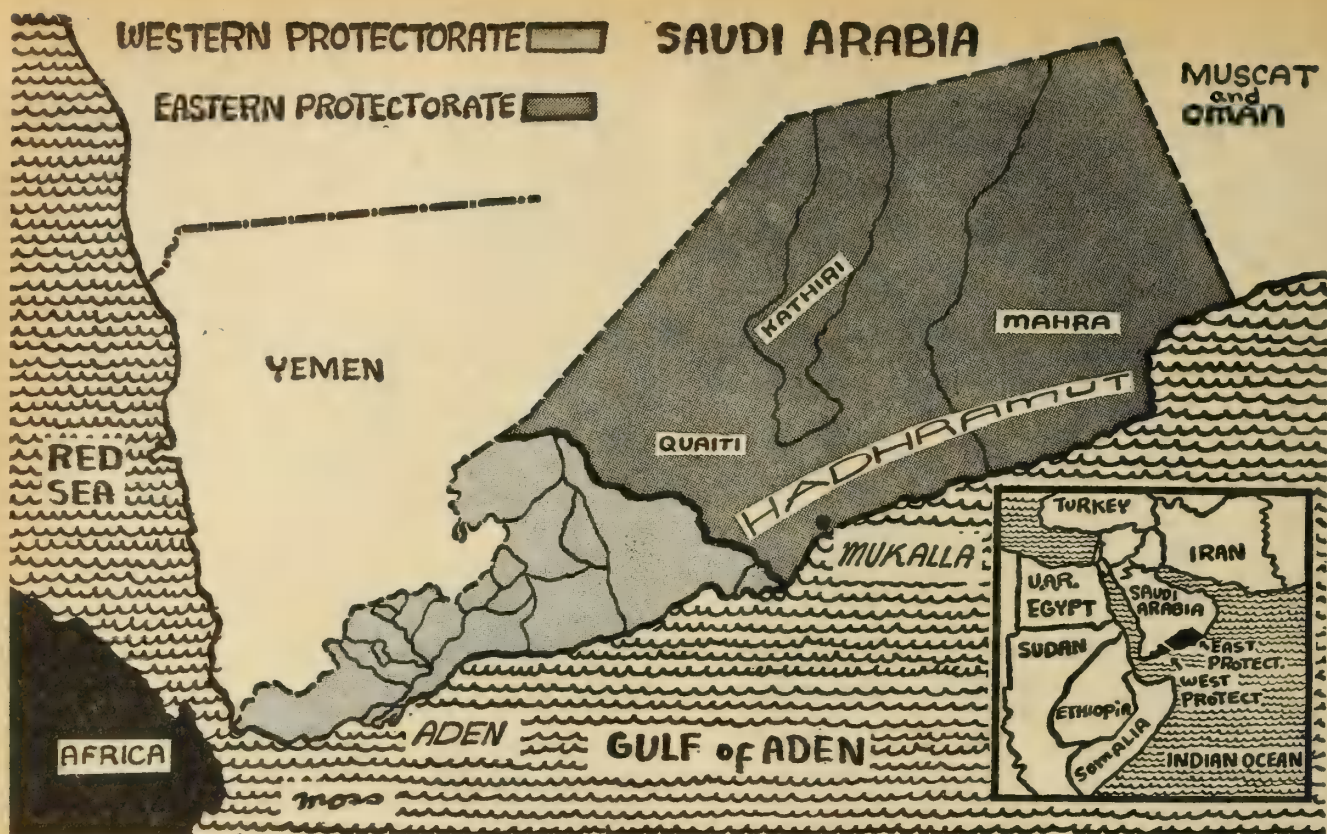
Hadhramis have settled all over the eastern world, making merchant fortunes in Indonesia, Malay and elsewhere. Mercenary soldiers from the region were the Hessians of the east: until his fall from power the Nizam of Hyderabad recruited them exclusively for his private army. Nobody ever kept count, but authorities in the capital, Mukalla, figure there is one Hadhrami abroad for every two at home. In short, a resourceful and imaginative people. Like the Yemenis but unlike most Arabs of the peninsula, the Hadhramis work hard and are not afraid to soil their hands. The valley today displays the monuments to their skills and sweat, whether the spectacular mud skyscrapers of Shibam or the palatial residences, some with swimming pools, of retired merchant grandees who accumulated their wealth in far-off lands and came home to die.

Reasonably prosperous on its overseas remittances, splendidly isolated, and not particularly inconvenienced by the warring influence of the British Raj, Qa'iti could have gone on forever had not the outside world rudely intervened. This began in a negative way in the 1950s, when emergent nationalisms in Indonesia, East Africa and elsewhere began to slow down the streams of money coming back home. Estimates vary, but *émigrés* from the Hadhramut were probably sending back \$10 million yearly. This flood tide is now down to a trickle, the bulk of which comes from Hadhramis working in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf.

Another intrusion has been commercial. Mukalla, a dramatic town nestled between the Arabian Sea and the barren red-brown mountains, currently suffers from horrendous traffic jams in its narrow unpaved streets where a few years ago there was no problem at all. The cars and trucks are all Japanese; the automobile age has come to Qa'iti because the Japanese, eager to break into a British preserve, offered local dealers fantastic credit terms with no repayment for two years. People buy cars despite the fact that there is no place to go beyond the immediate environs of Mukalla: even the road to the airport crosses soft sand and requires a jeep.

But really important outside penetration is political. Independence is hardly more than a year away and the winds of political change are beginning to blow up strong. To an outsider, this may seem odd, Qa'iti being generally thought of as a flyblown backwater. The fact is, however, that its citizens enjoy more political freedom than do Arabs of any independent state except Lebanon. Newspapers of every political view and from all over the Arab world circulate freely, and pictures of Gamal Abdel Nasser adorn every other shop front. Whatever else may be said about the heritage of British colonialism, it offers more freedom of expression than do those who succeed it in the name of freedom.

The other side of the coin, at least in Qa'iti, is that the British have done little to prepare the citizenry for independence, aside from providing direct subsidies to keep the administrative machinery and security forces going. The people of Mukalla, not the British, raised the money for the city's telephone and electricity system, and gen-



erally the same holds true throughout the Hadhramut. One reason for this is that as long as it was comfortable to do so, the British looked upon both the protectorates as just that—areas in which they had defense and advisory treaties with the local rulers, but in which, at least theoretically, they did not mess in domestic affairs. This attitude changed only when the Yemen revolution of 1962, together with Britain's steadily deteriorating economic and international position, made it clear that sooner or later South Arabia would have to stand on its own feet or sink beneath the rising tide of nationalism. That South Arabia had no oil and that modern military transport techniques made the Aden base obsolete were other factors.

Because Qa'iti stayed out of the South Arabian Federation, it doesn't fit any pattern developing for the future. Those who feel the Federation to be basically unstable—and their number is not small—think this a gain for Qa'iti. The sultans of the Federation, who have chosen to stand and fight together, are convinced it means that the Eastern Protectorate will be the first to fall under Nasser's influence. This would affect not only them but the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman on the east, where significant oil discoveries have been made and are just now coming into production, and where the back country is in a near-chronic state of dissension.

The sultans could be right. Once the British leave, the Eastern states will either have to scratch up another \$1.4 million annually or disband the famed Hadhramut Bedouin Legion, one of the last colonial barefoot brigades and the principal instrument of maintaining such order as exists in the whole region. More important, Qa'iti is

coming of political age with an archaic system of government which continues only because British authority is just a few hours' flying time away at the big Aden base. The base too is due to be disbanded by 1968 at the latest, and the British are already reinforcing their limited garrisons in the gulf—where the oil is.

The Qa'iti system is nominally headed by His Highness Sultan Ghalib bin Awad al-Qa'iti. Sultan Ghalib is a stripling of 18, who succeeded to the silver-embossed Nepalese settee that serves as a throne last October when his father died. A soft-eyed youth whose mother is an Indian, he really wanted to go up to Oxford and continue playing the cricket he learned at prep school in England. The Indian connection is not accidental. The sultan's great-grandfather commanded the Nizam of Hyderabad's army, and the family has been based as much in India as in Arabia. Ghalib spoke Urdu before he spoke English. He learned Arabic as a teen-ager, and still speaks it with an Indian accent.

In Qa'iti this is not resented as much as it might be elsewhere. The Hadhramis, thanks to their roving ways, have lost much of the xenophobia that characterizes most Arabs. Ghalib has taken to wearing the flowing Arab headdress instead of the Indian-style turban affected by his predecessors, but rumor has it that his mother still plans to marry him off to a suitable Indian girl. One gets the feeling that she'd better hurry. Even if the sultan's nominal authority survives and becomes real after independence, it is Arab and not Indian nationalism that will shape the future of his state.

This course is evident not only from the ubiquitous pictures of Nasser but from the shape of the politics now developing in the Hadhramut. Two parties have reached

what might be called the incubating stage, and they reflect the major reality in Arab politics today, the confrontation of the Arab radicals who look to Nasser and the conservatives who rally around King Feisal of Saudi Arabia. The Nasserites in Qa'iti are lumped together in the Arab Socialist party, which claims a membership of some 7,000. The conservative faction is the Saudi-supported South Arabian League, which is active throughout the two protectorates.

Or, rather, it was. The League has been banned in Qa'iti, following two demonstrations against the party. In the first, which happened at an up-country town, a leading member of the party leaned out of a window of his house and fired a rifle at the demonstrators, wounding four. The second incident occurred in Mukalla where, incredibly, the same sort of provocation produced a similar reaction. In that case, however, a member of the party threw a grenade at demonstrators from the roof of the party offices, killing one and injuring forty-five. This was too much for the local authorities. They moved in and arrested party leaders, thirty-five of whom are now on trial. They also found caches of grenades and arms and a list of party members. The total membership was reported to be 160, which didn't say much for King Feisal's powers of persuasion or for his money. The meager count may eventually hurt the party more than the trials and official ban.

Qa'iti State thus enters a time of transformation in parlous, dubious shape to govern itself. The ruler is 18, the British are leaving, the Nasserites are strong and what appeared to be the only organized opposition to them is in disgrace.

Whatever happens in Qa'iti will most certainly be paral-

leled in the two smaller states of the Eastern Protectorate; the future there may or may not take shape independently of the convulsions already plaguing the Western Protectorate and Aden. The Hadhramis, being a proud and independent people with some resources of their own, may eventually come up with a national solution of their own, independent of both King Feisal and President Nasser. But the cards do not lie that way now.

The clearest sign of what is to come is found in the attitude of the former Grand Vizier of Qa'iti, a suave and distinguished man of 43, named Ahmed al-Atass, who has served the state for twenty-three years. "I'm thinking of retiring," he said recently. "I feel sorry for the Sultan. He won't find the kind of man who can replace me soon." Al-Atass reflects the general political malaise in the state. "After years of British mistakes, it's not easy to change policy here," he says. Another sign was the collapse of recent attempts to elect a municipal council in Mukalla. The elections had to be canceled because the required number of candidates failed to present themselves.

Though Qa'iti is the largest and most populous of all the South Arabian states, what happens there will not shake the world. But it will be watched closely as a portent of things to come elsewhere. From the Yemen around the southern rim of the peninsula to Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, Britain today holds similar sheikdoms and sultanates in protective treaty relationships. Some, containing huge and largely undeveloped oil reserves, are vital to Britain's economic life line. The Saudis know this, and King Feisal is said to be prepared to spend what he must to keep Nasserite influence out of the region. But if his efforts in Qa'iti are any indication, it will be another case of too little and too late.

A.B.C. & ITT: MARRIAGE in HASTE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D.C.

The American Broadcasting Company, the third largest television network in the country, and the International Telephone and Telegraph Co., the world's largest manufacturer of telecommunications products (the ninth largest employer in the world), are now in the throes of merger, and the spectacle is about as fascinatingly unsightly and dangerous as two elephants mating on a rolling railroad flatcar. The blame for any lack of decorum lies not with either A.B.C. or ITT but with the Federal Communications Commission.

There have been so many lapses and omissions, so much secrecy and haste, in the handling of this immensely important transaction that the Federal Communications Commission deserves U.S. Sen. Gaylord Nelson's recent description: "just another regulatory agency that has become a willing tool of the industry it is supposed to regulate."

The actual consummation of the merger—the biggest

ever processed through the FCC, and also certainly one of the most controversial—has been held up temporarily while the U.S. Justice Department bickers with the FCC majority in an effort to get the commission to reopen the case and reconsider it from the antitrust and profiteering position. This is certainly not an unreasonable request by the Justice Department. There's enough bigness involved, and enough rumors about ITT's wanting to bleed A.B.C. of both money and imagery (the companies allege that the life-giving flow would be in the opposite direction), to make it a legitimate study for Washington's antitrust sleuths.

There may be some good reasons for permitting the merger, but the FCC majority—Chairman Rosel H. Hyde, Robert E. Lee, Lee Loevinger and James J. Wadsworth—has made not the slightest effort to find out what they are. As soon as ITT and A.B.C. said they were engaged, these four commissioners said go ahead. Never mind hearings or evidence of public need, marry away! It was the most forward display of submission to special interests that Washington has seen for some time.

Nevertheless, the episode has a bright side of sorts. Though it may not do any practical good, at least the public got some good blows in from the minority dissent (Kenneth Cox, Robert T. Bartley, Nicholas Johnson) and especially from Johnson, the remarkable young man who until recently, as Maritime commissioner, was beginning to bring some order to that shattered industry, and who now, as the newest FCC commissioner, brings to a usually calloused agency a real voice of outrage.

Last fall, when the FCC was going through the charade of "deciding" whether or not to permit the merger, Johnson, Cox and Bartley pressed ITT with a list of questions. Among them was this one:

"Suppose ITT owned a large telephone utility in a developing country ruled by a military government and



A.B.C. news had prepared a documentary series on the poverty and repression in the country. Suppose further that the government in question then said to ITT: 'Either kill the news series detrimental to our government or face action adverse to your telephone utility, action which may include discriminatory taxes, canceled contracts or, if necessary, expropriation.' How would ITT react in such a situation?"

That question, along with a lot of other cutting ones, still has not been answered, or the answers have not been made public. Mostly the questions revolve around possible conflict of interest. Could A.B.C. be expected to produce a slashing documentary in opposition to loan sharks? (ITT owns Aetna Finance Company, which has 227 small loan offices.) Could we look for some tough reporting from A.B.C. in regard to profiteering by the insurance industry? (ITT owns most or all of the Alexander Hamilton Life Insurance Co. and the American Universal Life Insurance Company, and half of the Great International Life Insurance Company.) Would A.B.C. be allowed to editorialize in favor of mellow

relations with Russia? (ITT set up the Moscow "hot line," the Distant Early Warning Communication system and communications for NATO and SHAPE.)

But the stickiest questions of all arise from ITT's foreign entanglements, which it has had from its beginnings a generation ago as a holding company for telegraph and telephone firms in Puerto Rico and Cuba. Today ITT has significant holdings in forty countries. Some of them are not pleasant places to do business, but ITT survives by going along with the ruling cliques and by encouraging the United States Government to do likewise.

At a 1964 stockholders' meeting, ITT President Harold S. Geneen is reported to have observed:

"Recent events in Brazil have dramatically supported an improving turn of events there, and I draw your attention to the significance of President Johnson's recognition of the new Brazilian Government, in line with what may well be known in the future as the 'Mann Doctrine,' after our assistant secretary of Latin American affairs, who recommended it." He said that the U.S.'s recognition of the Brazilian dictators "*considerably strengthened . . . the security of all our operations in underdeveloped countries.*"

On the same occasion he is reported to have said: "Finally, there is the very important basic policy of the U.S. Government, expressed by Congress in the Hickenlooper amendment to the AID program, *which has increasingly aligned the U.S. Government with those countries that show integrity in their handling of invested properties of the U.S. shareholders.*"

ITT has had property expropriated in Brazil and seven other countries, and it has become hypersensitive to the whims of Latin American tyrants. Perhaps it can't be blamed for that, but it makes all the more pertinent the question put four months ago:

What would ITT do if A.B.C. worked up a documentary that offended the government of Brazil, and Brazil said "kill it or we'll put your Companhia Telefonica Nacional out of business"? ITT also owns telephone companies in Chile and Peru. It has companies that manufacture, sell and service telephones and electronic equipment in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador and Venezuela, not to mention seven manufacturing plants in friendly Mexico, which doesn't push around Yankee investors as it once did. ITT has had property expropriated by Castro in Cuba. To what extent would it permit A.B.C. newscasters to say even an oblique kind word for Castro?

It would be helpful to know who are the ten top ITT stockholders in each country where it does business. The minority commissioners asked for this information, and presumably got it, but the FCC refuses—by a vote of 4 to 3—to make the list public. It would be interesting to identify, for instance, the top ten stockholders in Germany, a country in which one ITT subsidiary alone manufactures and sells more than \$60 million worth of goods each year. Are there any ties interlocking with, say, Krupp? The public should know.

Commissioner Johnson made the point in his dissenting brief that the 1934 Communications Act has a

section aimed specifically at ITT; it forbids granting a station license to "any alien or the representative of any alien, any foreign government or the representative thereof, or any corporation organized under the laws of any foreign government. . . ."

With some justification, surely, Johnson wonders where that puts the legality of the ITT-A.B.C. merger since, from a proxy statement filed in February, 1965, it is known that ITT agreed to let the Chilean Government buy up to 49 per cent of the common stock of ITT's Chilean telephone subsidiary. The Chilean Government names three of the company's directors.

Furthermore:

ITT owns 13 per cent of the shares of Indian Telephone Industries, Ltd. The Indian Government owns more than 75 per cent of that company. ITT has a 20 per cent slice of a French telecommunications research company. The French Government is the majority stockholder. ITT owns 5.5 per cent of a Swedish company. The Swedish Government owns 50 per cent of the same company.

So at least four foreign governments consider themselves business associates of the future owner of America's third-ranking radio and television network. These foreign countries can also consider themselves at least distant partners in the ownership of 400 movie theatres in thirty-four states, inasmuch as Paramount Theaters is a subsidiary of A.B.C.

Commissioner Johnson also suggested that at least a whiff of illegality (based on the 1934 law) is arising from the fact that "three ITT officials are members of foreign legislative bodies, two of the British House of Lords and one of the French National Assembly. Another is a former premier of Belgium. And several have positions with ministries of foreign governments or as officials of government-owned industries." Johnson is quick to admit that he does not know all the foreign governmental ties of ITT, and he offers these only as "a hint" of the total involvement abroad.

Just recently, Trygve Lie, first secretary general of the United Nations, was elected to a six-man board of Standard Telefon Og Kabelfabrikk, a Norwegian subsidiary of ITT. John Birch Society members may be uneasy watching A.B.C. news, knowing that one fractional element of the parent company is staffed by such a famous one-worlder. But they will probably be no more uneasy than the "doves" who will view A.B.C. news in the knowledge that 25 per cent of ITT's income (about \$500 million) is from U.S. defense and space contracts. And when A.B.C. gives three or four hours to following a capsule flight, from countdown to splash-down, can it be considered altogether a public service, undiluted by any effort to sell the public on the worthiness of ITT's space business?

Of course, executives of both A.B.C. and ITT solemnly affirm that ITT-A.B.C. will in no way be influenced by its Pentagon-NASA foreign income, but their assurances often recall former Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson's definition of "what's good for" the country. At the FCC hearings, the following exchange occurred between Commissioner Johnson and John Mc-

Cone, former head of the Central Intelligence Agency, and now on the ITT board of directors. Italics are added:

JOHNSON: I presume in your relations with your companies abroad and income abroad you are obviously concerned with the interest of those nations where you have plants, aren't you?

McCONE: Very much so.

JOHNSON: And you try to work closely with those governments in maintaining good relations with them?

McCONE: Yes. That is important not only from the standpoint of ITT, but it is also important from the standpoint of the interests of the United States Government. *In that regard, the interests of the government and the interests of the company are parallel. . . .*

JOHNSON: But do you see any possibility that there might sometime be an instance in which A.B.C. would want to do a public affairs documentary on an issue involving a foreign country and its relations with the United States, that the interests of ITT might be somewhat different from those the A.B.C. producer would like to represent?

McCONE: No, I couldn't imagine that. . . . *I think the problem here would be whether such a program would be in the national interest, in the interest of informing the public, in the interest of supporting maybe,*



things that this country wants to accomplish: certainly not in programing in the interest of some foreign activity of ITT. I couldn't imagine that.

And a little later, when Johnson requested McCone's comment on the fact that "the interests of ITT are served by maintaining public interest in the space program," McCone hewed to the same line of patriotism: "I would question very much whether an A.B.C. producer would support the space program because of the benefits to ITT. I think if he was going to support the space program he would support it because it was in the national interest to do so . . . certainly, as director of ITT, this is the only reason I would support the space program, that it was in the national interest, not in the special interest of the corporation."

Two members of ITT's board will sit on A.B.C.'s board, four members of A.B.C.'s board will sit on ITT's

board, but McCone insists that they can keep their hats straight.

When Leonard M. Goldenson, president of A.B.C., testified, Johnson challenged him to mention one time when A.B.C. had put on a program which risked irritating members of its board of directors. After some thought, Goldenson said that Howard K. Smith had put on a documentary about Nixon which had offended some board members and some stockholders. This evoked from Johnson the dry reply that while he commended Goldenson for "your courage" in putting on a program involving Nixon, he would prefer to have an example of a public affairs program "directed against some substantial economic interest, which is what we are really talking about here."

Goldenson could not recall a program of that type. Nor could he remember any National Broadcasting Company program that attacked the economic interests of the Radio Corporation of America (RCA), which owns N.B.C.

Goldenson, like McCone, repeatedly stated his conviction that A.B.C. would not bow to the economic interests of ITT. But Commissioner Kenneth Cox observed that Goldenson had not always been so sure of A.B.C.'s adamancy in the face of economic pressures. "I hope it is not a breach of confidence," said Cox, "but I think once in a private conversation you said you did not think it desirable to have people on A.B.C.'s board of directors who have interest in products advertised on A.B.C. television."

Throughout the two days of hearings, the minority commissioners tried to get some guarantee of objectivity from the A.B.C. and ITT executives, but no tangible guarantee was forthcoming, and the more the commissioners pressed the point, the angrier the merging executives became. It was a classic standoff of sincerity: one side sincerely gave its word that it would be objective; the other side sincerely regretted that a promise was not sufficient assurance where temptation ran into the billions of dollars.

But, in any case, this was all meaningless jousting, a useless waste of tempers. The merger had been sewed up for months. The directors of both companies agreed to terms on February 14, 1966, and within four months the trade press was writing that the majority of the Federal Communications Commission was ready to approve. The majority of the commissioners had not even wanted to hold a public hearing; it had wanted to approve the merger before the slow-moving Justice Department cranked itself into motion and began to study the anti-trust features of the transaction. "The majority's treatment of this case, in my judgment, makes a mockery of the public responsibility of a regulatory commission that is perhaps unparalleled in the history of American administrative process," Commissioner Johnson wrote in his dissent. "From the outset, the outcome of this case has been a foregone conclusion."

When, grudgingly, the commission majority agreed to brief hearings, the Justice Department did not send a representative. There was nobody there to speak for the public's interest. Three members of the commission majority asked ITT and A.B.C. officials no questions; the

fourth majority member spent his time abusing a member of the FCC staff for testifying that the commission should move slowly and carefully because "the transaction you are asked to approve eclipses in size and surpasses in importance any other transfer of broadcast interests the commission has yet been called upon to consider," and kept stressing the point that it was the acquisition of "one of the most powerful mass media extant—a major national radio and television network and seventeen radio and television broadcast stations—by one of the largest and most highly diversified corporate complexes in existence." The commission majority was unimpressed.

The role of Assistant Attorney General Donald F. Turner's antitrust division in the case has not been impressive. As usual, it took too long getting started in its investigation; and then, when it was common knowledge that the commission was about to approve the merger (Morton Mintz told exactly what the FCC would do in a story in *The Washington Post* on November 2, three weeks before the commission acted), Turner kept dawdling. Finally, on November 21, he issued an equivocal warning to the commission of possible antitrust implications in the case. Even this tepid warning was enough to precipitate action. The letter from Turner arrived at the FCC offices after the 6 P.M. closing, and yet the commission approved the merger before 10 A.M. the next day.

Now, because Turner became furious at being insulted in this way and has since been demanding that the commission reopen the hearings—and because there is talk in the House Small Business Committee and in the Senate Small Business Monopoly Subcommittee and the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee of possible investigations—the commission has agreed to consider any new evidence the Justice Department may want to present.

But this is not likely to change the commission's decision, and there is a very good chance that the Justice Department's "help" will now only steer the argument away from where it belongs. It would, after all, be difficult to prove that the merger would reduce competition. If the merger of RCA and N.B.C. did not noticeably reduce competition, neither would the merger of another electronics manufacturer with another network.

Some good will come from the merger. A.B.C. President Goldenson estimated that his stock in the company will increase in value by about \$1 million. And ITT President Geneen will have a more widely publicized corporation, something that he has wanted ever since he took over ITT in 1959. He has repeatedly deplored ITT's lack of image. "You can stop fifteen people in the street and not one will know what ITT is," he said. "That bothers me."

But what will be the benefit to the public from the merger? There are more than 600 pages of briefs, testimony, letters and whatnot on file in the FCC library in regard to this case, but one can search through them ever so diligently without discovering a clue to what specifically the merged ITT-A.B.C. will have to offer the public of more benefit than the old independent A.B.C. would have offered by itself. It is one of the many questions which the majority of the FCC didn't consider of much importance.

LAYING FREEDOM ON THE LINE

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting developments in the civil rights movement.

"It's the turning point in my life," said the black young man who told his draft board he would no more enter the U.S. army than he would the Ku Klux Klan. "I know I'm placing myself outside certain things in this society, but I'm not going to fight against the heroic struggle of my colored brothers in the National Liberation Front."

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"I don't want to go to jail," said the young white man on the eve of starting a five-year term for draft evasion. "But this war is illegal if the Nuremberg trials meant anything. So somebody has to raise the issues and I can't cop out now."

■ ■ ■

"I have one piece of advice for anybody fighting the draft," said the black former SNCC worker just released after serving two years as a draft offender. "Don't go to jail. Because jail destroys you."

■ • ■

"These kids are the real heroes of our time," said a lawyer who defends them, "not those poor boys fighting to win the Silver Stars. But these casualties at home get picked off one by one and hardly anybody cares."

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When their cases come to trial, the indictment reads: *The United States of America Against*. . . This is the standard legal nomenclature in actions brought by the federal government, but it has a peculiar aptness in these cases. To reject the draft today means to stand very much alone. And with the furor over draft-law reform forcing Congressional hearings and Presidential orders, the plight of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of principled young Americans is getting lost in the shuffle.

Changes in the mechanics of Selective Service do not interest them because they disdain notions of equity in the draft if America's military behavior cannot be justified. Black and white, they will not cooperate with what they feel are racist overtones in Vietnam or with Washington's power obsession everywhere. Militant, they cannot don the lambskin of conscientious objector. Right or wrong, they are going to jail in increasing numbers rather than enter the army of the United States.

This body of unyielding young men is dwarfed by the magnitude of the federal apparatus they challenge. It begins with virtually autonomous draft boards that make a mockery of uniform administration of the Selective Service Law, and ends with courts whose judgment seems tempered to the times. In between are the Justice Department and its FBI (or vice versa). The FBI has boasted that 450 draft-evader convictions resulted in 1966 from its investigations. The Bureau doesn't say how many

of these subjects openly declared themselves, how many were apprehended by agents who penetrated cunning disguises, or tracked cowardly fugitives to isolated mountain tops. Lumping principled and unprincipled violators together blurs the image of young men laying their freedom on the line to confront an issue.

A sluggard press abets this process by running repetitive columns on the daily business of killing in Vietnam, while sparing only a paragraph or two for men who choose prison over killing. So James Thurber's ticking draftee who swallowed a watch to fail his physical, a movie actor or football player squirming to find deferment, a youth arguing that he would become a criminal under international law by accepting the draft—all become uniformly contemptible.

Finally, the individual draft refuser takes his stand without a clear commitment from the old or New Left. And he has failed generally to strike up allegiances with his own kind. Racial tensions, differing legal and philosophical approaches, even geography, prevent potential allies from forming a common front. So the image is further blurred. But if we focus on individual men who refuse the draft and on those who defend them, the image sharpens and the conduct of the government, its boards, courts and prosecutors, assumes some clarity.

Conrad Lynn is a 58-year-old New York attorney who has been involved in civil rights combat all his adult life. He is currently handling forty-odd draft cases, about evenly divided between whites and Negroes. Lynn once belonged to the New York Communist Party, was expelled in the late thirties for bucking the Moscow line, and condemned by the *Daily Worker* during World War II when he went to court to oppose drafting Negroes into a segregated army. The case concerned his brother, Winfred, who in 1942 wrote President Roosevelt that he would not serve in the Jim Crow American army but would volunteer in integrated Canada. The President didn't reply but an induction notice arrived almost immediately.

"It was destined to be the only army segregation case heard by the Supreme Court," Lynn recalls. "I remember the New York State selective service director testifying: 'We don't use the lottery system for Negroes. We have a separate quota and when we need some we call them.'" Arthur Garfield Hays eventually argued the case after Thurgood Marshall—then NAACP counsel and now U.S. Solicitor General—declined to help, according to Lynn. By the time the Supreme Court ruled in 1945, Winfred Lynn had fought in a segregated unit through all the Pacific campaigns starting with Guadalcanal. The ruling, by then academic, went against him on a technicality.

"Today," says Lynn, an ebullient man despite the strains of a long career as a black militant, "the issue of a segregated army has disappeared but others have become more complex. These kids are up to it; they're terrifically advanced in their social thinking. Well it's

obvious the white ones have to be to come to a Negro lawyer to fight the draft.

"But beyond them there is widespread ignorance among draftees concerning their rights. Many who apparently don't qualify for c.o. status and can't manage academic deferments get sucked in before they know what's hit them. And most draft boards aren't about to apprise them of their rights."

For example, a U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled out a Selective Service Law regulation that a draftee must appeal his classification within ten days of receiving notice. Many are initially confused, uncertain of their attitudes, or unable to secure expert guidance. Now, they may appeal up to the day of induction. But this is generally unknown.

"The Supreme Court with one ruling has greatly liberalized the c.o. status," says Lynn. "In *The U.S. v. Seeger*, it said that a youth with deep moral and social conviction against war, parallel in intensity with a religiously held belief, may qualify as a conscientious objector.

"For the first time, atheists or nonreligiously motivated youth have legal ground to stand on. If they know about it. If under the Miranda ruling criminals about to be questioned must be apprised of their civil rights, shouldn't men facing possible combat in a highly controversial war be similarly enlightened? They're not."

Too many of the country's 4,088 draft boards are mere assembly lines turning out human war machines. And like an automotive assembly line, run-of-the-mill models don't receive the attention lavished on more prestigious products. Run-of-the-mill human models are the poor, the uneducated, the connection-less. This model frequently comes in black. In New Orleans, where Negroes comprise nearly 40 per cent of the population, none has ever sat on a draft board, although black casualty figures for the area are running about 60 per cent of the total. Last year during a trial that convicted a Negro named Raymond DuVernay for refusing induction, defense lawyer Benjamin Smith produced this thought-provoking statistic: On the day DuVernay's board considered his appeal for a hardship deferment (he was a Poverty Program worker supporting his mother and six younger children), the board met for three hours to consider 584 cases. This works out to an average of eighteen and a half seconds per man.

But DuVernay or those who try for c.o. status under existing law are seeking consideration within the system, not challenging it. The hard-core refusers cannot accept alternative service they feel contributes to the American war effort. They are impelled to carry their uncompromisable convictions to the ultimate conclusion—a showdown with the legality of the Vietnamese War, with jail inevitable if they lose. So far, they have always lost.

"The difficulty," says Lynn, "is getting a clear-cut confrontation with the issue of U.S. policy aired before the Supreme Court. The lower courts are avoiding it and sometimes these cases lack the proper constitutional vehicle to get Vietnam into it. Yet it exists. Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution provides Congress with power to raise armies and provide for the common defense. But the American empire is in an expansionist period and we don't have time for these little Constitutional and laws.

"So as it stands now, 90 per cent of the cases are decided on procedure, 10 per cent on merit. A boy may be determined to go to the penitentiary for principle. But as the time comes near, he will sometimes accept other resources, aware that lower courts won't permit him to raise the constitutional issue. He then may make a technical objection to draft-board procedure, the appeal mechanism, that sort of thing. But one day, one of these cases will get through to the Supreme Court."

The American Civil Liberties Union, for example, is defending the right of a draftee to be a conscientious objector to this war but not to all war. The "particular-war" argument, supporters feel, is a logical extension of the *Seeger* ruling. While these cases move through the legal mill, about 35 per cent of Lynn's clients try for c.o. status under *Seeger*. Lynn believes draft refusers should exhaust all legal opportunities of appeal to gain time, and cites the case of a man who began appealing when he was 25. By the time he turned 28, the draft board said it didn't want him any more.

"I'm in love with this generation of the sixties," Lynn says. "The kids who come to me are great. They put us all to shame. They go into jail for principle as calm as a Christian martyr going out to the lions."

David Henry Mitchell is today serving a five-year term in federal prison. An intensely individualistic young man, once jailed for picketing against Soviet resumption of nuclear tests, Mitchell also typifies many who have preached U.S. guilt to defend their own innocence. Other names in this radical tradition include Robert McCormick of Detroit, Edward Miller and Geoffrey Reed Conklin of New York, and Donald Weatherall of Chicago. Mitchell was 24 when he surrendered on February 6 in New Haven, an event scarcely noted by the press or broadcasters. *The New York Times*, which has used the words "draft dodger" to describe the openly declared pacifist, David A. Reed, allotted Mitchell a few paragraphs. A few months earlier, its learned militarist, Hanson Baldwin, had been given the lead article in its *Sunday Magazine* to present a general apologia for the present draft, without managing to once mention the moral issues it raises. Mitchell was 18 when those issues induced him to tell his draft board he could not serve; later he expanded his position in a letter:

I oppose the draft, not as something wrong for just me or wrong for only certain people, but as something wrong for the peace and survival of the world. Selective Service is the criminal in this case, as can be judged by American militarism throughout the world—from Cuba to Panama to South Vietnam, and by our basing of policies on nuclear war. I refuse to cooperate in any way which would support the continuance of such activities. I certainly wouldn't have worked in a Nazi concentration camp just because I would not have to tend the ovens or the gas but could be a guard or a clerk. Rather, as I am doing with the draft and the militarism it contributes to, I would have disassociated from such wrong and worked against it.

The year and a half between his initial refusal and his jailing in January is only partly accounted for by Mitchell's two trials and appeals. The fluctuating policy



of draft boards and the Justice Department has created "soft" periods when little or no action was taken against those challenging the draft. Whether this fluctuation is a tactic or merely another manifestation of the incredibly random functioning of the Selective Service Law, it has kept the opposition off guard, unable to discern a clear policy to unite against, and vulnerable to being picked off singly. In late 1965 and last year, with monthly draft calls issued at the rate of 20,000 and 30,000, and the Administration locked into a war posture, prosecutions picked up steam. And five-year sentences suddenly became the norm. What happened to Mitchell is instructive.

Mitchell is a soft-spoken, well-barbered young man with an apple-pie American background. He was raised in New Canaan, Conn., in a middle-class family. His father, a World War II veteran, sent his son to prep school and Brown University. Mitchell registered without protest while at Brown, but the Vietnamese build-up increasingly disturbed him and he became involved in anti-war activities. In August, 1961, he sailed out with other demonstrators into the harbor of the New London Navy base to picket against nuclear-armed Polaris submarines.

"Everybody else went limp when Coast Guardsmen arrested them," a friend recalls. "Not Dave. He dove overboard and started swimming. A frogman caught up with him and pulled him into the boat. Dave said later it was a good thing because he never could have made it to shore. They beat him in jail and he came out pretty determined."

Mitchell began working with the End the Draft Committee while evolving his own position. It cost him personally—his mother lamented the legal dangers he faced, his father's patriotism did not permit him to sit by his son's side during subsequent court encounters. The draft board kept sending Mitchell notices and he kept sending

them back, but the government did not indict until 1965. He responded through his first lawyer, Conrad Lynn, with a defense resting heavily on the Nuremberg trial principle that individuals could be held accountable for joining in their government's crimes against humanity.

"Was Nuremberg just a device enabling victors to execute the vanquished?" Mitchell said. "Or did it apply to us too? By every measure I knew, America was guilty of international war crimes. I would be guilty if I took part. I wasn't saying that we should never have a draft. I was saying the draft was applied contrary to constitutional provisions for the common defense. I wanted to get at the moral and legal guts of Washington's position."

No less an authority than former Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, chief prosecutor at Nuremberg, had written:

If certain acts in violation of treaties are crimes, they are crimes whether the United States does them or whether Germany does them, and we are not prepared to lay down a rule of criminal conduct against others which we would not be willing to have invoked against us.

The United Nations General Assembly had adopted the Tribunal Charter as international law on a motion by the United States, and Article VI of the U.S. Constitution makes international law, to which this country is signatory, the supreme law of the land. What Mitchell had to prove was that American intervention in Vietnam, its use of biological warfare, and its treatment of civilian populations violated the Charter and other treaties.

But at his first trial before Connecticut District Chief Judge William H. Timbers, Mitchell was not permitted to introduce any evidence pertaining to American policy in Vietnam. Judge Timbers called it a "simple" case, dismissed the Nuremberg defense as "irrelevant," and Mitchell was convicted for failure to report for induction. The judge fined him \$5,000, sentenced him to five years

with the recommendation that it be served in the maximum security Leavenworth Penitentiary, and suggested he not be considered for parole unless he promised to serve in the army.

"That might have been predictable," Mitchell said. "But what bothered me was the disunity among people who should have been banding together. Students for a Democratic Society backed off an anti-draft program after the Administration's get-tough policy scared them. Negroes wouldn't stand with whites even though we're all in it against an immoral society. I got in correspondence with one, a Negro GI in Arkansas last year who refused to go to Vietnam. But eventually he went and became a hero. The white college kids were mostly interested in fighting specifics—schools giving out grades to draft officials, deferment criteria, and so forth. What it all boiled down to was that individual refusers were basically isolated when they needed a unified effort behind them to stand up to government pressures."

With polls showing 80 per cent of college students in basic agreement with Vietnamese policy, this wasn't surprising. Yale Prof. Staughton Lynd, the anti-war militant who visited North Vietnam, said on his return:

Members of the North Vietnam Peace Committee said to us: "We are puzzled that American young men have not taken up the idea of refusing to serve in your army." I am puzzled too. I don't understand why SDS decided not to emphasize an anti-draft program. The most obvious and tragic failure of the movement against the war in this last year has been its failure to develop a responsible program against the draft. We have succeeded in stimulating debate in Congress, but we have left millions of young men, one by one, struggling with this desperate and frightening question, to fend for themselves.

Mitchell appeared to have won a crucial victory when the Second Circuit Court of Appeals reversed his conviction. It said Mitchell's case was not "simple" and pointedly suggested that Judge Timbers assign someone else to the retrial. The appeals court said:

Of basic importance is the fact that the appellant has taken the position that if he submitted to the draft, the "Nuremberg law" would render him "guilty of complicity in crimes defined by the Charter of the International Military Tribunal," specifically wars of aggression and acts of inhumanity.

But the second trial in March, 1966, was almost a carbon copy of the first. The court would not permit Mitchell's attorney to subpoena witnesses—including foreign correspondents, Vietnamese nationals, Professor Lynd and Secretary McNamara—to testify about alleged U.S. peace treaty violations, the use of napalm and defoliation, bombing of the North and prisoner-of-war tortures. Judge T. Emmet Clarie ruled this potential evidence "immaterial." Mitchell was permitted to explain his personal philosophy, but he had insisted all along that his subjective feelings were not the issue. It took the jury twelve minutes to convict him.

He was again sentenced to five years. This time the same appeals court that said his case wasn't "simple" took a new approach. Justice Harold Medina, who presided over the trial of Communist leaders in the 1950s,

wrote the following in a short opinion rejecting Mitchell's appeal:

Regardless of the proof that appellant might present to demonstrate the correlation between the Selective Service and our nation's effort in Vietnam, as a matter of law the congressional power to "raise and support armies" and "to provide and maintain a navy" is a matter quite distinct from the use which the Executive makes of those who have been found qualified and who have been inducted into the Armed Forces.

Perhaps Mitchell's defense lacked what Attorney Lynn called the "proper constitutional vehicle." Or did this legalism say that a President could do what he wanted with a draft army since the constitutional restrictions which the judiciary could invoke applied only to the legislative branch? But in 1945 hadn't Justice Jackson said:

We do not accept the paradox that legal responsibility should be the least where power is greatest . . . with the doctrine of immunity of a head of state usually is coupled another, that orders from an official superior protect one who obeys them. It will be noticed that the combination of these two doctrines means that nobody is responsible.

Mitchell has appealed to the Supreme Court where at least four Justices must vote to review before the Nuremberg issue can be considered. A review, whatever the final decision, would probe the deepest, most sensitive regions of the American state, and the implications would be great. Meanwhile, the instrument of the appeal was not permitted to remain at large.

"I don't want to go to jail," said Mitchell the night before his surrender. "I spent eighteen days there after the Polaris demonstrations and I became very aware of gates opening and closing." But he went and other young men were prepared to follow him, some for the same principles and others for different ones.

Afro Americans for Survival had about a dozen members last summer. Rules for membership were simple. You had to be a Negro. If you were eligible for the draft, you had to refuse it and try to get others to do the same (itself a federal offense). If you were already in, you went AWOL to avoid going to Vietnam. Said the Afro Americans' manifesto:

We are united in believing that this is a racist war and that Black men have nothing to gain by fighting for racist America. We intend to make a stand. We will fight it out in the courts, the streets and the halls of Congress. We call upon all our brothers and sisters to support us in this struggle, for is it not better for Black men to fight for Black survival in America than for Black men to fight for white domination in Vietnam?

Behind the statement lay now familiar U.S. casualty figures that showed a lethal disparity between whites and Negroes. Negroes constitute 11 per cent of the population, but they have made up nearly 15 per cent of the army in Vietnam and have taken more than 20 per cent of combat deaths. One of nine men between 18 and 29 is black; so are two of every nine enlisted men in the army. Administration officials concede the disparity, and

have marshaled logical explanations. Unemployment of Negro youth, as lamentable as it was widespread, induced many to enlist. Once in through choice or the draft, long years of educational neglect found many suited only for infantry duty in line outfits suffering the casualties. What was the answer? Most answers were grim for black Americans. Defense Secretary McNamara came up with a plan to "salvage" men previously rejected for health and educational deficiencies. One hundred thousand a year would be taken and an estimated 30 per cent would be black. Lacking minimum skills or the education to qualify for service training programs, and with the murderous exigencies of Vietnam requiring bodies with guns in their hands, most would be "salvaged" into combat. The lethal disparity would increase. To the white mind of *Saturday Evening Post* editorialists, there was potential great good in all this gore. Those Negroes who managed to survive this "genuinely desegregated area of American life" [i.e., Vietnamese combat] could return home to become "the young core of a reasonably responsible, reasonably responsive Negro leadership, which is something we very badly need."

By the Christmas holidays, Afro Americans for Survival was down to four survivors out of the original dozen. Others had drifted away or accepted the draft. One, a former member of the Green Berets who had been AWOL 200 days was enticed back to the army. His punishment? A \$10-a-month pay deduction for three months while restricted to camp. There was strong suspicion that the kid-glove treatment was designed to lure other black defectors back to the fold.

One day before Christmas, Afro Americans' chairman, Robert Allen, 24, sat in his small Bronx apartment talking with a reporter and two other members, Steven Moore, 22, and Carl Gibbons, 20. The remaining member, 19-year-old Edward Oquendo, was over in Brooklyn where he had organized an anti-draft group called Blacks Against Negative Dying (BAND). But recruitment was unproductive in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Oquendo, under federal indictment, had become an unwitting pun, a one-man BAND.

"The system is using us to fight its wars," said Allen, married and studying for a master's degree in sociology. "Black guys we know don't want to go but they don't see an alternative. They're bitter and frustrated. They don't join groups like ours because they don't think anything will do any good; they'll just go to jail. But the whole idea of fighting the draft in organizations is new and it will spread, particularly as the war expands this year."

"If I was white," added Moore, who has had two years of college and works as attendant in a state hospital, "I wouldn't have so much of a beef. When I got my induction notice it scared hell out of me because I knew I wouldn't go but I didn't know how. When they asked me why I wouldn't report I told them: Survival."

Gibbons, a black nationalist with a high school education, who works for the post office, said: "If you don't believe in the war but you go into the army, that's being a coward. This war is inhuman, it's racist and I won't do the white man's murdering. I have someone right here at home to fight—the white man."

As they spoke, their apparent determination mixed with uncertainty about where it would carry them. The assertion that a racist American society was using black men to fight a racist war in Asia did not constitute a legal defense to the Selective Service Law. Mitchell's Nuremberg defense did not interest them much. Nor did the other white draft refusers. They saw that *Life* had managed to publish (December 9) a cover story on the draft, without once mentioning the peculiar Negro stake in it, and even renegades from what they considered this prevailing white mentality were not wanted as allies. Blackness melded them despite differences in education and family background. Gibbons' family was involved in civil rights, and his mother had written to the draft board saying she would rather see her son in jail than dead. Moore's parents were against his draft opposition, manifesting what he called a "working-class fear" of what could happen to him. Allen's father was a housing project superintendent in Atlanta, and a reporter got the impression the elder Allen did not approve of boat rocking.

The three had refused induction during the summer and Moore and Gibbons had been indicted. Why not Allen? Again, the selective quality of Selective Service prosecutions arose, and with it a suspicion that Allen's position as chairman might have made him "sensitive."

"In May, 1965, I wrote President Johnson explaining my moral opposition to Vietnam," Allen said. "He didn't reply but two weeks later my induction notice came. I refused to sign the subversive statement. A year later they told me I had been cleared anyhow."

"This summer I was between semesters at the New School and they told me again to report. I went down to Whitehall Street and gave out a statement saying I wasn't a pacifist but I couldn't join an army that didn't protect black citizens at home. The commanding officer there had been to Vietnam. He told me it was a terrible war but it had to be done, and that rather than go to jail, entering the army was the lesser of two evils."

Two months after the conversation in Allen's apartment, Oquendo was resolutely awaiting trial and prepared to go to prison. Allen remained unindicted and had already met with other black anti-draft groups to plan a national conference in Detroit in May. But Gibbons had pleaded guilty and would take advantage of President Johnson's recent "amnesty" permitting such offenders to enter the army rather than jail. Steve Moore had already been to court and his holiday determination had faltered while the jury was being empaneled. Moore agreed to induction. Why?

"Jail," he said. "To be perfectly honest, I decided out of weakness. I also thought I could do more damage inside the army, spreading the word. But mostly I just couldn't stand the thought of jail. I had spent one night there when they arrested me and that was enough."

Moore's case ended not with a bang but rejection. Army doctors found that an arthritic condition—which he says existed all along—made him unfit for service. From a militant black point of view, should he have made the supreme protest of going to prison? One Negro voice of experience has one answer.

David Bell left the federal Correctional Institute in Danbury two days before Christmas, after serving two

years for refusing to report for induction. He had entered jail without fanfare and left it unnoticed by the press, the general public or civil rights groups.

"My advice to black men is to fight the draft any way you can," says Bell. "But don't go to jail. Whatever you do, don't go to jail."

Bell, 24, was a National Merit Award winner from a Jersey City ghetto called "The Valley," who went to Rutgers University as a math major. But, like Gorky, his ultimate "university" was experience. He left school in 1963 to do field work, the field being southwest Georgia, and his sponsor SNCC. In June, 1964, when he received his induction notice, anti-draft sentiment threw a small shadow on the national landscape.

"It wasn't even prevailing SNCC philosophy then," Bell recalls. "But I knew I was not going to involve myself in that war where nonwhites were struggling for liberation. When I wrote my draft board explaining, I wasn't aware what a sacrifice it was going to be. Most people who haven't been to prison look on it as an honorable alternative to the draft. They don't know."

Six months after his June refusal, Bell quietly offered no defense to his indictment and received two years. He is a slender, articulate young man whose eyes are cautious when he talks to a white man, and who exudes suppressed anger when recalling the prison experience.

"Two weeks after I arrived I was asked by the captain if I were a Communist," he said. "I just chuckled at him."

Bell grants that the physical plant wasn't too oppressive and his initial treatment, at least, was correct. At first he lived in a dormitory with fifty others, a setting he describes as "chaotic." But he soon managed to get a single cell and was assigned to teach new math in prison classes. He learned the routine: Cells open at 6 A.M. Wash and eat. Work at eight. One hour noon lunch. Work until 4:30. An hour out in the yard or recreation house. Head count. Supper. Classes or movies at night. There was full integration, although Bell chose to segregate himself with other Negro prisoners in the life outside his cell. He chafed at censorship of mail and a prison library filled mostly with potboilers. He was not permitted to read proscribed books like *Manchild in the Promised Land*, *A Different Drummer* and the Malcolm X autobiography.

"But the biggest hang-up," Bell says, "was the realization that I was inside, where I couldn't do the things I should be doing about the draft or anything else. I found it hard to do sustained thinking because of the psychological atmosphere. I realized I should have taken another course. . . . I was just rotting there . . . it became a negative experience and my whole personality was taken apart."

Two white youths were serving time for draft evasion and there were fifteen Jehovah's Witnesses who, according to Bell, did a uniform one year apiece. But he had little to do with any of them. Bell began holding Saturday morning discussion sessions with a group of Negroes, including Muslims, a Nigerian and two men involved in the plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty. Bell does not explain precisely what form the discussions took. But it's safe to assume they did not foster the American *status quo*. Officials got wind of it, and when Bell refused

to provide a list of all who had attended he lost his privileges and time off for good behavior.

When Bell is asked the overall effect of his choice of prison over the army, his mental reaction is like a man gingerly feeling himself all over after a crack-up, trying to find what is broken and what remains whole.

"I came out stronger in concepts, I think, but weaker in ability. I still haven't recovered from being forced to submit, and I'm not sure if it inhibits my actions now. In prison nothing yields, nothing changes." His smile is rare, wry, at the question of his biggest problem on the outside. "It's waking up at six in the morning but not going to bed at ten at night."

Bell has plunged into work with a highly organized, militant ghetto group in Jersey City called STAND. The word is not an abbreviation but a call to Negroes to unite in economic and political blocs against dominant white interests.

"I haven't met anybody black of draft age ready to go to jail," says Bell. "If I did, I'd talk him out of it. No, I have no contacts with white refusers. I wouldn't know what to say to one, how to justify to them. I don't think there's time now for a white-black front on any issue. Some one of these days the summer riots won't stop in the fall and this might be the summer. . . ."

Bell is probably the first Negro to go to jail for refusing the draft on racial grounds. He will not be the last, nor will David Mitchell be the last white to forfeit freedom rather than abandon principle. What they will achieve, given the indifference of the general public and the Administration's mopping up of draft offenders, is doubtful. The spirit that animates many, however, is clearly expressed in the words of 20-year-old Tom Rodd of Pittsburgh, spoken to the judge who had sentenced him to a four-year term. Judge Louis Rosenberg had originally sentenced Rodd to five years for refusing to register, but placed him on probation with the proviso that he work for a social agency and take no part in public demonstrations. Rodd broke probation by picketing a plant that made helicopters for Vietnam. He said:

With a profound feeling of inadequacy and unworthiness, I am forced by my conscience to stand as a representative of the suffering millions of Vietnam. I am forced to stand for the girl child burned to death in Bien Hoa, for the refugee cold and hungry in a camp on the outskirts of Saigon, for the weary guerrilla fighter, for the Buddhist monk who is now a handful of ashes, for the thousands with no legs, thousands more with no eyes, yes, even for the U.S. Marine now slowly dying in a Philadelphia hospital.

I have tried, Lord knows, to obey this probation. I wanted to go to Selma and walk to Montgomery—but I didn't. I wanted to go to Washington and confront the President—but I didn't. I wanted to picket Girard College in Philadelphia—but I didn't. . . . But this war is too immediate, too pressing, too terrible, for me to have to say later: "But I didn't."

Last, I reiterate what anybody who knows me should know: that I am an incorrigible optimist, that I love life, and that I drink beer, play banjo, and daily toss my head and tap my feet to the romping, stomping all-pervading beat of human existence. That's all I wanted to say and I wish everybody a Happy New Year.

LATIN AMERICA BANS THE BOMB

LINDA EDER

Miss Eder, member of a Colombian-American family and recently a UN observer for The Nation, has written about Colombian women and Manhattan children.

Twenty-one nations of Latin America meeting in Mexico City last month displayed significant one-upmanship over the seventeen nations now conferring in Geneva on nuclear disarmament. The Treaty of Tlatelolco, signed on February 14, is the first pact to ban nuclear arms from an inhabited segment of the earth.

The nuclear powers took benevolent and perhaps patronizing notice of the Mexico City proceedings. They put considerable pressure behind their view that the treaty was to prohibit all nuclear explosions; Latin America could not even be "nuclearized for peace." Some of the most industrialized Latin American nations protested this ban, disliking both the deprivation and especially the attitude. In the end, a compromise was reached between danger and development: when Latin America wants to use atomic explosions to dig a canal, to build a tunnel, to enlarge a harbor, the work will be supplied from the outside.

On this basis, the Treaty to Ban Nuclear Weapons from Latin America was signed by fourteen nations, and on the following day by a fifteenth—well above the eleven agreed upon for passage. The treaty has been ignored, laughed off as a farce or charade, or denigrated by the press for falling short of watertight perfection. No one would claim that its conclusion guarantees salvation from world holocaust, but a significant first has been scored, a model set, and quite conceivably an impetus may have been given for regional action in other sections of the globe.

Attempts at regional agreement among nations to ban nuclear arms are hardly new. Poland's Rapacki Plan in 1958; Sweden's "non-nuclear club" idea, presented at the 16th UN General Assembly in 1961 with Ireland's endorsement; Ethiopia's dormant initiative to unite the African countries in a nuclear-free zone, resolved at a summit conference in May, 1963, all tried to enlist international pledges for the idea. But it remained for Alfonso García Robles, deputy foreign minister of Mexico, with the encouragement of his then President Adolfo López Mateos, to set forth at the United Nations in November, 1963, the plan that in the following year became the Preparatory Commission for the Denuclearization of Latin America (COPREDAL). This organization, launched with the joint blessing of the Presidents of Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and of course Mexico, appears to have done its preliminary work quickly and efficiently, as such things go. A little more than two years from its inception, COPREDAL's purpose has been achieved.

The treaty, which was signed with ritual and solemnity in Mexico City, is binding upon twenty-one nations. It brings a considerable proportion of the earth's surface and approximately one-tenth of its population under a firm agreement whereby nuclear explosives are perpet-

ually excluded, and plans for a careful control system by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) are set up. This was no mean achievement. The participating countries, though to an extent similar in language and culture, are distinctly mixed in political concepts and quite unlike in degree of economic development. Yet they doggedly reached a common conclusion and departed the conference table with a signed treaty. (Cuba, it might be noted, failed to take any part in COPREDAL; it will hold aloof, it says, until the United States removes its installations from Panama, the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, as well as from Guantánamo. Otherwise, it believes in the principle of the pact.)

Much has been made of the Antarctica Treaty of 1959 and the recent agreement on the internationalization of outer space. But extensive as these two areas are, neither is ever likely to be inhabited by more than 250 million people. That is the significance of the Treaty of Tlatelolco.

Twenty-two observers from nonparticipating countries played a significant part in the outcome. The principal stumbling block to agreement, right up to the last week of meetings, was the determination on the part of some of the participants, among them Brazil and Argentina, to reserve to themselves the right to prepare and engage in nuclear explosions for peaceful uses. Such a proviso would have robbed the treaty of any real effectiveness. To quote a ranking U.S. nuclear physicist: "Nuclear devices used for peaceful purposes are in all respects also usable as weapons. . . . Any nation which develops nuclear explosives is at the same time developing bombs. . . . In fact, the Russians regard the U.S. program in this connection with great suspicion, since they maintain that it may well constitute a disguised weapon testing program." In the words of William Epstein, technical consultant for the UN, it would be possible to have a "peaceful nuclear device arms race." Reinhard Rainer, representing the IAEA, lent considerable weight to the effort to convince the recalcitrants that no meaningful distinction could be made between atomic explosives for peaceful and for belligerent purposes. And Fulton Freeman, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, wielded no little influence in persuading the more technically advanced nations to forgo the use of their resources for development of such explosives.

This was an achievement, since Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay possess sizable nuclear reactors, and Mexico is in the process of building one. Colombia and Venezuela, and possibly other nations, have smaller ones. All these, of course, are categorized as research installations, but the IAEA considers that the first four, at least, have a capacity to produce plutonium large enough to require inspection.

The U.S. statement on the treaty says, with an abundance of caution: "It is our understanding of the text . . . [that it sanctions] carrying out of peaceful nuclear explosions by contracting parties themselves only if and when future advance in technology permits the develop-

ment of devices for peaceful explosions which are not susceptible of use for weapons purposes. The foregoing understanding of the effect of the treaty is fundamental to the United States Government's position concerning it." Peter Thacher, special adviser on disarmament and outer space to the U.S. Mission to the UN, endorses these views, and has added an ecumenical note to the effect that the treaty's ultimate value depends upon its enhancement of the total nonproliferation effort. For all that the United States casts itself somewhat in the role of ■ adult looking down upon children at play, there is an undeniable logic in its position.

The Tlatelolco Treaty (named for that section of Mexico City), which García Robles hopes will one day take its place beside Locarno and Dumbarton Oaks, is a regional pact. Whether, in due course, the African nations or the non-nuclear European countries conclude similar agreements is ■ matter for speculation. To judge by their earlier recorded stance, a number may so elect. But whether or not this example is followed beyond the Western Hemisphere, an accomplishment has been registered which commits a sizable portion of the human race, and its governments, to the premise that war is obsolete, and total war, totally so.

No treaty is consummated in a vacuum; its surroundings must have their effect upon its deliberations. Likewise, the individuality and character of the participants may play a role above and beyond that of the positions they take and the statements they read. The observer remembers the solid and courtly figure of UN Ambassador Leopoldo Benitez of Ecuador, pulling together the raveling threads of thought; and the pellucid and measured Spanish of Commission President García Robles who is rightfully called the father of the treaty; the truly Latin atmosphere, the cordial *abrazos* and handshakings, the endless rounds of coffee, Coca-Cola and whisky passed by silent waiters, the meetings starting a full hour or two behind schedule and occasionally continuing into the early hours of the morning. ("Why are they late today?—the working sessions have concluded." "They are busy with the denuclearization of Cuernavaca!"—this on a particularly beautiful weekend.)

Outside the conference building in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas, barefooted Indian boys dash up to preoccupied delegates with eager cries of "chicle, chicle!" and ■ bright-skirted mother, aburst with child in her young years, toys with her hip-length jet braids. The high-rise glass and steel of the Foreign Ministry and a red, white and black vocational school are grouped with the yellow brick church of the Conquistadores and the ancient pyramidal Aztec ruins, a monument to both Mexico's modern dynamism and her prideful past.

In the midst of this scene a plaque commemorating Cuahtemoc, the last of the Aztec kings, who fell defending Tlatelolco against the power of Cortés, is inscribed: "No fué triunfo ni derrota . . ."—"It was neither a triumph nor a defeat" but the painful birth of the mixed people who are the Mexico of today.

And so with the treaty, negotiated and signed on the same spot four and a half centuries later: it was neither ■ triumph nor ■ defeat but a painful birth.

LETTERS (Continued from page 354)

deliberately sets out to kill civilians in the course of trying to damage its selected targets. In this context, the modern bomber is a terror weapon . . . against a civilian population. . . .

The inevitable conclusion is this: like other forms of warfare against civilians, chemical and biological, nuclear weaponry, the bomber . . . should be abolished, either by treaty, convention, or unspoken acknowledgments. For the sake of humanity, in the course of doing away with war altogether, the use of the bomber should be forbidden. We can take the first step in this direction by stopping the bombing in Vietnam; the second step would be a big-power agreement abolishing the bomber, eradicating the air forces of the world. For as was shown in World War II, as is being shown today in Vietnam, the use of the bomber is . . . simply murder. . . . Philip Siekevitz

CORRECTION

John Hatch, whose "Rhodesia: Sanctions on Trial" appeared in the issue of Feb. 6, has asked *The Nation* to explain that the Inter-University African Studies Program, of which he is director, is sponsored by four universities. This year, Mr. Hatch is based at Texas Southern University.

at sea

Tampa, Fla.

DEAR SIR: When Dorian J. Fliegel asserts in "Headquarters vs. the Men at Sea" [*The Nation*, Jan. 30] . . . that the National Maritime Union is not democratically run, he does not know what democracy is. As a retired member of the NMU, and now back in it again, I can state that at no time, in any meeting, did I see anybody denied his right to speak up. Meetings are held not only on shore but mandatory on the ships, and a new chairman is elected at every one. . . . As for patrolmen being selected, rather than being elected, that provided intelligent knowledge of the contracts necessary to discuss problems with the captains of ships who also know the contracts inside out. . . .

Louis Fritze

no time for matzohs

New York City

DEAR SIR: I have just read Desmond Smith's article, "Filming the New Revolution" [*The Nation*, Feb. 27]. What amused me was his reference to the Hadassah leaders, who apparently were in the Soviet Union while Mr. Smith was there. For the sake of accuracy, I should like to make the following observations: I led the Hadassah group to the USSR. We did wear our Hadassah pins, but without name plates. There was no Mrs. Shapiro among us. And no member of our group had blue hair.

As for the matzohs, we had none. You see, matzohs are eaten during the Passover, which comes in the spring. We were there in the fall—during the Succoth holiday. Additionally, the Soviet Government would probably not permit anyone to bring matzohs into the USSR. . . . But Hadassah appreciates the plug anyway.

Mrs. Mortimer Jacobson
National President, Hadassah

Michael Gold

DEAR SIR: For assistance in the preparation and editing of the memoirs of Michael Gold (Irving Granich), American radical writer, critic and publicist, I would appreciate letters, documents and personal reminiscences. I am particularly interested in learning of extant issues of *The Flame*, which Gold edited with Van Allison (Boston, 1916), and scripts of Gold's plays, *Down the Airshaft* and *Ivan's Homecoming*, produced at the Provincetown Playhouse in 1917.

Michael Brewster Folsom
1416 Grant, Berkeley, Calif. 94703

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Of Guilt and Resurrection

FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss. By Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D. Viking Press. 476 pp. \$8.95.

DAVID CORT

Mr. Cort, a frequent Nation contributor, was a fellow student and colleague of Whittaker Chambers at Columbia University and Time, Inc.

Was the distinguished Alger Hiss of 1948 actually a marvelously masked Communist agent? Or was his accuser, Whittaker Chambers, a marvelously masked liar? The two characters in the famous "confrontation" interested a San Francisco psychoanalyst, and he spent six years attempting to check out both men on every retrievable detail of their lives. The great design that slowly unfolded was, in sum, the grandest swindle since the Piltdown man. Chambers had been a walking swindle from childhood on; the researcher could find no falsities in the life story of Hiss. Hiss was not Chambers' only victim by the same technique; he was simply his masterpiece.

To review Dr. Zeligs' book as a little exercise in psychiatric techniques, as has been done by others, is a pedantic enormity—something like reviewing *Othello* without Iago. It would be easy to find fault with it as literary psychoanalysis; but it is as a compilation of significant data about Chambers and Hiss that the book is important. The Chambers-Hiss case rested above all on the question of the relative honesty and integrity of the two men involved. Dr. Zeligs' facts are so shocking, so consistent, convincing and well documented as to make the psychiatry a mere distraction. The facts are of urgent interest to the American people, and have political implications of some importance. We are also given an insight into two wildly contrasting and fully drawn human beings in a plot on the edge of melodrama.

I do not blame anyone for refusing to believe that there could be such a person as the "Whittaker Chambers" Zeligs describes; the character is completely improbable. From personal knowledge, I must testify that exactly such a character did exist indeed. I also knew many of the people who believed in him.

Nor is it a count against Dr. Zeligs' work that he does not destroy the whole

case against Hiss; what he set out to do was examine Chambers' contribution to it. In doing so, the facts he unearths demolish great portions of the case against Hiss.

Meyer Zeligs starts with Chambers' early life. His parents were two irreligious bourgeois, both socially mobile downward, both artistically pretentious (a big thing before World War I), neither capable of sustaining a good marriage. Out of this situation Chambers evolved his own demure fury.

Zeligs' key thesis is that Whittaker Chambers somehow conspired in his younger (and more attractive) brother's suicide, possibly because of a homosexual, incestuous relationship, and thus inaugurated a life pattern of death, guilt, resurrection. One need not accept this thesis, though it is important to Zeligs. The facts remain. Zeligs is not a prosecutor; the most telling exposures are often dropped into footnotes.

According to Chambers, he was born weighing 12 pounds and measuring 14 inches at the shoulders, in Philadelphia on April 1, 1901, in a blizzard (the record shows no precipitation of any kind on that lamentable April Fool's Day). He was christened Jay Vivian Chambers, but this identity did not suit him any more than the actual facts of his birth. He began using invented names such as Charles Adams (at 18), Charles Whittaker (at 19), Whittaker Chambers (19), John Kelly (21), and later Jay David Chambers, David Breen, George Cantwell, Lloyd Cantwell, Carl, George Crosley, David Dwyer, John Land—certainly an incomplete roster.

He had an early compulsion toward atrocity. As class prophet at his class graduation, he predicted that a nice girl would turn prostitute. He exited from Columbia, following publication in the campus bushy-tailed magazine of a sacrilegious playlet placed outside Christ's Sepulchre. He told professors he had syphilis. He somehow maintained a mouthful of appalling teeth, as if asking to be loved in spite of. His elusive charm was that of one asking for a blanket pardon, for past, present and future. Most people instinctively refused it.

His lies followed psychic patterns which Zeligs tries to define. Let us limit this bottomless subject only to his rela-

tions with Alger Hiss. The items below are distinguished as L (Lie) and F (Fact).

(L) The Hisses visited Chambers at Maxim Lieber's house on the Delaware River. (F) Lieber never saw or heard of the Hisses. (L) Hiss abominated Shakespeare. (F) Mr. and Mrs. Hiss read Shakespeare to each other at night. (L) Hiss had a total contempt for F. D. Roosevelt. (F) Hiss totally loved Roosevelt. (Aside: it was Chambers in both roles of Communist and anti-Communist who loathed Roosevelt.) (L) The Hiss lawyers impertinently called his suicide brother "Dickie." (F) They didn't. Chambers did. (L) Mrs. Hiss was "a birthright Quaker." (F) She was a Presbyterian. (L) Hiss's house was white with green shutters. (F) It was bright yellow with vivid blue shutters. A long time later it was painted as Chambers "remembered" it. (L) Chambers was put up in an upstairs bedroom. (F) There was no upstairs spare bedroom. (L) No piano. (F) Piano. And so on, interminably.

Powerful men and august bodies in this nation received these sleazy lies as significant political truth, at a time when such cobwebs nearly destroyed the American society. For Chambers' enemy was never communism; it was American democracy, you and me. He managed to set America to the task of its own destruction.

The terrible thought is that with Chambers' recipe anybody can ruin anybody else, if he will prepare ahead, and wait. It is of the utmost significance that Chambers did not seek an actual Communist as his prime victim, for there were plenty available. He wanted to bring down the whole structure of democracy. And Hiss had the democratic weaknesses of courtesy and responsibility.

If Chambers had been a simple madman, there would be no problem. But he was a master mountebank. He quickly picked up the style, tone and jargon of almost any role: conspirator, executive, assassin, poet, littérateur, genius, savior, and might have made an impressive magnate or general or judge, for a short time. For inside the imposture was a hollow man with sound effects. All the people who admired, loved, feared, or even just believed him

were pitifully hoaxed. Just to know him was at best an indiscretion.

Chambers personified a rollicking satire on a wide variety of things: great men, philosophy, history, facts, *Time* Magazine, politics, propaganda, religion, communism, espionage, power, conservatism, conscience, friendship, etc.

Yet men of affairs, in government, the press, letters, the FBI, believed in him and staked their careers on him—men like William Buckley of the *National Review*, and J. Edgar Hoover. They accepted the cant, the bold front, the false credentials, as the genuine article. Well, it is now time to pick up the stakes.

Richard Nixon owes his career largely to Chambers. A typical Chambers letter to Nixon: "I do not believe for a moment that because you have been cruelly checked in the employment of what is best in you . . . that that check is final. Great character always precludes a sense of comedown."

The late Henry R. Luce was willingly deceived by Chambers for nine years. Chambers wrote Luce: "Your speech is a simple, authentic testimony of the spirit. . . . It is a voice with which I have seldom been privileged to hear you speak, and it moves me deeply. I may not intrude upon it. . . . It proceeds from the spirit, and the mode of the Christian spirit is simplicity. God bless you, Harry. Whittaker." Anyone who could toss off such rarefied sycophancy, couched as hero worship, had to go far. What a pity that Luce bought this from a *farceur*. He deserved better.

Of another kind was Mark Van Doren for whose infinite kindness to Chambers came a letter after the difficulties of his son Charles, enclosing a note to Charles: "You will never get over this. The world will never leave you alone until you die." Instead of a condolence, a terrible curse, and ungrammatical. Chambers' letters to Van Doren are masterpieces of seemingly profound intellectual narcissism, a quality that English professors tend to confuse with genius.

One Chambers friend who was not deceived was Lionel Trilling who put into his novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, a Chambers-based character, a paranoiac constantly looking for a "new existence," who finally attacks his best friend. Nevertheless, Trilling was impressed by Chambers.

My disdain of Chambers, at Columbia and then at *Time*, Inc., was always instinctive, that he was a repellent actor. But I seem to have been nearly alone in that company.

The Lady Vanished

THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART. By Fred Goerner. Doubleday & Company. 326 pp. \$5.95.

CARL DREHER

The dust jacket contains a bit of overselling: "What happened to Amelia Earhart? The answers are here." In any conclusive sense, the answers are not here. Some of the purported answers are old stuff and some are what a learned judge called "exsufflicate and blown surmises." But in general Goerner stays within the bounds of probability and is candid with the reader. He has broken considerable new ground and gone over old ground more thoroughly than earlier detectives. Most important, his six-year investigation puts both the Japanese and American Governments under suspicion of hiding the truth, long after considerations of national security had ceased to exist. A more flagrant case of bureaucratic obstruction, principally on the part of the U.S. armed services, would be difficult to find. Of equal interest with the earlier events is Goerner's stumbling on a major Central Intelligence Agency operation while he was struggling to penetrate the curtain of official secrecy surrounding the Earhart case. This find is as illuminating as the revelations bearing on the case itself.

Goerner, a C.B.S. radio reporter in San Francisco, believes "unqualifiedly" that Miss Earhart and her navigator, Frederick J. Noonan, were engaged on a semi-official spy mission for the United States Government when they disappeared in the Pacific in 1937. Ostensibly, they were on a publicity-seeking flight around the world, from west to east. After they reached Lae, New Guinea, they were to fly to American-controlled Howland Island. The indications are that they flew over the Truk Island complex in the Japanese-

Dr. Zeligs has started something. His book, embodying material beyond the daring of the wildest novelist, will be followed by others. Alger Hiss must certainly be vindicated. The wreckage of other reputations is inevitable. And Chambers, with that cute dimpled chuckle and the sly, friendly gleam, is laughing in the grave at his "friends," the priceless butts who believed in him.

And so at last some day we can shorten the great Roman stricture to "*de mortuis, nil*."

held Central Carolines. Truk was the Japanese equivalent of Pearl Harbor, on a smaller scale, but a major naval and air base which was a primary objective of U.S. intelligence at the time.

Goerner's supposition is that Earhart and Noonan lost their way, crash-landed in the Japanese Marshall Islands, and died while in the hands of the Japanese. The Japanese militarists clearly could not tolerate such intrusions. For they had begun the conquest of China and army extremists had assassinated high officials of the Hirohito regime in preparation for war with the United States, which they initiated four years later with the expertly planned and executed attack on Pearl Harbor.

The evidence Goerner has collected supports his hypotheses, but proof is lacking and may never be supplied. Powerful forces continue to exert pressure for secrecy. Next to Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart was the most famous of the U.S. aviation pioneers of the twenties and thirties. She was the incarnation of feminine emancipation without loss of feminine charm. An admission that the U.S. Government had allowed this national heroine to embark on a mission so perilous would, even today, shock millions of Americans—unjustifiably, in my estimation; but in such matters sentiment is stronger than military logic. For their part, the Japanese would rather not have the world know that they secretly executed a woman so admired in all nations, including Japan. The fact that we and the Japanese are now allies tends to make the two governments cooperate in covering up incidents that might reflect discredit on either.

World War I had scarcely begun when Japanese warships seized the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands from Germany. After the war the islands

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Coming April 24

were mandated to Japan by the League of Nations with the stipulation that no military or naval bases or fortifications were to be established. The Japanese ignored the prohibition, and in the twenties attempts were made by U.S. agents to find out how far the violations had gone.

In 1935, Japan cut off questions regarding violations of the terms of her mandate by withdrawing from the League of Nations. The assassinations followed in February, 1936. President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his military advisers were justifiably alarmed and the Earhart mission may well have been connected with their apprehensions. An airfield was constructed by Presidential order on Howland Island to enable her to refuel. Besides the reconnaissance aspects, the Army Air Corps had the four-engine B-17 bomber in a late stage of development and was eager to prove the feasibility of trans-Pacific flying by land-based aircraft. Military and commercial interests were intertwined. William Thomas Miller, then superintendent of airways of the Bureau of Air Commerce, and a key figure in the development of Pacific aviation, was associated with Miss Earhart in the preparations for the Pacific crossing. Fred Noonan had been employed by Pan American as a pilot, navigator and instructor.

According to the publicity releases, the Earhart aircraft was a modified ten-passenger, two-engine Lockheed Electra airliner with a fuel capacity of 1,200 gallons and a possible range of 4,500 miles. The engines were said to be Pratt & Whitney 550-horsepower Wasps, which would give the Electra a top speed of 150 mph. Actually, it seems they were a more powerful military type, good for a cruising speed of 200 mph and a top speed of 220 mph, capable of outrunning the average fighter plane. On the first part of the world-girdling trip the point-to-point speed was held down to 150 mph. Flying at 200 mph, the Electra could detour to Truk and make Howland not too far from the scheduled arrival time.

The flight left Lae at 12:30 P.M. on July 1, Howland time and date (July 2 at Lae). On the great-circle track Howland was 2,556 miles distant. The island is 2 miles long and half a mile wide—not an easy target. The Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* was stationed at Howland to serve as Earhart's homing vessel. Everything depended on radio, and the radio situation can be described in a single word: confusion. To make the situation more difficult, if she was flying via Truk she had to maintain radio

silence over much of the route for fear Japanese direction finders would get a fix on her.

The Navy conducted a search operation which covered 262,000 square miles of ocean, and cost (in 1937 value) about \$4 million. But it left much to be desired. The battleship *Colorado* was dispatched from Honolulu, some 1,700 miles distant, and twelve other surface vessels took part. The aircraft carrier *Lexington* was at Santa Barbara preparing for 4th of July visitors. On the night of July 3, she was ordered to proceed to the Howland area. Her aircraft were not launched until July 13, eleven days after Earhart and Noonan had vanished. The *Lex* searched for five days and found nothing.

Aside from the matter of engine power, the military use of the mandated islands by the Japanese, and the American interest in that use, plus the fact that President Roosevelt had an airfield built especially for Miss Earhart, Goerner presents little solid evidence that the two were on a spy mission. This conclusion is most strongly substantiated by the evasions and buck passing Goerner encountered in his investigation, and by some odds and ends that were turned up. In the thirties, as now, the Navy made a practice of entertaining influential civilians aboard naval vessels. President M. L. Brittain of the Georgia Institute of Technology was a cruise guest on the *Colorado* when she was ordered to join in the search for the missing pair.

Brittain, writing in the April 13, 1943, issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, said that there had been much discussion on the ship of the possibility that the "Japs" were illegally fortifying some of the Marshall Islands, and: "We got a very definite feeling that AE had some sort of understanding with officials of the government that the last part of her flight around the world would be over those Japanese Islands." As in the case of many other possible witnesses, Brittain was dead by the time Goerner began his project.

With financial and organizational support by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Scripps League newspapers and the Associated Press, Goerner made four trips to the Pacific and did a formidable amount of research there and in the U.S. He interviewed many natives on Saipan and obtained quite convincing evidence that a man and woman, resembling Noonan and Earhart, had been brought to the island, where the Japanese had a headquarters, in 1937. Some of the evidence was firsthand, some was

hearsay, but cumulative in effect. And some was contradictory or dubious.

Rear Adm. Richard B. Black, who as an employee of the Interior Department had brought a Navy direction finder to the *Itasca* in 1937, told Goerner in 1964: "I've thought for years that there was a great deal more to Amelia's disappearance than simply missing Howland and going into the drink." Still more apposite is the cooperation of Fleet Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, who gave Goerner unstinting support. At one point Nimitz, as quoted by Goerner, said: "I want to tell you Earhart and her navigator did go down in the Marshalls and were picked up by the Japanese." He referred Goerner to Marine Corps Gen. Harry Schmidt, who commanded the 4th Marine Division at Kwajalein and Saipan and was commander of all ground forces at Tinian Island, from which the B-29 *Enola Gay* took off for Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. Schmidt, after agreeing to talk if Goerner would visit him at San Diego, said he was sorry, but he could not help. Goerner put Nimitz on the telephone. Schmidt said, "I can't, Chester. I can't help them." At their next meeting, Nimitz told Goerner: "The Marine Corps is covering up for something or someone. Per-

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haps the State Department blocked it. The door is being closed on you for some reason."

Official obstruction abounds in Goerner's story. Here is part of a conversation between a C.B.S. vice president and a captain in the office of Adm. Daniel F. Smith, Jr., chief of naval information. The C.B.S. man telephoned to ask what was holding up permission for Goerner to visit Saipan a second time:

Captain: I'm afraid, Mr. Dundes, the permission has been denied.

Dundes: Why?

Captain: I'm sorry. I can't tell you that.

Dundes: Well, does it concern national security?

Captain: It does concern security.

Dundes: Does it concern Amelia Earhart?

Captain: No, I don't believe it does.

Dundes: Has the Navy followed up any of the leads produced by the C.B.S. expedition last year?

Captain: I'm afraid I'm not at liberty

to say, Mr. Dundes.

This cat-and-mouse game went on all the time between Goerner and his sponsors and the U.S. Government. In the early part of the Navy's relations with Goerner there was some reason for reticence on the former's part. On Saipan the Navy was fronting for the CIA,

which had made a \$30 million installation on a restricted area of the island for training Nationalist Chinese spies to operate on the mainland. Formosa was not a suitable training area for this purpose, if only because the Communists had agents there. Saipan could be made secure. The well-trained spy was one who "would speak the language fluently, survive every menace, and accomplish any of a thousand assignments. He might slip through the barbed wire to North Korea, reach mainland China by air drop, infiltrate secretly from Hong Kong or Macao, or sail the tricky currents of the 100-mile-wide Formosa Strait in a junk. His most important mission would be establishment of a communications and espionage network for disseminating propaganda and discontent and relaying intelligence information." Between 6,000 and 7,000 such "guerrilla-spies" were trained at the Saipan school between the Korean War and 1961.

Goerner, just a radio newsman who had got himself immersed in a hot story, but personally a standard patriot, found himself wondering whether our violation of a UN trusteeship by the use of Saipan for training spies was any different from the Japanese violation of their League of Nations trusteeship with military installations. After a brief struggle of conscience, he concluded that since we had been doing our dirty work under three Presidents—Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy—it must be regarded as necessary for national survival.

On Saipan the CIA faculty and administrators lived with their families in an American-style town, complete with night clubs, bowling alleys, libraries, swimming pools, sports facilities, schools

and air-conditioned homes and offices, none of which they shared with the natives. Goerner finally got to see this plush layout, but until the CIA believed in his reliability, he had a rough time.

In the war crimes trials of 1946 and 1947, the United States accepted Japanese contentions that the airfields and bases in the mandated islands had been used for cultural purposes and for aiding fishermen to locate schools of fish. It would appear that even while the United States was prosecuting (and hanging) Japanese militarists, it was acquiescing in Japanese denials of responsibility which were known to be false by both the prosecution and defense. One expects duplicity in the actions of governments, but it is doubtful whether it ever has been carried further than in the forging of the Japanese-American entente against Red China and the Soviet Union.

Strategic duplicity was reflected tactically in the attitude of the State Department, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Except for Nimitz and a few others, Goerner was subjected to a series of acts of obstruction, evasion, concealment of records, broken appointments, surveillance and other devices of the bureaucratic run-around.

Except for a faintly soap-opera quality in some of his reproductions of conversations, Goerner writes well enough for the purposes of the book. His is an honest effort to tell a story which at one time might have aroused popular indignation, but which now suffers from the competition of an overabundance of material in that line. Doubleday has mounted the book handsomely, with excellent photographs of the participants, but a bibliography is lacking, and the index is limited to names of persons.

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*Among them a landlord to GI's and their concubines, a politically-active pediatrician, a peasant woman, a Buddhist monk, and soldiers from both sides.



Farming the Tundra

DIVISION STREET: AMERICA. By Studs Terkel. Pantheon Books. 381 pp. \$5.95.

RICHARD STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist who has most recently edited Honey and Wax (University of Chicago Press).

The gentle, rapid, cigar-chewing little radio man Chicagoans call "Studs" has drawn seventy "noncelebrated" fellow citizens into the sort of self-revelation that until very recently could be heard only from the mouths of poets. For most of history, the ordinary man's interior was a tundra of silence. In our century,

popular analysis enables every man to see himself as a complex and fluent character. Who knows if this isn't the noblest expression of modern opulence. Or the second noblest, for in the past few years, something else has happened: self-awareness has become self-revelation. Sympathetic men with tape recorders have revealed the extraordinary ordinary man as sage and poet. And the poetry and wisdom of the endless tundra are systematically farmed and then gathered into marvelous collections like *Division Street: America*.

We come to "know" the people in Terkel's book—or in Danilo Dolci's and Oscar Lewis' books—as we do those in

novels, in histories or in our lives, through appropriate and differing conventions of knowledge. The conventions of tape-recorded autobiography include such props to the guided monologues as self-pretense and disguise, as well as the monologist's sense of his own typicality and how far the occasion and the interviewer allow him to depart from it.

In *Division Street*, none of Terkel's people, no matter how violent or asocial, come within miles of saying what Joyce has the mild Bloom say to himself, let alone what Dostoevski has Peter Verhovenski say to Stavrogin. And naturally, none of these remarkable Chicagoans approaches the enchanted complex of even a good minor character in a good novel. A meal in Laperouse is one thing, a roadside apple is another; both delight.

Is *Division Street* more than a pile of good human apples? Is it, in other words, a real book? Once again, this is too large-holed a net for the fish. A book like this has little to do with build-up, careful collision, *scenes-à-faire*, brilliant climaxes, a coherence whose every line reveals a single mind. It is, though, a carefully arranged collection of selected and well-edited materials. The old, the middle-aged, the young, rich, poor, Negro, Mexican, Wasp; the broken and those who break them; city strays, John Birch cabbies, brilliant Negro businessmen; gentle Irish police and gentle victims of brutal police; teachers who save and teachers who ruin—all pour out their witness to the workings of the city, the death of neighborhoods, the threat and promise of machinery, the war, the mayor, God, buying and selling, delivering, conning, dropping out, rescuing.

Without dominating opinion into coherence, Terkel exhibits a great spectrum of distinctions. If no Chaucer, he is at least a good Harry Bailey. Social scientists will be able to organize this book's materials in numerous ways; thus, though a book itself, it is, in addition, a source for more familiar sorts of books.

The book is a treasury, not a ledger, and the treasury is of articulate human energy engaged with concrete experience. No matter where Terkel's people stand on the scale of usefulness, narcissism, triumph, defeat or despair, if they have expressive power, they triumph here.

The book is dedicated to three Chicagoans who made beautiful, useful constructions out of contemporary, local materials: Ring Lardner, Louis Sullivan and

Jane Addams. The heroes of this book are those who construct their lives or opinions with power. A miserable, self-serving lout outlasts the effective, self-denying bore. It is the masters of the concrete who survive in what the Indian, Benny Bearskin, calls here the abstraction of the city. Terkel is on the side of those who love outside their own skin, but he is an honorable host and lets his guests have equal say:

Each of the subjects is, I feel, uniquely himself. Whether he is an archetypal American figure, reflecting thought and condition over and beyond himself, is for the reader to judge, calling upon his own experience, observations, and an occasional look in the mirror.

Wrote Augustine about only one archetype: "Do I then measure, O my God, and know not what I measure?" Here are some of Terkel's "subjects," taking their own and the world's measure: Kid Pharoah, 37, who is found in front of the hot dog stand he owns:

A guy goes to school, what does he want to be? A doctor? A lawyer? These are the two biggest thieves in our society. One steals legitimate, the other kills legitimate. . . . Guys like me they want to put in jail. Because I'm dedicated to one principle: taking money away from unqualified dilettantes who earn it through nepotism. I work at this and I'm good at my trade. I don't labor. Outside of being a prize-fighter, I took an oath to God I would never again labor. But there's a million people on the street that want to be taken and should be taken, and they're gonna be taken.

Sister Evelyn, 26, a Glenmary nun who works with Appalachians on the near north side:

We are not married. Is this simply an attempt to avoid the pain and ambiguity of a sustained human relationship? If so, this is a travesty of what it means to be a Christian. A Christian must be involved in sustained human relationships, because this is where Christ is found.

Lucy Jefferson, 52, who isn't going to raise her children "on Aid" because she "just don't like doles":

They call you by the first name, the students, everybody. You see, this was the policy to keep the Negro in his place. But I happened to be the kind of Negro that became controversial, because I read such things as the *American Dilemma* and I walk around with the book in my hand, see? I defied them in so many ways. I almost terrified 'em. . . . Let's face it. What counts is knowledge. And feeling. You see, there's such a thing as a feeling tone. One is friendly and one is hostile. And if you don't have

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this, baby, you've had it. You're dead.

Phil Eagle, 55, who built up a large business with his wife; then, after eighteen good years, got sick and was told by her to get out and sell newspapers:

When she suggested I be eliminated, it gave me incentive. The medical profession credits my hundred per cent recovery to my will power. I latched onto an idea. The idea is contained in the book, F-O-L-K, *Folk Medicine*. The book is almost a hundred per cent concerned with apple cider and vinegar and honey and water and eating fish. And using Lugol. L-U-G-O-L. A solution which can be bought for pennies, enough to last for a year. . . . Which everybody should have a drop or two drops a week. Following this book and changing my diet eliminating sugar from my life and pop and orange juice, I recovered my health. That's one of the things that helped break up my home. . . . The only

thing between her and all this wealth is my heartbeat.

Charlie Landesfahr, 34, a copy chief:

It takes a great deal of con to sound honest in this world.

An ex-American Nazi in jail for defaming a Negro celebrity:

To me, one of the most beautiful things in the world is an oriental rug or a flower. They're the epitome of whatever they are, the peak. I don't mean something should be perfect. I wouldn't want anything to be perfect. I like that one little flaw. . . . It's the opposite of the order I was lookin' for. It's the human touch.

Again and again, the life heart is shown by such indirection; again and again one's expectations are cracked by human energy. The energy composed itself into brilliant portraits, and the book is a gallery of these portraits of the extraordinary ordinary.

Playing It by Ear

FOUR LIVES IN THE BEBOP BUSINESS. By A. B. Spellman. Pantheon Books. 241 pp. \$4.95.

BENNETT KREMEN

Mr. Kremen is a free-lance writer and an associate editor of *Holiday* magazine. He was both a teacher and social worker in East Harlem.

An author relying on taped interviews to assemble a book can easily use that technique as a dodge: the machine does the work, and the author becomes an editor. But in the hand of jazz critic and poet A. B. Spellman, the recording microphone acted like a literary Geiger counter, picking up what is vital in the lives of the four jazz musicians whose biographies make up *Four Lives in the Bebop Business*. When Ornette Coleman, Herbie Nichols, Jackie McLean and Cecil Taylor speak of themselves as artists or Negroes, the subjectivity and straightforwardness of their statements indicate that the tapes used by Spellman captured what was most important in their consciousness. But Spellman didn't avoid committing himself to the art of writing as well; large sections of his book are taken up with his own interpretations, explanations and comments.

And most often what is chronicled or analyzed by the author or those who speak in his book are the many adversities an artist must face if he chooses

to express himself in jazz. Herbie Nichols and Jackie McLean suffered most from the damaging aspects of the Negro hipster revolt against white hostility or from the whims of artistic recognition. Nichols, a humble, skillful pianist, struggled mainly with the latter; at the age of 44, he died the tragic artist's death—penniless and unrecognized. While he lived, much of Nichols' energy went into a hassle to earn his keep. And all that's left of his musical efforts are notations of discontinued LPs listed in a catalogue.

McLean's story is a mixture of success and horror, frequent ingredients of an art that was born in slums, whorehouses and honky-tonks, yet has imprinted itself stunningly on the musical culture of the world. As an adolescent prodigy in the early, vigorous days of bebop, McLean was respected by the musicians he admired. And when he stood reverentially at Bud Powell's elbow with his saxophone learning the lore of bebop, and when Charlie Parker invited him up to the bandstand at Birdland, McLean was a serious artist and knew it. But the example of his hipster musical heroes and the rebellion bred in McLean by his Harlem life hooked him on drugs and sent him to jail. How he shook the habit, left prison and resumed his career without the aid of the cabaret license taken from him at his arrest reads like a heroic tale with the added sting of reality.

Equally moving is the account of Ornette Coleman's early years in Texas and Los Angeles. The trials Coleman faced in his adolescence and young adulthood are described in a narrative studded with views of Coleman honking on his saxophone in backwater Texas gut buckets where "guys got cut up" or killed. "There I was," Coleman says, "sitting up in this place in my tuxedo, crying my heart out thinking that the music I was playing was causing these people to cut each other up."

Coleman has learned since not to blame his music for the violence and desperation he witnessed so often in the formative years of his career. But this enlightenment came not from the advantages of an education but from an eccentric individualism that isolated him from his background and brought him into the company of the hip, the wise and the rebellious. Without the benefit of a sophisticated understanding of musical innovation and revolt, Coleman bungled onto a radical jazz style like a wanderer groping his way out of a desert.

Contrasting with Coleman's Texas background is the middle-class experience of pianist Cecil Taylor. This musician, whose highly evolved sense of experimentation makes him a major figure in the "new jazz," grew up in comfortable Corona, Long Island, where "there were very few Negroes." Taylor, early in his jazz career, already knew what it meant to be a part of a musical *avant-garde*; for he'd been trained at the New England Conservatory and had studied the effects of Stravinsky and Schoenberg on the music that followed them. What Taylor had to weave into his own music was Harlem, and the training he'd received preparing him for long-hair concert halls had to be shed. This dichotomy in Taylor's music adds complexity to it, but also, at times, isolated him from his fellow jazz musicians. However, when Taylor complains of the alienation and deprivation he's suffered for daring to be different in his music, a prima donna's lament sometimes can be detected.

These days when we read in the society pages of the activities of such former outcasts from tradition as Salvador Dali, Thelonious Monk, Norman Mailer, Igor Stravinsky or James Baldwin, the myth of the cruelly languishing creative genius subjected to rejection and hostility dissolves into an absurd fairy tale. Odd-ball painters, poets or musicians are no longer ignored because they dare to be different; rather, they're sought out in a frenzy as an antidote for boredom or as saviors from despair.

And neither Cecil Taylor nor Ornette Coleman is a stranger to this "cult of personality" in our current underground, an underground with no place to hide now that the mass media search there hungrily for madmen and adventurers. But despite their well-publicized position as leaders of new departures in jazz, Coleman and Taylor complain in Spellman's book that they are neither rich nor treated as serious artists should be treated.

No one can deny that these musicians, because they are black Americans, suffer both open and subtle abuse on the streets of their own country. But one can question the notion of injustice that makes Ornette Coleman turn down large fees because they're not equal to those received by more popular night-club performers: imagine a pouting Charlie Parker holding out for cash amounts like those received by Guy Lombardo! There was a time when *avant-garde* artists, white or black, knew that the price they paid for self-assertion was poverty. At least Coleman, who doesn't lack a following for his highly personal music, is in the fortunate position of being able to choose not to accept this indignity.

Taylor also complains of a lack of opportunities for work because commercial manipulators and Mafia-controlled jazz clubs find his music too pure to handle to advantage. But some who know the jazz scene well hear of Taylor's turning down jobs and offers of aid because they don't suit the specifications of "potentially the most important musician in the Western world," as he is described more than once in Spellman's book. Regardless of whether or not this evaluation is ludicrous, it might be worth Taylor's while to consider the hardships suffered by Herbie Nichols, that large but ignored talent, or by such giants as Bartók, Charlie Parker and the deaf, impoverished Beethoven. Even if the gates of glory are swinging open only slowly for Taylor, at least his music is sought after by a devoted audience, while a bevy of admiring jazz critics continually praise it.

Unfortunately, Spellman's uncritical acceptance of Taylor and Coleman's often temperamental and highly subjective viewpoint makes the author sound at times like a pamphleteer for a new but confused jazz: he seems shockingly so when he concurs with Taylor's amazement and naive conjectures on why the esoteric, highly complex music Taylor plays brought the composer a punch in the mouth rather than a standing ovation in a no-nonsense Bedford-Stuyvesant

jazz bar. Taylor says of that incident and Spellman agrees: "My experience up in Brooklyn, in a ghetto community, was not the result of the fact that the music wasn't getting to them, but that the night manager was a black man who had an interest in keeping the music from getting to the community because he was committed to a certain camp in the community." Where people with traditional musical tastes gather—a Mott Street tavern, a Las Vegas night club, a Bedford-Stuyvesant jazz bar—someone sincerely singing Schoenberg or playing the piano like Taylor doesn't need

the agitation of a bar's manager to elicit violence from the patrons.

When Spellman traces the development of the musicians he writes about without too close an involvement in their viewpoint, he offers an engrossing, impressionistic history of contemporary jazz; it illustrates graphically and in detail the hardships of jazz men whose talents are used in saloons to keep booze pouring. And then Spellman never lets us forget that no matter how brilliantly these musicians perform, they're often reminded that their talents never erase the stigma of their black skin.

ART / Max Kozloff

From the estate of the late Morris Louis comes a largely unexhibited suite of six giant paintings, the Aleph series, 1960 (the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) that puts all the hesitations or qualifications of the noodling critic quite off the margin of his pleasure. In other words, they are splendid art, if that does not seem a word too modest to describe a showing (Emmerich Gallery) whose coherence is unadulterated, and whose control is an inevitable factor in its spontaneity. Yet these neat phrases pale (they are really the most *ex post facto* rationalizations) beside confrontation, or memory of the confrontation, with the works themselves.

The canvases can be construed, strange as it seems, as rather languorous explosions of colored shards, excruciatingly blurred at their centers, by chromatic overdrifts. They oppose such forces as cleaved prongs of spilled, heavily stained, saturated acrylic—reach-

ing out as if they were meandering radii of a circle—with superimpositions of internal, indeterminate clouds, hovering, or burrowing back and into some formless, steamy dark cavity, transparently comprised of all the spectrum hues sifting into one another. By these means, Louis transfixes the immanence and timelessness of a momentary phenomenon, dissipates its violence, and eroticizes its fervor. Only his most devoted admirers of the formalist persuasion have continued not to see in such works the impassioned and inflated reference—indeed, enactment—of orgasm. In these paintings, climax is mimed and celebrated almost to the point of immolating the spectator with sensations that are yet more luminous than lubricious. It is not even very speculative to imagine in them some attempt to prolong the most scarlet of ecstasies, and by means of paint, to hold on to the life-giving release whose dissipation seems especially unforgivable.

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But it would be unfair to say that such was consciously—or perhaps unconsciously—on his mind. The problem that presents itself to the painter is one of arriving at conventions which will hold in proper suspension the particular kind of pictorial process—in this case, analytic-synthetic—in which he is most interested. In such a context, the spills and their concomitant blurs are not so much dialectical surrogates of a male-female coming together, as an exquisite harmonizing of differentiating and blending energies, of bright probing lights along the edges, and of shadows echoing after them from the center. More than in any other recent art, the center is here the vibrant embryo, germinator of sensation. Yet, there is one anemone-like image that presents itself typically in each picture, the white, unprimed ground being crowded out or backing away from the encroaching, scalloped silhouette, whose animism, finally, is of a buoyant whole. Cobalt, azure, emerald, yellow, orange, vermillion, burningly float in and out of one another, luridly orchestrated and yet voluptuously deteriorating under the ministrations of an almost rheostatically sensitive eye.

Originating historically in Pollock, shape and gesture, though the starting point of the whole operation, are readily sacrificed in this conflagration whose outcome, of double exposures and chance drifts, is essentially multi-layered and tonal. But what is memorable about them is the vortex of surprises by which all kinds of reversals—cools over warms, for instance, or sudden halations or drainages or bleed outs—move the glance in a half-slithering, half-jolting revolution. Blotted or soaked tendrils, veiny striations, powdery deposits of stranded pigment, betray a tactile life of the paint itself, its high-strung adventures in the skin trade. Louis had previously executed infinitely more subtle, delicate paintings in his Floral series; he was, in the brief time until his death in 1962, to create far more iconic ones. But he never distilled such a radiant pictorial elixir, such a commingling of Romantic sirups, as this exhibition now commemorates.

With all the panache and scope of a huge museum retrospective, the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery has mounted a Franz Kline exhibition that for me, at least, unsettles some of my slightly willed respect for that artist, my indifferent admiration. It is not merely that his art has been installed with care and in quantity. Or that the many works previously unshown round out his development more illuminatingly than in the past. Rather, if there had

LOVE

is the unexpected ring of the Cancer
Society lady on an endless Sunday afternoon
when no one's supposed to be home. You put down
your section of the Times and shuffle to the door
and open it ■ crack, leaving the chain on:
"You're on my list!" she says, with ■ smile
that makes you feel ashamed to feel ■ well.
"I'm sorry, I already gave," you answer,
knowing, as you say it, that this is one
who won't take no.

GERALD JONAS

been a reluctance to acknowledge Kline's qualities (not his historical position) among my contemporaries, it was surely because he had come increasingly to seem unrelated to current researches into "minimal art," the idiom of the moment. No one seemed more representative than Kline of a certain heroic stance in American painting during the 1950s. Those giant black swipes, relieved against their white grounds, those gawky scaffoldings—this was "action painting" stripped down to its rhetorical essence. But suddenly the word "essence" brings one up short as it would not have done, say, five years ago when we were considerably less sure that contemporary painting could depersonalize itself successfully, or could discover staying power in such things as emblems, repeating modular devices or symmetrical compositions. Without ignoring the characteristics that made him so nakedly, and prominently, a member of his own generation, I can now more clearly view in Kline a concern that links him with ours.

Those of his merits which an older criticism has seen in him have been most eloquently summarized in Robert Goldwater's catalogue essay: "The true scale of these canvases is not in their measurements, large as these are. It is instead generated from within, by an immense internal unit, ■ swath or ■ rectangle, a closed shape or a crossed one, that pushes and extends the perimeter until it has sufficient room to take its proper form, enough space to move and breathe. Thus these works seem to have expanded from within, and grown from the energy of opposed directions, to hold their borders at bay, creating the spaces essential to their expressive existence." But if the spectator were to concentrate more coolly (and thus probably perversely) on these "closed or crossed shapes," they would cohere in a very different way. The intervals of white that are squeezed or contracted by the blacks would emerge as disproportionately small, dispossessed of their decorative function. Rather, they might come to

seem wedges (especially those along the perimeters) of forms pushing in arbitrarily from outside the picture frame. Conversely, the black images would more sharply materialize as images that hold hieratically on the ground, deactivated (except for the evidence of their slightly torn edges and slapped paint work) in their role of pictorial armature. Particularly in those paintings where black dominates, there is a heaviness, ■ lack of space that makes the form sit bulkily where it is.

Such a perspective turns aside from the estimation of Kline as ■ nervous discoverer of space relations that had to be reshaped from canvas to canvas (though this was his own view of himself). It discerns in him, instead, some rather obsessive design concerns, and the reiteration of magnified, fragmented "devices." This would also mean reinterpreting more positively the lack of illusionistic ambiguity in Kline that was so opposite to the practice of his mentor, de Kooning. Moreover, the Cubist echoes in Kline's structural operation can be minimized in favor of those compositional imbalances, those great voids, black or white, which we judge to be closer to our own taste. Of course, he was not alone among his colleagues in implying this situation. Motherwell is even now fruitfully exploring comparable impulses. The "trouble" is that when we compare these artists with the young men of today, the former provide almost an embarrassment of riches. Even more, I may find less to my liking the interests of current abstraction that are rendered more grandly (if also unwittingly) in the phraseology of Franz Kline's art. It does not detract too much from its largeness of spirit that the intrusion of color in his later efforts was not, or very probably could not be, managed very well. The sensibility displayed on the Marlborough walls has an unknowing dimension. And overall, it comprises more mystery than our tidy formulations would ordinarily permit.

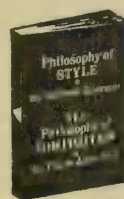
THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick recently completed ■ survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, based on a Ford Foundation grant.

More intensely, more angrily than any other major critic, Robert Brustein believes that the Broadway theatre and all its proliferations are utterly contemptible and sterile. For the past ten years, as recorded in his book *Seasons of Discontent*, he has been slashing away at Broadway, and it is not necessary to agree with him all the time to acknowledge the service he has done for the theatre. He has been intemperate and he has been unfair; had he not been so, he might perhaps have been less useful.

But it must be ■ depressing business for a man who is devoted to the theatre, as Mr. Brustein unquestionably is, to see its American manifestations through Brustein's eyes. It is understandable that lately he should have grown weary of denunciations. Having proved abundantly and repeatedly that the theatre has been betrayed and prostituted by Broadway, he has lately turned to scanning



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the non-Broadway horizons with great eagerness for signs of possible redemption. It is obvious that he regards his new position as dean of the Yale School of Drama as an opportunity to participate actively in the great redemptive work, and to help bring about the "third theatre" he has written about, which will combine reality and joy. Perhaps Brustein is something of a fanatic, but the theatre has always owed a great deal to its fanatics.

For many years the Yale Drama School had stood as a temple of stagnant mediocrity; already Brustein has given it a strenuous shaking up. He is determined to run a theatre as well as a school; next season he plans to organize a repertory company at Yale that will include from eight to twelve professional actors, who will be able to show the students how it's done. (There is already a resident professional theatre struggling for its life in New Haven; Brustein studiously ignored it until last January, when its board invited Yale to move in and take it over. Then he expressed interest, but the board changed its mind.) In the meantime, he has been importing entire productions from other theatres, and bringing in professional actors and directors for shows originating at Yale.

He began his tenure last fall by presenting Beckett's *Endgame* in a production by the Theatre of the Living Arts, Philadelphia's resident professional company. The leading roles were played by David Hurst and Ron Leibman, who were subsequently hired by the drama school to teach acting and serve as resident actors, and who played *Volpone* and *Mosca*, respectively, in the school's

recent production of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, or *The Fox*.

Mr. Hurst and Mr. Leibman are talented actors, but they are rather odd choices as resident exemplars for students, and as leading actors in a production of *Volpone*, since Hurst seems unable to shake his Yiddish accent, and Leibman lisps. Through sheer technical inadequacy they made hash of Jonson's heavily gorgeous verse, and thus forfeited the play's element of grandeur—the implication of something almost heroic in the very baseness it depicts. This is not just a matter of form; when the verse is botched, the play's meaning is diminished. Hurst, moreover, was too light-weight and small-scale for his part, turning Jonson's formidable Fox into a frisky old chipmunk.

Still, the production was by no means without interest. "The world which Jonson satirized and attacked," says the director, Clifford Williams of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, "is very much our own world; a riot of imagination and creation on the one hand—materialism gone mad and spiritual poverty on the other. Images of this confusion are all around us—the pop scene, *haute couture*, *dolce vita*, the jet groups, the trend setters. This is an ambience which we recognize, and it seems the natural one for a modern production of *Volpone*, if we are to appreciate the relevancy of the play to our own society." And so he put the play into modern dress, more or less.

Volpone at Yale did not look or sound as if "a riot of imagination and creation" was part of the world it dealt with. But the play is, before everything else, a scream of rage against "materialism gone mad and spiritual poverty," and that, from time to time, was reflected forcefully in the production, which brought forth some vivid images of greed, malice and hypocrisy. Leibman, looking like a cross between Paul Newman and Milton Berle, and glistening with slimy innuendo, was degeneracy incarnate. In the scene where *Volpone* and *Mosca* worship their gold, Leibman licked a large gold ball affectionately before putting it back into its shrine.

Jonson has provided *Volpone* with three retainers: "Nano, a Dwarf," "Castrone, an Eunuch," and "Androgyno, an Hermaphrodite"; Williams made the most of them. Nano resembled a spider; Androgyno was a leatherette-clad Warholian nonesuch who belted rock'n'roll into a hand mike (lyrics by Jonson, except for an occasional "ram sham bap shoo wa da"); Castrone was a memorably disgusting drag queen. They threaded in and out of the action as recurrent re-

mindings that this society was not only evil but sick.

Perversion, disgustingness, *dolce vita*, and rock'n'roll are of course very fashionable nowadays, and it might be asked where cogent contemporaneity ends and mere modishness begins. It would be a hard question to answer, since even what is merely fashionable is an expression of the age. Williams' production concept looked to me like a legitimate attempt to grapple with the play, not to evade it by gimmickry. But somehow he failed to carry it far enough, and the performance gradually ran out of steam. Rumor has it that Williams came to New Haven prepared to direct the play in a more or less 17th-century context, met the actors, and only then decided to update it. The production certainly looked as if that had been the case; the settings were "period," and so were some of the costumes. And certainly the updating helped Hurst and Leibman, by providing plenty of scope for their talents (Hurst's for clowning, Leibman's for Actor's Studio-style sardonic menace), and by distracting attention from their deficiencies. I hesitate to think what these actors would have done to a more conventional *Volpone*.

If the production was not, on the whole, a success, it was at least not afraid of the play's enormity. It did manage, now and again, to express Jonson's colossal rage against human depravity. And it made an encouraging contrast to the sterility of the recent production of Jonson's *Alchemist* at poor old Lincoln Center. The next major production at Yale, opening May 9, will be the world premiere of Robert Lowell's adaptation of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, directed by Jonathan Miller, with Irene Worth in the cast.

Dean Brustein seems determined to make his school a significant forward-moving force in the American theatre. He has the courage and the imagination needed for the job, and he seems to have access to plenty of money. (*Prometheus Bound* will be partially financed by a National Arts Council grant from the federal government, and Paul Newman has offered \$50,000 to get the repertory company going.) Whether he will have the necessary judgment and the necessary luck, only time will tell. But since it is important to the theatre as a whole that Yale should fulfill Brustein's hopes, it is disturbing to see him place such reliance, for the moment at least, on actors whose technical equipment is so glaringly inadequate. That is already a serious enough problem in the kind of theatre Brustein is trying to supersede.

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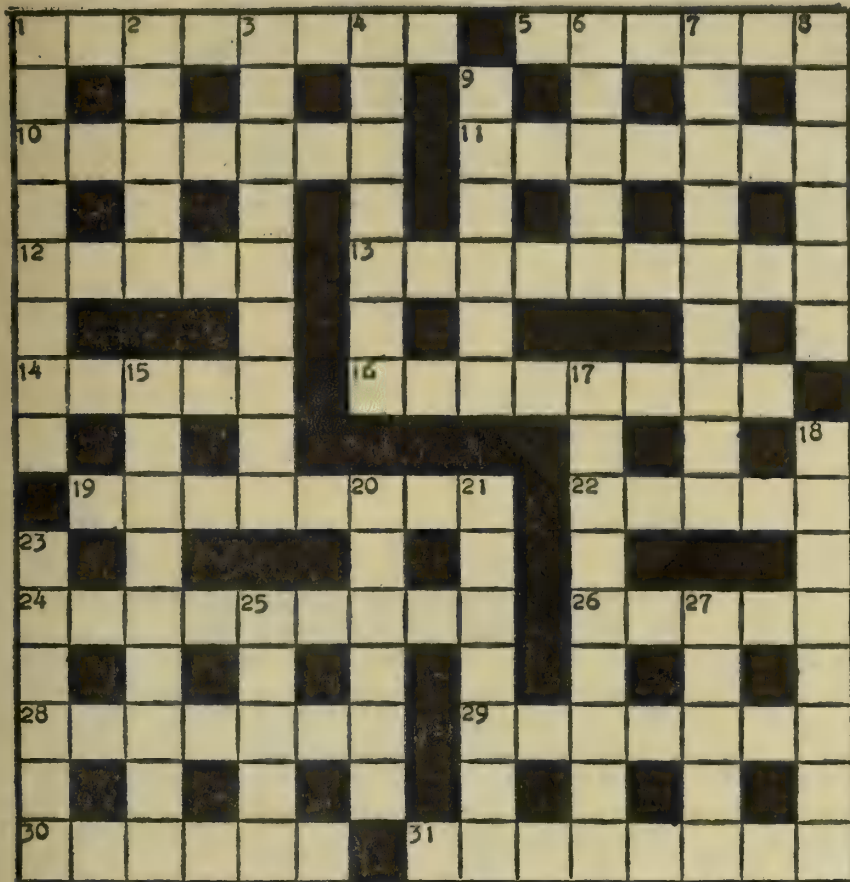
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1193

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 A bad loser, but with what all losers think they have? (8)
- 5 Follows to take ornaments? (6)
- 10 Rather malevolent, but still warm-hearted. (7)
- 11 and 19 Natty otherwise, as most of 17 was responsible for. (15)
- 12 Habilitment a goddess made. (5)
- 13 A rooster? Nonsense! (9)
- 14 Right little, this little island, England. (5)
- 16 Looked with confident belief, as mother did before being one. (8)
- 19 See 11 across
- 22 Valentine's twin, or offspring. (5)
- 24 The boat-racing racket? You'll probably lose in it. (5, 4)
- 26 A little slipper? (5)
- 28 An instrument dialed a different way? (7)
- 29 Omar should be brought up to date. (7)
- 30 Put out with the price on it. (6)
- 31 Inflames gums as the base of them, frequently. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Spruce. (8)
- 2 Has a first night? (5)
- 3 Military weapon like ■ quiver, properly inflated. (9)
- 4 A bad spell that is in short in shape. (7)
- 6 The character of a villain. (5)

- 7 If such vessels strike ■ bar, they might or might not be shattered. (9)
- Refusing to work in the alley entitles one to ■ bonus. (6)
- 9 If so, it shouldn't show below the hemline as ■ mistake. (4-2)
- 15 The meeting could be a painful experience! (9)
- 17 Proving work in the bird house means you have to work together. (9)
- 18 They presumably at least start the competition. (8)
- 20 Debussy's answer to Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition"? (6)
- 21 The kind of pot a less modern poet such as Keats extolled? (7)
- 23 A particular point of view italicized? (6)
- 25 Permission to go? (5)
- 27 Hung up possibly, because your lives are disorganized? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1192

ACROSS: 5 So be it; 10 and 15 Latin America; 11 Place name; 12 Tabling; 13 Exactor; 14 Tossed; 18 Passing; 21 Castle; 24 Canapes; 26 Send-off; 27 A fortiori; 28 and 1 across Extraordinary; 29 Speeds; 30 Noumeon. DOWN: 1 Of late; 2 Date books; 3 Nannies; 4 Repaged; 6 Overage; 7 Epact; ■ and 23 down The break of dawn; 9 Camera; 16 Ill-gotten; 17 Specials; 19 Imputed; 20 Gascon; 21 Cassino; 22 Sunbeam; 25 Noose.

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LETTERS

Inference denied

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DEAR SIR: *The Nation* has drawn inferences [editorial, "The Professor and the CIA," Feb. 27] about my relationship with the USIA as a book publisher and my subsequent responsibilities as publisher of *The New Republic*, as follows:

"Dr. Kirkpatrick's group also O.K.'d six books which USIA then published with Robert B. Luce, Inc. Luce—better known at the time as the publisher of *The New Republic*—was also a member of the publishing firm, Grayson, Van Rोजन and Luce, Inc., which three months after its founding became Potomac Books, Inc."

These inferences are unwarranted.

As a book publisher, and long before joining *The New Republic*, I entered into an agreement with the USIA to publish an experimental series of books which we called The America Today Series. . . . It was intended, at the time of the agreement, that USIA would have editorial review privileges—but that if in the opinion of the publisher or the author, their editorial revisions were onerous, the publisher would then publish the books independent of the USIA. The only people involved in the review procedure were the personnel of the Book Development Division of the USIA. Dr. Kirkpatrick was not to my knowledge involved in this editorial review procedure.

The first six books enjoyed a modest success and the USIA offered us a second contract for an additional six books. At that point we were involved in merger negotiations with a new Washington publishing house, Potomac Books. The merger never occurred but Potomac Books did undertake to publish the second set of books.

At the point when I was serving as publisher of *The New Republic*, my publishing firm, Robert B. Luce, Inc., had no contract with the USIA. . . .

Robert B. Luce

doctor's shame

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIR: *The Journal of the American Medical Association* stated in a recent editorial: "Perhaps most serious of all was the failure of German medical organizations and societies to express . . . their disapproval of widely known experiments. . . . That these experiments were conducted under the highest authority of the German State cannot possibly be considered in the slightest an extenuation of the failure of these physicians to act in accordance with the principles and traditions of their profession."

From the Nuremberg proceedings came a code of principles adopted by the World Medical Association in 1948. Two of the provisions were: "I will not permit considerations of religion, nationality, race, party politics, or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient." "I will maintain the utmost respect for human life, from the time of conception; even under threat, I will not use my medical knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity. . . ."

I am ashamed that the discipline of medicine, with which I am affiliated and which is dedicated to the healing of mankind, has not risen in massive protest against the use of napalm, poison gas and herbicides in the most inhumane war we Americans have ever fought.

I am ashamed that medicine as practiced in the country which I love has allied itself to a state of barbarism which horrifies the world and which will live in infamy with such outrages of the past World War as Auschwitz, Malmédy and Hiroshima. . . .

I fear that I and my fellow physicians have defiled our sacred Hippocratic oath.

Albert Schrut, M.D.

EDITORIALS

Another Turn of the Screw

The President, James Reston reports, started the day in Nashville with a Southern-style breakfast of the kind he dotes on: country ham and an omelet filled with grits and served with beaten biscuits. Thus fortified, he proceeded to speak his mind to the Tennessee legislators. It was a tough speech, delivered, as Mr. Reston notes, in the tone of a poker player who has decided to raise the bet. The effect was to give "another, harder turn of the screw." At the same time, the President proceeded to reduce the choice to a narrow one between "honor and dishonor, fighting and quitting, saving and losing Asia." The statement of this crude, simplistic formula, we are told, "added materially to his serenity." But he gave America no cause to be serene.

The speech was designed to provide an updated rationale for the latest escalation of the policy of bombing to the north: the attack on a steel mill some 35 miles north of Hanoi. At various times, the Administration has suggested different reasons for the air raids: initially it was said that the raids would boost the morale of the South Vietnamese; at other times they were justified as inhibiting infiltration from the north. Now we are told that the steadily escalated raids are by way of punishing the North Vietnamese for their aggression.

A day or two before the President spoke in Nashville, Roger Hilsman, who served as director of intelligence in the State Department and Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs under President Kennedy, told Donald Grant of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that the bombings to the north actually preceded the infiltration of troops. "Only after that [the bombings], did the North Vietnamese begin sending troops into South Vietnam." The President is in the habit of assuring us that he has better information than anyone else (although most of the time he is extremely reluctant to share it with us); therefore we should acquiesce in his judgments. But in this instance, Mr. Hilsman is an excellent witness; he speaks, we may be sure, from full knowledge of all the relevant information—up to the time, at least, that he left Washington. He has written a book, *To Move a Nation*, to be published by Doubleday next June, which is said to contain the most detailed, factual indictment of the Johnson Administration war policy yet written by anyone with inside knowledge. It should not add materially to the President's happy mood.

The President, it is safe to predict, will turn the screw even harder. No doubt he has a backlog of new target recommendations on his desk. The Joint Chiefs do not need to pressure him to adopt these recommendations; all they need do is wait. Richard Fryklund, the military expert of the Washington *Star*, has pointed out that the Joint Chiefs simply "wait for events in Vietnam to over-

take the objections of the civilians." Now that the President has reduced the options to a crude either-or basis, the logic of his decision will force him to adopt, one after the other, the various escalations which the Joint Chiefs have in mind. Having ruled out the possibility of alternative approaches, having publicly rejected any policy options, he has made himself the captive of his military advisers. They have not pressured him unfairly; he has made himself their prisoner. Hence his serenity.

Dodd and Powell

It is becoming perfectly clear that a considerable proportion of our legislators are venal. That is surely no news, but in their efforts to improve the image of the Congress, without improving their own conduct, they are getting themselves into a political quagmire. Those Congressmen whose own hands are relatively clean, but who go along with the group that plays fast and loose with public funds, are the most foolish of all. To see the implications of this cooperation, one has only to consider the combination of temper tantrum, political expediency, fear and racism which the House manifested in deciding not to seat Adam Clayton Powell. They quailed before those of their constituents, mainly racists, who were howling for Powell's head, and got themselves into a maximum amount of trouble with a minimum of excuse.

Whatever the merits of the censure-and-restitution action recommended by Rep. Emanuel Celler's investigating committee, it was shrewdly calculated to get the House off the hook. Powell would have been punished and, had he continued to serve, he would have been discredited. As it is, the House has excluded him in a way that raises a major constitutional issue. This is the first consequence of a hasty and ill-considered action.

A second consequence is that Powell has been supported in his contention that racism is the only issue in his case. He has been joined in this gross oversimplification by leaders like Stokely Carmichael, who are as selfless and devoted to the Negro cause as Powell is irresponsible and self-seeking. Mr. Carmichael said that the members who voted against Powell were out "to get themselves a nigger." Most members were enraged because Powell broke the unwritten rule that it isn't what you do that counts but what you do openly. They feared to be tarred with the same brush that Powell was applying to himself. This does them little credit but now, viewed from a wider angle, it may have some beneficial effects. It will make it more difficult for the Senate to whitewash Senator Dodd, as most Senators would prefer.

A still broader issue is that of Congressional ethics. Every time this increasingly urgent problem comes up, Congress tries to fluff it off by talking about personal morals, the right to privacy, and similar evasions of the issue. Ethics is not concerned with a Congressman's making a pass at a secretary, or keeping a mistress, or occa-

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sionally getting loaded. It is bad enough that such indulgences should be carried on at the taxpayers' expense, but it is of secondary importance. What is of primary importance is dereliction in the discharge of official duty. By continuing to ignore its obligation in this area, Congress is implicating itself in the steady deterioration of public respect for the legislative branch.

In this light, Dodd's offense is worse than Powell's. That Dodd was in financial trouble is undeniable, but what relevance does it have? The fact is that between 1961 and 1965 he was able to raise nearly half a million dollars through a series of barefaced solicitations, and he needed the money not only to get himself re-elected but to live like the fat cats whose admiration he courted. His stipulation shows how a large part of the proceeds of his testimonial breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and cocktail parties was spent—such items as \$1,263.84 for flowers, \$116.70 for purchase of tickets to a football game, \$701.90 for Senate restaurant charges in a single month, \$2,073.86 for a party at a Washington hotel, and over the period of his solicitations, liquor enough to float a battleship.

The larger contributors to the Dodd exchequer certainly expected favors in return. But aside from questions of conflict of interest, what are we to think of a member of the Senate who makes a profession of large-scale begging to indulge his taste for luxury? If the club tradition of the Senate lets him escape with a light penalty, that body will be disgracing itself, as Dodd is disgraced already. If Powell's conduct merited expulsion, Dodd's conduct merits it doubly. The issue before the Senate is bigger than either of these culprits.

The Rich and the Poor

P. M. S. Blackett is a Nobel Prize winner in physics and president of the Royal Society of London, but what is more impressive about him is the breadth of his interests and his ability to seize on the key factor in the most difficult socio-economic situations. In his address, "The Ever Widening Gap," at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he was as cogent as usual. The gap is a familiar one, going back to the 1950s, when it became evident that the poor countries of the world were getting less poor very slowly, while the rich countries were getting richer fast. In point of fact, Blackett's address is an up-dated version of a piece he once wrote for *The Nation* ("The Real Split: Rich World, Poor World," February 13, 1954).

This malign process had been going on for decades but did not excite alarm until the decolonization which began after World War II. Blackett analyzes what has been happening. Without going into the details of a very complex problem, the crux of it is that in the underdeveloped countries population has been rising faster than industrialization, which has been financed in part by the

rich countries. The population growth cannot be quickly arrested; it is more a matter of a decrease in mortality than an increase in birth rate. Or, as Blackett puts it, the "population explosion" in the poor, predominantly southern, countries "is the offspring of the northern compassion which exported a revolution in health but did not encourage the much more difficult revolution in wealth."

From an economic, rather than a political, standpoint, the situation is not hopeless. The aid given by the advanced countries has not been going down a rat hole. It has resulted in appreciable improvement: a growth rate of perhaps 1.5 per cent in per capita output of goods and services has been achieved overall in the poor countries. Blackett calculates that if the wealthy countries devoted 1 per cent of their income—about \$14 billion annually—to help the underdeveloped, and assuming wise choice and management of projects, an economic growth rate up to 3.5 per cent a year could be achieved. In that case the outlook, while still far from rosy, would not be as ominous as it now appears.

This figure of \$14 billion annually as a minimal effective contribution is significant. In the United States, Seymour Melman has estimated \$20 billion, or the annual cost of the Vietnamese War at the 1966 level, for the same result. The figures are quite close, when one considers that we are dealing with a world gross national product of slightly more than \$1,600 billion. The target level of foreign aid has been too low. It must be raised if disaster, engulfing the rich as well as the poor, is to be averted. An additional 1 per cent subtracted from the income of the rich countries would only reduce their present growth rate—about 3 per cent per year—and would not reduce the average level of income. But the tendency is to spend far greater sums than this on war and preparation for war, and to reduce the already meager level of foreign aid.

At a conference at the California Institute of Technology on "The Next Ninety Years," a number of commentators discussed this same dilemma. One speaker was Harrison Brown, nominally a geochemist but actually the nearest we have to an American equivalent of Blackett; another was James Bonner, a biochemist. "Science and technology," said Brown, "have given men the power to create a beautiful and bountiful civilization, but they can't seem to organize themselves to accomplish it." Bonner is even less optimistic. As the wealth gap widens, he sees less and less identification between the peoples of the wealthy nations and those of the poor nations. Eventually, he thinks, we will regard the underdeveloped as somehow subhuman, and will try to solve the problem by taking over these inferior societies in some neocolonial fashion. His preachment is the same as Blackett's: international resources must be mobilized; we must realize that in the present situation "lie the seeds of progress or unlimited disaster for the whole world."

For the whole world. That the four horsemen of the

Apocalypse will ride only among the poor is a foolish dream. The widening gap between rich and poor contains the seeds of a third world war, fought with nuclear weapons and exterminating rich and poor alike. It will be a poor consolation that the rich will have brought their fate on themselves.

Dean Monro's Enormous Reward

One of the most prestigious jobs in the academic world is that of dean of Harvard College. It was news, therefore, when John U. Monro, Harvard '34 and dean for the past six years, announced that he was leaving. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that he was leaving to become director of freshman studies at Miles College, a medium-small (1,000 students; faculty of fifty), unaccredited, largely Negro, school outside Birmingham, Ala.

To those who know Monro, however, the move was not especially surprising. President Pusey remarked that the same characteristics that had led Monro to go to Miles had made him a great dean at Harvard. The only people to whom a man like Monro is incomprehensible are those whose idea of the good life is a steady rise in prestige, power and income, and a big mausoleum when it is all over. Men like Monro live by a different rule. What William Butler Yeats called the fascination of the difficult animates them. That quality, however, is not unique with them; many big businessmen have it too. On top of that characteristic Monro, as *The Harvard Crimson* points out in a discerning phrase, is a "do-gooder" of a particular kind—not a temporary meddler in causes, but "a permanent do-gooder, a professional."

He will have his work cut out for him in his new post. Miles College resembles the City College of New York in one respect: it has no dormitories and hardly any of the students come from outside the Birmingham area. There the resemblance tapers off. City College, and the other big municipal institutions, are noted for scholarship and attract scholars to their faculties—City has been called the proletarian Harvard. Miles is proletarian too, but in a sense that should make Birmingham ashamed. It runs on a small budget, its facilities are inadequate, and so are many of its students. A freshman class contains some 400 members, but only 110 to 140 graduate.

Despite the fact that Miles is the only four-year Negro college in Jefferson County, the largest in Alabama, and despite the fact that half of the teachers in the county's Negro schools are Miles graduates, the best Negro students in the area go elsewhere. That is one reason why Monro is going to Miles. Of course some Negro boys come to Harvard and do very well, but too often, Monro says, a tough little kid enters on a full scholarship and leaves in the middle of his freshman year. He's unhappy, the college is unhappy. "You ask yourself," Monro says, "'Did you do this for him or for yourself?' You just don't know."

Monro knows why he is taking the job at Miles. He has worked there for three summers and knows the situation. "I want to dissociate myself from any idea that this is a sacrifice," he says. "I see it as a job of enormous reward." In saying that, and meaning it, Monro is already making a major contribution to education in the United States from his new post at Miles.

The GAO Cries for Help

Recently *The Nation* revealed the otherwise ignored story of the successful attempt of aerospace contractors to muzzle the General Accounting Office ("The Putsch Against McNamara" by H. L. Nieburg, December 26). Early this year, the GAO issued a new report which, though blunted by crippling new guidelines, is still an indictment that cuts to the heart of the enormous negotiated cost-plus contract racket. Inflated, cushioned and fraudulent cost data are a key contracting gap big enough to drive through a whole fleet of Brinks trucks.

The report tests the impact of the 1962 Truth in Negotiation Law and finds it shamefully wanting. This law required contractors to document pricing data and to certify such data as "accurate, complete and current." It was part of the Kennedy-McNamara effort to pin down responsibility and to establish how realistic are cost estimates and determinations. The GAO found that the 1962 law has been evaded, flouted and undermined. Examination of 242 negotiated contracts awarded to eighty-four prime contractors and eighty-nine subcontractors (after October, 1964) revealed violations of the law and of Armed Forces Procurement Regulations in 89 per cent of the cases.

Under the revised rules, the GAO is forbidden to identify companies and individuals. Therefore, this last-ditch effort to indict a corrupt system lacks names (even in its citation of cases in the appendix), thereby shielding private contractors and putting the burden on the Department of Defense. Since 1962, McNamara has conducted a valiant battle to enforce contractor responsibility, only to find the lower DOD echelons are more responsive to Congress and contractors than to the chain of command.

No doubt the GAO report will force Congress (probably the House Armed Services Committee's investigating subcommittee under Porter Hardy) to study the question. The outcome promises obfuscation and window dressing and perhaps chastisement and further weakening of GAO. Frank H. Weitzel, Assistant Comptroller General, will bear the brunt of the punishment. These hearings must be carefully watched by independent legislators and citizens who are unwilling to permit the courage of Weitzel and the GAO to go undefeated. The nation may now require a popular constituency to protect public authority against the appetite and power of the military-industrial complex.

THE DEADLOCK IN GREECE

STEPHEN ROUSSEAS

Mr. Rousseas is a professor of economics at New York University. He has just returned from a five-month stay in Athens.

Greece, for the past year and a half, has been in a state of crisis that divides the political spectrum into two deeply hostile camps: pro-king and anti-king. The crisis began in July, 1965, when the young King Constantine summarily dismissed Prime Minister George Papandreou and proceeded to buy off enough of the deputies in Papandreou's party, the Center Union, to form, with the parliamentary votes of the right-wing parties, the puppet government of Premier Stephanopoulos, which lasted until December, 1966.

The stage had been set as early as 1964, when George Papandreou at the head of the Center Union coalition captured an absolute majority of the parliamentary seats. This victory was not in itself a threat to the palace and its political supporters. Papandreou was well known to be a procrastinator, a moderate, a crafty politician and basically pro-royalist. Above all, he was known to be a rabid anti-Communist. It was he, after all, who had prevented the Communist take-over of Greece in 1944 when the British rushed him back to Athens as Prime Minister. Furthermore, in 1964 he tried hard to please the royal household—he gave the powerful Queen Mother Frederika a very respectable pension and passed a law forbidding any criticism of her in the press or in public statements. Without being asked, he appointed Petros Garoufalias, a beer baron and palace favorite, Minister of Defense; and he made other conservative cabinet appointments.

It is true, he did other things less pleasing to the palace. He broke the control of the rural gendarmerie over the countryside, renegotiated contracts with large foreign monopolies on terms more favorable to Greece, reformed the educational system, and introduced an air of political freedom by severely limiting the political activities of the dossier-keeping security forces, and by proclaiming a general amnesty for political prisoners. But these pluses and minuses in George Papandreou's activities do not add up to the crisis of 1965. If anything, he was playing, or thought he was playing, a clever game of balancing the Right against the Left. The important point is that he allowed the army, long purged of its democratic elements, to remain in the hands of the palace and the extreme Right.

Things started to go wrong for him when the Cyprus situation became acute. Relations between Greece and Turkey, both members of NATO, deteriorated rapidly and began to threaten NATO's southeastern flank. The United States applied pressure on the Papandreou government to resolve its differences with Turkey along lines that would have meant political suicide for the Center Union government. Papandreou and his son, Andreas, were invited to Washington, where all of LBJ's powers of persuasion came to naught. Greece continued to take an independent stand and suspicion grew within the U.S. Embassy and State Department that Andreas Papandreou

was a neutralist, that he harbored anti-NATO sentiments and favored opening relations with the Soviet Union and the Communist countries on Greece's northern borders. At the same time the Communist-front United Democratic Left (EDA) and the more liberal elements of the Center Union were pressing Papandreou to investigate the *personal* corruption of former Premier Caramanlis which, of course, infuriated his party, the right-wing National Radical Union (ERE). Then began the series of errors that led to Papandreou's downfall.

The Center Union government did not object that Bishop Makarios of Cyprus was negotiating with the Soviet Union for weapons. And as part of a planned squeeze on the United States and NATO, the elder Papandreou accepted an invitation to visit Moscow. This was the old political game of blackmail used so successfully in the past by small countries against the United States. But in Greece, where a bloody Communist civil war had been fought from 1945 to 1949, it was seen by substantial elements of the public as tantamount to treason. Panayiotis Canellopoulos, the leader of ERE, called for the resignation, not of the government but of Papandreou himself. He asked, in effect, that the Center Union Party replace him with another prime minister from their ranks—a most unusual interference in the internal affairs of another party. The Prime Minister retaliated by releasing the Pericles Plan (inadvertently left behind by the previous ERE government of Caramanlis) to be used by the army for rigging the elections of 1961. At the same time, he threatened to purge the army. In counter-retaliation, the army revealed the Aspida (Shield) "conspiracy," implicating Andreas Papandreou, then Alternate Minister of Coordination.

Behind this so-called revelation was General Grivas, who had led the guerrillas in Cyprus against the British and who now, as a Greek general, commanded the Cypriot army. Grivas moved counter to Bishop Makarios' policies and a struggle for control of the Cypriot army began between them—as demonstrated by the recent importation of Czechoslovak arms to transform the Cypriot police force into an independent army under the control of the bishop. When Andreas Papandreou took over the Greek handling of the Cyprus issue and supported the bishop against the general, Grivas struck back with his obviously manufactured charges of Aspida—that it was a secret organization of army officers conspiring, under the political leadership of Andreas, to take over the Greek army, throw out the King, and impose a Nasser-type dictatorship.

The King then ordered Garoufalias to investigate the Aspida conspiracy. Papandreou chose this singularly inappropriate moment to carry out a decision he had made some time earlier to dismiss his Minister of Defense who, he had been warned, was to be used by the palace to smear the Center Union government. Unfortunately for Papandreou, Garoufalias refused to resign without a writ from the King which, of course, the King refused to issue.

In this highly unusual situation where a minister refuses to resign and a "constitutional" monarch refuses to accede to the wishes of his Prime Minister, Papandreou *threatened* to resign. Constantine instantly accepted the threat a fact and appointed Athanasiades-Novas, then a Center Union deputy and president of the parliament, as premier designate. After Novas failed to obtain a parliamentary majority and after much rioting in the streets, the King succeeded finally in setting up the puppet government of Stephanopoulos.

The strange thing about this series of events is that the former premier had been amply warned of his impending downfall. Several months before the July, 1965, crisis, a prominent Greek businessman approached Papandreou and told him of a conversation he had had with a close American friend, a high-level CIA administrator, about a plot between the palace and Defense Minister Garoufalias to overthrow the Center Union government. It is doubtful that this was a plant. It is more likely a testament to the indiscretions that even highly placed CIA men are capable of making.

One month before the crisis, a suspected CIA agent had returned to Athens. Officially, he was connected with the State Department and he had formerly spent three years in Greece, ostensibly as a commercial attaché in the U.S. Embassy. At the time of his second visit he was with the State Department's Middle East desk, which covers Greece and is reported to be rife with CIA agents. His reappearance in Athens was explained as an informal visit to survey the Greek economic situation. It soon be-

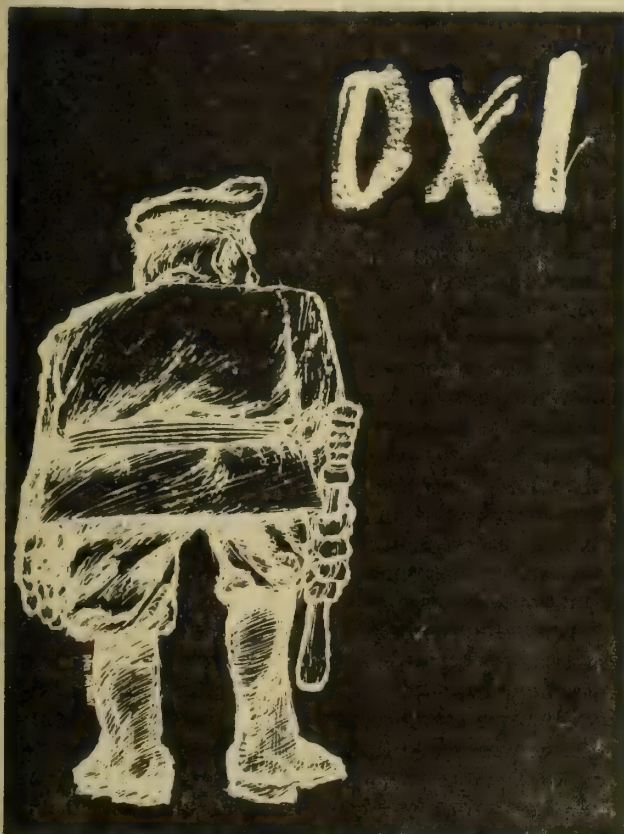
came known to the Prime Minister that this man had paid visits to Constantine Mitsotakis and John Tsouderos (two of the major defectors, as it subsequently turned out, from the Center Union government), and had been heard at Athenian cocktail parties making frequent and very audible references to the Prime Minister's son, Andreas, as an unreliable and dangerous leftist.

Several days before the July coup, a representative of the U.S. Embassy, mildly sympathetic to the Center Union government, approached the Prime Minister directly and warned him to leave the Ministry of Defense alone; that it could not be made a part of his ministerial portfolio. In view of these repeated warnings it seems clear that a plot existed prior to the Aspida controversy and to the actual crisis of July, 1965, and that the Prime Minister had nevertheless allowed himself to be trapped.

The *details* of American interference in Greek politics are not well known in Athens, but everyone believes, as a matter of course, that virtually nothing happens in Greek politics without the approval of the U.S. Embassy. However, the State Department is not that all-powerful. Both the CIA and the Pentagon play far more important and decisive roles. Military aid to Greece, for example, amounts to approximately \$100 million a year. The Greek army is completely integrated into the NATO alliance, with the Greek NATO command dominated by U.S. army officers. The U.S. military, in effect, makes the important decisions regarding weaponry and the structural organization of the Greek army, and exercises, through the palace, a pronounced influence on promotions within the officer staff. Furthermore, deployment of the Greek army is geared to NATO requirements and is not designed to cope with local contingencies.

At the time of Cyprus, the Greek Government found itself in a difficult position with regard to its army. The changes it undertook alarmed the NATO command and led the United States to urge a compromise with Turkey for the sake of the alliance. When Greece refused to accede, the Prime Minister's son was designated the key troublemaker, and from this it was not difficult to take the next step and label him anti-NATO and a dangerous leftist, intent on moving Greece out of the Western orbit. However, the real issue was that Greece refused to behave as a satellite should. It sought control over its own foreign policy and generally started to take an independent stand. When the Center Union government said it would welcome Soviet assistance in preparation for a possible war with Turkey, the U.S. Embassy *demand*ed an explanation.

When, on top of all this, the Papandreou government threatened to replace the extreme right-wing officers of the army's high command with its own people, the Center Union skidded rapidly toward the debacle of July, 1965. The Greek army has traditionally been regarded as the private preserve of the palace. Indeed, the late King Paul, father of Constantine, addressed the officer staff of the Greek army one year before his death with proprietary directness: "You belong to me and I belong to you." (The royal household's attitude toward democracy is of equal interest and can be best summed up by Queen Frederika's statement in 1960 to a well-known foreign guest at a private dinner party: she would, she said, be the first to fight for democracy if she thought it had any-



Cover of a pamphlet distributed in Greece.
It says "No!" — to dictatorship.

thing to offer the people other than modern bathrooms.)

The present King inherited the Greek army from his father. But unlike his father, he is possessed of a mystical vision of a new Byzantium and believes fervently in a holy crusade against the Communists. The King, furthermore, regards the whole Left as a gang of dangerous criminals. When the Center Union won 53 per cent of the popular vote in 1964, and the United Democratic Left 12 per cent, the King saw with alarm that 65 per cent of his subjects were politically suspect. Confronted with a direct challenge over the control of *his* army, he viewed it as a left-wing conspiracy to topple him from the throne.

The United States fully supported this royal view of the army. A U.S. naval attaché took it upon himself to tell a prominent and controversial Center Union minister flatly that too many young Greek officers lacked respect for the King, ending his unsolicited talk with the blunt warning that the army *belongs* to the King. The present U.S. assistant military attaché (who, like the former U.S. commercial attaché, arrived in Athens one month before the July coup) is often seen in Constantine's company. Some major Greek politicians are convinced that he is the principal CIA agent in Greece and have complained about his activities to embassy officials.

From July, 1965, to the downfall of the Stephanopoulos puppet government last December, the delicate, unstable equilibrium could easily have tipped in the direction of a military coup. The move was not made only because the Right (excluding the puppet government) and a few powerful members of the Center Union were quietly developing a plan for resolving the constitutional crisis which took into account the personal weaknesses of the former Prime Minister, George Papandreou. Before describing this plan and its implementation, the various personalities involved must be introduced.

Andreas Papandreou is the major protagonist in the current struggle for power. In the early 1940s, he had emigrated to America, but he renounced his U.S. citizenship and his professorship at Berkeley to enter Greek politics in the elections of 1964. The crisis of 1965 made his political reputation. He showed remarkable courage and introduced something new to Greek politics—a consistent, well-thought-out and far-reaching program for Greece. Coupling this with, at times, a strident nationalism, and profiting from the hysterical and all too frequent attacks made on him by the right-wing press, he captured the imagination of the young people and many members of the professional and intellectual classes—though the latter still regard him with suspicion as something too good to be believed.

It is common in Greece to compare the younger Papandreou with the late President Kennedy—as a man possessed of style, intellect and a program to get Greece moving again. It would be more accurate, however, to view him as caught in the unfortunate dilemma of being Robert Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey rolled into one. Andreas, like the Senator, has clearly set his eyes on his country's top political office. Like Robert Kennedy, too, he has risen very fast and has captured the imagination of the people. More important for the comparison, the former Attorney General was able to quit Johnson's

Cabinet and, as Senator from New York, dissociate himself from the President's policies and failures. On the other hand, Andreas resembles Humphrey in that it is difficult for him to criticize the leader of his party, who in this case is also his father. Yet Andreas has been able to generate sympathy for his dilemma and to give the very distinct impression throughout Greece that he is far more progressive than his father.

Andreas' *radicalism*, however, is nothing more than a mixture of the New Deal, the New Frontier and the Great Society. In the States he was an active supporter of Adlai Stevenson and Humphrey (when Andreas was a professor of economics at the University of Minnesota). But in semi-feudal Greece, such attitudes are extreme.

The Right, moreover, is not alone in its opposition to Andreas. The extreme Left regards him as a temporary expedient, and within the Center Union Party itself there are a few influential people who look upon him as the major stumbling block to power. And this is where Christos Lambrakis comes in.

Lambrakis is a wealthy man in his middle 30s, a brilliant businessman, ambitious to pull the strings of power. He inherited from his father a publishing empire which includes the two leading newspapers of Greece (*Ta Nea* and *To Vima*), as well as a string of other publications.

Early in the constitutional crisis of 1965, Lambrakis became convinced that the King could not be forced to back down and that therefore a plan had to be devised for resolving the conflict on terms acceptable to the palace. The great fear of the palace was that if it allowed elections, the Center Union would get an even greater majority than it did in 1964, thus turning the elections into a plebiscite against the crown. One way out of this impasse was to assure the King that, though the Center Union Party would continue to be the major political force, it would receive no more than a plurality of the popular vote in any future election. The big problem, of course, was to guarantee this outcome in *free* elections. And this, in turn, is where Papandreou *père* comes in.

In a country with a government-controlled radio and without television, the elder Papandreou was necessarily dependent on the press. The Lambrakis papers gave the former premier a big play while, at the same time, enforcing a virtual blackout on his son. In addition to this powerful squeeze on the elder Papandreou, there was his known anti-communism. The elder Papandreou had stated in unequivocal terms his unwillingness to join forces with the left-wing EDA for purposes of forming a coalition government. But pressure was put on him to take a still more strident anti-Communist line—i.e., to support more repressive police measures against the Left—as one way of reassuring the Right and the business community of his good intentions.

The overall strategy of Lambrakis and his collaborators was to push the former premier into alienating the marginal but important liberal voters in Greece who, in protest and from lack of choice, had in the past voted for the left-wing EDA. In the 1964 elections many of these had switched to the Center Union. With the former premier alienating this all-important protest vote, the Center Union could be expected to fall to a plurality. And given the elder Papandreou's pledge not to join with

the Left, the Center Union would be forced into a coalition government with ERE. Andreas Papandreou would be pushed into the arms of the extreme Left, and the King spared the embarrassment of having the elections interpreted as a plebiscite against his crown.

The Lambrakis plan came to fruition on December 20, 1966. Panayiotis Canellopoulos, leader of ERE, announced his withdrawal of support from the government of Premier Stephanopoulos. Stephanopoulos had no alternative but to resign, and the King appointed the governor of the National Bank of Greece, John Paraskevopoulos, as head of a caretaker government, with elections scheduled for May of 1967. George Papandreou announced support of the new government without waiting to consult his own party. This led, not unreasonably, to speculation that a deal had been made between Canellopoulos and the elder Papandreou—Canellopoulos out of fear that the extreme right wing of his party was planning to oust him and recall Caramanlis from Paris, and Papandreou out of his impatience to become prime minister once again. But apparently Papandreou was in much the weaker bargaining position. Under the constitution, elections were not scheduled to be held until March or April of 1968, by which time the elder Papandreou, whose health was already failing, would be 82.

To speed matters, therefore, George Papandreou was forced to concede on certain major points. First, he was to agree to Paraskevopoulos as head of the caretaker government. Second, parliament was not to be dissolved and elections were to be postponed for five to six months. Third, Papandreou was to give the King a free hand in appointing the ministers of the new government. Fourth, the elder Papandreou was to resolve his differences with the King, abstain from any attacks against him in the campaign, and refuse to collaborate with the Left on any terms. Fifth, the Center Union would not call for new elections in the event of its failure to obtain an absolute majority and would form a coalition government, with Canellopoulos of ERE as Vice Premier. These were stiff demands and the elder Papandreou, in his haste to become prime minister, accepted them without calling a caucus of his own party.

The terms and conditions of the elder Papandreou's capitulation became quickly known. In its bitterness, the puppet government released a transcript of meetings between Canellopoulos, Mrs. Eleni Vlachos, publisher of the two leading conservative newspapers in Athens, and a Mr. Bitsios, head of the King's political bureau. The text of their discussions was published in the January 1, 1967 issue of *Eleftheria*, the newspaper of the deposed government. Although *Eleftheria* claimed it had gotten hold of Canellopoulos' stenographic notes, it was suspected that Constantine Mitsotakis, Minister of Coordination under the puppet government and part owner of *Eleftheria*, had KYP (the Greek central intelligence agency) secretly tape the meetings. In any event, the text of the *Eleftheria* exposé contained many references to Christos Lambrakis, acting as official spokesman for George Papandreou, and to Norbert Anschuetz, Chargé d'Affaires of the U.S. Embassy.

Although libel suits have been filed, the text of the



King Constantine

meetings as reported in *Eleftheria* is generally accepted as substantially accurate. And privileged information I have been able to acquire, independently of the *Eleftheria* revelations, support in large measure the account given of the terms and conditions imposed on George Papandreou. For the record, it should be noted that Andreas Papandreou was secretly advised of Mitsotakis' plans to publish his exposé. Through an intermediary, since father and son at that point were not on speaking terms, George Papandreou was warned that *Eleftheria* was in possession of the tapes and that the Center Union would be torn to shreds if the information were made public. The former Prime Minister was urged to change his policy line and repudiate the Paraskevopoulos government before it was too late. But George Papandreou was too deeply committed and the warning was ignored. His attitude was that the decision to back the caretaker government had been made by him as president of the Center Union and he demanded a personal endorsement by each member of the party.

A large bloc of Center Union deputies, led by Andreas Papandreou, refused to go along and announced that they would vote against the Paraskevopoulos government. The elder Papandreou immediately issued a *Diktat*: any deputy who either abstained or voted against the caretaker government would be summarily expelled from the Center Union Party.

An internal struggle for power was quick to develop within the Center Union. To test his strength and force the issue of leadership, the former Prime Minister called

a caucus of the Center Union Party. Approximately forty, or a third, of the 122 Center Union deputies refused to attend, including Andreas. The younger Papandreou, prior to the caucus, was approached by still other Center Union deputies willing to vote against George Papandreou. In short, Andreas found himself in a position to oust his father from the party leadership. But such a defeat would have brought the elder Papandreou's forty-year career as an active politician to an ignominious end—and at the hands of his own son.

For this reason, Andreas refused the additional support. Even so, the elder Papandreou could not afford to excommunicate 30 to 40 per cent of his party. George Papandreou's attempt to impose his will after the fact had failed. Margaret Papandreou, the wife of Andreas, was then called to Castri, the home of her father-in-law. Several meetings were held and in the end Andreas and his followers agreed to go along with George Papandreou, provided one all-important condition were met: *Andreas Papandreou was to have a large measure of control in designating the party's parliamentary candidates.* The elder Papandreou had already pledged that the 122 deputies who had not defected during the 1965 crisis would automatically stand for elections under the Center Union banner, but under the terms of the agreement, Andreas would be able to fill many of the remaining 178 slots with his own people. In this way, the influence of Christos Lambrakis and George Mavros, a conservative and powerful member of the Center Union, would be minimized and their move to seize control of the party effectively countered.

Andreas' major objection to his father's policy, about which he had not been consulted, was the decision to accept a caretaker government for five months without the dissolution of parliament. Within this period, as had so often happened in the past, the Right would have been afforded ample time to rig the coming elections and resort to terror and political intimidation in the countryside. The ministers of the caretaker government had been recruited *exclusively* from the extreme Right and supporters of ERE. The terrorist activities of the rural gendarmerie had already been resumed and the para-military organization, known as the National Security Battalions (TEA) (each local battalion headed by an army officer), had covered the countryside with huge signs wishing long life to the King and warning the people of the dangers of Red fascism. Army rifles and equipment had been issued to the civilian members of TEA, who were already marching through Peloponnesian villages as an act of political intimidation. Andreas' position was that the King and his extremist followers should not be given the time to organize a new terror—that the King should have dissolved parliament and declared elections in forty-five days as required by the constitution. The feeling was that in his haste to become prime minister again, George Papandreou had sold out. And that is where matters now stand.

It might be useful to conclude this saga with an account of what went on behind the scenes just prior to the downfall of the puppet government and the role of the United States in bringing it about. The United

States had one overriding goal—to make Greece and Turkey resolve the Cyprus problem and thus end the threat to NATO. The Americans felt that this could be accomplished only by bringing Papandreou and Canellopoulos together, since the puppet government in eighteen months had displayed neither the determination nor the necessary political support to do so.

The Lambrakis plan fitted in well with U.S. objectives since it envisaged a coalition government consisting of the moderates of the Center Union and the ERE parties. The more extreme members of ERE had also been taken by surprise when Canellopoulos, with the secret support of George Papandreou, moved quickly to topple the puppet government. The King was probably pressured by the United States to go along with the plan, since a union of the moderates in the two political parties was not in his interest.

The major concern of everyone involved in the plan was how Andreas Papandreou would react. It was decided to try to induce him to go along or, failing this, to get assurances from George Papandreou that he would expel his son from the party if he refused, thus neutralizing him as a political force. Subsequent events indicate that the elder Papandreou agreed to this strategy.

The first step was to solicit Andreas' support. The puppet government fell, by prearrangement, on Tuesday evening, December 20. Three days earlier, American sources discreetly sounded Andreas on the possibility of a transitional government, with elections to be postponed for at least six months. When he rejected this out of hand, it was suggested that he meet privately with the King on the ground that the King's mind was being poisoned against him, and that it would be a good idea for the two of them to talk confidentially. Andreas declined for the obvious reason that the meeting could easily be turned into a trap: even assuming the King's good intentions, the people around him could leak news of the meeting, thus making it seem that Andreas had accepted a deal with the palace. His counterproposal was for the King to invite *all* political leaders to an open meeting. Andreas was next asked to compromise by sending a personal representative to meet with the head of the King's political bureau, Bitsios, who at that time was already deeply involved in his discussions with Canellopoulos, Mrs. Vlachos and George Papandreou's personal representative, Christos Lambrakis. Andreas put them off by saying that he would have to think about it.

Two hours after the Stephanopoulos government fell on the following Tuesday, a Greek industrialist phoned Andreas' office on Souidias Street and asked to speak to him. Andreas signaled to his aide that he was not in. The industrialist asked the aide to make every effort to locate Andreas and said that he would call back in half an hour. Two more calls were made and on both occasions the industrialist was told that Andreas Papandreou could not be located. Finally the aide was asked to get a message to him as quickly as possible: he, the industrialist, had been authorized by the Paraskevopoulos caretaker government to ask Andreas if he would want to name two or three ministers—provided, of course, that he agreed to support the new government when it came up for a vote of confidence in parliament. It later be-

came known that Andreas' political aide had been thoroughly investigated, well before the actual downfall of the puppet government, and his dossier placed before the King who then indicated his willingness to appoint him as a minister in the new government if this was the price to be paid for Andreas' support.

When both these attempts to implicate the younger Papandreou failed, it fell upon the father to discipline his son by threatening to expel him and his followers from the Center Union Party. And when it then became clear that his power within the party was greater than anyone had anticipated, Andreas was able to impose a compromise on his own terms—control over the party slate.

For the moment at least, Lambrakis and Canellopoulos have been stalemated and Andreas has emerged, in effect, as the *de facto* leader of the Center Union—thus putting things back to where they were initially, with the Center Union Party once more promising to capture an absolute majority of the parliamentary seats. One new factor, however, must be very disturbing for the palace: the *de facto* leadership of the Center Union has changed and yet the King is firmly committed to elections by next May at the very latest. The plan, in short, backfired by underestimating Andreas' strength.

What role the army will play in this new situation is anybody's guess; whether or not a coup will be attempted depends on too many variables. One major element will be the relative success of the extreme Right and the army either in rigging the elections or using a sufficient amount of terror in the rural areas to reduce the Center Union to a plurality, thus giving another

opportunity to the palace to engineer new defections for an ERE government under Canellopoulos. If, on the other hand, Andreas should lead his party to a landslide, it is likely that the army will move. This analysis does not preclude the possibility that a *coup d'état*—deceptively timed to take place when the King is out of the country—may be staged before the May elections.

What all this amounts to is that by emerging as a positive political force in Greece, Andreas Papandreou has also become a destabilizing element in Greek politics. He now represents the "new" politics in Greece and has become the focus around which can be formed a strong party with a long overdue program for reform and change. And he has succeeded in achieving this in the incredibly short span of two years.

The "old" politics of Greece never threatened the traditional distribution of power. It lacked depth or commitment; it had become a surface game of musical chairs, of vying charismatic leaders filled more with pomp than with achievements. This has all been changed by a United States-educated Greek politician of very recent vintage.

Given the current stalemate and the disproportionate division of popular and military power, the United States has a critical role to play. The King is not likely to disregard any *strongly* represented views of the U.S. Government and it is in the long-run self-interest of the United States to support the "new" politics in Greece. But recalling Washington's role in the Dominican Republic, and its apparent acquiescence in the military coups of Brazil and Argentina, one should not entertain too much hope on this score.

COOK COUNTY

MAKING BOOK ON MR. DALEY

EDWARD S. GILBRETH

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Chicago

Richard J. Daley, the Democratic Mayor of Chicago, seeks to renew his lease on City Hall in municipal election next April 4, and almost nowhere do you hear it said that there is a serious challenge to his tenancy. What you do hear are expressions of resignation, a not-too-alarmed acceptance of the inevitable. "Well, let's face it—*nobody* could beat Daley."

This prevailing opinion is startlingly recent. Only a few months ago, the likelihood of Daley's early departure was being discussed with relish, in neighborhood taverns no less frequently than at cocktail parties in the new apartment high-rises that hug the lake shore.

That climate of anticipation had been produced by flighty interpretations of the November 8th election re-

sults. Similarly, the current prediction that Daley will be a shoo-in results from surface analysis of the city's February 28th aldermanic elections. That two elections, within four months of each other, could create such contrasting forecasts testifies to the gullibility of the public. It is easier to accept what you are *told* happened in yesterday's election than it is to make even a halfhearted attempt to reach your own conclusion.

In Chicago, perhaps more than in other big cities, the most recent election results become everybody's favorite barometer, and discourage prudent examination of issues and personalities unique to the current contest. However, the November and February elections do have a bearing on Chicago's mayoral campaign.

There is no doubt that Republicans, led by Senatorial candidate Charles H. Percy, scored spectacular gains in Illinois last November. Percy trounced the veteran liberal Sen. Paul H. Douglas by more than 420,000 votes and helped his party establish overwhelming control of

both houses of the state legislature. In Cook County (where Chicago accounts for about two-thirds of the vote), GOP candidates won eight of the twelve county offices at stake and took five of the seven contested circuit court judgeships.

There is no way of softening the Democrats' humiliation in what turned out to be the Republicans' best state and county performance in twenty years. Yet for all that, twin myths emerged from that election, and public acceptance of these myths clouded the remarkable fact that, within the city of Chicago, returns did not deviate, by area or ethnic group, from the city's long-established voting behavior. The first myth had it that a white backlash vote within Chicago contributed to the Republican victories. The second myth attributed loss of Democratic strength among Negroes to the fact that many civil rights leaders had become disenchanted with City Hall. The two assertions tend to contradict each other, but this conflict is blandly resolved by reference to "the pincer movement," an ingenious piece of quick-think that lends dignity of "theory" to the whole process.

The groundwork for this analysis had been laid in pre-election punditry. The reasoning went as follows: Chicago last summer experienced civil uprisings so violent that they threatened to shred the fabric of community life; Negroes marched into all-white neighborhoods to advertise grievances against real estate practices; the city's small but growing Puerto Rican community erupted with street rioting; Martin Luther King led a spirited campaign demanding an end to discrimination against minorities in jobs and housing; Daley found himself besieged on one side by civil rights leaders who demanded more freedom of opportunity, on the other side by spokesmen for white home owners who accused him of "surrendering" to minorities. Thus: *Boy, Daley and the Democrats will have an impossible time surviving this pincer movement in the election!*

Pre-election polls seemed to confirm that Democratic candidates were indeed caught between property owners in all-white communities and a growing bloc of independents within Negro areas. However, when Chicagoans went to the polls on November 8, they handed Republicans precisely their traditional share of the city's vote—slightly under 45 per cent. The results showed no discernible shift from the norm among either whites or Negroes. The Democrats did slip badly in the Chicago suburbs and downstate, thus accounting for the magnitude of the Republican victory.

The city's February 28th aldermanic election, a technically "nonpartisan" affair, was held simultaneously with the Democratic and Republican mayoral primaries. However, Mayor Daley was unopposed for renomination in his primary, and the Republican-endorsed candidate, John L. Waner, a millionaire heating and air-conditioning executive, had no significant competition (two nuisance candidates, perennial also-rans, were on the ballot against him). Thus, in the absence of mayoral drama, more than usual interest focused on the race for City Council seats in each of the city's fifty wards. A peculiarity of state law prevents Chicago aldermanic candidates from being listed on the ballot under party labels,

but the two political parties are not prohibited from endorsing candidates. How each party fares in electing aldermen every four years becomes a gauge of its organizational strength as it girds for the mayoral contest several weeks later.

In the council races, Republicans increased their ranks from four to seven, and the Democrats won thirty-seven. The result in six wards, where no candidate received a plurality in multiple contests, will be decided by run-off elections on April 4. After that date, the Democratic council ranks will probably number more than forty.

Surprisingly, though, public interest drained from the aldermanic campaign once the results were in, and riveted itself on the showings made by the mayoral candidates in their previously ignored primary campaigns. Mayor Daley had been renominated with a total of 422,000 votes. Mr. Waner won his party's formal nomination with only 73,000. This ratio of nearly 6 to 1 captivated the press and broadcasters no less than the public. "Daley Is Still the Champ!" "Daley Wins Big!" And in barroom conversations: "Boy, Daley and the Democrats sure bounced back from their licking in November, didn't they?"

If there is any significance in the recent aldermanic election, it is to be found by comparing it with the council races in the February that preceded Daley's 1963 vote (16 percentage points below the 71 per cent he had scored four years earlier). Here, again, the Democratic organization demonstrated that its hold on Chicago has neither faltered nor increased. In 1963, Democratic-endorsed candidates for aldermen received 446,388 votes, or 64 per cent. In the recent contest, Democrats came within 2,000 votes of that total (it is difficult to give a precise figure because in two wards both parties endorsed the same candidate), and their proportion was at least 63 per cent.

(It is worth remembering that whereas, in the 1963 mayoral primaries, Daley outpolled his Republican opponent by about 4 to 1, six weeks later, in a head-on contest with the same opponent, he won by only 6 to 5.)

Now midway through his campaign to topple Daley, Republican Waner finds himself buffeted by contradictory waves of opinion: First, by the overreaction to (and misinterpretation of) the GOP victories last November; second, by similar overreaction to (and possible misinterpretation of) the mayoral primaries. The effect on the first was to infuse GOP troops with fresh confidence that this year, for the first time since 1931, Chicago's City Hall was within their grasp. The effect of the second was to encourage the city's Republican-oriented business community to go along once more with Daley.

Even before the primary, the city's financial community, the State Street merchants and the executives of the LaSalle Street banks had lined up behind Daley, as they had done in the Mayor's two previous re-election campaigns. This liaison between a Democratic mayor and the conservative business establishment (unwaveringly Republican in state and national politics) was not a case of love at first sight. Twelve years ago, when he first ran for mayor, Daley campaigned against the city's downtown concentration of wealth which, he charged, had been gobbling up a disproportionate share of the city's resources to the



Felix Palm, Christian Science Monitor

Mayor Richard J. Daley

detriment of outlying neighborhoods. But in the campaign now under way, it is the Republican candidate who flings the same charge, picturing Daley as the creature of the rich who drains sustenance from the "disenfranchised poor and the tax-burdened middle class."

It is difficult to reach conclusions in this debate. Daley does command the loyalty (and the respect) of what in the 1930s would have been denigrated as "the ruling class." Chicago's neighborhoods have eroded (with the exception of three successful experiments in urban renewal). And Daley has grown into the leadership of a monolithic political organization—the "last of the big city machines"—that wields power with arrogant abandon because of the impotence of the opposition. But Waner now, like other Republicans before him, cannot show beyond argument that Daley's loyalty to big business has hurt Chicago, or that the continued erosion of middle-class communities and the expansion of the Negro ghetto are the direct causes of this union.

After all, Daley's supporters maintain, Daley changed the topography of the city. Under his leadership, some sixty high-rises were erected in a city that had not had a change of skyline in twenty years. A labyrinth of modern expressways now winds through neighborhoods previously at the edge of decay (and therefore expendable). As for the flight of the white middle class to the suburbs and the growth of the ghetto, these are phenomena common to all big cities. Can Daley be held responsible for a national trend?

Waner, at 52 a self-made business success, is the son of Polish immigrants and rose from his own kind of ghetto. He recently popped up with a new issue, designed to give him some leverage on the elections. In a television appearance, Waner suddenly blurted out that if elected, "I will replace Police Superintendent Wilson."

Fire Orlando W. Wilson? Rid Chicago of its national symbol of reform police administration? "Wilson was handed a \$100 million budget, and he has not done the job," Waner says. "The job" means curbing Chicago's growing crime rate, creating law-enforcement programs "to make our neighborhoods safe at night."

Daley let a blue-ribbon panel pick Wilson as police superintendent several years ago, when a police scandal threatened to tarnish the Mayor's image as a politician of personal integrity. Since his arrival in Chicago from the academic world in California, former law Professor Wilson has attained sacred cow status. He enjoys kid-glove treatment from the press and politicians. Waner's suggestion that he be replaced created a ripple of sensation—about the only one so far in a low-voltage campaign.

What was especially disturbing in Waner's ploy was the implication that by crying alarm at violence in the streets he courts support among white voters who attribute all such crime to the Negro. This implication gives an unfair idea of Waner, a white-thatched, jowly man whose affability is matched by previous examples of compassion for the plight of minorities. As Chicago's federal housing administrator under President Eisenhower in 1960, Waner frequently tongue-lashed the real estate interests for discriminatory housing practices. "If you don't stop this on your own," Waner warned four years before enactment of the first major civil rights bills in Congress, "the federal government will be forced to intervene."

While he has not endorsed the principle of open occupancy, Waner has shunned advice to conduct a racist campaign. The candidate was recently advised to woo Negroes by promising them jobs—"you know, simple jobs." "The Negroes know they can get menial jobs," Waner sternly replied. "Wouldn't it be better to get trade unions to open up their memberships so that Negroes have a chance at skilled jobs?"

In a campaign pitch perhaps too elevated for voters accustomed to meat-and-potatoes oratory, Waner urges designating all of Chicago as an urban-renewal area. The idea, he adds, is not to launch any massive land clearance but to make more Chicagoans eligible for mortgage guarantees under the Federal Housing Administration. One reason for the city's loss of middle-class urban housing, he says, is a dearth of available mortgage money.

Waner plots his campaign in a second-floor Loop headquarters across the street from Daley's City Hall. And while he scurries to any ward meeting or street-corner gathering he can find, Daley—King Richard to his enemies—quietly projects the image of a mayor dedicated first to running the city, second, to running for re-election.

The Mayor, whose fourth term would occupy most of his late 60s, bustles with the same energy he displayed when, at 53, he began his ascendancy. He still mangles the language ("I resent the insinuates"), but time has turned this characteristic into an endearing foible. Spec-

tators who once jeered at the speech of this stocky, blue-eyed Irishman from Chicago's Back-o'-the-Yards district now listen to him in happy anticipation, but with little condescension. They smile at his tidbits (which some cynics say are deliberate) and at his eternal extollings of "the wunnerful people of this wunnerful city."

Efforts to depict Daley as a cultural clod are unjust. Through personal appearance as first-nighters and through public support, the Mayor and his wife are among the city's biggest boosters of the arts. If Chicago's prestigious Lyric Opera revives its canceled 1967 season, the resumption will be won primarily by Daley's skill as an arbiter between the opera company and the musicians' union. In recent months Daley proved his ability at this sort of peace making by averting the threatened strike of Chicago public schoolteachers. He was active in behind-the-scenes negotiations that last year ended a strike by public case workers, and which this year headed off a strike by public nurses at the Cook County Hospital, the largest general hospital in the world.

These day-by-day activities have a cumulative effect that far outweighs harangues about Chicago's rising tax rate, dialogues about the methodology of the local anti-poverty war, or debates about the advisability of changing mayors for the health of a two-party system.

THE SIEGE OF CICERO

BRUCE J. OUDES

Mr. Oudes, a native of Cicero, is working today as a journalist in West Africa for several American publications.

Everybody knows about Cicero. It's the town next to Chicago where the whites don't want to integrate. Is that so amazing? Plenty of towns in the North don't exactly encourage Negroes to move in next door. So what's so different about Cicero?

This question—this Cicero thing—has disturbed me for many years, ever since 1951, when some of my classmates in the freshman class at Morton High School helped to toss the furniture of a Negro bus driver out of his apartment window. Now, however, I get the feeling that I'm not alone in my preoccupation with the town. Cicero is on the lips of many people. Martin Luther King, if he doesn't yet know it, lost a major battle there last summer—a battle he chose not to fight. He called it the "Selma of the North." The name flowed easily from A. Philip Randolph's tongue when he testified before a Senate committee last fall. Just a few weeks ago Lewis Alcindor, the basketball player, said: "The South is in Montgomery, Alabama. But the South is also in Cicero, Illinois. . . ." Cicero is big news now. It has gained the reputation it overtly shunned, but subconsciously sought, for the past two decades. Cicero and race are even more synonymous these days than Cicero and Al Capone. It is quite probably the largest municipal body (70,000) in the United States that will not

Not one in twenty parents of Chicago school children is aware of the legal separation of the Chicago city government and its Board of Education. Virtually all, however, know that Daley got the credit for keeping schools open when the teachers were about to walk out.

It is fatuous at this point to maintain that any issue exists that would ride Waner into Daley's office. It is equally premature to tag Daley as an overwhelming cinch in April. The November and February results support the broad generalization that the Mayor can expect to get his fourth term with a total of from 650,000 to 700,000 votes, say, 54 to 56 per cent.

The public, now conditioned to expect a bigger victory for Daley, will again react, and Waner will become the undeserved beneficiary of the notion that he is "the man who almost beat Daley." This misdirected applause can, in turn, promote Waner into a candidacy on his party's county or state ticket in 1968.

Meanwhile, the chances are remote that anyone but O. W. Wilson will be in charge of the Police Department after April 4. And Daley, his blue eyes atwinkle, ensconced for another four years in his comfortable fifth-floor office at City Hall, will again be about the business of running the city, almost smug in his belief that what happened was, after all, inevitable.

acknowledge having a single Negro resident. Most places have made their peace with tokenism; Cicero stands proud on principle.

If Cicero is to stay at the top of the news next summer, Dr. King will have to accept the challenge he side-stepped last year. He must know that the good burghers of Cicero think him "chicken." He got into this predicament by treating Cicero as a side issue, a pawn, in his Chicago operation last year. According to one of his aides, the strategy was this: They knew and Daley knew that the Democrats would suffer from vote loss to white backlash in proportion to the amount of pressure Dr. King applied. In order to get the real estate agreement, King decided to use the threat of a march into Cicero which, in one sense, is like my threatening to sock your neighbor if you don't do what I want. Cicero is dependent on Chicago principally for water and some public transportation facilities—plus about 15,000 Negro workers who, apartheid-like, are allowed to work in Cicero but may not sleep there. Cicero even belongs to a suburban association of real estate dealers which has nothing to do directly with the Chicago association that was King's target. King's advisers knew, however, that the march threat was effective because a demonstration in Cicero, the most volatile white bastion in Cook County, would drain votes from the Democrats. Daley gave in, and King's forces got their agreement.

But King's maneuver also reinforced Cicero's belief in its invincibility. CORE's rump march on Labor Day weekend helped slightly to redress the balance, but

Robert Lucas of CORE lacks the magnetism of Martin Luther King. Chicago newspapers called the march "self-serving" and "irresponsible and pointless." Not until four months later did anyone call it "dignified and impressive"—the tag used by one of the networks in its year-end review of 1966. Four months earlier this network had said, in a notable example of unbiased journalism, that Cicero had a reputation for hating Negroes, "deserved or not." The people of Cicero would be the first to say that the reputation was deserved.

As for the march being pointless, it was that without a doubt if the goal was to open Cicero real estate to Negroes. But if it was to serve world-wide notice of that community's festering social sores, it was a huge success. It just may have called enough attention to the situation so that Dr. King cannot ignore it this coming summer. If he acts, there is little doubt that his movement risks adding more martyrs to its rolls in Cicero than it has added in the course of any one operation over the past decade. For Cicero is without doubt sick to the point of criminal insanity with racial hatred and fear.

The peculiar web of Cicero's social structure makes the community a fascinating — and somewhat unusual—study in racism. It is a community too proud and ignorant to ask for the help it needs; a community predictable right down to its epitaph.

Cicero practices a very effective form of thought control. Anyone who proposes that the bars to Negro residency be lifted in Cicero—or Berwyn, its "twin" to the west—faces certain ostracism from the political life of the community. The handful of progressive teachers at Morton High express their views guardedly: they depend on the Board of Education to renew their contracts. The *Cicero Life*, one of a chain of suburban newspapers, speaks in editorial double talk, partly from conviction, partly from fear of losing advertising. The bulk of the Catholic clergy silently oppose the racial ecumenicism of the hierarchy.

Last summer, a small group of progressive Catholic and Protestant clergy proposed that Cicero make a modest start toward racial peace by forming a community human relations committee. The proposal—made after a Negro youth was murdered by four whites with baseball bats—was quashed by town officials. They issued this statement: "We have no human relations problems at this point and when and if the problem does arise we will step into the breach and do what we must."

The *Cicero Life* commented that the local clergy was "urged" into its statement by "outsiders" who were West Side Chicago churchmen. The paper offered this remarkable exercise in rhetoric and logic: "The membership of any such commission . . . would have to be in sympathy with the announced purposes of the clerical appeal or it would be subject to the recriminations of those seeking its formation. . . . The clergy could hardly be regarded as unbiased since it already has announced prejudices. . . . This is patently partisanship. Could a commission drawn from the signers of such an appeal be relied upon to educate our community fairly and honestly, weighing equally both sides of the question of race relations?"

Fear of "outsiders" has been a long-standing obsession in Cicero. It doesn't take much to become an "outsider." Even a native son who leaves the community for college becomes an "outsider" as soon as he has been exposed to "foreign" ideas. There is a strong parallel with Southern practice of considering a native white Southerner an "outsider" if he has gone North to be educated.

Cicero is in fact assimilating outsiders at a rapid rate, but the influx merely hardens the community's racist rigidity. Immigrants now come in two streams. One is from Chicago itself, where home owners are panic selling ahead of the advancing Negro ghetto. They move to Cicero in the belief that this is "safe" territory and that they won't have to sell at a loss again. The other stream consists of recent arrivals in the Chicago area from southern Illinois and Kentucky. In the popular idiom, they are "hillbillies," and their ideas on Negroes are well known. They come to Cicero for its congenial moral climate and cheap rents—\$85 average for an unfurnished four-and-a-half-room apartment.

The newcomers are not readily accepted into the community which has been dominated from its founding by clannish groups, principally of Slavic extraction.

Since the total population in Cicero remains relatively constant, who is leaving? Industrious families who have grown a little prosperous are moving to the more fashionable suburbs west and north. They often retain their former homes in Cicero for income, and thus become absentee landlords—a phenomenon that used to be rare in Cicero. The other outward flow is a "brain drain" of younger people who go out to college and never return. The only young ones who stay are those who don't do too well and for whom the future is limited to punching a time clock at a local factory.

The situation then is rapidly becoming critical as the quality of the community continues to decline. Business is falling off, a victim of new shopping centers being built not far away. A specter remains, however, and it too paralyzes any progress. It is the ghost of Al Capone. "Don't buck the mob" is the community's most common alibi for inertia. One intelligent Cicero resident who doesn't want to risk having his body found in some forest preserve by speaking out publicly, told me recently: "Look, even if some people started thinking tokenism might be a solution, do you think the syndicate would let anything like that happen? They'd be afraid that businessmen might stop coming out from the Loop for girlie shows and gambling out of fear of being rolled if Cicero wasn't an all-white town."

A small item in the *Cicero Life* last summer summed it up: "The Star Lounge, ABG Corp., 2336 Cicero Ave., was one of three new locations which obtained federal gaming stamps for the new fiscal year . . . bringing the total for the county to 110. . . . Cicero leads the county easily with forty-six locations having gaming stamps used for the possession of pinball machines, slot machines and similar contrivances."

The Star Lounge is owned by the family of one of the town's leading officials, and the situation is essentially unchanged from thirty years ago. County police

make a token raid or two at the start of each administration; Cicero cops never participate. During one raid a couple of years ago, they ticketed the county police for illegal parking.

Out of fear, the burghers of Cicero have closed their minds to the shadowy and sinister-sounding syndicate. They tend their neat, rectangular red brick bungalows and two-flats, set side by side on neat, rectangular lots. The proper compliment to pay them is to call them thrifty and hard working, adjectives they proudly repeat to one another daily. They have pulled themselves to prosperity through their unofficial motto: "God helps those who help themselves." They are America's Afrikaners. The difference is that in South Africa blacks do the physical labor; in Cicero each housewife is her own domestic. It is not unusual to see a 75-year-old grandmother scrubbing or picking weeds on hands and knees. The money saved is put into the savings and loan. To call someone in Cicero a "real Bohemian" is to attribute to him the characteristics attributed elsewhere to the Scots. A youngster must leave the community to learn that Bohemian can be spelled with a small "b" and have another meaning.

With all the prosperity and stability, one might think that Cicero would have achieved some kind of security and civic-mindedness, but it hasn't. The natives want minimal community services, and little more. I asked a long-time parish priest, a respected figure in the community, what it would take to get up public enthusiasm for a particular project. "It would take committees and meetings and organization," he said. Then, he mused, "you know these people aren't very civic-minded."

Recently, however, they have been united in one determined effort: opposition to any and all open-housing legislation, which they call "forced housing." They vote Republican because they are in the "suburbs" and people in the suburbs are supposed to be Republican. There was no white-backlash vote in Cicero last fall. The com-

munity was already so rigidly racist that there was nothing to lash back from.

The people of Cicero are even suspicious of neighboring Berwyn, though the two are almost indistinguishable. One of the reasons given for the construction of an expensive athletic plant at the Morton High branch in Cicero, when there is already one at the branch in Berwyn, is that "Cicero people don't feel at home over there." This was said to me by a school district official who holds a doctorate in education and is himself a Berwyn resident. The Human Relations Club at Morton (5,300 students) recently had but five members. The school district official could offer no insights. "Problem? What problem? We've got no problem here. Nothing's come to pass yet," he said.

Nothing and at the same time everything has come to pass. Two-thirds of the community is nominally Catholic, 10 per cent is Protestant. Five of the town's nine churches were founded in the twenties as ethnic parishes. In large part, they remain that way. One is Lithuanian to the point that Mass is said in that language, three others are more than 90 per cent Polish, and another is more than two-thirds Bohemian. They are refuges for older people who want to maintain their ties to the old country. Protestants are suspect in the general community, particularly since their ministers tend to rotate every few years and so remain forever "outsiders."

In this closed and suspicious climate, the only kind of hate that is recognized is outside hate such as in the Nazi party and the K.K.K. Community leaders know that these groups could easily do quite well recruiting in Cicero. This is evidenced by the fact that several dozen T-shirted Cicero youths, who were wearing their hair long before anyone ever heard of the Beatles, proudly waved Nazi posters during the CORE march. The *Cicero Life* has equated Dr. King's movement with such manifestations. "The march is . . . dictated by leaders of a hate group whose only purpose now can be to incite violence. . . . Equally vicious and unprincipled hate groups like the American Nazi Party and the Ku Klux Klan have been seeking to inflame as many as possible." The paper added that Cicero has "an undeserved reputation for racial bigotry."

However, the community cannot much longer delude itself into believing that it is not bigoted and that only the K.K.K. and the Nazis are problems. Cicero rentals are too attractive to the Negroes who in the past decade have expanded the ghetto rapidly westward until they are now at the community's door, across the railroad viaduct. There are few industrial communities in the North where Negroes comprise a third of the work force and can patronize restaurants and bars, if somewhat hesitantly, where they cannot live. Negro employment in Cicero has doubled in the past five years. The dam simply can't hold much longer. The people of Cicero aren't even thinking of such things now in the winter following the march. They see integration as a bad dream that will go away. But it won't.

However it happens, most thoughtful observers agree that when Cicero "goes"—that is to say when a half dozen Negro families move into the community and are



not run out within the first few weeks of their arrival—the entire community will “go.” It will flee west, accepting the real estate loss. Except for aged and infirm whites, Cicero will rapidly become a Negro ghetto. Controlled integration stands no chance in a community that can’t even accept a human relations committee. The CORE marchers in Cicero last September set the stage not just for “blockbusting” but for “town-busting”—the transformation of an entire community.

Meanwhile, Cicero waits, proud and terribly afraid of a world it doesn’t know. The best description of this pride and defiance came from a Chicago businessman I know whose parents remain in Cicero, but who himself now lives farther west. “Look, man,” he said, “what did the march prove? It proved that Cicero maintained its reputation. The hoods did just enough to justify the

Guard being there. Everybody agrees there would have been real bloodshed if the Guard weren’t around. Cicero keeps its reputation for hating Negroes. That’s what they want. They like that like they like the reputation for gangsters, Capone, bang-bang and all that. The only two times Negroes have made noises about living in Cicero—fifteen years apart—and both times the Guard comes and Negroes don’t stay. And this time—for the first time in the history of the state—the Guard was called out *before* trouble happens. To them, that’s somethin’.” He himself, knowing that he could get a better price for the family home from a middle-class Negro family than through a white Cicero real estate agent, will be sorely tempted to do so when the time comes. He’s a money-minded man.

There is something fascinating about Cicero all right, something gruesomely fascinating. It’s a death watch.

Con Edison: The Arrogance of Power

ANTHONY PRISENDORF

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The Consolidated Edison Company of New York is the country’s largest privately owned utility, with virtually exclusive domain over the nation’s most populous area. In attaining this prominence, and thanks to flaccid state regulatory practices, Con Edison has won a name for itself as a defiant oligarchy, relentlessly pursuing an inflexible, public-be-damned policy.

Those who have had even the slightest brush with the company have come away with a new understanding of the word “power” in Con Edison’s slogan, “Power for Progress.” The company’s attitude was perhaps best summed up last year by a Washington utility consultant, David Kosh. “I’ve been in the utilities business for thirty-four years,” Kosh told *Fortune* magazine, “and I can’t think of a company that goes out of its way to alienate customers the way Con Edison does. They’re so stiff-backed. I have yet to hear a Con Edison executive say: ‘Maybe you have a point.’ By definition, they always think they are right.”

Since 1882, when Thomas A. Edison opened his first electric generating plant in lower Manhattan, the company has grown phenomenally. Today it has nearly \$4 billion in assets, a gross annual revenue of \$869 million, twelve generating plants—one of which is the first privately owned nuclear plant in the country—and supplies electricity, gas or steam to more than 4 million customers in New York City and most of neighboring Westchester County.

Such an impregnable position of leadership might make a corporation lax, but it has not happened to Con Edison. On the contrary, throughout its recent history, the company’s officials have reinforced its position by cultivating unshakable friendships with political power structures. By law, utilities are prohibited from taking an active part in politics, but there is nothing to prevent friendships

from “evolving.” Charles E. Eble, the company’s 66-year-old chairman and chief executive, makes no attempt to conceal the fact. “Over the years I struck up friendships with many politicians,” Eble was quoted as saying last spring. “It was not something that I set out to do objectively at the beginning. But, as time passed, I found that many of my friends had moved into positions of authority. I could talk to them. It was as simple as that.”

Over the years, Con Edison has “talked” to its friends with excellent results. In the state legislature, for instance, the utility’s broad scope of influence is tantamount to a veto power over legislation that would run counter to its vested interests. Samuel A. Spiegel, a former state assemblyman and now a state supreme court judge, has said that in all his years on the assembly’s public service committee: “I’ve never seen a piece of legislation come out inimical to the company’s interests.”

Rep. William F. Ryan, a Reform Democrat from Manhattan, goes much further. On November 25, 1966, the day Con Edison imposed its most recent electric rate increase, totaling \$32.4 million, Representative Ryan charged that Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, a Republican, and the all-Republican state Public Service Commission, had “conspired” with Con Edison to postpone the rate increase until after the elections. The charge was shrugged off as political cant, but a member of the Governor’s staff later confided: “We had a devil of a time persuading them [Con Edison officials] to hold off until after the election.” Since the rate increase went into effect, Representative Ryan has written twice to the Federal Power Commission, requesting a full-scale investigation of the “working relationship” between Con Edison and the Public Service Commission. The FPC has declined, Representative Ryan says, on the ground that its jurisdiction over privately owned utilities is limited to regulating the interstate sale of power.

Preserving Con Edison’s distinction as the nation’s number one public utility has been an expensive proposition for

its customers, but not for its quarter of a million stockholders. While the national trend has been toward cheaper electricity for residential consumers, within the last nine years Con Edison has raised its electric rates by a total of \$100 million, ostensibly to meet higher operating costs (rates are fixed on a cost-plus basis, the cost supposedly being operating expenses). As a result, Con Edison customers pay the highest residential rates in the country; 250 kilowatt-hours a month cost \$9.41 in New York, \$7.83 in Chicago, and \$6.33 in Los Angeles. The company justifies its rates with the allegation that it costs more to generate and transmit power in heavily congested areas. And from time to time its public relations staff broadcasts the fact that Con Edison is New York City's largest real estate taxpayer. What the company neglects to say is that these taxes, like all others, are added to its operating expenses, and paid ultimately by the consumer.

Nor does the company encourage the public to recall that on February 23, 1961, the state Public Service Commission forced it to merge with its wholly owned subsidiary, the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Co. For years, Con Edison critics claimed, the company paid exorbitant rents to its subsidiary for the use of 8,500 miles of underground conduits. These rents increased Con Edison's operating costs, decreasing its earnings. By showing reduced earnings, the company could defend its applications for rate increases. The Owners' Committee for Electrical Rates, representing major real estate groups in the city, claimed that between 1923 and 1961 Con Edison and its stockholders made a \$95 million profit through this arrangement. The subsidiary would declare annual dividends which it paid directly to Con Edison. These dividends were not applied to the parent company's operations, but distributed entirely to Con Edison stockholders. Neither the company nor the Public Service Commission considered these earnings part of operating revenue.

More recently, Con Edison has reluctantly disclosed that new customers' deposits for electric and gas service can be a source of considerable profit. A residential customer usually pays a \$20 deposit before his electricity or gas is turned on. By last June the company had accumulated \$29.4 million in deposits, for which it pays the consumer 4 per cent interest. However, as *The New York Times* pointed out on January 20, "Large amounts of money—such as the \$29 million in deposits held by Con Edison—can earn roughly 5.5 percent annually when invested in certificates of deposits in major New York banks."

The little known fact that Con Edison had amassed \$29 million in deposits was brought out at a PSC hearing, now under way, to determine, in retrospect, whether the company was entitled to raise its electric rates by \$32.4 million last November. The procedure of defending a rate increase after it has been imposed prompted state Sen. Paul P. E. Bookson, a Manhattan Democrat, to observe that the hearings are "something out of an *Alice in Wonderland* trial. First comes the sentence for the consumers, and then the verdict." Although the PSC is not expected to conclude its hearings for some time,

there seems to be little doubt that the verdict will hold. The increase was granted without the customary prior public hearings, the commission said in November, because a preliminary investigation indicated that the increase was warranted. Con Edison itself set the tone of the hearings at the outset by saying that far from overcharging its customers, it had asked for a rate increase that would probably be insufficient to meet higher operating expenses.

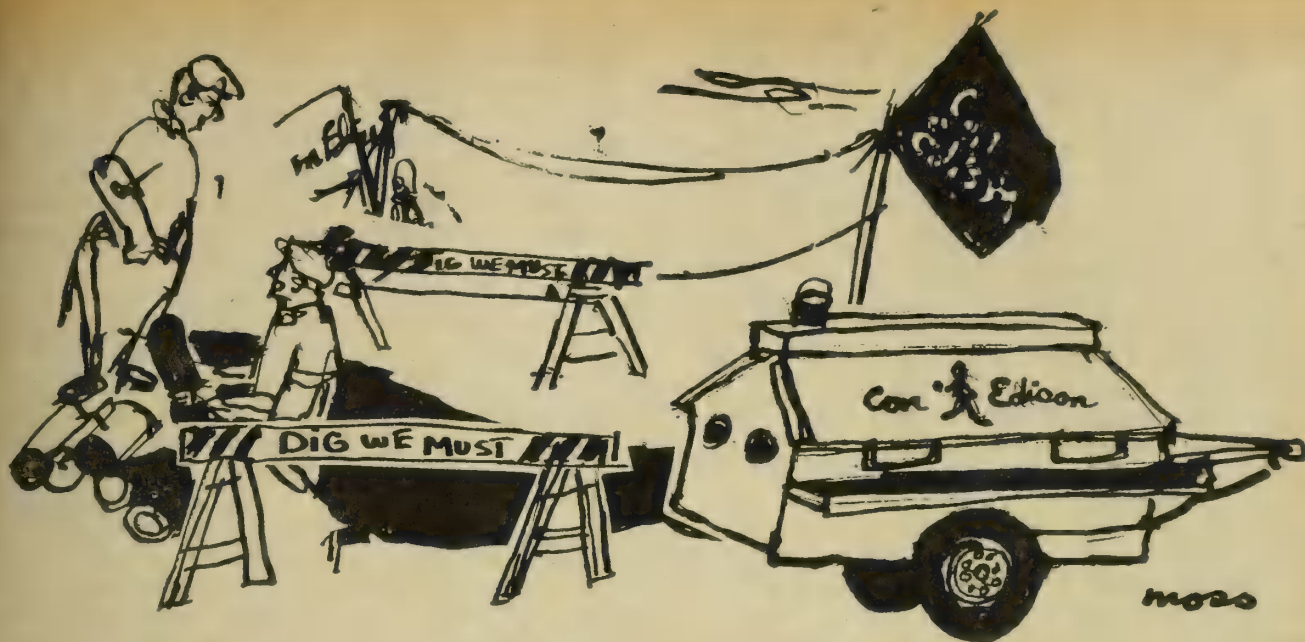
There was one notable instance, however, when Con Edison pushed its luck too far; it is still feeling the results. On July 29, 1964, the PSC approved the company's request for a \$27 million rate increase, bringing to \$68 million the total of rate increases since 1958. During the hearings that preceded this decision, the city's lawyers had asked to use Con Edison's books in their cross-examination of the company's "experts." The company refused, and so did the PSC. The city appealed to the courts, and on April 28, 1966—twenty months and \$45 million in higher rates later—the state court of appeals upheld the city's right to look at Con Edison's books.

Accordingly, the city retained Arnold H. Hirsch, a Washington public utility consultant whom it had called on periodically during the twelve years former Mayor Wagner was in office, to make the study. Because a full-scale examination of Con Edison's books would have been prohibitively costly and time consuming, the city settled for a \$20,000 "sampling examination" of the books during the 1962 calendar year and a twelve-month period ending June 30, 1963, the two test periods cited by Con Edison in its request for the 1964 rate increase. Hirsch began a six-week study on June 20, 1966, and submitted his report to the city on September 3 of that year.

In a 33-page analysis Hirsch, who is also an engineer and a lawyer, asserted that the frequency with which the company's expenses were improperly charged to ratepayers, and the "peculiar operating accounts to which they are charged," are symptomatic of Con Edison's "seemingly callous indifference toward its fundamental duty and responsibility as a public utility. The cost-plus character of its business appears to have been tortured into a license to charge whatever the traffic will bear." A full-scale examination of Con Edison's books and records, he said, "will disclose improper charges to the operating expenses of the electric ratepayers in the amount of \$12 million to \$15 million on an annual basis."

Specifically, Hirsch reported that Con Edison had paid two New York law firms a total of \$1,840,100 during the two test periods for "an almost unbroken chain of legal services for which the expenses were improperly charged to the utility consumers." Furthermore, Hirsch said, during the same test periods the company had paid an Albany law firm \$30,000 for services "admittedly legislative in character [which] should have been excluded from Con Edison's operating expense accounts for rate-making purposes."

Examining the company's expenses for institutional advertising during the test periods, Hirsch found that Con Edison spent a total of \$2,925,036. Such expenses, he said, are "manifestly improvident, and constitute an unjust and unwarranted imposition on the ratepayers." Using



for comparison the next two largest electric utilities in the country—California's Pacific Gas and Electric Co. and the Chicago Commonwealth Edison Co.—Hirsch calculated that Con Edison's expenses for advertising were about twenty-five times greater on the basis of electric consumers, and forty times greater on the basis of kilowatt-hours sold. He concluded that there is "not a scintilla of evidence" to show that Con Edison's "unbridled" advertising expenses "have fostered 'sound customer relations,' or have lessened the company's 'expense of doing business.'" On the contrary, he wrote, the company's advertising "is primarily a 'Pavlovian' technique designed to condition the ratepayers to a passive attitude in regard to the company's proclivity for periodic rate increases."

In addition, Hirsch found several "miscellaneous items" which were improperly charged to the consumers. Individually, these items are of inconsequential value, Hirsch said, but in the aggregate, "appreciable." Some of those expenses include \$454,977 in contributions to the "Electric Power & Light Exhibit" at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair; a \$573,471.15 installation cost of air conditioning in the company's executive offices; membership in private social clubs and organizations; and regular trips to Albany for "express legislative purposes" by Con Edison executives.

There was one significant fact about Con Edison's participation in the World's Fair that Hirsch missed in his report, but that has been brought out at the current PSC hearings. During his testimony Emanuel Toder, the company's vice president and controller, contradicted an earlier press statement issued by the company's president, John V. Cleary, and admitted that the company's loss of \$907,500 in World's Fair bonds was passed along to the consumers. Toder defended the accounting procedures by saying that Con Edison's total investment of \$1.5 million in the fair was an operating expense, intended to promote business, and that the publicity had actually lessened the need for future rate increases.

Although until now the contents of the Hirsch report

have not been made public, portions have been "leaked" to the newspapers. While the company has declined to respond directly to charges in a report it has never seen, it has not refrained from attempting to discredit Hirsch's professional reputation. On January 18, Con Edison's counsel, Patrick H. Sullivan, reminded the PSC that in 1955 Hirsch was arguing before it that the New York Telephone Company's rate of return should be restricted to 4.5 per cent. Sullivan then cited portions from the transcript of that PSC hearing in which the commission stated: "How the witness [Hirsch] fell into these serious errors is not clear. It is sufficient to say that these and other matters which might be commented on tend to destroy any probative value that the witness' testimony might have. This Commission faced difficult problems and welcomes all the assistance that any . . . interested party can give it in reaching a determination. This testimony, however, is no help."

The "leak" that caused the greatest commotion at Con Edison's offices was a published statement that the Hirsch report alleges that by "improper" accounting procedures the company has overcharged its customers by \$35 million since 1964. Con Edison chairman Eble promptly rejoined that his company maintains its accounts in accordance with the Uniform System of Accounts as prescribed by the PSC. Moreover, he said, Con Edison furnishes detailed reports to the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Power Commission and the Internal Revenue Service. "To suggest that improper accounting procedures could result in a \$35 million overcharge to Con Edison customers under this kind of scrutiny is an indictment of these organizations. . . ."

Con Edison's critics may feel that Eble could not have expressed their misgivings about the PSC more eloquently. Those who set out to chasten the company for its high-handed business tactics usually wind up condemning the politically dominated PSC for its haphazard attempts to protect the public's interests. State Senator Bookson was speaking for all such critics when he said recently: "We have a public utility which is regulated by the PSC which

does no service for the public. I seriously question whether they are acting in the public interest."

If Con Edison has profited at the undue expense of its customers, it is principally by strict adherence to the first commandment of free enterprise, *caveat emptor*. But under the delusion that there exists in New York State a regulatory agency with the public's interest at heart, the public long ago dropped its guard. The late Arthur T. Vanderbilt, chief justice of the New Jersey supreme court, warned of this state of affairs when he said: "Nothing is so dangerous in a democracy as a safeguard which appears to be adequate but which is really a façade." This is the underlying theme of Hirsch's report, one that he emphasizes by scornful use of the word "watchdog" whenever he refers to the PSC's accountants who were supposed to catch the accounting irregularities that he came upon. Hirsch cites two major items on which the PSC accountants should have acted, but didn't. In opposing the 1964 rate increase, the city argued that the experimental production of electricity at the company's nuclear generating plant "imposed an abnormally high incremental cost" on the company of about \$5.3 million in 1962 and nearly \$15 million during the twelve-month period ending June 30, 1963. The PSC ruled that the costs of the Westchester County nuclear plant, "both capital and operational," were to be "excluded entirely" in the application for the rate increase. Hirsch found that during these two periods Con Edison's "atomic energy expense" account totaled \$3,037,886, of which only \$718,039, of "amortization of research and development costs," was excluded from the application. In view of this "omission," Hirsch said, "it is somewhat difficult to understand the functions of the commission's 'watchdog' accountants stationed regularly in the offices of Con Edison. . . ."

In the second instance, Hirsch found that the PSC "watchdogs" failed to report that General Electric had agreed to pay \$5.8 million to settle a Con Edison anti-trust suit. In January, 1962, Con Edison filed suits amounting to nearly \$21 million against General Electric and eighteen other manufacturers for rigging bids and fixing prices on \$219 million worth of electrical equipment the utility had purchased since 1948. Con Edison announced the settlement on December 18, 1963, twelve days after the PSC had ended its hearings on the 1964 rate increase. It was then that the commission "first learned" of the settlement, Hirsch reports, although the company's records show that "this anti-trust settlement was concluded with the General Electric Company in November, 1963. . . ." Again, singling out the "watchdog" accountants, Hirsch asserts that they "should have known of this settlement, and could well have presented it in evidence before the close of the hearings on December 6, 1963." Such evidence, he maintains, "would undoubtedly have benefited the ratepayers, as they were the principal victims of the conspiracy which precipitated the anti-trust suits."

The "watchdogs" consist of twenty accountants employed by the PSC and assigned permanently to Con Edison's offices to oversee the company's bookkeeping operations. Their primary responsibility is to make certain that the company earns no more than a "fair and reasonable"

rate of return, set at 6.3 per cent in 1964 by the PSC, a rate influenced by usury laws. But under an ingenious clause in the state Public Service Law, the utility under surveillance must reimburse the state for the accounting costs. In effect, then, Con Edison has been paying the salaries of the men who are assigned to keep an objective, even jaundiced, eye on the company's books. And after years of working side by side with Con Edison employees, Hirsch said in an interview, the intended "watch-dog" relationship has developed to one that he characterizes as "meretricious."

The forerunner of the country's highest paid state Public Service Commission was created in 1907 by the legislature at the instigation of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes, who wanted to correct railroad abuses. Since then, the powers of the commission have been expanded gradually so that today the agency regulates more than 3,000 corporations, municipalities and individuals dealing with utilities or commercial transportation. But despite this awesome measure of responsibility, the commission has been customarily the "dumping ground for cast-off politicians," as Representative Ryan puts it. Under Governor Rockefeller, for example, the commission's four surviving members—two have died recently—have been active in Republican politics. The chairman, James A. Lundy, was a borough president of Queens who ran unsuccessfully on Governor Rockefeller's 1958 ticket for state controller. Three months later, the Governor appointed Lundy as the \$32,265-a-year chairman of the commission. The other three members, each of whom receives \$29,160 annually, are a former Brooklyn assemblyman who was chairman of the assembly's public service committee from 1944 until 1960; a protégé of a former Republican state chairman, and a former assemblyman and state senator from Long Island who once headed a legislative committee investigating charitable and philanthropic organizations for possible Communist affiliations.

In a well-meaning but futile gesture, Senator Bookson introduced legislation in early January of this year that would replace the PSC with a ten-member Consumer Board of Inquiry. Recognizing that no state agency can ever be divorced entirely from politics, Senator Bookson did the next best thing. He proposes that three members be appointed by the Governor, three by the speaker of the assembly, two by the majority leader of the senate, and two by the Mayor of the city of New York. There is little chance that these elected officials would belong to the same political party at the same time. And there is little chance that the bill will ever get out of the committee into which it was shunted by the senate leadership.

There are no easy solutions, as Sen. Lee Metcalf, Democrat of Montana, rightly concludes in his book, *Overcharge*. Greater federal involvement, municipal competition with monopolistic utilities, closer municipal scrutiny, and independent state-level consumer agencies are some of the laudable approaches. But ultimately no effective control over Con Edison, or over any privately owned utility in the country, can be achieved until regulatory agencies, empowered to protect the consumer, begin to fulfill the public's great expectations.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'More Dithyrambic Than Athletic'

LOVE'S BODY. By Norman O. Brown. Random House. 276 pp. \$5.95.

KENNETH BURKE

Mr. Burke's most recently published book is *Language as Symbolic Action* (University of California Press).

According to Norman O. Brown, the suggestive nature of aphoristic, fragmentary expression makes for continual resurrection, in allowing us to be reborn with each fragment, whereas systematic thought condemns us to death. However, I assume that a reviewer should be as systematic as possible, even if it kills him; for any attempt to sum up a book's contents will necessarily require him to ask how one fragment fits with another. And there's always the paradoxical possibility that even the errors of an unsystematic book can be shown to have a systematic origin, from which they are forever born anew, thereby at least proving to that extent the author's claim for an intimate tie-up between resurrection and the fragmentary.

For instance, when we are told that "there is no literal truth," we are in the presence of a statement that on its face is in dire trouble. There would be no point in making the statement unless it is to be taken literally, as univocally "true." Yet it could be true only by being false.

Similarly, we are told that "the conflict between science and religion in the modern world stems . . . from modern literalism: Protestant literalism and Catholic scholasticism; both exterminators of symbolism." And whether or not we agree, what is the author's purpose in making the statement unless he *literally means* what he says? Here certainly is a kind of tangle from which many others could spring.

The book's title is accurate, so we might well proceed from there. As regards the term "body," I'd propose one premonitory observation. The more one speculates upon the paradoxes of the term "substance," the more difficult becomes the task of isolating the "individual." We all merge into our environment, the circumference or scope of which can be extended to the farthest limits of "nature" (and beyond,

to the "supernatural," if you are theologically minded). Even when considered close up, the identity of the "self" or "person" becomes part of a collective texture involving language, property, family, reputation, social roles, and so on—elements not reducible to the individual. The same is true of our physical nature, but with one notable exception. Physiologically, the centrality of the nervous system is such that, although I as a *person* may sympathetically identify myself with other people's pleasures and pains, in my nature as a sheer *body* the pleasures of my food and the pains of my toothache are experienced immediately by me alone. Thus, although even as a body I merge into my environment, there is this physiological condition (in the realm of sheer "matter" or motion) that serves as a rudimentary "principle of individuation," the grounds for a purely empirical distinction whereby, however social our nature in other respects, we are born and die one by one, with certain pleasures and pains experienced *immediately*, bodily, or if you will, "carnally," and not identically experienceable by others.

So far, I have made two quite different moves. First, working from within the book itself, I singled out a basic statement of terministic policy that manifestly undoes itself. Next, when turning to the key word, "body," I introduced a preparatory consideration of my own. Brown says nothing about the "centrality of the nervous system." In fact, the main emphasis throughout his book is upon the respects in which the individual is rather like a drop in the ocean, though somehow divided from its fellows by a kind of primal "fall" from the ultimate oceanic oneness.

But when he says: "Love and death are altogether carnal, hence their great magic and their great terror," I would suggest that before we ever get to the "magic" and the "terror," we should try to be as explicit as we can about that word "carnal." I have explicitly proposed the need for this notion of an individual human body's susceptibility to certain sensations not thus immediately experienced by other human bodies (in the sense that, though other bodies may have physical pleasures and pains *like mine*, they don't have *mine*).

And I have suggested that, although Brown does not mention such a concept, he greatly needs it; and a concept of that sort is at least *implicit* in his statement about the immediately carnal nature of love and death. (True, I would want to haggle considerably about his reduction of love to nothing but carnal terms, since the norms of love and friendship are strongly modified by social factors. But in any case, there must be an ultimate bodily reference of some sort, even if it take the form of strictly ascetic dissociation.)

Even if neither the author nor the reader would consent to my proposal as regards a sheerly "material" or *bodily* principle of individuation, surely all can agree on this minimum basis: once a writer chooses to build a nomenclature that features the word "body," there are certain resources readily available to that term. Thus, whatever might be your definition of a "carnal" *human* body, it must differ considerably from the meanings implicit or explicit in references to the state as a *political* body, or to the Church as an *ecclesiastical* body. Surely, no political or ecclesiastical body can experience the carnality of sex or food as the particular members of such collective bodies can.

Further possibilities are available. There can be words for another kind of body, individually resurrected after death, though somehow not divisively. Such *terms* are possible, whether or not there can actually be such a state. This requires further book-keeping operations, as per the statement that "incarnation is not to be understood carnally."

A related but different set of transformations is possible. Bodies don't only sex, they also eat. In fact, without a lot of preparatory eating, there'd be no sexing. Hence, along with his pan-sexualism, Brown includes many terms connected with food. And well he might, if one can believe reports to the effect that when war prisoners are deprived of both food and sex, their dreams are not of beds but of banquets. In any case, food as well as sex provides a basic bodily terminology of appetite, plus corresponding connotations of substance, and hence of *consubstantiality*, in keeping with the "carnal" notion that we

can all become alike by partaking of the same substance (individuals thus being made one by participation in a common body, as per the popular aphorism, "tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are"). This line of development allows for notions of transubstantiated body, when bread and wine are ritually transformed into the blood and body of a Divine Word shared by all believers. And although, as I tried to show in my *Rhetoric of Religion*, a sacrificial principle is intrinsic to the nature of the social order as such, you might (like Brown) center attention upon the purely "carnal" aspects of eating whereby one thing lives by the "sacrifice" of another.

I have suggested that you might begin with some overall term such as "appetition," under which you might include terms for food and terms for sex as subdivisions. "Desire" would be a handy synonym if we recall Spinoza's formula, "It is of the essence of man to desire," along with the etymological admonition (too often overlooked by current myth men) that desire in general is the basic meaning of the Greek word *eros*. Proceeding thus, you will have no difficulty in seeing how Brown's book might have chapters on both food and sex. But if you begin with the particulars of such imagery and the corresponding problems of terministic accountancy (as the book encourages you to do), you are almost sure to get lost; and you will doubtless be left vaguely wondering how you got from body to sex to person to

food to sacrifice to resurrection and on finally to the culminative celebration of "Nothing."

As for the other word, the possessive, in the title: I submit that Plato's *Phaedrus* can serve us best, to indicate what kind of potentialities (corresponding to those implicit in Brown's word, "body") are implicit in the word "love." I have in mind the "literal" fact that the *Phaedrus* begins on a quite low concept of sexual dalliance, then graduates through a solemnly ecstatic view of "noble" love, to such kinds of courtship as come to fulfillment in the Socratic erotic (the whole constituting a dialectic ladder that leads from sexual seed to doctrinal insemination). In brief, the idea of communion embraces a range of meanings as wide as the differences between sheerly lustful coupling, unity in love, and such modes of persuasion, or communication or correspondence in principle, as flower in ardent rhetorical appeal to love of wisdom. (Brown's book features the sex side of such a continuum. Working at the other end of the spectrum, Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media* features some considerations to do with the sheer technology of communication.)

Brown tells us that "symbolism is mind making connections (correspondences) rather than distinctions (separations)." Here we confront the same kind of self-canceling statement with which we began. For if Brown's

statement makes any sense at all, it is making a distinction. He might answer that he never intended this particular kind of sentence to be thought of as "symbolism." I would call it "symbolism" in the sense that it uses a symbol system, and thus is a kind of "symbolic action." I thought of solving the problem by reference to these remarks by Socrates, also in the *Phaedrus*:

I am a great lover of these processes of division and generalization; they help me to speak and think. If I find any man who is able to see unity and plurality in nature, I follow him, walking in his steps as if he were a god. And those who have this art, I usually call dialecticians.

But this possible distinction between "symbolism" and "dialectics" won't help us. For Brown also says: "Every sentence is dialectics, an act of love"; and "all intercourse is sexual intercourse"; and sex itself is "symbolic." Brown further tries to equate "union or unification" with *eros*, and "separation, or division" with "the death instinct," though bodies grow and reproduce by the division of cells, and metabolism involves both anabolic and catabolic processes.

Brown seems to leave no room for the sheerly technical aspects of the communication spectrum. To be sure, one may say that love (or sex) is "dialectical," in the sense that it involves both separateness and unification. But dialectics, as the use of words for unity and words for plurality, cannot be intelligibly reduced to an utterly "carnal" concept of love. Such an equation would amount to saying that the distinction between a word like "books" and a word like "library" can be adequately discussed as an "act of love." Or, if you must call it "love," then please at least admit that it's not in exactly the same "carnal" category as sedentary eating or recumbent sexing, though we might gain a certain perspective by incongruity if we transferred a term from one such realm to the other (as were we to call some beauty queen an "inviting morsel").

If you would equate "symbolism" solely with the unity side of the unity-diversity pair, no one need haggle with you, in case your scheme somewhere explicitly allows for both. But, so far as I can make out, Brown can admit such considerations only roundabout and unintentionally, as when making a distinction in the very act of outlawing distinctions, or when saying that *all* language is a kind of "fall" (as it unquestionably is, in the sense that it necessarily makes Brown's statement of

NIGHT WATCH

*And now, outside, the walls
of black flint, eyeless.
How pale in sleep you lie.
Love: my love is just a breath
blown on the pane and dissolved.
Everything, even you,
cries silently for help, the web
of the spider is ripped with rain,
the geese fly on into the black cloud.
What can I do for you?
What can I do for you?
Can the touch of a finger mend
what a finger's touch has broken?
Blue-eyed, with yellow hair,
I stand in my old nightmare
beside the track, while you,
and over again and always you
wearily plod into the death-cars.
Sometimes you send me a last smile,
and I — I smile back at you.
How sweet the smell of the station-master's roses!
How pure, how poster-like the colors of this dream!*

ADRIENNE RICH

his own unitary ideal undo itself, since even his word "unification" implies the unifying of a diversity).

The trick is: Where do you start, and where do you go from there? If you start with particulars, well and good. But if you try to make them do the work of generalities, the prognostications are bad. I mean: there's nothing wrong with sex as a "way in." But when, like Brown, you first reduce "love" to penis and vagina, and then imperialistically expand until you find "a penis in every convex object and a vagina in every concave one," you're necessarily out of bounds. For geometric forms must also be treated in their own right, fall or no fall. Even if you began with a purely psychoanalytic interpretation of the egg-and-dart motif, you'd have to grant that its use in Greek friezes "transcends" this "origin."

Too often Brown merely re-enacts the terministic devices we have been discussing, rather than helping to make us more conscious of their operation; in this respect his book becomes obfuscat-

ing, rather than the "apocalyptic" enterprise he apparently wants it to be. And now, after a reference to some surprising omissions, we shall have finished:

One might have expected that a stress upon the body would also entail a cult of bodily motion for its own sake. But the satisfactions of the kinetic in general are treated in keeping with the genius of the possessive in the book's title, thus: "All movement is phallic," a doctrine temperamentally more dithyrambic than athletic. A greater surprise lurks in the fact that despite urgent praise of poetry, there is no concern with such kinds of sensory response to nature as John Crowe Ransom deals with in his thoughts on the relation between poetry and the "world's body." The stress upon unity makes the book in effect even more severe than orthodox churchmen in frowning on the principle of divorce. And perhaps the dithyrambic element is also responsible for slighting the major role of body-thinking in connection with disease and the imagery of the ethically problematical: bodies sick or soiled.

Reforming the Universities

COMPULSORY MIS-EDUCATION and THE COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS.
By Paul Goodman. Vintage Books. 339 pp. \$1.95 paper.

PETER CLECAK

Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine), and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

Postwar studies of education, like analyses of poverty, race relations, the breakdown of the family, and the recently publicized death of God, constitute an important branch of the flourishing American social criticism industry. This sudden and unprecedented concern over the state of education is, of course, neither touching nor mysterious. Since every major income-dispensing institution in American society—the corporation, the government, the military—requires increasing numbers of skilled and semi-skilled mental workers, everyone who aspires to full membership in the Great Society must "hold a degree" (education in America is regarded essentially as a possession, not as a state of mind). Complementary economic interests, therefore, unite buyers and sellers of brain power: together they impose irresistible external pressures on the university, at once causing and guaran-

teeing its ultimate transformation from a detached center of humanistic learning into an efficient instrument for creating, as well as protecting, profits and jobs.

Colleges and universities have generally responded to massive external pressures by molding themselves to the contours of a "changing society." In the accelerated interaction with dominant social institutions, the university has developed a momentum which overpowers individuals who would significantly alter its central direction. Yet in the process of expanding its scope and influence, the university has become a parasitic institution, closely bound to the social whole by the connecting tissue of relative affluence. Most administrators and professors endorse the alliance by accepting heavy doses of capital from government agencies and private foundations, and by providing in exchange, large quantities of "new knowledge" and large numbers of specialists and professionals. (Research and teaching, we are tirelessly informed, are Siamese twins.)

But the transformation from university to multiversity has been neither as coherent nor as effortless as the dominant trends toward specialization and professionalization suggest. In fact,

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the transition has created a series of varied and complex problems. For example, the threat of nearly universal higher education poses the operational difficulty of financing plant and faculty without drastically lowering the quality of instruction. And there is the more fundamental question of curriculum reform: should the modern university concentrate on teaching *methodology* rather than *subject matter* as a means of keeping pace with new knowledge? Further, the growing minority of faculty and student humanists and radicals who for personal and philosophic reasons oppose the main drift of the multiversity

and the larger interests it serves must be isolated, co-opted or dropped.

Quite naturally, this rather uneven metamorphosis of the university—from an essentially decorative to a crucially functional institution—has evoked volumes of criticism and proposals for educational reform from such distinguished Americans as Henry David Aiken, Daniel Bell, James Conant, Paul Goodman, Clark Kerr, Nathan Pusey and David Riesman. Doubtless every important American university administrator, academic and intellectual has added at least one article or speech to the mushrooming pile of diagnoses and remedies.

The abundant criticism, ranging from documented studies of individual institutions to sweeping condemnations of the entire university system, serves two important integrative social functions. First, it is a substitute for effective action: the sheer rhetorical density of the critiques assures an anxious audience that both the technical and spiritual problems of an expanding network of colleges and universities are being confronted and gradually resolved. Thus, criticism, like other painkillers, momentarily relieves tension and anxiety by providing the consoling illusion of action through the medium of language. Moreover, it provides a safety valve for the writer, converting potential activist energy into rhetorical energy.

Second, some part of the critics' ideas are adopted in practice. Indeed, several major universities have institutionalized innovation by establishing small experimental colleges, laboratories for testing various proposals to improve teaching and to motivate students in order to promote learning. The interesting question is whether it is possible to construct a rough calculus of the limits of university reform, to separate the sorts of proposals which might be adopted from those which lie beyond the scope of practice and to gauge their potential social effects.

Compulsory Mis-Education and *The Community of Scholars*, two short volumes by Paul Goodman, provide the basis for a highly tentative answer. Goodman is one of the very few sensitive and intelligent American social critics still able to imagine fresh modes of life beyond the parameters of monopoly capitalism. And as a radical, he constitutes a limiting case: if Goodman's proposals can be adopted, so can those of such weary and sophisticated *status quo* critics as Daniel Bell and David Riesman.

With characteristic economy, simplicity and irony, Goodman illuminates the failure of American education from the primary grades through graduate school. At every level, he argues, the schools have "become a universal trap" where "democracy begins to look like regimentation." He considers elementary schools "a baby-sitting service," the junior and senior high schools "an arm of the police," and the colleges an instrument of a middle-class "elite that has imposed on itself a morale fit for slaves." Supplementing rather than offsetting the mass media, the schools teach "the mass of our citizens in all classes . . . that life is inevitably routine, depersonalized, venally graded; that it is

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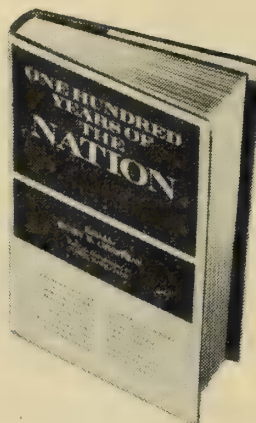
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best to toe the mark and shut up; that there is no place for spontaneity, open sexuality, free spirit." Instead of serving as a transforming agency of social change, as John Dewey somewhat innocently hoped, the schools reflect and reinforce the patterns of the larger society.

Goodman's indictment is perhaps too inclusive, but as a general assessment of American education I think it is devastatingly accurate. He identifies the common bond of indifference to the classroom regimen which unites the rebellious minority and the conforming majority of college and university students. The few who cannot (or will not) play the game of assimilating fragments of information from timid men drop out, having demonstrated their unsuitability for preferred membership in the Great Society. The majority who survive the routine conditioning "go on to the same quality of jobs, culture, politics." Any teacher with a modest degree of objectivity can corroborate Goodman's general observations. But his descriptions of campus conditions, like his proposals for reform, are occasioned by a compelling radical vision of the potentialities of education in the formation of creative, spontaneous human beings. Goodman's passionate concern is to educate the "sons of the free, to be free and exercise initiative in the world they inherit."

Men who are free do not mature in prisons. Nor does their fate ultimately depend upon a revised curriculum or a new coffee lounge; these may contribute to the process of education, but they can neither ignite nor extinguish it. The desire to learn arises in a genuine "community of scholars" composed of teachers and students, "veterans" and neophytes. Teaching and learning, the main focus of Goodman's remarks, are intensely personal acts requiring mutual respect and trust. The student must live and study with men whom he admires for their experience and moral character no less than for their knowledge. The underlying comparison between a true community and the present collection of scholars at various universities gradually conveys a sense of the enormous distance between the reality of American education and its possibilities.

But the disparity between the ideal and the real does not paralyze Goodman: it intensifies his search for specific means of improving colleges and universities. In *Compulsory Mis-Education* he suggests two modest reforms designed to improve academic communities immediately and "importantly liberate them in relation to society." Goodman

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proposes that a few first-rate liberal arts colleges—Swarthmore, Carleton, Wesleyan ■ examples—require students to spend two years “in some maturing activity” before becoming eligible for admission. Students could select from ■ wide list of possibilities, including community service, a job, the army, work in a domestic Peace Corps. This simple measure, Goodman contends, would provide students with sufficient raw experience to begin “college studies with some intrinsic motivation, and therefore perhaps assimilate something that might change” them.

The second proposal is equally uncomplicated: let several of the prestigious universities such as Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Stanford abolish grading and employ examinations only for “pedagogic purposes as teachers see fit.” The aim of this proposal is to free students and teachers from the comparative ranking system which presently inhibits the development of ■ intrinsic will to learn. As an instrument of domination and an index of “success,” grades frequently prevent an honest, dynamic interchange between faculty and students. Teachers and students disappear behind protective masks; students quickly learn pragmatic sales techniques to “get good grades,” and teachers soon learn to use grades as both carrot and stick. Success or humiliation in college is thus measured in senseless numbers: on what meaningful basis can a 96 in Romantic literature be compared with a 92 in zoology? And long after the college graduate has forgotten the content of the courses, he recalls his GPA, the barren symbol of his academic identity.

Both limited suggestions appear to be reasonable approaches to the education of free men, to the return to “teaching-and-learning as ■ simple relation of persons.” But what are the prospects for these proposals within the existing social structure? And even if enacted, would they actually contribute to Goodman’s radical ends? Although lucid and forceful when presenting his diagnoses and prescriptions, Goodman becomes somewhat ambiguous when discussing the mechanics of social change. He clearly recognizes the dependent status of education, declaring in the preface to *The Community of Scholars* that “the schools are tightly involved with the performance, and even with the style, of the dominant system of society. Any significant reforms of them would involve a threat to the dominant system.” Yet he also asserts that the colleges and universities, unlike more rigidly controlled social institutions, are still

flexible enough to be changed internally through social criticism. The “threat” to the *status quo* can presumably be mounted within university gates, where even nonradical contemporary critics of higher education have

... proposed fairly radical reforms, and have sometimes tried them out. This is a difference between the usual social criticism and the social criticism of the colleges; and proves that the colleges are still living communities, though sadly fragmented. In no other area in our society, not in urbanism, economy, popular culture, or politics, does radical criticism lead to continual efforts at remedy.

Important changes are possible within the schools, but they will “require more revolutionary courage than most of the collegiate critics seem to exude.” Goodman thus concludes that radical proposals *could* be adopted but probably *won’t*, primarily because “revolutionary courage” is in such short supply among university critics, administrators and faculty: the capacity for reform outstrips the willingness of those who manage the university system.

I think Goodman is at once too pessimistic and too optimistic about his proposals. He seriously underrates the marketability of his suggestions. Several universities, for example, are now experimenting with small, ungraded programs. The freshman year at Caltech is ungraded. The University of California at Santa Cruz has abolished letter grades, and students are permitted to take one course per quarter on a pass-fail basis on all U.C. campuses. Similarly, the idea of a two-year hiatus between high school and college has gained considerable support among parents, students and faculty, though no school has yet adopted the break as a formal admission requirement. Both proposals, however, are viable within the present social and educational structure.

In fact, I suspect that almost any radical idea can be tested on a small scale, because radical experiments properly confined to university laboratories fit quite neatly into the pluralist vision of the multiversity, a crucial point which Goodman blurs. True, the dominant administrative and research interests naturally resist radical changes affecting the entire campus, but at first-rate schools these same forces also subsidize small-time innovators who, in turn, assemble, isolate and neutralize dissident clusters of students and faculty. Furthermore, the laboratories can occasionally develop new teaching techniques applicable to the university at large.

Goodman is suggesting that radical proposals, once tried, can be contagious,

spreading beyond the control of university managers. The actual relationship between university criticism and practice can be understood in terms of a much less romantic criterion: if there are virtually no restrictions on tiny, isolated radical experiments, there is only one major limitation on alterations affecting the entire university—they must not interfere with research. In *Education at Berkeley*, a faculty appraisal of the malfunctioning multiversity, the authors recommend many sweeping reforms to improve the quality of undergraduate education, but “nowhere,” they hastily add, “do we suggest a diminution of the research activity of the faculty.” “Research activity” not only defines the essential internal shape and movement of the multiversity but also determines its heavy dependence on the dominant economic, social and political institutions. Hence, any reform adopted on a campus-wide basis immediately loses the radical character it may have had as an idea or as an experiment, and ceases to be even a potential menace to what Goodman calls the “dominant system of society.” Moreover, some radical ideas would become oppressive social facts in contemporary America: Goodman’s suggestion that two years of life experience be a prerequisite to pursuing college studies is disturbingly similar to Robert McNamara’s recently proposed two years of military or civilian service for all youths.

The flaws in Goodman’s analysis of university reform result from an illusion about the relationship between criticism and praxis. He states that university criticism is fundamentally different from “the usual social criticism” because some radical educational reforms have been “tried . . . out,” whereas radical criticism of other major institutions—the economy, politics, popular culture—remains largely rhetorical. Goodman mistakenly assumes that controlled experiment is equivalent to real praxis and therefore that the broken circuit between radical theory and practice in American society could be repaired in the universities if only the bureaucratic inertia of administrators could be dispelled. On the contrary, experimentation in the colleges operates merely as an appendage of theory and thus threatens to strengthen, not weaken, the *status quo*: university criticism and the “usual social criticism” serve identical social functions. Radical means and ends seem as divorced on the campus as anywhere else in American society.

Concluding that the prospect of major reform within “the great majority of

schools . . . is dim," Goodman finally proposes that "bands of scholars . . . secede and set up where they can teach and learn on their own simple conditions." He assembles statistics to demonstrate the practicality of secession. The figures add up, but the proposal remains hopelessly utopian. In this final chapter, Goodman's generally acute social criticism modulates, almost without warning, into pure wish projection: if a dozen independent centers could succeed, he projects, "the entire system would experience a profound and salutary jolt." Psychological and aesthetic considerations momentarily eclipse logic and truth with the result that the reader's

vicarious experience of pain is attenuated in a pleasurable final scene.

Goodman's diagnosis, however, seems to warrant a harsher conclusion: that the multiversity cannot alter its central direction and enjoy a prosperous alliance with major American economic and political institutions. The education whose rich possibilities Goodman sketches is at least a social system away. Meanwhile, the contemporary producers and products of higher education are, in the main, competent specialists, men with narrow intellectual interests who compete laterally and comply vertically. Who else could operate an irrational society so efficiently?

it is.) One of Manhattan's largest, and predominantly Jewish, housing projects, the ILGWU, isolates Holy Apostles on three sides, while across the street a branch of the Department of Health, beyond which lies another, largely Puerto Rican, project, effectively closes it off on the fourth side. By the time the neighborhood connects with potential parishioners—some blocks south of 23rd Street, where Chelsea goes posh—St. Peter's Episcopal on 20th Street has picked them off.

St. Peter's, itself flagging with the times, was a likely home for CTC when Kalfin began work there in 1965. But the bishop soon countermanded the welcome that the church's pastor, Father Jenks, had extended to the group. Officially, the quarrel was over the propriety of a theatre group's preempting church facilities, in this case the spacious and well-equipped parish hall used at odd times for bazaars and basketball, but people found it hard to dissociate the gutter language of Shepp's play from the bishop's intervention. (A further complication was that Sidney Lanier, the minister who had founded the American Place Theatre at St. Clement's Episcopal a few years before, had recently defrocked himself and married a divorcee—an event that seemed less disruptive of APT at St. Clement's than of CTC at St. Peter's.) Kalfin scoured Chelsea for an alternate location and failed to find one; then, in a nice display of agility, he got his adversary to give him Holy Apostles, which, as a mission church, was said to be exempt from policy strictures against

OFF-BROADWAY / Robert Pasolli

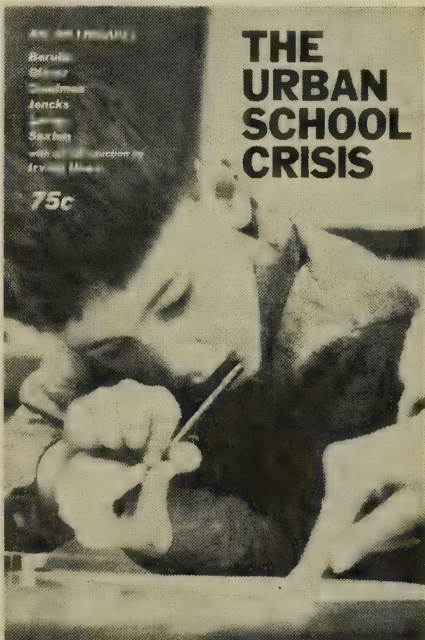
Mr. Pasolli became a free-lance writer in the theatre after working on Broadway, at Lincoln Center and, on a Ford Foundation grant, at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis.

While not fully successful as a play or as a production, Archie Shepp's *Junebug Graduates Tonight!* at the Chelsea Theatre Center so vibrantly fulfilled one of the theatre's chronically neglected functions that I want to call attention to the playwright, the play and the audacious production group.

Early in its career in 1965, CTC presented some scenes from *Junebug*, then called *The Communist*, as the second in a string of staged readings of twenty-three new plays. (Among the talents of Robert Kalfin, founder and artistic director of the group, is a discerning eye for original scripts of merit; contrary to the prevailing myth, they exist in some quantity among the mass of worthless material.) The series attracted a lot of attention—more from within the theatre profession than from the New York City neighborhood of Chelsea—by its intelligent and professional work, which demonstrated that CTC could run from a standing start. Since the end of the series last spring, CTC has redoubled its efforts to gain a toe hold as an artistic organization pertinent to the Chelsea community. It sent out lines of communication to neighborhood agencies and community action groups, such as Mobilization for Youth for which it is now "an approved job training site." Furthermore, CTC has displayed what must be described as muscle in obtaining grants from six foundations, including one from Rockefeller of a size (\$15,000) usually re-

served to more experienced organizations. Although one of the newer off-off-Broadway theatres, CTC has moved the fastest and most deftly toward securing a solid institutional footing.

CTC is housed at present in one of those handsome and moribund Episcopal churches which have taken a new lease on life by opening their doors to drama groups. The Church of the Holy Apostles, on Ninth Avenue at 28th Street, is both particularly handsome and particularly moribund: I used to pass it when I lived in Chelsea and always its locked gates would prevent me from seeing whether the magnificent Lafever exterior was matched on the inside. (Thanks to CTC, I have discovered that



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pre-emptive theatre groups. Also, it was noticeably closer than St. Peter's to departing this life. Holy Apostles lacks a suitable parish hall, so it was in the sanctuary itself that Archie Shepp's dirty words were to be heard in the full production of his play at the end of February.

Mr. Shepp is a Negro jazz saxophonist, who has been associated with John Coltrane and Bill Dixon, both in recording and personal appearances. Not the least of the merits of *Junebug*, called "a jazz allegory," is its series of songs, at once cool and tuneful.

Perhaps out of the habitudes of jazz composition, Shepp as a dramatist tends to write in bursts. Bright ideas are colorfully unfurled, then folded away. Frequent interpolations, while often interesting in themselves, break up and attenuate the play's line of thought and action. Although Kalfin did a capable and occasionally inspired job of direction, and while he presented a generally strong cast, he was unable to make Shepp's undisciplined statements cohere dramatically. A major loss was any definition of the play's attitude, which swung back and forth from anger to mockery to maliciousness to hokum.

But I think this separateness of disparate elements, which gave the impression of sallies, was responsible in large part for the assaultive and provocative thrust of the play. *Junebug* is a young Negro, about to graduate from high school as valedictorian of his class, who is profoundly troubled to decide what he should say in his address. The terms of his confusion devolve from his mother, who welcomes his advancement as a gift from the white world (tokenism); from his father,

who angrily rejects all accommodation (black supremacy); and from his sister, who cynically cooperates with whites for her own ends (opportunism). *Junebug* gropes toward his own position in a few long scenes with his girl friend, a white Southern girlie named America, and with his new pal, a dissolute old man named Uncle Sam. The boy's attitude toward them alternates between acceptance and rejection until the final scene, the graduation exercises, where *Junebug* chooses positive feelings over negative ideas and embraces America. For this Uncle Sam, presiding as the school principal, mercilessly shoots him down, and down comes America with him. In an epilogue, which I understand was created by the company during rehearsal, *Junebug* and Sam exhort each other "to call to [America] in a loud voice."

For all their vehement response to the play's indictment of white America, the Negroes in the audience at CTC did not seem to regard the ending as a cop-out—a factor which indicates that Shepp's distinction between felt and thought impulses is based in reality. As for the white sector of the audience, the play's conciliatory ending seemed a welcome emollient.

Junebug is an activist play that a liberal management infiltrated into a complacent milieu. Some elements of the play, like direct address and street language, and elements of the production, like flashy use of color and boisterous staging, jabbed and poked at the whites, while they energized and enspirited the Negroes. *Junebug* is really an inflammatory play, voicing to felt effect the point of view of a shunted and disprized minority. Just how felt was

indicated by the *New York Times'* dismissal of the play as one-sided and non-contributive to dialogue, an attribute which one might take for granted on encounter but which the *Times* seems to have raised in self-defense. I sympathize with the paper's white reviewer; had I lacked the leisure of weekly journalism I am not at all certain I could have overcome my own impulse to block the play's provocation. *Junebug* put one on the spot; that was its value. It did so with verve, color and spirit; that was its worth.

Fortune and Men's Eyes, at the Actors Playhouse, is too good a show for its own good. Its subject is the quick corruption of the innocent in the homosexual currents of prison life. The hero, a new prisoner, is a good-boy-up-on-a-bum-rap and straight as an arrow when the action begins. When it ends three months later, he has passed in succession through several of the permutations of sexual exercise as practiced in that particular prison: he has let himself be appropriated by an "old man"; he has formed an alliance with one of the "queens"; he has even attempted to impose himself as an "old man" on another inmate. This last might be an impulse of real love, the twisted expression of which has been conditioned by the circumstances—quite a different thing from the cold-hearted sexuality of the scene, which expresses cynicism rather than affection.

That possibility is underscored by the title reference to Shakespeare's Sonnet XXIX ("When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,"), which is about redemptive love. However, the play does not develop the possibility, nor does the production emphasize it. The sexual hurly-burly of prison events cancels out any implication of an affirmative awakening in the hero, and the play ends in a climax of its thesis: as his friend is carried off to be beaten, the hero collapses in a fit of weeping *cum* laughter that bespeaks the dehumanization that prison life has practiced on him.

In its audacious display of one of the less publicly acknowledged aspects of our social setup, *Fortune and Men's Eyes* serves as a kind of social document. (Written from personal experience by a Canadian named John Herbert, the play posits a degree of homosexual concentration that might be artistic rather than documentary.) And as drama it is respectable in its solid construction and vivid characterization; Herbert knows how to write a play, as they say. But both drama and social documentation are

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submerged in the current New York production by the impulse of showmanship.

Sassy and rambunctious, the production by Mitchell Nestor swings back and forth from its vibrantly physicalized tensions to its high-spirited comedy. Nestor's direction is tight and powerful—more a matter of sinew than of muscle—and he underlines values in the play with inspired stage business, such as the switching of mattresses from bed to bed according to which of the cell's occupants enjoys the upper hand sexually. Terry Kiser, Bill Moor, Robert Christian and Victor Arnold as the inmates create strongly contrasted and infectious characters. So far, so good.

One of the actors, however, is encouraged to go too far. Bill Moor, who plays Queenie, the strutting, primping girl of the cell, takes a strong lead at the opening of the play with a full ten minutes of bitchy rallery during which I began to wonder when *Fortune*

would get down to business. The lead is never quite relinquished, and Queenie's stage business frequently interrupts the concentration of the play. The trouble isn't that Queenie is not entertaining; it's that he *is*. Moor's performance is intelligent, skillful and blissfully non-sniggering, but it goes far beyond what is necessary to create and maintain a characterization, beyond even what is needed to establish that Queenie is the apotheosis of the milieu. Queenie in this production amounts to a spirited *divertissement*, establishing false premises for the play, so that when *Fortune* becomes serious it doesn't take; its point goes past almost unnoticed. It is pandemonium, you realize finally, that has grabbed your attention, not meaningful action. As Tennessee Williams said to everyone in general on his way up the aisle for intermission, "It ain't Genet." No, it ain't; it's a great show—and less of a play for it.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Bergman's *Persona* offers the bifocal pleasures and surprises of multilevel dramatic communication. It can be read, somewhat mystically, as a tale of the transposition of souls; or, more prosaically, it can be understood as demonstrating that muteness is a form of aggression, that a person capable of implacable silence can fracture and distort the personality of another who offers contact through speech. On other terms, the picture is at once relentlessly clinical and a figment of pure cinema—which latter reading Bergman encourages by introducing the work literally from within the projector, by equating dream with reality, past with present, by interrupting his narrative with clips of other movies from other times, and by allowing his venture to run down at the close like some clockwork coming to the end of its spring.

All this is accomplished with the casual necromancy that has made Bergman a Prospero of the camera, and one leaves the theatre almost physically done in by the film's demands on one's wits. At the same time, there is a letdown in retrospect. For one thing, although its cinematic nature is so deliberately emphasized, the work advances in a series of almost static tableaux, and fails to develop the flexibility and flow that almost invariably form the structure of rewarding movies. Since one of the two main characters refuses to speak and the

other speaks compulsively, the picture becomes focused on words, and an audience dependent on subtitles finds itself reading almost as much as it is watching or listening.

Further, Bergman here carries the main burden of his tale in close-ups, using them to such excess that the technique takes on moral overtones. To close in so persistently on people is itself a form of aggression, and the device achieves a semblance of emotional intensity by means as inherently suspect as the use of blood-stirring music to support dramatic peaks. At a distance of two inches, eyes invariably start and lips invariably become sensual cushions of flesh. The context may justify such melodrama, but the effect is so mechanically achieved that the burden of congruity is on the director. And as with most mechanical stimulants, the close-up rather quickly creates a dependence, so that unless you use it with great discipline—only in moments, as it were, of the most severe need—it becomes a habit replacing more valid ranges of communication. It looked to me as though Bergman had become addicted in *Persona*.

The film pivots on two long speeches. A prominent actress, who one night has faltered in her lines, lapses during the next day or so into a state of silent passivity which her doctor can-

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**on the old New Critics
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not penetrate. In some desperation the physician packs her off with a sensitive nurse to a lonely spot on the shore, hoping that the peace and the enforced intimacy will break the spell. There thrown on her own resources, the young nurse (Bibi Andersson) chatters through the idle, healthy days on a slowly rising note of anxiety and with disturbing suggestions of physical attraction. One night, after wine, she regales her patient (Liv Ullmann) with a detailed account of an afternoon of sexual abandon she and another woman had once enjoyed with two young boys encountered on a secret beach. This long speech, offered perhaps as a seduction, is followed by Lesbian embraces which may very well be dreams, but which in any case signal that the nurse-patient relationship is shifting, with dominance passing to the older woman. The nurse's vulnerability accelerates when she acci-

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dentally discovers that her impassive charge is in fact observing her with indulgent amusement. She deteriorates rapidly through bouts of hysteria and physical passion to the level of her second pivotal speech.

On this occasion, the nurse subjects the woman to a diatribe of accusation, attributing her condition to guilt of shocking proportions, and pouring out a flood of detail she could not command except by identification with her patient's psyche. Bergman runs this scene twice, the second time focusing on Miss Andersson's face, which undergoes kaleidoscopic malformations as she rants. From moment to moment she takes on a vagrant resemblance to her listener, an effect a little too pat to be compelling, particularly when it has been foreshadowed by a reference to the fact that they look alike. This second turning point also collapses into a scene of ambiguous violence. The next morning the patient packs up and leaves (still speechless) and the nurse, having put the house away, presently follows. The film runs out.

Life deals this way in inconclusions, and I don't object to Bergman's pretense that the camera sees what it sees and keeps its counsel. I am prepared to spin my own hypotheses as long as I feel I can trust the premises. In this case, though, I'm not certain I do trust them. Bergman takes liberties with these women that are permissible only to a lover or a doctor, but it isn't clear that he is

sufficiently committed to them to play either role. He seems to be up to some game.

This comes back to method. One is forced to spend much more time in examining these women than in getting to understand them. They are treated as objects not subjects—an attitude which, whether intentionally or not, is relevant to contemporary corruption. And in all probability a film so disproportionately verbal loses much in export. The emphases of speech and subtle discriminations of words are lost when you lack the language; subtitles convey data, but very little of the color of dialogue. In fact, the device is possible only because the cinema is primarily a visual art. To a considerable degree, I think, *Persona* fights its medium.

The bright, particular triumph that Joseph Strick has achieved in his screen version of Joyce's *Ulysses* is the casting. I have no doubt that it was the most difficult part of the venture. Where does one lay hands on Stephen Dedalus, on Bloom, on Blazes Boylan, on the whole boiling company of that day in Dublin? I have not learned how in fact Strick did his recruiting, but the cast is at a level that makes you want to break out in cheers.

It is not that they are exactly what one expects, though in this respect the presence and comportment of Maurice Roeves as Stephen and Barbara Jefford as Molly Bloom seem to me extraordinary. Milo O'Shea's Bloom is perhaps a little more mercurial than one would have expected; Buck Mulligan (T. P. McKenna) a little less significant; Blazes Boylan (Joe Lynch) falling just short of his prototype's animal swagger. But the adjustments are of the kind one is forever making on meeting somebody of whom one has heard a lot; I would confidently call any of the film's people by the names Joyce gave them.

Of course none of the actors can reveal in their brief time on the screen the depth of character that Joyce provided. The film does not pretend to supplant *Ulysses*; it takes bold, responsible and joyous advantage of the fact that the book exists. You may read into the picture a great deal from your own memory; the important thing is that there is almost nothing that you must read out.

Dublin is the great character in the novel and that was a problem. It would probably not have been possible, even if it had been wise, to build contemporary sets, and Dublin has changed since Joyce was a student. But perhaps its temper has changed less than that of any other major city; at any rate, the film was shot—most

beautifully—in today's streets, and there is no jar.

With these problems out of the way, the picture required only understanding and taste—easy prerequisites when you have them, and Mr. Strick has. He covers the whole book, from Bloom's scorched kidney to Molly's final "Yes." Inevitably, he leaves out more than he includes, but the narrative—which is what concerns a film—is only a fragment of the book, and Strick includes a surprising lot of it. I regretted the omissions I noticed, but less because they were essential to the form of the picture than because the included passages were so successful that I was jealous to see how Strick would have handled the others.

As you might expect, the first half of the book provides the best segments of the script. Early morning in the Martello Tower, Stephen's soliloquy on the front (fending off that snapping dog), Bloom in the pub, the drive to the cemetery, the newspaper office and the ribald young doctors, Stephen instructing young Sargent, Bloom's vertigo of lust turning to compassion for the lame girl, the tip on Throwaway, Stephen rejecting his sister, the bookstalls—on and on, and through it all the sustained pattern of Stephen and Bloom and Boylan intersecting one another's paths through the streets of Dublin.

The fantasy of the nightmare section seemed to me less successful. Bloom's penny-arcade dreams of shame and glory are staged responsibly enough, but the very process of staging them, with its requirements of quick props and shallow disguises, imposes an atmosphere of fun and games on a rainy afternoon that drains the magic. However, it is in this section that Bloom fully converts his love for his dead son into protecting the drunk and vulnerable Stephen, and the two actors play the relationship with sure recognition and rewarding restraint.

And in the end the film comes back to its full power with the Blooms in bed, head to foot, and Molly half dreaming the memories that kept the book out of our hands for so many years. Miss Jefford speaks the monologue with a frank yearning that lilts almost into song, and the scenes that come and go at her bidding evoke a transient joy that catches your throat. For a wonder, the screen finally portrays sex in terms of what adults know instead of what adolescents imagine. The result is extremely erotic and utterly clean.

I don't know why the distributors have limited the present run of *Ulysses*. They have a public obligation to put it on general view.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1194

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 R.p.m. to shout about in town! (10)
- 6 A man who can do more than just pull teeth joins so as to increase in importance. (4)
- 10, 9 down and 15 Part of the retirement ceremony, for some. (3, 1, 3, 2, 4, 2, 5)
- 11 Could be a bloomer, or mean one in translation. (7)
- 12 Were such towns in such spaces at one time? (4-4)
- 13 Nothing to blow back but stones, possibly. (5)
- 15 See 10 across
- 17 They call themselves "Sons of the Eagle." (9)
- 19 They might not stop shows by opinion. (9)
- 21 Could be outer limits are passed by such. (5)
- 23 See 1 down
- 24, 5 down and 28 across Implying such as 19 were held up as a good example of early film fare? (3, 5, 5, 7)
- 27 Proves how some college students spend their time towards end of term. (7)
- 28 See 24 across
- 29 Separate kind? (4)
- 30 By normal standards, it should be valuable. (6, 4)

DOWN:

- 1 and 23 across Sticks to what people call nonsense, but suiting. (9)

- 2 Struggle upwards to conceal what might be dressed later. (7)
- 3 It might mollify the old greeting. (5)
- 4 Ye gods! Another name for them! (9)
- 5 See 24 across
- 7 Designer with a degree of 3D involved in a picturesque way. (7)
- 8 Pretty relative? Far from it for Cinderella. (10)
- 9 See 10 across
- 14 The German town I last confused with the most important ingredients. (10)
- 16 Make-believe. (8)
- 18 Those who indulge in mud-slinging are likely to. (9)
- 20 One who might use oil to make the boat fast? (7)
- 22 A flying one for one who reputedly dares to act. (7)
- 24 An Italian literary figure sat up thus. (5)
- 25 A layer of blue, as a color standard. (5)
- 26 Town, now part of the Brooklyn Navy yard. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1193

ACROSS: 1. Troubles; 5 Chases; 10 Thermal; 11 and 19 Leatherstocking; 12 Vesta; 13 Poppycock; 14 Tight; 16 Expected; 22 Orson; 24 Shell game; 26 Elver; 28 Alidade; 29 Iranian; 30 Tagged; 31 Incenses. DOWN: 1 Titivate; 2 Opens; 3 Bombastic; 4 Ellipse; 6 Heavy; 7 Schooners; 8 Strike; 9 Slip-up; 15 Gathering; 17 Cooperate; 18 Entrants; 20 Images; 21 Grecian; 23 Aslant; 25 Leave; 27 Veils.

PUBLICATIONS

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LETTERS

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DEAR SIR: It must now be clear to most people that the Vietnamese War is not going to be terminated due to the efforts of the "doves" in or out of Congress. . . . There is only one force which can bring this senseless carnage to a halt and that force is the voters of this country . . . albeit the prospects of the electorate taking this stand under the present two political parties seem remote. Most people are mesmerized by the steady propaganda that . . . "we stand ready to go anywhere at any time to negotiate."

This writer would welcome a national ticket in 1968 of Democrat New York Senator Robert Kennedy and Republican Oregon Senator, and former Governor Mark Hatfield or Republican Illinois Senator Charles Percy. Kennedy is without doubt the most popular political leader in the country today, and he has put forth a reasonable approach for a negotiated Vietnamese settlement. Hatfield and Percy are both young, vigorous, able and genuine influential peace advocates. . . . The hour is late. Peaceniks Unite! We have nothing to lose but our war parties.

M. C. Belknap

Civil Service rebuttal

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: A comprehensive point-by-point commentary on Robert Sherrill's myths ["Washington's Bland Bondage," *The Nation*, Feb. 20] would take too much of your space and my time, so let me limit myself to those incidents involving the Civil Service Commission's personnel investigations activities:

(1) Sherrill says a young Ph.D. "was asked to explain his presence, eight years previously, at a couple of meetings held by the Labor Youth League and by the Student Socialist Society in Philadelphia. . . . Though he was cleared, he packed up his Ph.D. and quit in a rage." The fact is the man told us he had decided to resign for professional and scientific reasons many weeks before receiving our interrogatory. He asked for rapid disposition of our investigation so as not to resign with a mark on his name. Our decision was favorable to him; his resignation was effective several weeks later.

(2) Sherrill cites the case of a young woman who was "invited to attend (she wasn't accused of attending) a forum sponsored by the Socialist Workers Party of Philadelphia" and of "being on the mailing list of the Socialist Party." He omits the fact that in the young woman's formative years her parents and other close relatives were notorious and active members of the Communist Party and that some of her activities had reflected possible influence of these family members. Contrary to the implication in Sherrill's article, we did not ask her to give an "exposé of her whole family"—rather we recited their extensive Communist activity and asked her to explain the nature and extent of her support thereof.

(3) In citing the case of William X, Sherrill says the "super-patriotism of the Civil Service Commission drives it into comically embarrassing corners." Mr. X was charged with having falsified his application when he stated he had never been a member of the Communist Party, which Sherrill calls "a bizarre accusation considering X's background." He then implies that because X was employed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities for seven years, the charge of membership in the Communist Party was ridiculous. On the contrary, the alleged membership was well established. Because of the remoteness in time of this activity, the original adverse finding was reversed by our Board of Appeals and Review.

(4) Sherrill charges the commission "has so keen an in-

(Continued on page 436)

EDITORIALS

Ky Stole the Show

The Guam conference was a puzzle to many of the best-informed officials and newsmen in Washington. It was called in a slapdash fashion, with no clue as to its purpose. The most plausible explanation is that the motivation was political—as with everything that the President does.

In the Guam episode he apparently came to the conclusion that Robert Kennedy is out to unseat him in 1968. The remedy? A big show across the sea, with the usual amalgam of peace talk and military intensification. Coming just before Easter, it would serve as a launching platform for a spring peace offensive, coupled with further violence on the grand scale which American technology has made possible. A cover story was also available: Mr. Johnson would introduce the new diplomatic team to the big wheels in the South Vietnamese government, and get the credit if the latest measures to subjugate the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese worked, or could be made to seem as if they might work.

So Air Force One took off for Guam, followed by the usual retinue of officials and reporters. But the script was not followed in the subsequent events. The President preached to the South Vietnamese strongmen, commending to them the great task of conducting a national election and making South Vietnam look like a democracy, while power remained in the hands of former collaborators with the French, landlords, profiteers and other members of the old elite. General Thieu and Marshal-Premier Ky harkened. Then Ky sounded off on his own.

Ky is no small-time opportunist. He has come a long way since he was noted only as the foremost Vietnamese clotheshorse and flyboy. The original plan did not even call for his presence in Guam, but once he got himself invited he played his role effectively. In terms of real power he is a puppet of the United States, but for the moment he seemed to be pulling the strings. Negotiate with the Vietcong? Never! Allow Hanoi to go unbombed? Enough of such womanly weakness! He called for war on Cambodia, a blockade or equivalent action to stop the flow of supplies through Haiphong, an invasion of Laos—escalations of his own atop the escalations previously put into effect by Johnson.

One must give Ky credit for gall. He holds power only through command of an air arm furnished by the United States, his army has been relegated to a rural "pacification" role while Americans do the major part of the fighting, but he does not hesitate to lay down the strategic blueprint for which Americans must pay, fight and die.

The following day Ky assumed the role of the moderate man. Hitler, whom he once said he admired, may have been his model. Hitler could suggest that the Ukraine should belong to Germany and vow simultaneously that

no German mother would weep for the loss of her son. Ky took cognizance of the Johnson habiliments of peace and threw a few such rags about himself, just to maintain amity among allies and reassure the American public, in case it was beginning to wonder who runs this war.

Arriving back in Washington, the President was described by reporters at the airport as the leader of an exhausted and perplexed team. No one, including Mr. Johnson himself, seemed to know why the Guam meeting had been arranged. The outstanding fact of the conference, he said, was Ky's presentation of a constitution "that is really in being." Probably not one newsman present believed that this document would lead to a transfer of power from the military to a civilian government which might conceivably negotiate with the National Liberation Front. But it is unthinkable to laugh out loud at a Presidential press conference.

What Next?

After the events of the past few weeks, peace in Vietnam seems further away than ever. The prospect is for an indefinite prolongation of the struggle. North Vietnam demands a cessation of bombing and other acts of war before it will talk. The United States, through President Johnson, demands prior proof that all infiltration from the North has stopped before it will agree to stop bombing the North and adding to its troop strength in the South. As Sen. Robert Kennedy points out, Mr. Johnson has raised the ante repeatedly as U.S. military strength in the South has increased. But neither the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (the North) nor the National Liberation Front shows any signs of caving in. What, then, will be Mr. Johnson's next move?

It is not difficult to forecast. Bombing the North has not brought victory and shows no signs of subduing the enemy. All that remains, then, is to invade North Vietnam, as Korea was invaded at Inchon.

All Washington is talking along these lines. Sen. Mike Mansfield brings the question to the fore while cautiously advising against such a venture. He points out that three of the four elements of an invasion are already present. We are extending the bombing of North Vietnam by dropping mines into the rivers in the southern part of the country, we are shooting across the now misnamed demilitarized zone with 175-millimeter artillery, and elements of the Seventh Fleet are shelling the coast of North Vietnam. The probable invasion site would be somewhat north of the 17th Parallel, and some reports of North Vietnamese troop movements indicate that Hanoi expects an incursion in that neighborhood.

Rep. George Brown of California made a valiant effort to forestall such an eventuality. He offered an amendment to the supplemental appropriations bill, providing additional billions for the prosecution of the war: "None of the funds appropriated in this act shall be available

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No. 14

for the implementation of any plan to invade North Vietnam with ground forces of the United States, except in time of war." The amendment was defeated, 123 to 2, and the funds were appropriated unconditionally, 385 to 11, with thirty-six abstentions.

If the President decides on an invasion of North Vietnam, he might be willing to request a declaration of war. The present undeclared war is unpopular. Politically it is a millstone around Mr. Johnson's neck, and one may be sure that he will be reluctant to go into the campaign of 1968 thus handicapped. With a declaration in his hands, he can run as a war President, calling on the nation to rally around the flag (which he will have wrapped about his ample frame). Dissent will become not merely unpopular but dangerous. Opponents will no longer be Nervous Nellies but something not far removed from traitors.

Senator Mansfield warned that even a limited invasion of North Vietnam (which is no doubt the way it would begin) might bring China into the war. It might result in a papering over of the split between the Soviet Union and China. MacArthur thought he could approach the Yalu without bringing China's armies down into Korea; he proved to be mistaken. Those military strategists who counsel an invasion may likewise prove to be mistaken, but they are willing to take a chance.

A majority of the American people have submitted with scarcely a murmur to repeated escalations of the war, each seemingly insignificant in itself but bulking large in cumulative effect. Unless they rally soon, their option in the 1968 election may be foreclosed. If they realize then what they have let themselves in for, it will be too late.

Twenty Years Later

Marking the twentieth anniversary of the Truman Doctrine, the University of Salonika recently conferred an honorary degree on former President Truman. At almost the same time, the Senate finally ratified the Consular Treaty which we had signed with the Soviet Union in 1964. The vote was 66 to 28—just three votes more than the required two-thirds majority. It seems hard to believe, but it is apparently a fact, that this is the first bilateral treaty entered into between the U.S. and the USSR. So at last we have taken—half-heartedly, timidly—■ first step that should have been taken twenty years ago.

Was this long delay necessary? We shall never know, but what we do know is that the more closely the record is examined, the clearer it becomes that the fault was by no means all on the Russian side. A series of recent studies, of which Martin F. Herz's *Beginnings of the Cold War* is the latest, strongly suggest that a re-evaluation of the attitudes and assumptions on which the cold war was projected should have top priority on today's political agenda. We debate Vietnam but Vietnam is an incident—the ghastliest yet, but still only an incident in

the pursuit of cold-war policies. In a recent speech, Philip Klutznick, who served at the United Nations during Adlai Stevenson's ambassadorship, urged the nation to reassess its "political motivations" in Vietnam. Mr. Klutznick declared: "To those who say, 'But we can't quit Vietnam now,' I must ask, 'if it is in our national interest, why not?' We have permitted our Vietnam commitment to control our foreign policy instead of foreign policy determining the extent of our Vietnam commitment."

The tragedy of our position in Vietnam is that we are waging war there as though our main purpose were to demonstrate the awesome military power we command. This is not a policy; waging war is the best evidence that policy has failed. In proclaiming the Truman Doctrine, Mr. Truman did not intend that we should become the world's policeman, but the military distortion was always latent in a policy which assumed that we must "fight," by cold-war techniques, forces in the postwar world that we regard as threatening. After twenty years it should be possible to see that there might have been a quite different approach to the problem we then faced. "The problem of our age," Conor Cruise O'Brien wrote recently (*Commonweal*, March 3), "is not how to stop, fight or eradicate communism. It is how to cope with its challenges and its appeals in such a way that the competing systems on the planet may produce more benefits to mankind than threats and sufferings." It is for the want of such a policy that we are at war in Vietnam.

Saying 'No' to Power

Lord Acton's maxim has not only been quoted to the point of no response, it is also probably not a remark of the first relevance. Power tends to corrupt, but so do hunger, passion, terror, frustration. Indeed, for those who are susceptible, life itself is a corrupting experience. Perhaps new force can be gained for the old saying by eliding it: power tends to become absolute. And men meanwhile do not tend to become omniscient.

That is the plight into which we have fallen. It avails us nothing, it only makes us miserable, to consider whether, and to what degree, Messrs. Johnson, Rusk and McNamara have become corrupt. The crux is that they have now attained to absolute power without receiving the grace of absolute wisdom.

It is not likely that the men in question see matters in this light; it is much more probable that they view themselves as public servants spending themselves without stint in the nation's service. It is notable, for example, that Secretary Rusk not long ago was willing to meet with a group of college students to discuss with them misgivings about the Vietnamese War that they had expressed in a letter to the President. But what was the effect of this encounter? According to Gregory Craig, president of the Harvard Undergraduate Council, who was there, the students entered the meeting, many of them, willing

and eager to be convinced that their country's acts were motivated by reason; without exception, he says, they left the room in a state of shock. They had not met a man, they had witnessed a presence; they had not been informed, they had been checked. It was not just that Rusk repeated what they had heard before, it was that what they said Rusk appeared not to hear at all. They had tried to communicate with power, which is like exchanging confidences with a dynamo.

The voice of power—flat, implacable, uninflected by the course of events or the outcries of dissidents—is now heard in Congressional committees, in the press, in diplomatic letters and official statements. It cannot be answered, it cannot be refuted, it cannot even be asked to explain itself. Power is not equipped with receptors.

The conduct of our foreign affairs by the agents of absolute power has produced in others a spirit of dissent for dissent's sake, what Crosby Noyes in the *Washington Star* has called "compulsive opposition." The obvious danger of this reaction, as he points out, is that dissent is valued more for its dramatic effect than for its responsibility, and confirms the President and his aides in their conviction that the truth resides in them alone.

Still, good men, wise men, compassionate men without number have testified to the evil and the futility of the war in Vietnam. Skillful tacticians have suggested ways to end it. Their cause is futile because they are attacking a symptom of power, when they should be throwing themselves at power itself. No man in power today created the situation: it is an accident of the nuclear bomb, our oath of allegiance to an explosive device. Some Presidents back, we equipped the White House with a button to push, and all else has followed.

The logistics of ballistic warfare, we thought, rendered the process of democratic government obsolete. But nuclear-headed missiles are not at issue in Vietnam, and were not at issue in Santo Domingo, and will not be at issue in the other of the world's "trouble spots" that Mr. Rusk recently marked for our future attention. Yet due process has disappeared from our behavior in all these areas, and power is our only gesture. There is no honor in it and there will be no honor in our national policy until government unseats power. In the first place that is the task of Congress, and ultimately it is the task of the people. Only a democracy can say no to power—and that only while democracy survives.

Kidding the Consumer

In Europe, as Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) has recently pointed out (*Congressional Record*, March 8), businessmen generally accept the idea that "the efficient functioning of a free economy is facilitated by governmental efforts to inform consumers and protect their interests." In Sweden and Norway, consumers are represented by cabinet-level departments, and in the field

of consumer information almost every European government engages in product testing and publicizes the results, or subsidizes consumer organizations to do the work. A Swedish government-sponsored program engages in product testing, informative labeling, household research and consumer education, and receives complaints regarding below-standard goods. Britain is adopting the "Teltag" labeling system to enable people to buy intelligently. Only in this country are such programs regarded as aimed at the destruction of the free-enterprise system.

Miss Betty Furness, queen of the TV commercials and the President's new adviser on consumer affairs, is not likely to urge him to adopt Teltag or anything else that would antagonize business. But for make-believe consumer protection Mr. Johnson could hardly have made a better selection, and Miss Furness will no doubt contribute to his popularity among soap opera devotees. It is unlikely that housewives' strikes will be encouraged, or that prices will go down, or quality up. It is just another case of image making, only a bit more blatant than anything of the kind that Johnson has done lately.

Bugging the Press

The following dispatch, published on page 3 of *The New York Times*, March 2, is reprinted in full:

Special to *The New York Times*, ATHENS, March 1. Two United States diplomats walked out of a foreign press luncheon here today minutes before Andreas Papandreou, Greece's most controversial leftist politician, made a sharp attack on the U.S.

A spokesman for the American embassy said the two officials, John G. Day, a political officer, and Richard W. Helgerson, information officer, had left after reading the text of Mr. Papandreou's address distributed shortly before he spoke.

The spokesman said the text contained "uncalled-for criticism of American domestic and foreign policy."

A Reuters agency dispatch on the same story filled in the glaring gaps in the *New York Times* dispatch:

ATHENS, March 1 (Reuters). Two United States diplomats walked out today on a luncheon meeting during which Mr. Andreas Papandreou attacked American policy in Vietnam.

Mr. Papandreou, speaking to foreign correspondents, said the CIA, in essence, has embarked on an independently parallel foreign policy for the United States. At one point in his speech, Mr. Papandreou said that for American youth the U.S. presence in Vietnam represented a first class error. And he said the United States has always looked forward to the establishment of complete control over the affairs of its allies.

In addition, Mr. Papandreou said the CIA takes on responsibilities and missions far beyond the basic purposes for which it was established and is now free of government control. . . .

CONSTANTINE POULOS

French Vote: Why Be Surprised?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

What I find particularly surprising is the enormous surprise that the near defeat of the Gaullists has caused almost everywhere abroad. The French press today is recalling with some irony American, British and other foreign comments, only a few days before the second round of elections, to the effect that France is, and always will be, Gaullist, that "we've got to live with de Gaulle, whether we like it or not," and so on, and so on. One must conclude that with rare exceptions the foreign press has for several years now been mesmerized by de Gaulle; that it has assumed that France is Gaullist, without troubling to look closely at France.

Correspondents here have also tended to identify de Gaulle with the Gaullists—that is, with all those hundreds of parliamentary candidates who ran under the "Fifth Republic" label—and that too was a mistake. This election was *not* a plebiscite for or against de Gaulle; to put it in the simplest possible terms, it was just a traditional French contest between Right and Left. It would not be accurate to say that all the people who fought under the Left "Federation" label were good leftists, or that those who figured as "Fifth Republic" men, or "Gaullists" were all dyed-in-the-wool conservatives or reactionaries in the usual sense. It is more complicated than that but, by and large, the Right-vs.-Left alignment covers the situation.

It is true, of course, that in the 1962 election the Gaullists did much better *in terms of seats* than they did this time; but, even then, together with their allies (notably the Giscard d'Estaing conservatives), they polled no more than 45 per cent of the total votes in the run-off round. And that was at a time when the Algerian War had just ended, when right-wing terrorism was still rife (only a few weeks earlier, de Gaulle had narrowly escaped assassination), and when a strong hand at the helm was considered more indispensable than ever. But it is also worth recalling that in the first round of that same election, the Gaullists proper secured only 32 per cent of the votes. If, in the second round, the Gaullist vote rose steeply, it was because there was a genuine desire for law and order, after months of bomb throwing. Moreover, there still remained in the country a general distaste for the impotence of the Fourth Republic, which had died only four years before. When de Gaulle warned the electorate against the danger of a return to "the old instability," it was bound to make an impression.

Moreover, in the Presidential election of December, 1965, de Gaulle secured less than 44 per cent of the votes in the first round, the "Left" and Communist-supported Mitterrand closely following with 32 per cent, and the "European" Jean Lecanuet with nearly 16 per cent. Even in the straight de Gaulle-Mitterrand run-off, the General got only 55 per cent. Add to this various local elections, such as those of February, 1965 (in which foreign policy was no issue), and in which the Gaullists did remarkably badly, and it is clear that *in home affairs*

there has always been a strong and consistent opposition to the Gaullists, if not so much to de Gaulle himself.

In examining the results of the recent election, one must distinguish between votes and seats. The number of votes cast for the Gaullists and their immediate allies in the first round was about 38 per cent, or almost exactly the same as in 1962; in the second round it was about 43 per cent, or slightly lower than in 1962. This last figure applies, of course, only to those constituencies where no one was elected in the first round, and where, very often, the Gaullists were not in a favored position. Some of the safest Gaullist seats had been secured in the first round, when sixty-three of the seventy-nine deputies who won majorities were Gaullists. This seemingly triumphal first round was what encouraged superficial commentators to imagine that a Gaullist victory in the second round was a foregone conclusion.

This supposition ignored many important facts. Not only has there been a growing interest in political affairs—the real "awakening" dates back to the Presidential election of 1965, with its lively and often violent disputes on radio and television—but also this time the left-wing forces were organized much better than previously to pool their resources in the second round.

It would be exaggerating to say that the general public was passionately interested in the late election—as it was, for example, in the 1936 election which resulted in a victory of the Popular Front. All the same, in a number of "test" constituencies the battles were of more than just local significance. Thus, the whole nation watched Grenoble, where Mendès-France opposed the Gaullist candidate, and there was similar interest in the fight of the leftist journalist, Claude Estier, in Montmartre against "strong man" Sanguinetti, de Gaulle's Minister for War Veterans. There was also a considerable audience all over the country for the election speeches made by the various leaders on radio and TV.

But the most significant aspect of the election was the pact for the second round made among all the "left-wing" forces. I put "left wing" in quotes deliberately, for some altogether improbable people found themselves inside the left-wing Federation, there to benefit from Communist support in the second round. Among them were such recent ultra-colonialist "Socialists" as Guy Mollet, Max Lejeune and Robert Lacoste (the guiltiest of all the Guilty Men of the Algerian War); even that "radical" fossil, the nearly 80-year-old Georges Bonnet, France's inglorious Foreign Minister of the Munich days, was on the bandwagon. Many of the local Communists in his Dordogne constituency thought that voting for Bonnet in the name of "republican discipline" was really going rather far, and abstained; enough, however, went to the polls to get him elected. Another important feature in this election was the position taken up by many followers of M. Lecanuet, the "Atlantic," "European" and "pro-American" leader. Most of these supporters of his "Democratic Center" were Christian-Democrat (MRP) people;



Le Canard Enchaîné

De Gaulle's Ministers Scavenging for a Majority. From the Left: Frey, Debré, Pompidou, Malraux

and in the second round many of them supported the "Left," rather than the Gaullist, candidate. This was one of the relatively rare instances when considerations of foreign policy determined the voter's choice, the Lecanuet people (despite their anti-communism) often supporting the potentially more "European" Left. But—and this is important—Lecanuet's "pro-American" and "European" poll now dropped from 16 per cent in the Presidential election to 13 per cent in the first round, and 7 per cent in the second.

On the whole, the alliance between the Left Federation (Socialists, some radicals and other nominally left-of-Center groups) on the one hand, and the Communists on the other, worked very well—though it would be untrue to say that the voters everywhere closely followed the "instructions" from the leaders who had made the pact: many Left or left-of-Center voters still had inhibitions about voting for a Communist in the second round; some Communists undoubtedly preferred to vote for the Gaullist rather than for a "phony leftist." Still, thanks to this pact, the Communists increased their seats in the new Assembly from forty-one to seventy-three, and the Left Federation rose from eighty-nine to 116.

What is historically interesting is the re-emergence of the Communists from the political ghetto into which they had been driven in 1947, in the days of the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. Now they are once again a "respectable" political party, entering into explicit alliances with Socialists and other "democratic" forces. The Communists in France, with more than 5 million votes, now represent about 23 per cent of the French electorate, a rise from 22 per cent in 1962 and from 18.5 per cent (their all-time postwar low) in 1958.

There are several reasons for the Communist success. First, de Gaulle himself has helped to make them respectable by establishing highly friendly relations with the Soviet Union, which he considers in a way a natural ally of France and a "national," rather than a "revolutionary"

country. Second, the French Communists themselves have greatly changed since the days of Maurice Thorez when they persisted in their stand as the most sectarian and "Stalinist" Communist Party in the West. Today, under Waldeck-Rochet, who succeeded to leadership when Thorez died in 1964, the Communists have become an increasingly "national" party, adopting a polycentrist line not unlike that of Togliatti in Italy. Waldeck-Rochet speaks with a broad Burgundy accent which makes him sound like a French equivalent of a Kansas City politician. When he says, in that accent: "Sure, we are a revolutionary party, *but in France we seek revolution only by democratic means.*" everybody—or nearly everybody—is greatly reassured, and well prepared to believe that the French Communists have chosen the "French way," and that 23 per cent of the electorate can't possibly be agents of Moscow. And even Moscow no longer scares anybody; as one commentator remarked at the time of Kossygin's visit: "The most reassuring thing about it is to see Mr. Kossygin wear a hat like Mr. Eden's."

Altogether, in the first round (the best indication of the voters' *real* wishes), the Communist and other Left forces got nearly 10 million votes among them; the Gaullists, 8.5 million; the Lecanuet "Center" nearly 3 million, and "others" (mostly right-wing) about 1 million. In the second round—that is, in the 404 constituencies where no one had been elected—the Communist and other Left forces got more than 8.5 million votes; the Gaullists (who had made big gains in the first round) nearly 8 million votes; the Center only 1.3 million, and "other" rightists about 0.8 million.

In many constituencies victories were won (mostly by the Left) by very narrow margins of a few hundred or even a few dozen votes. Thus, Couve de Murville lost by a handful of votes to a "centrist" candidate. These numerous "accidents" were one of the imponderable factors in this election; they also helped make the opinion polls look particularly foolish. But the net result of the election is still fairly clear: at least a small majority of the

French electorate is not satisfied with the Gaullists' domestic policy—not satisfied with the social conservatism, the shortage of teachers and school buildings, hospitals, etc. There is today a glut of luxury apartments in Paris and a shortage of low-rent houses. And if the accidental defeat of Couve de Murville cannot in any sense be regarded as a vote against de Gaulle's foreign policy, the defeat of M. Messmer, the Minister of Defense, may be regarded at least partly as a vote against the expensive and not perhaps very effective *force de frappe*, which the Left would like to scrap.

The new Assembly will look rather different from the last one where, with 282 seats, the Gaullists and their allies had a large majority. Now they have only 244, the most precarious majority imaginable. It is too early to say what other right-wing or Center members they may win or buy over to increase their working effectiveness. In any case, there seems no alternative to a Gaullist government; the Left, Communists included, certainly hasn't enough deputies to form a cabinet. A more important question is whether this election marks the beginning of a long-term disintegration of the Gaullists as the government party. What really holds together this strange assortment of first- second- and third-generation Gaullists is the General himself; will the peculiar "technocratic" style of the young Gaullists and the historic *mystique* of the older Gaullists survive the General—who is now in his 77th year?

De Gaulle is clearly fed up with the election results. The "parties," whom he has so consistently despised, have

made a rather impressive comeback. It is too early to say what will happen when the new Assembly meets. It is possible that de Gaulle may seek a convenient opportunity or pretext for holding a new election, which might be more favorable to the Gaullists, but that is not likely to happen in the very near future.

An issue that is apt to be settled sooner is whether de Gaulle, impressed by the support given to the Left, will embark on a more generous social policy—which alone might now improve the Gaullists' long-term prospects—or whether, on the contrary, he contemplates turning the present relatively liberal, live-and-let-live regime into a much tougher one. Although there are, especially among the older Gaullists, quite a few near-Fascist thugs (one of them, M. Sanguinetti, was well beaten), my own guess is that de Gaulle will decide for a more generous social policy. His economic conservatism and social stinginess are the real reasons for the Gaullists' election setback (not to say defeat). In the area of foreign policy, the French people have no quarrel with de Gaulle. On some questions, like Vietnam, they are, one might even say, 100 per cent with him. However, Vietnam was not an election issue; schools, houses and hospitals were. And so also—though perhaps to only a minor extent—was the *force de frappe*. The French love prestige, provided it doesn't cost too much. One can, however, be sure that whatever concessions de Gaulle makes, he will not budge one inch on the national deterrent issue. Apart from that, one can be sure that his next moves will be made with his eyes fixed on History.

THE DOMINION OF KNOW-HOW

The most fashionable subject of discussion in Europe at the moment, reports Thomas W. Ottenad in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the "technology gap." But the "technology gap" and its twin, the "brain drain," are merely two closely related aspects of a many-faceted subject. Both are related to the overseas expansion of American investment capital and the problem of "development" in the underdeveloped world. In one sense, it can be plausibly argued (as in *New Society*, London, February 9, 1967) that the quickest way for Britain to overcome the "technology gap" would be to encourage the invasion of American investment capital. But there is more to the problem than relative technological advantage. No country likes to feel that it is in process of surrendering effective control of its economy. Despite voluntary restraints which Washington has been urging on industry, U.S. investment in Europe has been growing at the rate of \$11 million a day or \$4 billion a year, a process which *Newsweek* has labeled "The Great American Purchase."

Superior technology and know-how have been key factors in fueling this remarkable expansion. In civilian research, we outspend the European nations in the ratio of about 1.5 to 1, but in military and space research we spend four times more than they do. And those who have studied the matter contend that there is a definite "spin-

off" to the civilian economy from military and space research, particularly from the latter. German Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss estimates that every dollar spent on space research ten years ago is worth four times as much in economic value today. Heavy spending on military and space research—in effect an aspect of our foreign policy—stimulates the "brain drain" not only from European nations to this country but from the underdeveloped nations to this country and to Europe. And nowadays there is also a "patent drain": Europe pays \$500 million a year more for American patent rights than the United States pays for European rights—a deficit, as *Newsweek* reports, twice as big as it was five years ago. In a sense what is under discussion is not so much the "free flow of capital" or the problem of adjusting currencies or technologies; the real phenomenon at issue is the functioning of the New American Imperium.

We discuss here the "brain drain" and "technology gap." In a subsequent issue, James Boyd will report on how these matters are viewed at the United Nations and what the UN specialized agencies are doing about them. For the associated problems relate not merely to the upsurge of American power but to the widening gap between rich and poor countries about which we have commented so often, for so many years. As Fred Hoyle points out in

the John Danz lectures (published as *Of Men and Galaxies*, University of Washington Press): "The Communist-anti-Communist theme, so easily whipped up in this country, is not going to be one of the issues that will affect the future of the world in any real marked degree. The real issues, I believe, rest on the impossibility of a long-term

favorable future for the human species if different parts of the earth remain in grossly different stages of development. On a long-term basis it simply is not possible to contemplate a life of prosperity and luxury in a few favorable cases on earth existing permanently alongside poverty and starvation everywhere else." The Editors

Wealth Attracts Talent

RUTH JORRIN

Mrs. Jorrin is a free-lance writer from England who has lived in this country for the past seven years.

We are in an age when education has become a necessity for survival rather than a privilege of the elite. And we are on the threshold of an era when learning will be extended to the whole of human society. The effects of this extension are already beginning to be felt.

Throughout the world the opportunity for a secondary education is expanding, and with this development comes the demand from individuals for education beyond the high school level. What happens when a person in, say, India, Korea, Argentina or Iran wishes to pursue his studies in the arts, the natural and social sciences or medicine? He finds in his own country overcrowded, understaffed and underequipped universities, and is forced to look elsewhere for his training. He turns to the scientifically and technologically advanced countries; in most cases he turns to the United States.

According to figures compiled by the National Science Foundation from 1952 to 1961, more than 30,000 trained engineers, 9,000 scientists and 14,000 physicians and surgeons came from other countries to settle permanently in the United States. The immigration of these 53,000 trained persons has been estimated as a net saving to the United States of about \$2 billion, which would have been spent to train a corresponding number of domestic talent.

In 1965, furthermore, changes in the immigration laws put an end to the "national-origins" quota system and gave priority on the basis of skills instead of ancestry. The effect is that, while exporting to the underdeveloped countries the materials with which they may build their bridges, schools and hospitals, we take from them the creative talent essential to a growing society.

It is a hard decision to cut oneself off from the ties and traditions of one's native environment and adopt new and alien ways. The motives may be as personal as the desire to see one's children grow up in a healthy social climate, free from discrimination of race, religion or politics; they may be the desire for equal professional opportunity, for political and economic stability. Above all, the student returning home from training abroad requires to be assured that there is a place for him. He wants assurance that his new knowledge will be valued, that he can contribute to the improvement of the standards of his country, and receive adequate compensation for his work.

Unfortunately, the majority of students returning to the less developed countries find their newly acquired

knowledge of little use to themselves or to their country because the relevant working conditions and facilities are not available. A graduate student returning to India may be one of the lucky 10 per cent who find employment in his field. More probably, he will find himself among the other 90 per cent who work at such obscure jobs as clerk-typists in the various ministries.

Another factor that makes exiles of these students—the absence of a scientific tradition at home—has been commented upon by Dr. Stevan Dedijer, formerly director of the Boris Kidrich Institute of Nuclear Sciences in Belgrade:

It is frequently, and on the whole correctly, asserted that a tradition of scientific research is lacking in underdeveloped countries. . . . It is a matter of attitudes towards discovery, capacities to perceive problems, to sense the relevance of theories and observations, and vice versa. It is in part a frame of mind, which emanates from one person, which is received, perhaps through identification, by another person and which is constantly renewed and revised. If scientific policy is to be made effectively it must take into account the necessity of implanting and continuously reproducing the tradition of science, that paradoxical combination of continuity and innovation which is at the centre of scientific growth. . . .

Thus scientific talent tends to stay in an environment where it can function productively instead of returning home with a pocketful of dreams. And, in effect, the prescience cultures suffer a "brain drain" of their highly trained people. For the emerging countries this situation



Punch

"Actually, We're Over Here To Recruit Doctors, Nurses and Trained Scientists."

is termed a "national catastrophe" by Dr. Charles V. Kidd of the United States Council for Science and Technology: "Not only are the talents of the individuals as scientists lost, but the nucleus of people who alone can build an indigenous base for science is dissipated."

The effect of a skilled person's departure from the local scene can also be measured by the extent of his co-workers' dependency on his particular skills, and by the length of time required to train his replacement. An engineer may leave many workers idle until his successor is trained. Between 1957 and 1961, South America lost 1,556 engineers, 213 chemists, 21 physicists and 47 biologists to the United States. The Asian migration to the United States for the same period was 1,810 engineers, 231 chemists, 61 physicists and 40 biologists. Out of 4,757 Taiwan students in all fields at present studying in the United States, only 46 returned home in 1961, and out of the total of 10,000 students studying abroad it is estimated that less than 10 per cent return. One must remember that these figures date from the period before the United States immigration laws were changed to favor the admittance of highly trained persons.

The picture is hardly more reassuring in the field of medicine. The Philippines, where the ratio is one doctor for every 12,000 inhabitants, provide hospitals in the United States (where the ratio is 750 inhabitants per doctor) with 2,108 residents and interns. For Nigeria's 30 million population, there are approximately 540 physicians and a ratio of one physician for every 56,000 inhabitants. Yet in 1963, sixteen Nigerian doctors were serving as residents or interns in United States hospitals.

The Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates estimates that almost 11,000 of the 41,102 resi-

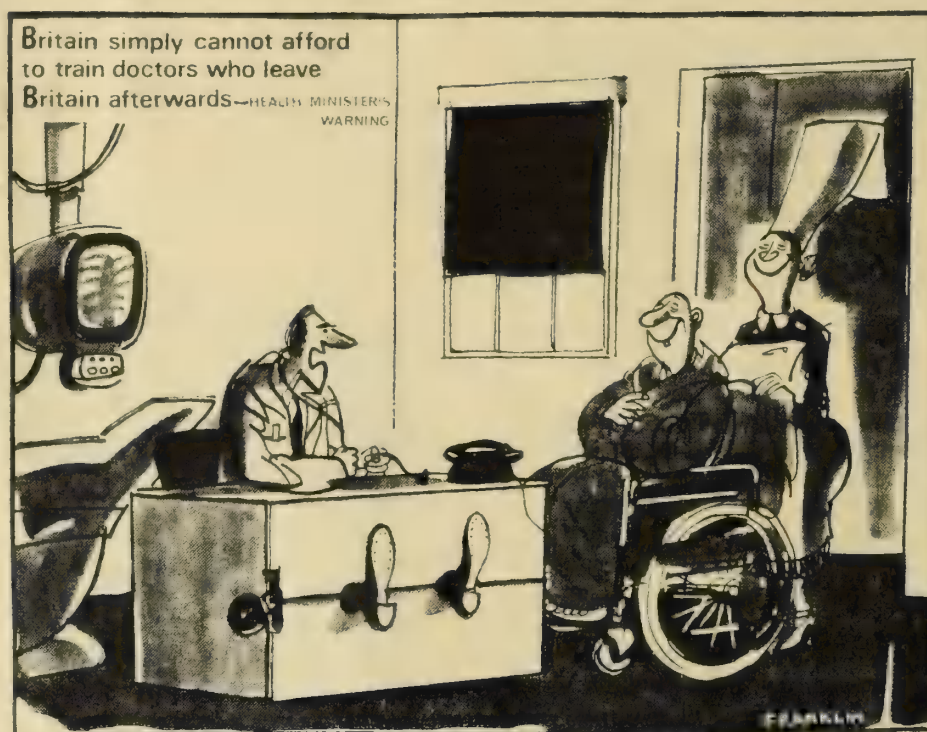
dents and interns serving in American hospitals are graduates of foreign medical schools, three-quarters of them from the developing countries. But then, as Dr. Howard A. Rusk of the Bellevue Medical Center states, "we simply do not have enough U.S. physicians to meet our hospitals' needs."

The Advisory Committee on Medical Research of the Pan-American Health Organization met in Washington in June, 1966, and on the subject of the migration of Latin American physicians to the United States, stated:

The gain by the United States is substantial. Even ignoring the Cuban migration, it would take three academic medical centers of average size to produce this many physicians (300 per year). To say nothing of the cost of building three teaching medical centers, it would cost more than \$15 million annually to operate them. The dollar value of this manpower approximately equals the cost of all U.S. medical assistance to Latin America.

It could be argued that student immigration to the United States is not a loss to the source country at all, since at home these trained people would have been unable to make an effective contribution. Abroad, they may follow scholarly and scientific pursuits of eventual benefit to society as a whole. In the same vein it could be argued that science in the United States has been invigorated by the migration of European scientists, that science as a whole is stimulated by the movement of people. But the technological revolution that we are now experiencing emphasizes dramatically that the economic health of a nation depends upon the use it makes of its intellectual power. The regions that fail intellectually will surely fail economically and remain poor and dependent upon those that are intellectually advanced.

Prof. Paul Ritterband of the Department of Sociology,



Britain simply cannot afford
to train doctors who leave
Britain afterwards—HEALTH MINISTER'S
WARNING

Daily Mirror (England)

"Never Mind About Why I Haven't Emigrated . . . Just Undress and Shut Up!"

Columbia University, gives the example of the illiterate raggicker in the United States who "will have a higher real income than a man with a similar job in India precisely because of the contribution of the nonilliterates to the United States economy. Both men perform the same task, yet they are differentially compensated based upon the greater affluence of one country." It therefore seems essential that some brake be placed on the movement of talent away from the very countries needing it most, and that these countries should at least have a more nearly equal chance of keeping their skilled persons.

The migration of talent, especially in the field of science and technology, reduces the effectiveness of the talent that remains. In the words of Dr. Kidd, "A scientist is typically not only a producer of scientific findings. He is generally also a teacher and a provider of services of various kinds. . . . Scientists in poor countries bear a heavy responsibility for changing basic cultural values and for establishing and changing institutions."

The accusation has been made that some American corporations, talent scouting abroad, are taking on the image of the old army recruitment posters with Uncle Sam pointing that accusing finger at whatever bright young foreign student happens to be passing. This sort of campaigning does not sit well with the powers that be in Delhi or Dakar. The day may be near when the strain of the brain drain will be felt in American foreign policy.

The European case differs from the Asian, African or Latin American in that the skilled and experienced manpower is there and has a tradition to work in. After the destruction and chaos of World War II, in the words of Cornell President James A. Perkins, "Europe did not have to be invented; it only had to be remembered." But despite Europe's advantage over the less developed areas, it too begins to feel the pinch of lost brain power. A recent survey indicated that almost half the male upper-classmen at Cambridge University were seriously considering emigration, and more than 10 per cent had definitely decided to leave Great Britain permanently. In a technologically advanced country like Great Britain this loss of trained manpower leaves an immediate gap, as opposed to the potential one left in a pre-science culture.

We live in a rich world, but for most it is still a distressingly poor world. The 1960s were designated as the Development Decade by the United Nations. During the

three remaining years some 9 million human beings will die of starvation and malnutrition. The time is at hand when measures must be taken to narrow the margin between backward and advanced countries. The rising resentment that developing countries feel on discovering that they are losing their talent is a healthy sign of the growing awareness that priority must be given to this problem. These countries are coming to see that they must sacrifice present needs in other areas of the economy to devote maximum resources for the big scientific and technological jump forward. One way to achieve this is to build regional scientific centers in underdeveloped areas. Such joint research projects would create facilities whose cost would otherwise be prohibitive for individual countries. Although this task is difficult and politically delicate, the potential rewards are enormous.

Last October, Sen. Walter Mondale of Minnesota introduced a bill in Congress which included a proposal to authorize grants in the amount of \$5 million to United States institutions of higher education for programs involving students for developing countries. These programs would relate specifically to the needs of the home country and to the professional and occupational problems of the returning students. They would avoid an education which admirably fits graduates to become engineers for IBM or professors at American institutions, but causes them to lose contact with their homelands. Another proposal in the bill would make \$5 million available in grants or loans to developing countries for the promotion of experimental projects and operations designed to provide returning students with improved opportunities to carry on their careers.

Other steps in the right direction would be the education of scientists to the highest possible level at home before sending them abroad (the earlier they leave their countries the easier it is for them to become expatriates); closer contact between students abroad and their home countries through recruiting programs and the publicizing of employment opportunities abroad; stricter control of visas through bilateral agreements, although minimum reliance should be placed upon direct prohibitions on the movement of people. The goal sought is that local talent should have a free choice between staying or going, and should not be forced into migration by lack of stimulation and the feelings of isolation and frustration that arise from inadequate opportunities to create and serve.

Old Worlds To Conquer

HOWE MARTYN

Mr. Martyn is professor of international business and director of the International Business Research Laboratory, The American University. He is the author of International Business (Free Press).

The power and the profits obtainable from knowledge are being pursued in our era as 300 years ago the Spanish conquerors pursued Aztec and Inca gold. The profits from

knowledge benefit the people, thus serving a government purpose, and they strengthen governments by increasing their tax revenues. Knowledge also makes direct contributions to the power of governments, ranging from more efficient administration to more deadly weapons.

The phase of knowledge that yields power and profits is technology. This involves practice as well as study, and conditions of opportunity and incentive which have been found more frequently thus far in private enterprise than

in governmental institutions. Many governments complain that their nations are handicapped in the pursuit of prosperity and security by a technology gap between them and the most advanced countries, particularly the United States, and that this gap is growing. There is, however, another, deeper gap. This is between pure and applied knowledge, between the universities and industry, between research and development. The superiority of the United States is attributable to closing this gap by creating research and development in the innovational company. The needs of other countries can be met only by activity at a deeper level than that of governments or inter-governmental agencies. The most successful existing medium for spreading and plowing in technology is the multinational firm with its affiliated companies in many countries.

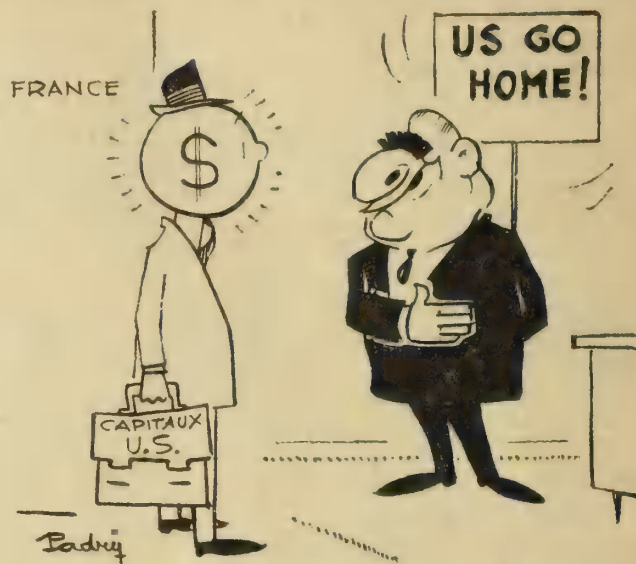
National governments, impressed by the power of knowledge shown in aerospace, and by its profits shown in automation, food processing, synthetics and pharmaceuticals (from penicillin to the birth-control pill), have become deeply concerned about their knowledge resources. Access to technology has become as important as access to petroleum in the strategies and struggles of national governments. They are crying alarm that the "technology gap" is placing even comparatively advanced Britain, Canada, France and West Germany at a grave disadvantage in competition with the United States and the USSR. Prime Minister Harold Wilson has cited a threat of "domination, or in the last resort subjugation," by American industrial technology as a reason for joining the Common Market.

Governments are seeking political solutions for this problem, both in national policies to promote technology and in demands for inter-governmental assistance. Canadian Trade Minister Robert Winters has included support for Canadian research in a list of "Guiding Principles of Good Corporate Behaviour" in a letter addressed to foreign company subsidiaries. President de Gaulle backs talk with action, using French economic planning to foster domestic industry and restrain foreign investment. The subject has reached the conference table of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. In an apparent effort to mollify allied governments, President Johnson has directed a committee (established December 2, 1966) under his science adviser, Dr. Donald F. Hornig, to investigate the "technology gap."

Paradoxically, the alarm of national governments appears to arise in part because the "technology gap" is being rapidly filled. Their objections turn from the gap itself to the way it is being met—by subsidiaries of companies owned abroad, and with technology that appears, therefore, to be of foreign origin. There are two reasons for political distrust of this imported technology. One is that the springs of knowledge threaten to become concentrated in a very few countries. Possible sources at home dry up; exploration ceases; the best brains are drawn off to Boston or Berkeley. The Canadian Minister of Industry, C. M. Drury, has said: "Undue reliance on imported technology can impose definite limitations on the future viability and growth of Canadian industry. Any industry which is dependent on licensed or imported tech-

nology will lag behind the current state of the art and hence forfeit the rewards which stem from technical leadership. Moreover, it is generally accepted that industry must actively engage in research and development in order to assimilate and successfully exploit new technology." This same theme has been expressed by Robert Marjolin, president of the European Economic Community Commission.

The other fear is that a foreign subsidiary may be used



Padry, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

"No . . . No . . . the Sign Is Not Meant for You."

as a Trojan horse. Grounds for this suspicion have been gratuitously supplied by shortsighted and clumsy efforts of the State Department and the CIA to obtain political ends under cover of commercial activities. A tactical error with the gravest consequences was the State Department obstruction of the sale by IBM through its French subsidiary of an advanced design computer, because of its possible use in the independent French nuclear effort. Most parent companies have been drawing out reasonable dividends from their foreign subsidiaries, and charging modest fees and royalties, while reinvesting heavily for capital gains from growth. That was, however, before the U.S. Government demanded maximum repatriation, in the guise of "voluntary restraint on foreign [re] investment," to help finance its Vietnamese venture. The present position is that the price paid by foreign countries for American technology has been raised to include contributions to Vietnam. This is not in accord with the national policies of some of the countries affected, and it is a hidden factor in their desire to find other ways to obtain technology. Subsidiaries of American companies get the blame, though they are only carrying out orders dictated to their parent companies, over the objections of farsighted American business leaders.

Nationalistic reactions to the "technology gap" are not unfamiliar; the question is whether they are suitable for modern conditions and needs. In 1666, Colbert established the Académie des Sciences in Paris as part of a program of economic nationalism which made the France

of Louis XIV rich and powerful. Bismarck's tariff protection helped close the 19th-century gap between German industry and Britain, especially with new chemicals. A "national policy" instituted by Sir John A. Macdonald in 1871 stimulated the transfer of manufacturing for the Canadian market from the United States to American subsidiaries which were then established in Canada. More recently, the alleged missile gap between the United States and Russia, given credibility by the sputniks, provoked a great American effort, at levels from "new math" in the public schools to "operations research" in the Pentagon.

There can surely be some question, however, as to whether the 400-year-old system of national rivalries is the only way to promote the growth and spread of modern industrial technology. Nationalistic solutions for the technology gap involve the waste of duplication. This is rising steeply with the cost of modern research and development, as instanced by the burden on France of its nuclear effort. There is also reason to doubt that technological progress can continue without a broad international basis for exchanging ideas and experience. Germans have designed rockets for both the United States and the Soviet Union.

If it is to survive, the private enterprise firm must provide benefits for customers from the development and use of technology, though profits for the firm are the immediate motive and measure of accomplishment. Customers are not limited by nationality. A method of pursuing mutual benefits that has been tremendously successful in the postwar years is the interchange of technology with subsidiary companies organized or purchased in foreign countries. Objections are made, even by the few people and governments that understand the role of the firm, that the price is too high, that only the use of

technology is supplied, and not participation in its creation. It is within the power of companies to answer these objections, and much has been done to answer them.

It is true that primary research cannot be fragmented so far as to give a crumb to every country where a multinational company may operate. It is spread, however, to countries where scientists find the right conditions, and companies in aggregate spread research widely. IBM has a new laboratory on the Riviera. The Eli Lilly drug firm sponsors an international network of research outside the United States—on mumps in Argentina, diabetes in West Germany, leprosy in Liberia, cancer in Canada. The president of American Cyanamid, Kenneth H. Klipstein, has said: "Our Cyanamid European Research Institute, located in Geneva, is staffed entirely with top European scientists and devoted to long-range inquiry into the chemical and physical sciences."

However, what companies are doing to bridge technology gaps is failing to allay suspicion and quiet criticism. While companies are becoming more adaptable to the needs of different nations, the accusations of imperialism are becoming sharper, notably from our closest associates, Britain and Canada. What other influences can there be to cause this serious threat to the capability for economic and social progress offered by international companies? A superficial answer is nationalism, but this is a defensive reaction in countries like Canada. Another influence is foreign distrust of the U.S. Department of State, which is suspected of aiming to commandeer the potential political influence of subsidiaries in other countries, as Britain previously used its export-import domination, and as Russia seeks to exploit social-reform movements. Only the State Department can answer this criticism—and at the moment it is handicapped by a credibility gap.

MISSISSIPPI

STARVING BY THE RULE BOOK

**RICHARD A. CLOWARD
and FRANCES FOX PIVEN**

Mr. Cloward and Mrs. Piven are members of the faculty of the Columbia University School of Social Work.

It is now widely proclaimed that the civil rights movement in the South is dead. Newspaper reports say that only a handful of workers remain on the payrolls of established organizations; mass confrontations of Negroes with Southern whites seem things of the past. But these were only the dramatic outward signs of the movement; protest can be less visible and yet spread and mount. This seems to be happening in the South. Many of the civil rights activists are still there: they have settled into the communities for a long struggle, often supporting themselves with conventional jobs. They are still organizing, except that the goals have gone beyond public accommodations, school desegregation and voting

rights. The new issues are economic—bred of starvation and of governmental policies that keep people in abysmal poverty. Impelled by these, a new movement is beginning to surface.

On February 17 and 18, the Mississippi State Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights, aided by commission staff members, convened informal hearings at Jackson to consider public welfare as it is administered under the laws and rules of Mississippi. As the grand ballroom of the King Edward Hotel filled with 800 Negro poor, committee members were confronted by the first manifestations of the new movement.

The proceeding began with the committee hearing formal complaints from a number of welfare recipients. Many receive much less than the maximum public-assistance grant. The average payment to a family of four is \$36 a month; the legal maximum is \$50. Many

others are eligible, but benefits are arbitrarily denied. In some cases grants are erratically reduced; a family receives \$38 one month, \$20 the next and then, perhaps, nothing at all. Each instance of aid denied implies a family close to starvation and then cast into it. The committee seemed incredulous; one member asked: "How is it they don't die?" A young law student—one of dozens in the South working with the welfare recipients' movement—replied, "They do die, slowly."

Tales spilled out of intimidation and harassment by welfare officials. A woman said that in her county the welfare administrator sends the monthly checks to the local storekeeper (who is also his wife), presumably as payment against recipients' accounts. People who protest this practice are cut off the rolls. Other women claimed that they are threatened with loss of their meager checks if they "consort" with men.

People are also kept from getting benefits by a host of rules. Under the "employable mother" rule—formally ensconced in Georgia's regulations but followed informally in Mississippi and elsewhere—welfare administrators deny aid to any woman whom they deem able to work, whether or not a job is available, and regardless of the number or age of her children. No supplement is given if her wages are less than the scheduled welfare grants, as they often are. Georgia's rule is now being challenged in the federal courts. If the challenge is successful, as seems likely, tens of thousands of people will become eligible under the law. By contesting these and similar practices, the emerging grass-roots movement assists people to get on the rolls.

Much testimony was elicited at the hearings on Mississippi's "work-experience" program, ostensibly designed to fit the welfare poor for profitable employment. The welfare department approaches this goal simply by assigning people to private entrepreneurs, who are told to "use them any way you can." As a result, work experience is provided in dishwashing and heavy cleaning; women are "trained" to cut grass and to haul sacks of building material. Since the program is fully reimbursed by the federal government, participants are paid full subsistence during their few months of training, and that may amount to as much as \$250 a month. Then they go back on the relief rolls (if they can get on), and to a dole of not more than one-fifth of the training allowance. They are scarcely equipped by their stint of training for decent employment, nor is such employment available for many in Mississippi.

The State Advisory Committee, composed mainly of middle-class Negroes, seemed confused by these recitals, unable to order the issues or to grasp their significance. Thus a member would interrupt a tale of physical brutality on the part of a welfare worker to ask whether the worker used "courtesy titles." Testimony about the work-experience programs elicited a question about how many Negroes were employed by the state department of social welfare (which could proudly claim three or four).

The second day's session opened with testimony from two officials of the state department of social welfare. Challenged about evidence given of welfare abuses, they

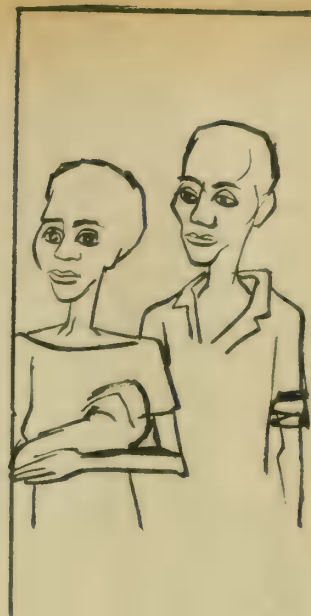
explained that the system was in general lawful and just, that some mishaps were inevitable in a department with 1,500 employees. (In Mississippi each case worker has a load of 300 clients. This works as an unintended benefit for recipients—investigators have little time for snooping under the guise of counseling and rehabilitation.) The officials promised that the evidence would be looked into and errors quickly corrected. Pressed on the question of whether investigators use courtesy titles, one official replied that he himself had been a case worker, and he knew that courtesy titles were sometimes appropriate and sometimes inappropriate; it depends on the degree of warmth and informality that exists between worker and recipient.

The second official, speaking in the booming tones of the Southern politician, was more forthright. The problem was money, and he was caught between "the devil and the deep blue sea." Mississippi, he noted, is the poorest state in the nation, but it ranks far from the bottom in the proportion of the state budget that goes for welfare. He had to deal with the legislature, and the legislature didn't like promiscuity. *He* knew that only 20 per cent of the children on welfare were illegitimate, but the legislature didn't.

To the demand that recipients be given access to welfare manuals specifying criteria of eligibility, the officials replied that the rules were extremely complex and could not be simplified; that they were set forth in nine manuals which could be distributed only at prohibitive cost, and that changes were continually being made, so that any manuals given to recipients would quickly become obsolete. In any event, recipients wouldn't be able to understand the manuals: even when the rules were explained to them again and again, they couldn't get them straight. The manuals would only compound this confusion. Recipients, the officials said, should have greater confidence in the skill and good faith of welfare personnel.

Neither the commission staff nor the committee members appeared to know much about the welfare apparatus. It remained for Edward Sparer, head of the Center on Law and Social Welfare, sponsored by the Columbia University School of Social Work, to correct ambiguous and sometimes false testimony by officials regarding laws, administrative rules and actual practices in Mississippi. Sparer, called as an expert witness, pointed out, for example, that only one of the nine volumes of the welfare code, and a small section of another, dealt with eligibility for public assistance. He offered to compile a simplified manual if the welfare department would reproduce and distribute it. The officials demurred. (Actually, Sparer has already produced such a manual, and it is being distributed by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund.)

The chief of the federal Bureau of Family Services also testified. His opening statement was bland, appeasing: "Progress is being made," he assured the committee. When asked to describe what federal authorities were doing to oversee welfare practices in Mississippi, he referred to federal "quality-control" programs under which a sampling of cases is reviewed—but by *state* personnel! Did he deny the evidence pre-



sented thus far? He evaded and reassured: everyone makes mistakes; the cases would be looked into.

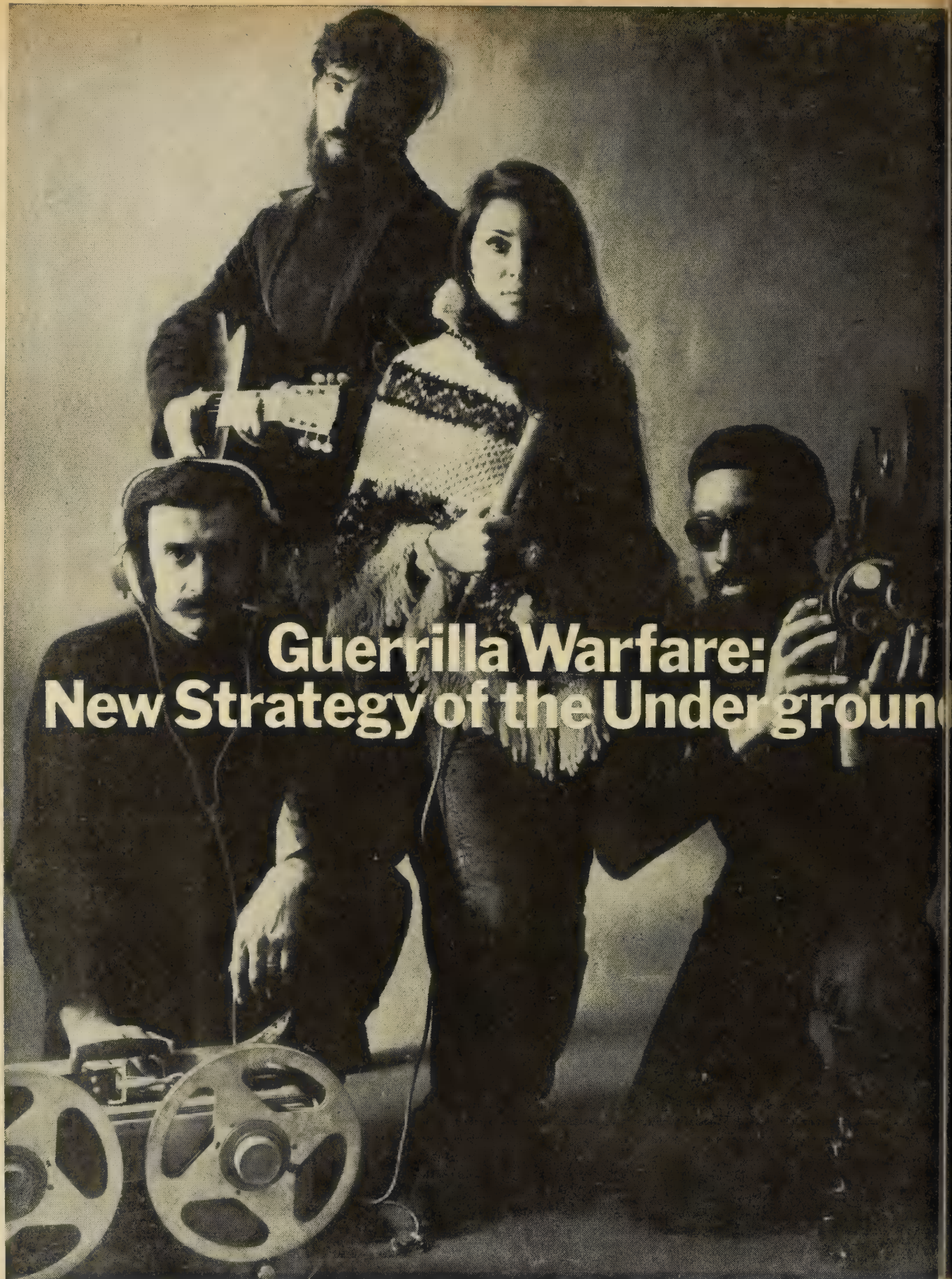
Local organizers had scheduled a rally for the second day of the hearings to protest recent policy changes in food-distribution programs, which are forcing many people toward starvation. Under Department of Agriculture regulations, two food-distribution programs are available to localities, both administered by the state welfare department. In one program, surplus commodities are distributed free to those declared eligible. Under the other, recipients can buy food stamps, with a graduated bonus provided according to income level. Thus a family of four with a monthly income of \$60 can purchase food stamps for \$26 which are worth \$60 in a store. The size of the dollar spread decreases as income increases. According to the Food Stamp Act of 1964, a locality must choose between these programs; it cannot have both. The food-stamp program is superior in principle, for stamps can be used to buy a variety of products, whereas participants in the direct-distribution program are limited to the commodities available in surplus. But many people lack money to buy the stamps, some because they are arbitrarily excluded from the welfare rolls, and others because they get so little.

The surplus-commodities program has sustained 400,000 people in Mississippi with free corn, meal, flour and lard (the answer to the mystery of why they don't die). But this program is now being suspended in one county after another in favor of the food-stamp program. When a county switches to stamps, participation typically falls off by about 75 per cent. The poor are given a desperate choice: starve or leave. Regular wel-

fare policies, together with federal agricultural subsidies which reward mechanization by large landholders, drove 2 million Negroes from Southern rural areas between 1960 and 1965 alone. The recent changes in food-distribution programs will add to the pressure for flight. (See editorial: "Off the Land," *The Nation*, February 27.)

When the time came for the scheduled rally, the crowd would not leave the hearings. People milled about during the luncheon recess, talking angrily. At that point, George Wiley, director of the Poverty/Rights Action Center in Washington (which is working to develop a national movement of welfare recipients), took the microphone to urge people to tell their stories. A struggle over the mike ensued with commission staff members, but by then the people were aroused. One after another, they moved up to give their version of the food-stamp catastrophe, each story echoing the others. When the meeting was officially reconvened at 2 P.M., it was clear that the hearings themselves had become the rally. One committee member, presumably a white "moderate," demanded that the Jackson police be called.

Formal testimony was finally resumed, and the crowd quieted temporarily as Sparer gave a step-by-step account of what the federal government could do under existing statutes to compel changes in Mississippi's practices. Wiley then testified, charging that the inactivity of the federal government was a form of collusion with Mississippi to starve the people out. When he turned to the crowd and said that nothing would change unless people organized, they applauded wildly. Then the hearings ended.



There's a new scene on the New Left. The culture wing is taking over with a battle style all its own. Like a small band of guerillas, they hit and run with slashing spontaneous poems, quick committed journalism, underground films, propaganda wrapped in folk-rock music, and savage satire unleashed from Off-Broadway launching sites.

This is Jack Newfield's view of the New Left in the current issue of *Evergreen Review*. It's typical of the bold, significant, and explosive editorial approach that has made *Evergreen Review* the most vital magazine on the contemporary scene.

In this issue you'll also find new works by William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg; *Dragtime and Drugtime*, a witty essay by Parker Tyler on the Films a la Warhol and the Underground Cinema; a startling full-color photographic presentation of the new Ep(idermal) Art where the girls wear paint instead of mini-skirts; a recently rediscovered portfolio of full-color reproductions of the posters that flourished during the Russian Revolution; another thrilling chapter of the adventures of *Phoebe Zeit-Geist*, the comic strip definitely not for kids; three remarkable short stories whose frankness will shock you, and whose quality will delight you.

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WINNING HEARTS IN VIETNAM

Instructing the Peasants

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a former member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal of Lewisburg, Pa.

Saigon

The reconnaissance plane skimmed across the village at treetop level. Standing knee deep in the rice fields, the farmers looked up from their work, tipping their white conical hats forward and reflecting angry surprise at the small silver plane roaring by just above them. Then a shot sounded from behind the plane, a loud crack easily heard through the wind rushing by the open windows of the plane. Pressing the small intercom button, I called to the pilot. "Somebody's shooting at us."

He too had heard the shot and was pulling back on the stick, sending the single-engine plane into a steep climb.

"You see where that came from?" he asked.

"No idea." It was indeed impossible to tell where the sniper was located. He might have fired from one of the small, thatched huts in the village or he might have been concealed in one of the many tree lines which had flashed by as we buzzed the area.

"I sure don't like getting shot at," the pilot muttered. Then, almost as an afterthought, "I'm wondering whether to call an air strike on that village."

The wind was still blowing through the windows of the plane as we circled high above the village. Far off to the east, the South China Sea glistened like a silver bowl under the warm afternoon sun.

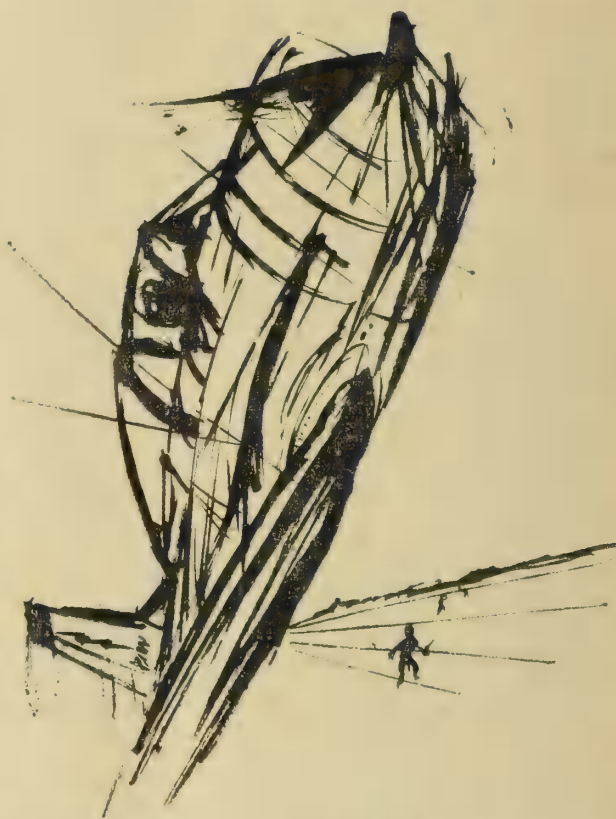
Until the shot was fired, it had been a routine mission. We had flown down the coast, looking for enemy troop movements or suspicious constructions that might signal a new Vietcong bunker or trench system. Many of the villages had recently been burned out by the troops operating in the area. The huts were little more than black skeletons of bamboo sticks protruding lifelessly into the sky; the trees and shrubbery were scorched brown and gray. Endless parallel tracks, interlaced among the fields and into the villages, showed where tanks and armored personnel carriers had smashed and ploughed their way through the area.

The green rice stalks, ready for harvesting, rippled in the breeze like a field of rich Iowa wheat. However, the fields were not being harvested. The peasants had scattered for the mountains or to the teeming refugee camps miles to the north. The area had been designated a "fire free zone" where anything that moved was fair game for troops, artillery and airplanes.

But the village below had somehow been spared. Either it was not "hard-core VC" or the enemy had decided not to fight from the nearby trenches and bunkers, so the troops had not bothered to destroy it. The fields were being worked and the people were moving back and forth along the paths to the long rows of huts. As

we swept overhead, I had noticed that whole families were busy shelling and drying rice in front of the small mud and thatch houses.

This is a familiar sight in Vietnam during the rice-harvesting season. Everyone pitches in. Men, women and children help pour the brown rice kernels from one round basket to another as they squat on the hard, dirt patio in front of the huts. Old women, with teeth stained red from betel nut, quack like ducks in their



high-pitched voices as their gnarled fingers rub the shells from the small grains of rice. The smaller children run in and out of the huts, sometimes playing hide-and-seek behind the trees, then running down to the paddies to splash about naked in the cool water.

The plane circled two more times and then the pilot's voice sounded over the intercom.

"You know, I'm going to teach those folks a lesson. I'm calling for an air strike."

Having made the decision, he began calling for his radio operator, stationed back at the air base and ready to relay information to the central control headquarters.

"This is Green Marker to Alpha."

A young, tense voice acknowledged the message.

"This is Alpha, go ahead Green Marker, over."

"This is Green Marker. I am calling air strike in a village down here where someone just shot at me. It was probably a .30 or .50 caliber weapon. Here are the coordinates of the village."

The pilot read off the exact location of the area below. Then there were a few moments of silence as the operator cleared the strike through higher channels.

"I sure don't like hitting villages, but they gotta learn to quit shooting at us," the pilot said over the intercom.

Then the radio operator came back on. The strike had been cleared through American and Vietnamese authorities. A call for jet bombers had been placed.

"Probably take fifteen to twenty minutes before we can get the planes," the operator said.

Below, the villagers were unaware of the fate being organized for them. The jets would surprise them. They would appear on the horizon, dark and slim against the blue sky. There would be a primary pass for observation. Before the roar of the engines had settled across the village, the planes would do a climbing turn. Then they would level out and swoop in a neat arc toward the village. As they reached the bottom of the dive, two bright silver cylinders would drop from the planes's wings and drift toward the village. There would be a flash of brilliant orange and red fire, then a billow of smoke. Seconds later, the low "whrmmp" of the explosion would echo through the air. Then, as the planes straightened for a second pass, the rubble of the huts would still be smoking.

When it was over, only twisted trees and smoldering sticks would mark the spot where the village had stood. I had been through villages where this had happened. It was easy to imagine what it would be like in those huts below after the air strike.

After the wounded had been sorted out and placed in litters for the long hike to either a Vietcong camp or an American base, the dead would be prepared for burial. They would be placed in rough coffins and the women would wail and cry, clawing at the coffins and spreading tears across the white, unpainted boards.

The radio crackled again. It was a small stroke of luck for the village.

"Sir," said Alpha, "there don't seem to be any planes available right now. However, there is an ARVN artillery battery within range."

The pilot checked the map and located the Vietnamese artillery unit which was located at the base of a small mountain only 3 miles away.

"I guess we'll go ahead with that. Not the same as an air strike," he muttered over the intercom.

The pilot told the operator that he would call the artillery. Then, switching the frequency of the radio, he called the American adviser to the battery. The plane moved slightly to the north to avoid the incoming shells as the artillery unit lined up its direction of fire.

Suddenly, the artillery officer half whispered over the radio "On the way, over."

The first round was short of the village. A spout of water leaped skyward as the shell exploded in a rice field. By now, the villagers realized what was happening. They had disappeared from the paths and the fields.

The village was as deserted as the burned-out hamlets we had seen earlier in the afternoon. What was a bustling village only twenty minutes before was now an empty series of brown huts and green fields.

The pilot radioed corrections and a few minutes later the artillery officer said again: "On the way, over."

The second time, four shells landed simultaneously as the entire battery fired from the mountain base. Two rounds scored directly. A flash of fire and cloud of smoke rose up from the spot where a hut had stood. The other two shells burst in a nearby field.

In the next ten minutes, the artillery unit poured thirty-five rounds of the high explosive 105mm. shells into the village. Many of the shells exploded in nearby fields and only three or four huts were destroyed.

Finally the pilot called over the radio. "Okay, that will do it."

On the intercom, he muttered, "This ARVN artillery isn't worth a damn. With an air strike I could have put bombs within 20 feet of any spot in the village."

When the artillery had finished, the pilot circled once more over the village. Then in a final dive to 1,000 feet, he released two small rockets attached to the plane's wings.

The small plane shuddered from the shock as the rockets were fired, then climbed steeply.

"Hey, I got a haystack; no, two of them." Sure enough, each rocket had hit a stack of dry, brown grass and both were burning brightly a few yards from a hut.

As he started back toward the airfield, the sun was beginning to settle across the distant mountain. The pilot called his radio operator. "How about running over to the mess hall and tell them to hold up something to eat. We'll be back in about fifteen minutes."

"I sure am hungry," he added over the intercom.

Country Fair

EDWARD LAMB

Mr. Lamb is the Toledo industrialist and author of No Lamb for Slaughter (Harcourt Brace & World).

Saigon

The United States Army, First Division, has a giant military base at Lai Khe, some hundred miles north of Saigon. It was from this heavily armed position that the Big Red Division cleared and flattened the Iron Triangle. And when I was there it was the scene of operations described as Country Fairs—a Madison Avenue approach to the conversion of the Vietcong in several hostile neighboring villages.

Just 8 miles north, we moved in with the American troops as they staged the spectacle for the hamlet of Am Loi. It is a typical town of some 500 inhabitants who had lived under the VC for many years. U.S. and South Vietnamese troops surrounded the village at four in the morning—a cordon of mortars, tanks and more than a battalion of heavily armed troops. The town having been



effectively sealed, a company of Americans and a sizable number of South Vietnamese, including defectors and informers from the village, surprised the sleeping villagers. ■ tagged along as the troops searched every hut and interviewed every villager.

Seventy-seven suspected members of the Vietcong were herded into a quickly roped-off compound, to be held there in the broiling sun for some eight hours. They were joined by six or seven "guerrillas" captured on the outskirts of the hamlet. There were some eight draft dodgers but no one from North Vietnam. The hard core from Hanoi usually stay out of town both day and night. During the entire time of the "Country Fair" operation, the old men of the hamlet were confined to their huts, ostensibly to guard their belongings from the South Vietnamese soldiers, who are pretty much hated by the villagers.

Tents were erected. Food, including beans and hot dogs, as well as balloons and candy, was distributed. Another tent housed doctors and dentists, who accepted volunteer but very scared patients. All the time, a jazz band played.

The American soldiers who went into town remained quietly on the outskirts. The captured men were questioned in a darkened room. Each suspect came in and faced his accuser, hiding behind a black-face mask. U.S. Maj. Robert Sweitzer said that at least 10 per cent of the men would admit their membership at the outset, another 10 per cent would "come clean" when hauled away to the military base camp. The balance would be returned to their homes in the hamlet.

After several hours the fair ended, since it was necessary to get away from the village well before dark. The prisoners were marched down the road to the waiting

helicopters. We passed dead Vietcong. Our soldiers leave the dead where they find them. Land mines were all over the place, and Major Sweitzer ordered the draft dodgers to precede us. At least a dozen bamboo booby traps were unearthed. Several dozen 5-gallon cans of concentrated sugar were captured in the village and destroyed. Sixty bags of rice were hauled away.

The alleged VCs were torn away from their tearful families. Rations were packed and loaded aboard military transports. The carnival was over. Some political indoctrination had been attempted and the troops were safely out of the hamlet.

I talked to dozens of Americans about this hit-and-run tactic. Many believe it may be a good promotional stunt, but not of much permanent social significance. For good or ill, the Country Fair technique is hitting about a dozen villages in South Vietnam every week.

LETTERS (continued from page 418)

terest in the amours of its employees that it will, if necessary, act as matchmaker to deliver its wards from a sinful life." He supports this with a colored account of a young woman who was warned "that she would be fired if she didn't come up with a very good explanation for having spent a weekend in a Virginia motel with her boy friend." The fact is that the commission came into the case only when the employing agency requested an investigation of her arrest on charges of destruction of property and cohabitation as the climax of that "weekend." Moreover, the tone of Sherrill's statement is in no measure justified by the language actually used by the commission. In transmitting the interrogatory to the employee, it was stated: "Your appointment to the above position was made subject to investigation to determine your suitability for that position. We invite your comments or explanation on the information in the attached statement which was disclosed by this investigation."

(5) We are unable to identify the fifth case cited in the article, allegedly involving a former Presbyterian minister.

(6) The last case cited the Scott case which is now pending appellate court action. Sherrill alleges that the commission released information in this case to the county of Fairfax, Va. He is in error. The shoe was on the other foot: the county provided the commission with some information.

John W. Macy, Jr., Chairman
U.S. Civil Service Commission

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: The material on which I based my two reports is to be found in the files of Senator Ervin, in the files of the American Civil Liberties Union in Washington, and in the files of the American Federation of Government Employees. It included letters from employees and from the USCS, and official case histories. I also talked with several USCS officials and did research in the USCS library. For further details about working conditions under USCS, I call attention to the 32 pages of complaints and criticism inserted into the *Congressional Record* of Feb. 21, 1967, beginning with page 2348. Although it is Mr. Macy's practice to deny everything, I was encouraged to see that he was willing to admit the harassment in items 1, 2, 3, 4, although, of course, he insists on different interpretations. When you can get a hyper-defensive bureaucrat to admit that much, reform may indeed be possible.

Robert G. Sherrill

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Gents of the Disestablishment

DIARIES AND LETTERS: 1930-1939. By Harold Nicolson. Edited by Nigel Nicolson. Atheneum Publishers. 448 pp. \$7.50.

WINDS OF CHANGE: 1914-1939. By Harold Macmillan. Harper & Row. 584 pp. \$10.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

Mr. Dangerfield is the author, most recently, of *The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828* (Harper & Row). His other books include *Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York* and *The Era of Good Feelings* (both Harcourt, Brace).

There are not many points of contact between these two most dissimilar but complementary books: a spontaneous, various diary; a formal political memoir. The connections which are made are quite accidental and usually refreshing. For example, in *Winds of Change*, one finds a mysterious reference to Stanley Baldwin: "He looked worried but very calm on the whole I thought. He licked and smelt a good many things but that was his only sign of inward strain." In *Diaries and Letters*, this becomes: "There is something very strange about Stanley Baldwin. At first sight he is a solid English gentleman, but then one observes odd nervous tricks. He has an extraordinarily unpleasant habit of smelling his notes and licking the edges slightly as if they were the flap of an envelope. . . ." This composite vignette is certainly memorable. Again, in the *Diaries*, Nicolson writes that he had delivered his maiden speech in the Commons and that it had gone off well, but "the matter was too thin." It is Macmillan who tells us, in *Winds*, that Nicolson on this occasion "declared frankly that he had spent sleepless nights wondering whether in all honesty he could retain his seat." Surely one of the oddest maiden speeches uttered in that House.

In spite of these sleepless nights, however, Nicolson did retain his seat—for ten years. And this brings me to what is complementary in these two books. Both are first volumes in works which come temporarily to rest in 1939, and both gather political momentum as they approach that fatal year. Both authors were in rebellion against Neville Chamberlain, their ostensible leader; and each represents—one as an amateur,

the other as a professional—a familiar form of political dissent.

One might say that each is a member of the social establishment and the political disestablishment. "Disestablishment," specifically, refers to the "withdrawal of especial State patronage and control from a Church" (Oxford English Dictionary). In English history, it recalls some violent political battles, but it also constellates a substantial agreement: for while its champions succeeded in disestablishing the Church of Ireland and the Church of Wales, they refrained from performing this feat with the Church of England. And a member of the disestablishment, if one removes from the term its specifically ecclesiastical meaning, can be described as someone who nibbles or knocks away at the outworks of an establishment, but never seriously menaces its central structure. In America, one might call this "consensus."

In order to be a disestablishmentarian, one must first consider oneself as belonging by right to the establishment. Let us glance at the career of Harold Nicolson, as it is revealed in these *Diaries*. In 1930 he had resigned from the Foreign Service (where his father, Lord Carnock, had preceded him) in order to become a journalist, in the pay of Lord Beaverbrook. Although more than competent at this trade, he grew dissatisfied and made up his mind to enter politics: first through Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party, which disillusioned him because it was Fascist and not (as he seems to have hoped) a Keynesian revival of Young England; then by joining his fortunes to the predominantly Conservative government, as a member of something called National Labour.

National Labour was a tiny rump of M.P.s, gathered around Ramsay MacDonald, after he had defected from the Labour Party. In order to win his seat for National Labour at West Leicester in 1935, which he did by a margin of eighty-seven votes over the regular Labour candidate, Nicolson had to command the unanimous support of the Conservatives. Thus he entered the political establishment, which Baldwin and Chamberlain were leading to the right and downhill, with the comfortably Hegelian air of being both there and not there.

He began the writing of his diaries in 1930, and he continued making entries

until 1964: they are about 3 million words long, and the editor, Nigel Nicolson (the diarist's son), says that he has selected for publication one-twentieth of the whole. There are also some letters, usually written to Nicolson's wife, Victoria Sackville-West, the poet and novelist. Composed in haste and never revised, both diaries and letters are wonderfully readable, particularly if you accept them as pure genre—a series of unstudied landscapes and interiors, revealing the environment and pursuits of a well-bred, fashionable, slightly bohemian Englishman.

Nicolson protested that his daily jottings did not constitute "a work of literature or self-revelation but a mere record of activity." Yet his self is patently not of the kind which, confronted with a sheet of blank paper, is likely to go into hiding. What kind of self then is it? Amiable, certainly; amusing, affectionate, vivid—all these, and something else. In the course of his introduction, Nigel Nicolson offers the following sketch:

[Harold Nicolson] knew that he belonged to an elite, an elite more of intelligence than of birth, and he tended to feel that people outside that elite had something wrong with them: business men, for example, the humbler type of schoolmaster or clergyman, most women, actors, most Americans, Jews, all coloured or Levantine peoples, and the great mass of the middle and working classes. Dullness or duplicity of mind irritated him. He felt sorry for them, but he had no wish to understand them, and a single false note in their conversation or even their pronunciation, an ugly ornament on the mantelpiece, a doily under the plate or a grapefruit on it, were enough to render them uninteresting to him. . . .

These sentences are certainly baffling. How can dullness or duplicity of mind put a doily under a plate or a grapefruit on it? How could a person, possessed of all these unamiable characteristics belong to any elite? Or could this be an attempt at describing the historical *morgue anglaise*, the freezing blank stare turned upon outsiders, such as Lady Catharine de Bourgh employed when she visited Elizabeth's home in *Pride and Prejudice*?

Nothing of the kind. If you take the sensible precaution of reading the text before tackling the introduction, you will find that Nigel Nicolson has contrived

(unwittingly) a somewhat cruel caricature of his father, the diarist. Harold Nicolson does not stare or glare. Confronted with the unfamiliar, he draws in his horns like a snail, or rolls up like a hedgehog. "If we opened the [foreign] service, it might be flooded by clever Jews"; "I loathe the dark races"; "Every American is more or less as vulgar as any other American"; "He looked like an assistant master at an inferior private school." These remarks, taken out of context, descend in scale from the detestable to the nasty: but really they are all on the same level; they are relatively shallow, prickly, sticky, merely petulant. The man who wrote them is (as the *Diaries* prove) conventionally democratic and humane. His deepest and most ineradicable prejudices are not anti-Semitic or anti-Negro: they are anti-doily and anti-grapefruit.

England is a forcing bed for snobs, and I do Harold Nicolson no injustice if I say that he is a snob too. Here the *Diaries* provide a clue to what is lacking in his work—that is to say, the open mind. A serious professional writer, he has produced some distinguished books. Amusing, instructive, intelligent, they are never quite original. A certain caution holds him back: the door of the aviary is open but the bird does not want to fly out into a vulgar colliding world. To examine him at his most characteristic, one should read *The Congress of Vienna* (1945). It is a witty, lucid and informed book; it can still be read with pleasure and with profit, and I have long admired it. And yet one keeps asking oneself: is he organizing a fragment of the past or just making it presentable? Is he interpreting or tidying up? For the *Congress* does at times read like an *aide-mémoire* for the Vienna statesmen, in case (which does not seem unlikely) they should need some expert prompting on the Day of Judgment. It might have been written by a permanent Under Secretary of State in a fit of discreet inspiration. And how often one hears in these sociable *Diaries* the reproving voice of the born official: how often one feels that if only his engagements had permitted it, the Foreign Office would have provided a spiritual refuge for Harold Nicolson.

Instead, he entered politics, where he was never more than a gifted amateur, and where, even as the scene darkens and his situation grows more poignant, cheerfulness keeps breaking through. *What fun life is* might be inscribed on his banner; whereas *Excelsior* is the ambiguous device for Harold Macmillan's. *The Winds of Change*, so full of pleasantries and platitudes, is stylistically an artless work; but this should not blind

THE RED HOUSE

*Horned, with a collar of snow,
a Stone Age hunter
is standing beside his kill.*

*As he bends over the still-warm body,
his face is smeared with blood,
like a cave where
the sun-god is sleeping.*

JOHN HAINES

us to the fact that the author is a very intelligent man, and that he may be artful. There seem to be two personalities in this book, one open, one imperfectly hidden; so that when Macmillan tells us that he was "more 'with it' (as the phrase goes) than some who regarded me with so much disapproval," we are tempted to ask: more with *what*? It is this question which makes the book so interesting.

Eton, Balliol, the Brigade of Guards, an honorable and nearly mortal wound in World War I, marriage into one of England's great political and ducal families—such were Macmillan's early steps. Once they had been taken he headed straight for Parliament. As Conservative member for Stockton-on-Tees, in one of England's notorious "distressed areas," he became more and more involved in the problem of unemployment. The *Diaries* rather suggest that Nicolson would not have recognized an unemployed worker if (to borrow a phrase from P. G. Wodehouse) you had handed him one on a plate with watercress around it; but Macmillan was a good mixer. He was fond of the People, though conspicuously not of them. As time went on, he began to write and speak very forcibly about central planning, public spending, government control of industry. This was commendable and courageous discourse for a Conservative; but the leadership of MacDonald and Baldwin was undisturbed, because it knew that radical solutions, in those weary days, were not required of men who wished to retain power. It was only when Macmillan, at long last, began to perceive a connection between complacent domestic policies and timid foreign ones that his situation became unpleasant.

Here then is the practical idealist, pursuing a noble, selfless and somewhat lonely course on the leftward fringes of Conservatism. However, he is capable of his own kind of double talk:

Naturally, I did not know when the Parliament of 1924 began, that it would be sixteen years before I left the back benches for a junior post in a Ministry. It was a long spell. But I must be fair. Lack of promotion was my own fault

and the result of my deliberate determination, as the years passed, to pursue my own plans and purposes. This long and sometimes frustrating exclusion from the centre of power did not prove in the end a bad training.

One man, an affable knight-errant, deliberately takes a course which will leave him on the outside; the other, a professional politician, is frustrated because he does not get in. We are not surprised to learn that Benjamin Disraeli was one of Macmillan's heroes, for if the time is long since passed when people regarded "Dizzy" as a mere opportunist, one still remembers what he said when he first became Prime Minister in 1868: "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole." In his Prologue, Macmillan tells how, in later years, when he and Churchill were discussing Hitler, he remarked: "At any rate, you and I owe him something. He made you Prime Minister and me an Under-Secretary. No power on earth, except Hitler, could have done that." The greasy pole is not, I think, an object to which Macmillan wishes to call our attention; but it is there, lurking coily in the background.

As the *Diaries* and the *Winds* come closer to Munich, they give us a telling picture of what it was like to be caught in a system which could select or extrude such leadership as Chamberlain's, but from which, while dissenting, neither man was truly alienated. Nicolson's jottings are contemporary, and one sees why he belonged to the Eden rather than to the Churchill group of rebels. In *Diaries*, Churchill appears as brilliant, orotund, drunkish, bitter, not solid: even in the late thirties his chameleon past made him a distrusted figure. *Winds*, in retrospect, naturally calls him "the great statesman"; it was to this, however, still wobbly, star that Macmillan hitched his chariot. We sincerely applaud him for doing so, while remarking that it paid off.

Toward the end of each book we get a version of that scene in Parliament, when Chamberlain shuffled out on his way to Munich, and all the members rose to applaud him. They thought (as did so many others in the Western world) that the old charlatan was about to perform a genuine miracle. Macmillan writes, regretfully, that he found himself standing and cheering with the rest; that he looked round; that Eden had disappeared, and that just two members remained seated. One was Churchill, with his head in his hands; the other was Harold Nicolson. The *Diaries* tell us that a Conservative M.P. behind Nicolson growled: "Stand up, you brute." But he wouldn't. Book for book, the *Diaries* may have the last word.

In the Wasps' Nest

THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT: Aristocracy and Caste in America. By E. Digby Baltzell. Vintage Books. 429 pp. \$1.95 paper.

VERNON K. DIBBLE

Mr. Dibble is assistant professor of sociology at Columbia University.

In Professor Baltzell's ideal society ■ "ruling class or . . . establishment" leads "the community as a whole." It responds to popular aspirations. In return, as it were, the populace legitimates its power. Its rule, therefore, rests not on coercion or manipulation but on moral authority.

Prestige, kinship and associational ties such as membership in exclusive clubs—not simply positions of power in politics or business—define who is in the ruling class and who is not. In Baltzell's terminology, Bernard Baruch, Fiorello La Guardia, Al Smith and Joseph Kennedy were in the elite. But they were never in the ruling class.

A ruling class is not legitimated unless it represents the elite. In a democracy, however, "men of ability and ambition, regardless of background, are allowed to rise into the elite." Hence, "in order for an upper class to maintain a continuity of power and authority . . . its membership must, in the long run, be representative of the society as a whole." In the United States the ruling class must not be ■ caste. It must not keep out Jews, Catholics and Negroes who have risen to the elite. It must, instead, be an "aristocracy."

As the author uses the term, an "aristocracy" is ■ "community of upper-class families whose members are born to positions of high prestige . . . because their ancestors have been leaders (elite members) for one generation or more." In his earlier work, especially in *Philadelphia Gentlemen: The Making of A National Upper Class* (published in paperback as *An American Business Aristocracy*), he has documented the existence of such groups in American society. But that is not all. An "aristocracy" does not simply rest on its laurels. It justifies its authority "by contributing its share of community leaders" and "by continuing to assimilate, in each generation, the families of new members of the elite."

Baltzell contends that the American ruling class during most of the 19th century was, in this sense, an aristocracy. He uses the history of the Lincoln family—from President Lincoln's barely literate father to Robert Todd Lincoln,

graduate of Exeter and Harvard, successful corporation lawyer, and "typical Victorian aristocrat"—to illustrate that fact; he also cites the few wealthy Catholics and Jews who were apparently full members of a predominantly Protestant ruling class.

That "aristocracy" became more like ■ caste toward the end of the 19th century. "While sporadic and idiosyncratic anti-Semitism had been characteristic of the gentile gentleman's code since Colonial times, it was only in the 1880's,

when the flood of immigration began to rise, that upper-class anti-Semitism became rigid and institutionalized." The founders and early officers of Philadelphia's Union League Club included Jews; by the end of the century, Jews were kept out.

These castelike tendencies in the ruling class did not deprive it of moral authority until well into the 20th century. For until the 1920s or 1930s, local political machines that the immigrants controlled were subservient nationally to older-stock Protestants, such as Nelson Aldrich, Mark Hanna and Boies Penrose. In business, there were



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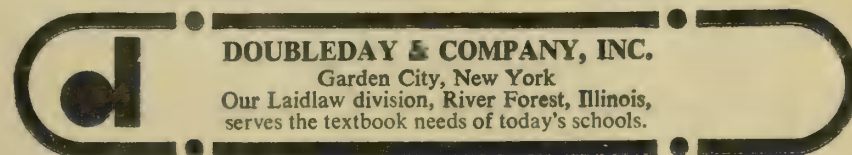
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few elite Catholics and Jews. But as members of minority groups rose in increasing numbers to elite positions during this century, the castelike ruling class became not only unrepresentative of the whole society but unrepresentative of the elites as well.

In the United States today the "position of the Jews . . . best illustrates the nature of the conflict between the social forces of caste and aristocracy," and stories of gentlemanly anti-Semitism in clubs, on golf courses, at debutante balls, in college fraternities, and among directors of large corporations are plentiful in the book.

But there is also "a small but growing minority of old-stock aristocrats, following the Whig tradition in England," who are willing "to share their privileges with distinguished members of minority groups in order to maintain their traditional power and authority within the ranks of some sort of new heterogenous establishment." These "aristocrats," Baltzell tells us, supported Progressivism and Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and finally joined the Democratic Party after 1929. Their sons "were inspired by the aristocratic styles of the New Frontier."

Baltzell hopes that such men are the wave of the future. He points out that many young men from the ruling class lost their castelike attitudes as officers during the Second World War. Anti-Semitism is out of vogue at elite colleges, and many will not want to join clubs that keep out their old college friends. The New Frontier had old-stock patricians, elite Catholics and elite Jews working together.

But the future is not clear. "At this time [1963] it is hard to see how the dynamic tension between the pressure of caste exclusion and of aristocratic assimilation which is characteristic of the nation's leadership today will be resolved." On that question the moral authority of the ruling class, and therefore the health of the society, depend.

Though Baltzell has studied important problems with intelligence and civic concern, it is by no means clear that letting in elite Jews and others would enhance the position of the ruling class; or that the American ruling class, from its point of view, needs or wants moral authority: or—to pass from social analysis to political judgments—that it deserves moral authority.

Baltzell suggests a number of reasons why admitting Jews and Catholics into the ruling class would enhance its moral authority and otherwise strengthen it. First, he claims that exclusion means loss of talent. But talent and specialized skills can always be bought. On the highest levels, reliability, predictability and trust are more important than talent. And reliability and trust are maximized by keeping out people who are not of one's own kind.

Second, ruling class families cannot command authority unless "they represent the aspirations of both the elite and the rest of the population" and are not likely to do that if they keep out people from ethnic and religious minorities. But that assumes the possibility in the United States today for the existing ruling class to represent the aspirations of the whole society, to be active "in leading the community as a whole." Is there such a possibility?

The war in Vietnam has helped some industries and hurt or severely strained others (such as housing, and men's clothing). That fact exemplifies the difference between corporations that have a direct stake in this country's imperial position, and firms with largely domestic markets whose stake is indirect, if it exists at all.

Between businessmen and the rest of the population the gulf is wider. The vast middle market—families whose incomes are, say, between \$5,000 and \$15,000 a year—makes it unnecessary for consumer industries to worry about the very poor. And the executives of armament firms that depend upon what

Baltzell calls American world "leadership" and the American "moral mission in the world"—as that leadership and as that moral mission are exercised, for example, in the skies and villages of Vietnam—have no aspirations in common with the citizens of Watts. Executives of multi-national corporations who have increased direct American investment abroad by roughly 45 per cent from 1960 through 1965, instead of investing in much less profitable fields at home (such as low-income housing) have no fate in common with people who dwell among rats.

Baltzell's third suggestion, that exclusive castes are preoccupied with privileges instead of duties, and do not produce leaders of the entire community whose services justify the position of their class, does not reveal exactly what our "aristocratic" leaders are supposed to lead us toward. The only specific goal he mentions is a crusade against political corruption. He cannot give content to the abstract notion of "leading the community as a whole," because there is no "community as a whole" to lead.

America in the 19th century was quite different. It is clear what Victorian aristocrats led their society toward—big business and the corporate economy. In many of their aims, if not their methods, they represented the aspirations of the whole society. For at that time there was a great overlap between the goals that businessmen chose by their criteria of profit and those that would have been chosen if the criterion had been the commonweal.

Any kind of Socialist, or Populist, or people's capitalist regime in 19th-century America would have done many things that American capitalists actually did do: built transcontinental railroads, exploited the Mesabi range, brought new technology to industry, created an industrial working class, kept a small military establishment, and abolished slavery.

Today, however, the solution of obvious social problems—air pollution, housing, urban transportation, the chronically unemployed, and all the rest—requires much more money than corporate capitalism can possibly spend for such purposes. (Prof. Seymour Melman estimates that well over \$70 billion per year over a period of years is needed.) A corporation is not free to take on a few thousand uneducated, marginal workers whose production is worth less than their wages; or to invest in a bankrupt commuter railroad that will not show a profit for decades, if ever. Getting the job done requires either confiscatory rates of taxation or direct political control over

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THE NATION

SPRING BOOK NUMBER — Coming April 24

Reviews by

SANDRA HOCHMAN on MARIANNE MOORE

DAVID IGNATOW on HARVEY SHAPIRO

JOHN LOGAN on A. R. AMMONS

the flow of investments. The most "aristocratic" leaders, gentile or Jew, are not going to lead American society in that direction.

"Aristocrats" are not doing the job, and "leadership" of the whole community no longer has any meaning. These are two good reasons for the Establishment's loss of moral authority that Baltzell deplures. But I do not quite see why Baltzell thinks that the ruling class has to worry about its moral authority. Instead of an "aristocratic" ruling class that produces leaders of the whole community, it is possible to have a class that is "coercive and authoritarian." If rulers do not justify their power, then subjects do not legitimize power. And "power which is not legitimized tends to be either coercive or manipulative."

If the alternative to doing the jobs that need to be done is coercive and manipulative power; and if doing the needed jobs requires, if not full-scale socialism, then at the very least some fundamental breach in corporate property rights; then, clearly, coercive and manipulative power is the more desirable alternative. Baltzell does not like that kind of power; but he has not shown why the American ruling class should dislike it as much as he.

He assumes that the ruling class dislikes coercive power, and that its members are sensitive to the problems he poses, because his model is Whiggish England. (There is even the curious sentence: "But in the years since Victoria's death, American society has been transformed.") He might have taken his major themes from Lord Melbourne, who said in 1831 that political power must be based on "authority, consent, reputation and opinion." But, he added:

If we find that the columns of that support are sapped and failing—if we find that, instead of authority there is disrespect for all authority—if we find that instead of *consensus* there is *dis-sensus* . . . it is then our duty to look about us, and to consider the dangerous situation in which we are placed . . . that we may repair the edifice which is tottering and crumbling around us.

That is, Whig aristocrats supported reform which brought new classes into the British political system. But the executives and directors of American corporations are not Whig aristocrats. They are businessmen, who expect legitimation through their performance in the market, not through "authority, consent, reputation and opinion," the notion of a business aristocracy is a contradiction in terms.

Further, since 1945, from Hiroshima to Vietnam, men in the "Protestant establishment" have failed to demonstrate that they place any upper limit to the degree of terror and brutality that they are willing to condone, if terror and brutality are needed to protect American interests in the world, as they define them. They are not doing the job at home, and the kind of job they do abroad is only too obvious. They do not deserve moral authority.

America Absurd

HELL'S ANGELS: A Strange and Terrible Saga. By Hunter S. Thompson. Random House. 278 pp. \$4.95.

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man (Thomas Nelson).

In November, 1965, a moment occurred which fittingly sums up the American absurdity. Ralph Barger, Jr., president of Hell's Angels, a group of pathetic young men who act out lurid juvenile fantasies astride their roaring motorcycles, addressed the following letter to President Johnson:

"On behalf of myself and my associates I volunteer a group of loyal Americans for behind the lines duty in Viet Nam. We feel that a crack group of trained gorillas [*sic*] would demoralize the Viet Cong and advance the cause of freedom. We are available for training and duty immediately."

President Barger took this action after unexpectedly calling off a pitched battle with Berkeley students who had scheduled a march to protest the war. At a formal press conference, embellished with the microphones of major networks, Barger explained that "in the interest of public safety and the protection of the good name of Oakland," Hell's Angels would not take on "this mob of traitors."

Up to that point the Angels had shown a positive zeal for mayhem, sadistic assault and rape. They had been talked out of the confrontation with student demonstrators by Allen Ginsberg, that poet of peace, pot, vulgarized Buddhism and bland love, but it was plain that they had not been won over, only befuddled. The letter to the White House followed.

So far as is known, President Johnson did not reply to Barger's offer of a military pact—a fact that may reassure those who sometimes are fearful that

all of us are inhabiting a comic book.

That solemn moment when the captain of free-wheeling, pill-chewing, hippy lost souls—the very models of pop art—offered his hand to the arch-square in the White House forms the climax of Hunter S. Thompson's report on Hell's Angels, which began as an article in *The Nation* and grew into a full-length book.

Thompson spent a year riding and drinking with the Angels as a more or less accredited correspondent. His credentials were finally withdrawn in a wordless ceremony that left him stomped to a bloody mess. Nevertheless, Thompson's point of view remains eminently sane and honest. He does not weep for the Angels or romanticize them or glorify them. Neither does he despise them.

Instead, he views them as creatures of an irresponsible society, given their image by an irresponsible press, embodying the nation's puerile fantasy life. He sees the menace not so much in the Hell's Angels themselves, as in the poverty of spirit and perennial adolescence that spawned them. On the other hand, Thompson is not blind to the possible uses to which such young men may be put.

Although they play at life as if it were a movie set, the Angels are inordinately fond of swastikas and Iron Crosses; they idolize their leaders; they would rather jump an unarmed enemy than have a fair fight; and they hate Negroes.

The one charm the Angels originally possessed seemed to be a rough and ready anti-Establishment fervor. They were rebels, disowned by a system, outlawed and fighting back. But perhaps

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by Allan R. Bosworth

How hysteria and greed combined to thrust 110,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry behind barbed wire during World War II—a shameful episode bluntly recounted in "an important, thoroughly documented, angry book."—*San Francisco Chronicle*. Illustrated.

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liberals and radicals may discern in them a sad truth: that roars of romantic rebellion come not only from those who refuse to sell out but also from some who have never had an offer.

As soon as the press magnified the Angels into celebrities and they found themselves issuing communiqués as potential anti-Communist heroes, they jumped eagerly at the bait, found a press agent and began to dicker with publishers.

A Representative Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. By Martin Duberman. Houghton Mifflin Co. 516 pp. \$8.

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

The colors have washed out of James Russell Lowell's reputation, leaving a blank sheet, a ghost. Lowell is no longer important; yet look back and he is there, in the very center of 19th-century American culture, holding the crowd, gesticulating blithely, high-spirited and handsome, good-natured and gracious, patriotic, wholesome, enormously cultivated and boyishly humorous—sitting in his library of 7,000 volumes in pastoral Cambridge, reading *Tom Jones*; now writing second-hand lyrics—so it seems today—for dreamy youths and overdomesticated ladies; now teaching Dante brilliantly and humanely to undergraduates at Harvard, where he replaced Longfellow as professor of modern languages; now out of pocket but writing promissory notes to Negroes who have come to his door, pathetically and perhaps fraudulently, to beg money to buy their wives or children from the South; or wittily slashing at war and slavery, as in the *Biglow Papers*; or talking with "indescribable" brilliance at the famous Saturday Club; or as the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, carrying home contributions in his coat pocket and leaving them in the closet, only to wonder what became of them, yet succeeding, succeeding splendidly; encouraging Howells and Bret Harte, while ignoring Melville and taking care to keep that "evil" book, *Leaves of Grass*, out of the hands of Harvard students; reviving the *North American Review*; and publishing volumes of literary criticism with titles redolent of a sipping, large-chaired, fire-lit literary culture: *Among My Books* and *My*

The Angels set no precedent in the nation's history. A century ago Bowery thugs, organized into ferocious gangs calling themselves "Knights of the Golden Circle," became a fifth column for the Confederacy and gave New York the draft riots—the city's most ghastly lynch-ing spree.

Hunter Thompson's book may serve to remind us of the swift metamorphosis from rebel-without-a-cause to man-on-the-make.

Study Windows. Despite the death of two wives and three children, it was a charmed life, enviable. So attractive were Lowell's abilities, so easy his ascendancy, that even in England he was acclaimed a genius—compared to Juvenal for his satire, to Sainte-Beuve for his criticism. And the Hayes administration, needing luster, borrowed the pearl of Lowell's unique, his incomparable reputation, sending him first as Minister to Spain, then on to England, where he became, as Henry James said, with pride in his countryman, the first of after-dinner speakers—an American, yet the lion of London!

Great writers change and expand through the ages, small writers become more themselves, and Lowell has been reduced almost savagely by time. The glamour is gone; we see merely the man, the facility, the "failure." And this is a cause for regret.

If Lowell continues to survive at all, it is because he is "representative." But representative of what? "Completely representative," said James in 1892, of "the dominion of style"; but James believed in Lowell's genius and thought he might become a classic. In 1915, Van Wyck Brooks notes Lowell's demise; but Brooks is scarcely less credulous than James ("No American writer appears to have been more naturally gifted than Lowell") and—overgenerously, romantically—charges America with Lowell's now representative failure: it denied him a "social background," the prod of ideas. Leon Howard—to skip ahead to 1952—turns Brooks's formula on its head: if it is still Lowell's failure that is representative, the fault now lies with Lowell himself—in "yielding to his cultural environment rather than striving against it." But this reading is equally romantic. What has happened to the old "metaphysical" idea of the gift, the calling? We are too prepared to believe in

"failure," when often there is no question of success.

One cannot bloom except from a bud, and there was no bud of genius in Lowell. When out of thousands of lines not one tingles all through—when no words are lamps or switch blades, and no rhythms are as absolute as the sound of a hard rain—why talk of failure? Talk, rather, of a false vocation. "One feels at moments," James wrote of Lowell, "that he speaks in verse mainly because he is penetrated with what verse has achieved." But, indeed, one feels this everywhere in Lowell. Somewhat insecurely, Martin Duberman, in this fine new biography, detects a "failure of authenticity" in Lowell's more earnest verse—Lowell attempted "to squeeze a joyous temperament into the fashionable prophetic mold." But to me, the unauthenticity lies in Lowell's choice of the medium. Even where Lowell is most successful—as in parts of the *Biglow Papers*—he succeeds because he is witty and not because he is poetic. Lowell wrote a journalism of verse—and, overawed by the very idea of poetry, his contemporaries loved it. In an age when even the records of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club were kept in meter, perhaps poetry was actually held too cheap; too familiar, at least in form, its real rarity and difficulty were underestimated.

Now Duberman has come along to give us another representative Lowell. And his Lowell is a surprise: neither a lord of style nor an interesting failure, nor significant as a man of letters at all. This new book makes no rousing claims for Lowell's work. It is plain that, while reading the poems, Duberman has smelled formaldehyde, and if he praises the *Biglow Papers* and *A Fable for Critics*, it is not with much heart. He does seem rather anxious, though, about the literary criticism: it has been—he says in a puzzling phrase—"too completely" ignored. Yet in urging "above all" Lowell's "ability to appreciate a wide variety of excellence," he is asking us to warm our hands in advance of the fire: it is only in a first-rate critic that catholicity matters; it is nothing without illumination.

And Lowell is not a first-rate critic; his strengths, as Mr. Duberman says, are overbalanced by his defects. His essays—on Shakespeare, Cervantes, Keats and other great names—contain the excellent commonplaces of cultivation. They lap and flow, pleasant and undisturbing. But it is true that now and then a bird will rise from the waters and take the sun: a truth is illumined, unforgettably, as when Lowell observes:

"The grand loneliness of Milton in his latter years . . . is reflected . . . in his maturer poems by a sublime independence of human sympathy like that with which mountains fascinate and rebuff us." And—exhilaratingly—a whole flock is let loose, one by one, in the notorious essay on Thoreau. For me, this essay is the one most alive today. It is a fillip to the subject. It gives Thoreau a hearty good shaking, then drops its hands, bows its head, and worships. It puts forward some of the best things ever said about Thoreau—or about the dubious preference of nature to civilization. An impassioned, witty defense of social life, it is both entirely right and entirely irrelevant: if Thoreau had been more social, he would indeed have been a more lovable man and a more reasonable writer; but he would not have been Thoreau, and it is Thoreau that we value.

Duberman's Lowell is representative not as a man of letters but as a man. And not merely representative but exemplary—a man for our times. Certainly Lowell was lovable. But if readers search in the book for what makes Lowell's character attractive—or why Lowell should be held up as an inspiring example when there is William Lloyd Garrison (that great, unattractive man), or Samuel Gridley Howe or half a dozen others of Lowell's time who, unlike Lowell, can indeed shame us in our moral mediocrity—they will go hungry. There are hints in Duberman's Introduction: loyalty, probity—but these are not explicitly pursued. Perhaps we are meant to *infer* the full extent of Lowell's excellence; but the job would seem to devolve on Duberman. You get in at the first page and are let out at the last, and do not know where you are. You have spent your time with a genial, gracious Lowell, a man perhaps better than most of us, but not so much better that it hurts. It was worth it, this trip, but one had been led to expect more.

Duberman is nothing if not professional and thorough, and he tells us exactly what is wrong with earlier biographies of Lowell. By implication, his own study makes good their limitations, and this is true. For, all pretenses to unearned importance aside, this book is easily the best life of Lowell. Duberman quotes well from Lowell's charming letters—and makes one wish for a slim, carefully selected new edition of them (the age of Collected Letters is too much with us). He works with just the right amount of detail, looking over the facts with a sleepless intelligence. His portrait of Lowell is

strangely without shadows, but perhaps there were none to be found. One is grateful for Duberman's book, despite the bleached quality of the prose and of the approach.

But it is not the personal life of Lowell—as Duberman suggests—that is most relevant today. His life was essentially commonplace—a little luckier, more noticed than most, but lacking the stir and spasm of heroism. Lowell was blessed with a happy disposition, but this was an accident of nature, not an accomplishment. And in commending Lowell for not having an *obsession* with achievement, Duberman deprecates greatness. For genius is always obsessive, and if this means that very often it is selfish, still it is genius and not mediocrity that needs our study, our reverence, our defense.

The most valuable Lowell is still the Lowell of the *Biglow Papers*—and, I would add, of *The Anti-Slavery Papers*, their more readable prose counterpart. Lowell was not one of the great abolitionists, and in his own definition of talent—faculties used glibly to produce results—he was merely talented in morals and politics. But this clever abolitionist can be telling. *The Anti-Slavery Papers*, especially, are a lesson and a delight: "It has been a matter of controversy whether the New Testament should be one of the books read by pupils in our public schools. As one chief object of these institutions is to fit the youth of our country for their duties and responsibilities as American citizens, we cannot but think that the habitual perusal of such a book would be likely to produce mental confusion and be the cause of error in after life."

It is this Lowell who is most tonic today. And not only because he was capable of moral passion but because he knew that moral passion is a power in politics: press hard enough, be "fanatical" enough, and the "respectable"—as Lowell scornfully called the opponents of abolition—the timid and the corrupt and the complacent will give in: after how much agony and sweat it is always impossible to measure, as it is often almost unbearable to contemplate. And the Lowell of both the *Biglow* and *Anti-Slavery Papers* is no less bracing because he believed in democracy—giving it all three cheers. He makes us realize how much faith in it we have lost, how bored with it we really are. Yet read him and it seems a great idea, one worth being "fanatical" about—fervent but not foolish. And though the divine halo Lowell saw encircling this idea has burned out, he can help us a little in our unbelief.

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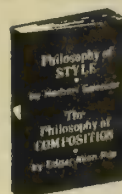
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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Those who seek entertainment on Broadway will probably find Robert Anderson's four one-act plays collectively entitled *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running* gratifying (Ambassador Theatre). Its sexual emphasis is constant, it is frequently funny, and its acting is excellent. It provoked me to thought, accompanied by puzzled irritation.

None of the plays was wholly about what it appeared to be about. The theme of the first segment of the quartet, called "The Shock of Recognition," is the disparity between our professed acceptance of bold spectacle and language in regard to subjects once held to be publicly taboo, and our real reaction to these new liberties. The argument concerns a playwright who plans to open his first scene with the entrance of a man in full and unabashed nakedness. He does not propose to arouse libidinous scandal but to awake the audience with "the shock of recognition," a sense of our common nature. The point of Anderson's skit is the discomfort everyone experiences at the possibility of an actual confrontation with the event: the rationale breaks down (even for the playwright) in view of the fact.

The audience titters or laughs at the notion in semi-acknowledgment of its own divided sentiments (at once a kind of prurience and inhibition), but the cream of the jest lies in something else entirely, something which has nothing to do with Anderson's apparent subject. An actor is brought in by the producer to prove that no player would consent to perform the described action. Pathetic comedy issues from the sight of the actor's eagerness to do everything or anything, no matter how personally embarrassing, to get the part.

The second "panel" of the series, "The Footsteps of Doves," is a slighter and more obvious bit, taking place in a showroom where beds are sold. The choice of a bed reveals the state of waning desire in the middle years of marriage. The audience's laughter in this instance is both sly and shamefaced: it is giggling with the titillation of recognition.

The third piece (which opens the second and better half of the evening) begins with a discussion between husband and wife about the sex education of their children. The college boy son masturbates; the daughter, the wife contends, should be instructed in the use of con-

traceptives. The wife is crudely "realistic" in the modern mode; her salesman husband is sensible in his gentle humor and regard for his children's privacy.

A good moment in this episode is one in which we see the hurt the husband suffers when he realizes that his wife, not in the least perturbed, takes for granted that he "cheats" on her every time he goes on the road. Then there is a sudden and rather touching shift of theme at the close when one learns that their son has decided to quit college and (possibly) home because he can no longer bear the stuffy mediocrity of the parental environment. This motif—the misunderstanding or break between the generations—should have been made central to the play's meaning. Instead it bobs up as though an afterthought and thus renders the "daring" of the parents' early colloquy dubiously provocative.

The final and most succinct "movement" (called "I'm Herbert") might be described as a memory of sex. An aged couple are no longer able to remember where and what they did with whom in their several past marriages; they even have some difficulty in knowing whom they are married to now. Having a distinctly melancholy side, "I'm Herbert" is the purest comedy of the lot. It reduces sex to an absurdity, a fleeting and illusory sensation among many which wither and decay along with everything else in the course of time.

I have detailed the four plots to convey the sense of ambiguity the evening creates. Its mental and moral disposition is, I believe, typical of the ordinary middle-class American. (This explains in large measure its undoubted audience appeal.) Its sophistication veils a puerile fascination with sex, a determination to be free and frank in talk about it, together with an equal degree of embarrassment. There is some uncertainty as to whether sex is to be embraced on a biologic level or to be ridiculed as something less significant than what we romantically suppose it to be. There is above all a stubbornly lingering, though now bewildered and apologetic, Puritanism in the attitude. Behind all this is an element of honesty and truthfulness. One feels oneself in the presence of something still unborn, certainly juvenile and consequently somewhat annoying, perhaps even boring, which one still hesitates utterly to reject (much less to condemn) since it does exist on a far

wider scale than one assumes. The unbalance in the construction of the four playlets (except for the last rueful farce) reflects a tussle in the playwright's spirit.

There can be no quibble whatever about the acting. Martin Balsam is first rate in the humor of the first two sketches, and moving as the decent father of the third. His is the best sort of simple naturalistic acting. George Grizzard too is fine in the innuendo of the bed salesman in the second piece, both sharp and relaxed in the characterization of senility in the finale. Eileen Heckart is equally good in this, and as always dryly and efficiently to the point in the rest. As performance (under Alan Schneider's direction) the whole evening functions admirably.

There is nothing ambivalent or indecisive about Charles Schulz's musical entertainment *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown* at Theatre 80 St. Marks: it is wholly childish. We can absorb it without qualm, enjoy it without shame or leave it without discontent. If predictions are in order, it will go on and on like *The Fantasticks*. It appeals to the simple heart.

Based on the comic strip "Peanuts," *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown* preserves an artless comic-strip discontinuity, each bit leading to a kindly smile or a happy chuckle. It reminded me of what Van Wyck Brooks said

THE EXCHANGE (For David)

*You tell me how helpless you are to leave.
I listen, detached as you prefer me.
I hear screams from the building
across the grass, and laughter.
I scan your face as calm as mine.
We continue to sit under a shady tree.*

*I blotted him out with a drop of ink,
I absorbed him in my blotter.
Now when I look I find him
under a scratched out word
under the influence of the x mark,
eyes lowered, smiling,
finding in himself that pleasure
that was crossed out for him,
his face calm and good.
He has his dream and will not raise
his eyes to give it up.*

*I stretch out a hand, a warding off of evil,
and it is grasped limply as you smile,
your eyes still averted. We get up
from the grass and go for coffee
at the Exchange.*

DAVID IGNATOW

about *Huckleberry Finn*: when Mark Twain, a representative of the America of his day, produced his masterpiece it turned out to be a novel of adolescence. (I can't remember now whether the eminent critic also pointed out that the fun in *Huckleberry* masks much savagery and sadness.) The Charles Schulz miniature offers consolation by its benign acceptance of basic human inadequacy and repeated failure. It celebrates in friendly laughter all our frustrations at not being something bigger, better and more glorious than we are.

Here at long last is an affirmative statement in the contemporary theatre: it forgives all our shortcomings and tells us we are all good because we are all schmoes! Even the dog Snoopy is a perpetually disappointed and only mild-

ly resentful character. But it is just for that and for his resignation at being forever unable to advance beyond dogdom, that we love him. There is withal a philosophy to the show. "Happiness is finding a pencil. . . . Happiness is two kinds of ice cream, etc., etc." We settle for peanuts: it is enough. The greatest failure, Charlie Brown, is still a good man.

The cast is endearing. The actors impersonate little children and a tiny dog, but their ages do not matter. We take them at their word and applaud them for their charm. Among his other attributes Gary Burghoff as Charlie Brown has a most winning countenance. Bill Hinnant as Snoopy is the most expert player. Everyone satisfies. The evening is delightfully brief.

musically cognitive and relevant terms. Terms, that is, that would not do equally well to describe any musical context (such as the definition of "serial" music as that which "manipulates various materials" to be found in the *Times* review of the Carter), that would not create false perceptual normatives (such as, in the same review, the use of "dissonance" as though it meant a universally identifiable kind of sound rather than a function not present in the context at hand), that do not use non-cognitive nouns as if they were cognitive ("music of this kind seldom has charm"), and that do not define traditional musical terms in new and confusing ways that have no references to any existing musical compositions (as, in a letter by the *Times* critic responding to a complainant: "whether or not [it] is a row it sounds like a row, with its disjunct leaps, etc.," even though a "row" not only in no sense defines a way of articulating a presented pitch succession but does not even define any given presented pitch succession at all, only the structural basis for pitch succession). For the poor listener in the dark, even a simple prohibition on the misuse of technical and adjectival terms in journalistic reports of musical events would surely be an enormous stride toward enlightenment, if only because the noninformativeness might become transparent.

And in the absence of such red herrings, perhaps one could observe without fear of misinterpretation that the Carter Concerto does represent a rather extraordinary culmination of ideas inherent in his earlier music, and that it does constitute the most definitively developed instance thus far of a compositional approach that is one of the significant polarities of contemporary American work. In this context, moreover, comparisons with Babbitt's *Relata*, the most highly developed work at the other pole, continually suggest themselves as illuminations of the special qualities of the Carter Concerto: just as many aspects of *Relata* itself en-

MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

The one historicist observation that seems relevant in contemplating the new Piano Concerto by Elliott Carter (performed this season by the Boston Symphony with the pianist Jacob Lateiner) is of one's extraordinary good fortune in living at a musical time, in a musical culture, that can produce within a single year two major works of such manifest mastery and originality, and yet of such nearly diametric disparity, as this concerto and Milton Babbitt's *Relata I* (see *The Nation*, April 11, 1966). For none of those other issues of conflicts or tendencies in "style" and "technique" that has been journalistically raised, once again, in connection with Carter's work has the slightest relevance to the principal musical "issues," which are typically ignored: the nature and quality of the musical events the Concerto contains, and, beyond these, the avenues of perception and thought that it powerfully and uniquely reveals. The contentious multi-chotomies of the journalist's historical dialectic are simply unrecognizable as a relevant picture of the compositional world to those who inhabit it, absorbed as they are in the unique and fascinating particularities of actual musical relation.

Thus, the principal objective of a public discussion of a work of the obvious importance, scope and complexity of thought and surface of the Carter Concerto is that its existence be made known to the interested musical public, and hence the opportunity created for its further audition. Beyond that, one would hope to provide those listeners

who lack the opportunity for multiple listening and score study needed to become intimately acquainted with this difficult new work, with some advance idea of the kinds of events, conjunctions and continuities it presents. The prospect of providing such a framework is, I confess, a little dismaying; serious musicians know how long and intensive our study will have to be before works like Carter's and Babbitt's are adequately understood. Yet on the other hand we also know that their immensely valuable content is available—in varying degrees—even to "technically" untrained and relatively inexperienced listeners, given the right combination of awareness and assiduity.

In this context, it is hard to see what abstract and largely erroneous discussions of "serialism" as a compositional "doctrine" can possibly signify to the listener who has never been told either what a simple musical relation is, or what any of the events in the works under discussion sound or act like in

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gendered comparisons with the Carter Orchestral Variations and Double Concerto. For—just to show how complex the situation really is—with respect to “serialism” (the constructive interior), Carter would have to be described as a “Stravinsky-early-Schoenbergian,” and Babbitt as a “Webern-late-Schoenbergian”; but as far as articulative surface and continuity are concerned, Babbitt is surely a “Stravinsky-Webernian” and Carter a “Berg-Ives-Schoenbergian.” What this principally indicates, I hope, is that at this stage of their highly developed maturity, these composers can no longer be fruitfully discussed as “products” of previous “influences,” for the individual terms that their compositions represent are both unmistakable as perceptual qualities in themselves, and evident in the vast range of music by their younger contemporaries in which their influence is manifest.

But it might still be useful to note that, like the “serialism” of Stravinsky and early Schoenberg, Carter’s Concerto is pre-eminently “harmonic”; that is, it involves delimited pitch constellations that, from the very opening in the piano alone, are presented as the multiply unfolded sonor-

ity of a given event; whereas in *Relata* the unfolding is continuous and the *successional* ordering of pitches is critical. This “harmonic” idea, moreover, is one of the most striking respects in which the new Concerto develops earlier Carter qualities; for whereas his “multi-dimensional” works from the First Quartet through the Orchestral Variations, the Second Quartet and the Double Concerto developed the ideas of juxtaposed, highly differentiated sonic strata on the one hand, and a filmically intercut tempo-relational development on the other, the Concerto brilliantly combines these concepts.

Thus in the first movement, a sharply demarcated alternation of tempo-events is articulated by the association, with each “tempo,” of a particular “harmony” (defined by three-note constellations), whose “non-blending” with adjacent harmonies creates a constant sense of event change without an obvious jolt in the articulative surface. And this strong “pitch-content” orientation of the interiors of these sections—which recalls the pitch-matching ideas of the 1954 Sonata for flute, oboe, cello and harpsichord—provides a framework within which a remarkable multiplicity of long, wide-arched “legato” lines is clearly perceptible within a texture of frequently maximal density and dispersion. Yet the strikingly different senses in which a “long line” is projected by the piano, percussion, woodwinds and strings is a remarkably subtle aspect of the work’s development; the piano’s presence is almost continuous, but the articulative identities of—particularly—the bass clarinet, flute and oboe are sustained with extraordinary delicacy even in the most massive surroundings.

In the second movement, this idea of multiplicity is further extended into the juxtaposition of multiple articulations simultaneously, each again retaining its identity. Thus one finds short, sharp, isolated attacks counterpointed with long, arching lines, compressed articulative bursts and dense sustained chordal masses (a simplistic “effect” of the young Polish primitives here given functional meaning as a single *element* of the multi-faceted texture). The extreme of this “dramatized” situation is in the movement’s “cadenza,” where the piano’s pitch-dense figuration is gradually “absorbed” by a swelling string-sonority wave that ultimately overflows the entire perceptual field, stripping the piano first to a two-pitch conjection that directly associates with an important passage near the beginning of the first movement, then to a single pitch reiterated at registral dead center.

Here as elsewhere, a highly individual aspect of Carter’s compositional personality—and the quality that perhaps mainly defines the polarity of his work with that of Babbitt—is the evident “gestural” sense that these conjunctions project. For in Carter’s work, all the layers upon layers of differentiated, highly individuated articulations contribute invariably to a single function, a unitary perceptual contour; whereas in Babbitt’s work, *Relata* as elsewhere, the inflections extended along and within a highly unitary surface, texture and articulative continuity project an ever-widening and maximally dense multiplicity of functional interrelations, simultaneously and successively. And where Carter takes “patches” of traditionally associative kinds of continuity (“long-lined” melodic successions, “cadenza” figurations, etc.) and creates by the “pressure” of their individual manner of succession and conjection a wholly new sense of continuity, Babbitt “reconstructs” traditional continuity by fragmenting its components into individually quite “untraditional” articulations whose conjunction produces a new multi-faceted, dimensionally expanded, coherence.

It is in this respect, too, that Carter’s “gestural” language is most clearly counterpoised to Babbitt’s nonchalant, radically anti-gestural surface. For the unitary perceptual “curve” that arises from all the complexities in Carter’s Concerto is like a phraseological rhetoric that accompanies, surrounds, “coats” and insinuates into the substantive relational body of the work, while in Babbitt it is the very “closeness” of the surface to the relational interior that gives it its special sonority as well. The presence of a gestural stratum in Carter’s work, too, provides a perceptual “signal” to sustain the listener, giving him a path far easier to follow than the multi-furcated interior, providing perhaps also a secure earhold to retain coherence between (one hopes) ever clearer and broader glimpses of the really significant ideas being developed and explored within. And my impression is, upon hearing what appeared to be an unusually adequate first performance by the Boston Symphony and Mr. Lateiner under Erich Leinsdorf, that—especially in its first movement—this Concerto has discovered new paths of perception, and new possibilities of coherent articulation under conditions of unprecedented complexity through structural “dramatization” of music-relational situations, that will be a treasured source of profound musical idea for a large part of the musical history to come.

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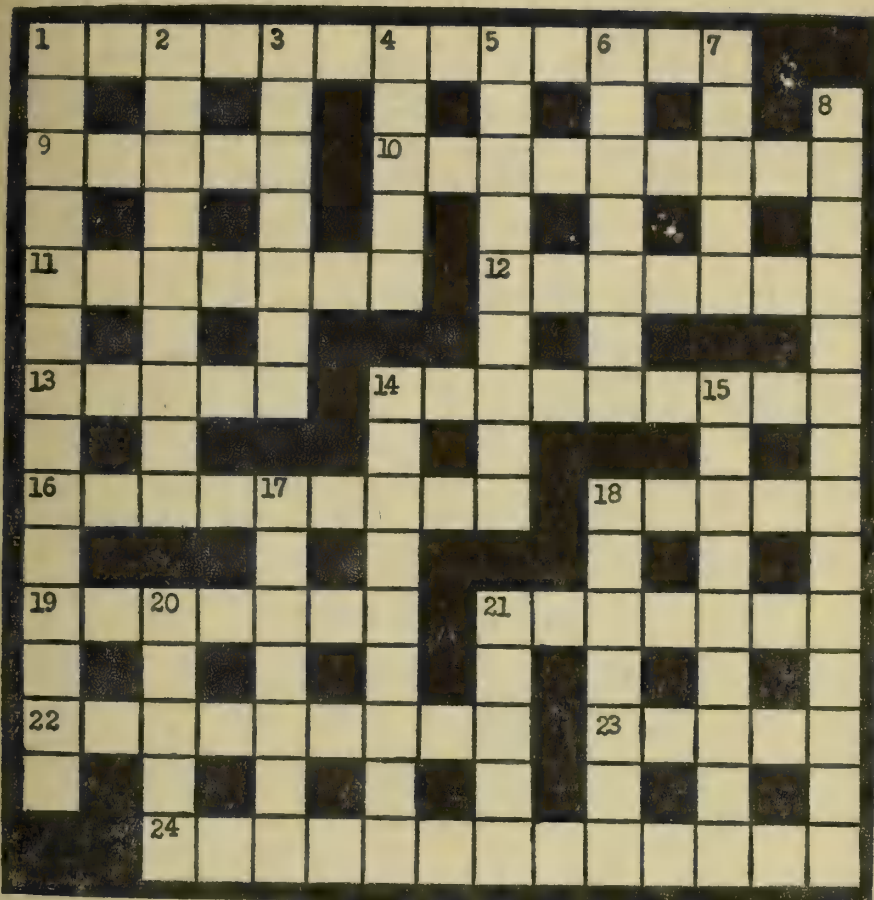
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1195

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 A children's novel of the harvestman. (5-4-4)
- 9 April in "As You Like It"? That's what such a man might be. (5)
- 10 Being a Texan, the man has something like smallpox or measles! (9)
- 11 One who makes an affidavit, rather than a hooked 9. (7)
- 12 Here begins the Latin version. (7)
- 13 17 has so many banks! (5)
- 14 Complains, as one might to the television repair man? (6, 3)
- 16 Come about. (9)
- 18 Would one be equipped to 7 through the sky? (5)
- 19 Taking a spin in the race? (7)
- 21 To take it easy around here in Paris, would be to make things more worldly. (7)
- 22 Leadbelly is more familiar, but this is conducted with more skill. (9)
- 23 His widow was hardly the morose type. (5)
- 24 Picture the one with the luminous dial? (3, 5, 5)

DOWN:

- 1 Where spurs are not an expression of affluence. (4, 2, 3, 5)
- 2 Just a little drink to fabricate by false imitation: Smith might be used to it. (4, 5)

- 3 Some fight for this on down, first or last. (7)
- 4 Overtaken at first, it's plain. (5)
- 5 Thanksgiving should symbolize it. (9)
- 6 Possibly net result, being almost frozen, yet drawn on by hope. (7)
- 7 All the tricks? Look for mine, perhaps. (5)
- 8 Not a sailor turned farmer—like the best people. (4, 2, 3, 5)
- 14 It's the gap that fills us up, at least for a time! (9)
- 15 Be more clever than a great success? Say what you mean! (3, 4, 2)
- 17 Where they sat down in a row, while others fought? (7)
- 18 This is likely to be extremely painful. (7)
- 20 Not a pure strain of dog to find waiting for him on the stage. (5)
- 21 Helpless plight, found in sudden inclination. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1194

ACROSS: 1 Portsmouth; 6 Adds; 10, 9 down and 15 Now I lay me down to sleep; 11 Anemone; 12 Wide-open; 13 Opals; 17 Albanians; 19 Expresses; 21 Ouvre; 24, 5 and 28 The Great Train Robbery; 27 Attests; 29 Sort; 30 Golden mean. DOWN: 1 and 23 across Pinstripe; 2 Rawhide; 3 Salve; 4 Olympians; 7 Diorama; 8 Stepsister; 14 Essentials; 16 Pretense; 18 Besmeared; 20 Painter; 22 Trapeze; 24 Tasso; 25 Robin; 26 Lynn.



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PAPER N

LETTERS

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Freeport, Me.

DEAR SIR: Of all the recent articles on the CIA . . . the best appeared in *The Nation*. I refer to Smith Simpson's "How Foggy Bottom Lost Its Spies," Jan. 9. Never have I encountered a clearer, more dispassionate account of the CIA, its origins, its growth and its menace to our society.

And congratulations also for John McDermott's "Vietnam Is No Mistake," Feb. 13. This goes perhaps a shade further in pinning the Vietnamese War on the present Administration than the facts warrant (as Professor Schuman pointed out in a recent letter), but it has certainly pulled enlightened thinking on the war in the right direction, namely: in pinning full responsibility for the continuation of the war on the Administration's determination, not its stupidity or helplessness.

In any case, McDermott's article is a milestone in anti-war thinking, although I still find it somewhat difficult to reconcile his latest conclusions with his previous position in "Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam" [*The Nation*, July 25, 1966]. His letter in your Mar. 6 issue did not, as far as I am concerned, reconcile the incompatibility—although both articles contained brilliant flashes of scholarship and insight, and I am extremely grateful to *The Nation* for publishing both of them.

David L. Graham

just so

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Of the many theories advanced by scholars delving into the subject of crime, the one Michael Fooner has come up with ["The Case of the Culpable Victim," *The Nation*, Mar. 6]—that "carelessness in handling cash" (equated as a "natural habit") serves as encouragement and invitation to crime—strikes me as far-fetched bordering on nonsense. The inference is that if Mr. Citizen would make sure to lock his valuables and cash more securely it would somehow reduce the rate of crime. I wonder whether this alleged carelessness also applies to "unwise" investments or to legal fleecing of investors?

Irwin Shappin

no American presence

New York City

DEAR SIR: I have discussed the question of objectives at some length with officials of both the North Vietnamese government and the National Liberation Front in Western Europe, Cambodia and Hanoi. . . . I have spoken with Prof. Nguyen Van Hieu, a member of the Central Committee of the National Liberation Front, and with President Ho Chi Minh. On the basis of my own understanding of the position of the two parties . . . I should like to take issue with your Mar. 13 editorial, "War and Peace."

You state: "Apparently the Front would accede to an American presence in South Vietnam to prevent a renewal of hostilities." Such speculation cannot possibly stem from an informed source: it must be regarded as sheer fantasy. The NLF is broadly composed, exceedingly tolerant and impressively flexible; but it would never consider ratifying a foreign presence in South Vietnam. The Front contemplates participating in a postwar coalition government which would include elements which are today among its political opponents. But NLF spokesmen emphasize that this is an internal problem; it can only be settled after the United States has withdrawn its troops. . . . In the interests of a fair and just settlement, it is imperative that we be scrupulously accurate in representing the views of the North Vietnamese government and the National Liberation Front.

Russell Stetler, Executive Secretary
Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation

EDITORIALS

Resurrection '67

The Easter just past reminded Americans of the Resurrection, but in some of the cities there were lower-case resurrections of a character not easily defined. The Be-In in New York's Central Park, where 10,000 "hippies" crowded the Sheep Meadow, was the farthest out, with pink paint on foreheads, a great display of bananas (some Village pharmacologists have discovered that the skins are a legal and inexpensive substitute for "pot"), fantastic costumes, and chants of LOVE, LOVE, LOVE. Interviewed by bemused reporters, some complained that New Yorkers don't look at one another, and explained that the purpose of the Be-In was to dispel fear and glorify life. They were showing that they were not afraid of the stares of the conformists who came on the spectacle and were properly appalled.

Did the celebration in the Sheep Meadow have anything to do with religion? Hippies versed in theology could make out a case. The eminent theologian, Paul Tillich, defined religious belief as "ground of being." Presumably the celebrants were asserting both their state of being and the fact that they had something to be for, even though it seemed a little nebulous.

The Be-In is not peculiar to New York. It is said to have originated in San Francisco, where thousands of hippies paid homage to life and love last January.

In a New York church the minister, dressed in a green sports coat, delivered an Easter sermon consisting mainly of readings from the works of Dylan Thomas and Bob Dylan. Three dancers then skipped up the aisle to what used to be the altar, where they jumped about while the congregation sang, "Give me your hand, give me your hand. All I want is to love our God, oh." The worshipers then pinned small squares of felt onto a yellow banner hanging opposite the pulpit. "We're creating—weaving in a sense—our own Easter banner," the clergyman explained. It was *aggiornamento* in Washington Square.

In front of St. Patrick's Cathedral pickets demonstrated for peace in Vietnam. They were surrounded by policemen with bull horns and walkie-talkies, but the crowds were more friendly than in the past. Either it was the spirit of Easter, or the Vietnamese War has become so unpopular that protests are viewed sympathetically. A veteran picket in a coolie hat inclined to the latter view. "People don't make nasty remarks any more," he said. "They're beginning to understand."

Rebellion on the day of the Resurrection was not confined to the hippies and their subculture. An Air Force Academy instructor, Capt. Dale E. Noyd, filed suit in federal court in Denver, through the Civil Liberties Union, to enjoin the Air Force from sending him to Vietnam. "I must stand on what I am and what I believe."

Captain Noyd told his superiors. "The war in Vietnam is unjust and immoral, and if ordered to do so, I shall refuse to fight in that war." In England, when serving with an F-100 squadron, he received a medal for landing a badly damaged plane. He is a career officer—what could be more square? But you never can tell.

The Ultimate Escalation

The quarterly *New University Thought* has published a special issue, "Decisions for America," incorporating the papers delivered at the conference on "The National Priorities Problem" organized by Prof. Seymour Melman and some of his colleagues at Columbia University. *Nation* readers are familiar with Mr. Melman's thesis, expressed in *Our Depleted Society* and in numerous articles and speeches. What is not yet generally realized, however, is that the problem is not only one of guns versus butter, or Vietnam versus the Great Society, or whether electronics engineers, for instance, should be working on devices for continuous monitoring of critically sick hospital patients or on anti-missile-missile radar guidance. The real question is how much longer there are going to be people. The way things are going, thermonuclear war may erupt, not in a comfortably distant future but in the final stages of the Vietnamese War, now entering its most crucial phase since Lyndon B. Johnson double-crossed the electorate in 1964.

On a longer time scale, the outlook is examined in the paper on "Humanizing Modern Technology," by Stephen Unger, like Mr. Melman a professor of engineering at Columbia. Mr. Unger has brought together the certain effects on human beings of the use of thermonuclear weapons, the futility of all proposed means of protection, and the flaws in the argument that mutual deterrence will avert a showdown. Much of this we have heard before (which is added reason for taking it seriously), but Mr. Unger also offers a new and pertinent analysis of the possible transition from conventional to nuclear warfare. As casualties mount on both sides, national "honor" becomes a paramount issue. When the foe still refuses to submit to our "honorable" terms, and all conventional escalations have been exhausted, and both the military and civilian populations are becoming dangerously restive, a quick finish may be sought by application of "small" tactical nuclear weapons. Thus—assuming that both sides have such weapons at their disposal—the escalation process will once more be set in motion, at a higher level. The bigger the war, the greater the accumulation of casualties, the more difficult it will be for the weaker side to give in and the stronger side to stop escalating. Or, if the two sides are equally matched, Mr. Unger suggests that there will always be highly placed people in both countries who will advocate "getting it over with," and eventually the "grand annihilation" will be brought about.

Mr. Unger does not apply this prognosis to Vietnam,

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No. 15

but one can readily conceive of circumstances in which the war will take some such course. A land invasion of North Vietnam appears to be in the works: the advent of Gen. Creighton D. Abrams, a proven ground-gainer of World War II, is the most recent augury. As long as only General Giap's divisions oppose the American advance, TNT, gunpowder and napalm may suffice, but suppose, when we are on the brink of "victory," the Chinese hordes should be thrown into the fray, as in Korea when MacArthur came to the Yalu River. Will America, still short of 200 million population, be expected to stand up against the manpower of 700 million Chinese? Secretary McNamara has been quoted as saying that the United States will use nuclear weapons "in any situation in the world when we believe it is desirable to use them in our own interest." If not then, when?

New University Thought appeals for conferences to be held on every campus, with the papers in its special issue as a springboard. This is a fine idea, but it would be well for the participants to be awakened to a new sense of urgency. It is perfectly possible that events will overtake the question of whether technology can be humanized.

Evasion by Definition

With his customary insensitivity to principle, President Johnson has implemented a piously expedient report on CIA support of private institutions prepared for him by Under Secretary of State Katzenbach. To reassure our friends abroad, the report states, the CIA is enjoined in future from this type of subversion—except when in the judgment of the Secretaries of State and Defense the practice is necessary to the national welfare. The men so designated are Messrs. Rusk and McNamara, and our allies will have to decide, in the light of policies this pair has previously endorsed in the name of security, how much assurance they have in fact been given.

The recommendation bans without qualification CIA influence upon the overseas activities of "educational or private voluntary organizations," but one requires no unusual capacity for reading between lines to see that this careful wording need not be held to include labor unions, corporations with international interests or professional societies. Indeed, given the Administration's proved talent for evasion by definition, it is doubtful that it would cover any group that Mr. Rusk and Mr. McNamara wished to buy with covert funds.

The Katzenbach report does not put an end forthwith to the practice it pretends to deplore, but urges a phasing out as rapidly as "clean" money can be found for the ongoing activities. The Under Secretary does not tell us what groups are still being so benefited; instead, according to *The New York Times*, he describes their number as "very, very, very small." The paper wisely ascribes no figure to this adverbial triplication. In brief, the new policy states that the Administration, acknowledg-

ing the error of having been found out, will continue to subvert American citizens for as long and under such circumstances as it sees fit.

The report justifies the practice of turning private groups into secret government agencies on the ground that Communist countries exercise such control. This excuse is consistent with the general blunting of our democratic principles. We are prepared to fight anywhere, any time, in defense of the "open society," and we employ the techniques of totalitarianism whenever we think we detect a temporary advantage in doing so. Indeed, it might be held that today a country like Russia is the more "open." One assumes that its citizens are the servants of national policy; by our traditions, that is not liberty, but neither is it duplicity. Mr. Johnson's ringing slogan, The Great Society, begins to sound like one of the more cynical utterances of the Bourbon monarchs.

Senator Brooke and Dr. King

Anyone reading the headlines of March 24 might conclude that history was a plot. One read, "Dr. King to Press Antiwar Stand"; another, "Brooke Shifts War View and Supports President." No doubt the timing was accidental, but accidents can be politically important. In this instance, what would have been a setback for the President turned into a day of triumph. He had, as the papers put it, won a prize convert whose timely conversion offset Dr. King's renewed attack on the Administration's war policy, which he first launched at the Nation Institute conference in Los Angeles on February 25.

Aside from the fact that a switch in position is inherently newsworthy—even when, as in this instance, it is carefully qualified—Senator Brooke's maiden speech was bound to attract public attention. He is important in his own right, by virtue of past achievements; he is also the first Negro to sit in the Senate since Reconstruction. Even if he had reiterated his earlier view that we should cease bombing North Vietnam without demanding a *quid pro quo*, he would have got the headlines. But his general conclusion that the "direction of our present military efforts is necessary," gave the hawks a field day and made the President a happy man. While Senator Brooke did have some sensible things to say about American policy in Southeast Asia—points which the press did not emphasize—the general effect of the speech was to strengthen the hawk position. Not only did the speech take the edge off Dr. King's important and cogently reasoned statement but it will, to some extent, further divide the already divided Negro civil rights movement on the crucial war question. More important, Senator Brooke's endorsement of present military policies can work mischief in the Republican ranks. The front-runner, George Romney, has been trying to avoid making the general endorsement of the Administration's conduct of the war which Senator Brooke has now made. With Governor Rockefeller, who

supports the President without reservation, already urging Romney to take a hawk position, this added pressure from still another "liberal-moderate" Republican will offset the kind of counterpressure that Senator Javits has been attempting to exert on the unhappy and hesitant Romney. During the '66 campaign, Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy and Senator Brooke were in fairly close agreement and were stressing, in varying degrees, a critical line. The election victories of these three held some promise of moving the GOP into a position less belligerent than that adopted by the Administration, but this promise is fading. For months the columnists and commentators have been saying that Vietnam will be the dominant issue in the 1968 election, if the war is still on. But given a few more defections such as Senator Brooke's, the issue may degenerate into a competition in hawkishness.

More surprising than the fact that the Senator decided to shift his position on the war is his failure to counter the thrust of Dr. King's criticism. On the C.B.S. program, *Face the Nation*, Martin Agronsky, Alex Kendrick and Robert Novak, in some of the best questioning of an interviewee in years, forced Senator Brooke to acknowledge that the war in Vietnam had brought the civil rights movement to a dead halt. The Senator, of course, said that "survival" came first—and, besides, there are only so many dollars to disburse. The argument is evasive on its face. With a proper allocation of resources—with tough wage and price controls—it would not be necessary to cut back Great Society programs. But to hold conservative support, the Administration has elected to jettison social reform while steadily increasing military spending. In endorsing the President's direction of the war, Senator Brooke has not merely let the peace movement down, he has left American Negroes in the lurch.

Kill Cong

Hollywood, usually quick to produce films showing American wars to be holy wars, appears to have lost interest in Vietnam after the tentative *The Green Berets*. Is this because the Hollywood formula of the good-guy, underdog Americans against the wickedly aggressive Nazis does not fit? In any reasonable facsimile of this war it would be difficult to portray as saviors the heavily equipped Americans who have come 8,000 miles to assault lightly armed, underfed, pajama-clad natives in their straw villages.

In earlier wars it was the Germans, Japanese or Chinese who were held responsible for the deaths of women and children in flaming villages; in this war, if our own dispatches and newsreels are to be believed, the Americans are playing this role. In earlier wars the local populace was subjugated by a puppet government set up by Germans or Japanese, and the Americans appeared as the liberators. In South Vietnam the puppet government is established by the Americans, whose forces range the

countryside like so many Germans or Japanese. The underground is opposed to the Americans, not on their side as in Italy and France.

Ingenious though they are, the script writers are evidently baffled by the intractability of the material. They are joined in this by the writers of comic books who, according to National Periodical Publications, Inc., have not found a formula for Vietnam that the kiddies will buy. In the picture books, the GIs are still back on the beaches of Normandy and Okinawa and in the hills of Korea.

Spilled Milk

It is distressing to see milk being spilled—and the dairy farmers are spilling millions of dollars' worth. But it is not they who are to blame. They are caught in a squeeze that goes back many years and their patience is at an end. In a familiar agricultural situation, the cost of what they buy keeps going up and the price of their product remains the same. What can they do but dump the milk? Under the circumstances, it is the best tactic available to them. It is spectacular—the TV stations show it every night—and nonviolent. There has been little disorder, largely because dumping is the preferred technique.

But the odds are against the embattled dairymen. As always, the farmer is the farmer's worst enemy. Raised in the tradition of rugged individualism, farmers tend to go their own way. Those who are making a profit sell their milk, while those who are in financial straits—and can least afford it—are dumping theirs. Some big farms are active in the dumping program, but it is doubtful that enough milk will be wasted to bring the distributors to terms. There has been some support from organized labor but, again, hardly enough to affect the outcome.

Collective bargaining should be encouraged by every possible means among the farmers themselves. Until they are well enough organized to protect their own interest, in a society like ours they will always be in trouble and sporadic revolts will not get them out of it. The only redeeming feature of the present situation is that, while the Vietnamese War is not the only factor in the farmers' difficulties, the milk-wasting program does give some evidence that the war is beginning to trigger significant economic discontent on the home front. In the long-term outlook, another favorable factor is stressed by the *News Letter of Business and Industry* (October 24, 1966) of the New Jersey Bank. Discussing "Our Dwindling Farm Surpluses," the *News Letter* says that "U.S. policy must shift from its long fight against food surpluses to a fight against world famine." And: "The priority given scientists and engineers in our military and space programs is having adverse effects on the supply of agricultural scientists and farm engineers turned out by the universities." When these facts sink in, the farmers, adequately organized, may be able to improve their lot.

Forgotten History of the Draft

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Whatever popular opinion as to draft reform may be, the fundamental issues have been decided: there is going to be a lottery, 19 year olds will be eligible first, and there will be no nonmedical graduate deferments. Congress need only ritually extend the Selective Service Act another four years and Johnson's proposals will be law by Executive order.

The new draft machinery may indeed be more equitable, but the surprising fact that emerges from a consideration of the President's specific proposals is that the primary consideration was not fairness but the course of American foreign policy, and the means by which that policy might best be advanced. We are witnessing the transformation of the draft from a temporary to a permanent system of military procurement; from an expedient devised to meet the threat of a national emergency requiring a conventional mass army, to a streamlined system intended to meet the long-range needs of a continuing policy of intervention and occupation within the context of limited warfare.

In the name of democratizing the draft, Americans are militarizing their society and foreign policy. All aspects of the draft reform movement—its initial motivation, the rhetoric in which it is couched, the basic structural consequences—reflect the degree to which our society is increasingly subject to military pressures and priorities.

The principal factor in the draft debate is not the Selective Service System itself. Dissension over the Vietnamese War and the fact that hundreds of thousands of draftees are being sent to Vietnam have initiated the controversy over the fairness and wisdom of the draft. The most common early criticism of the draft concerned inequities resulting from the difference in local board procedures and the general disruption and uncertainty injected into the lives of young men. But with the escalation of the war in 1965, criticism both escalated and shifted. Suddenly the one glaring injustice became the 1.7 million college and graduate students who possess the II-S deferment, some until the age of 26 when they become virtually exempt. In point of fact, students who parlay deferments into exemptions are only a fraction of the more than 50 per cent of the manpower pool who never render military service, including more than 3.5 million men exempt as fathers or with other dependents, and more than 5 million exempt for failing to meet mental and physical standards. Nevertheless, the students, partly because they dramatize the difference in fortune between a minority who face death abroad and a majority who can pursue their private lives at home, and partly because of their prominence in dissenting from the government's policies in Vietnam, became the single major popular target of draft reform. Mr. Johnson's proposals reflect the popu-

lar attitude, and no matter what their final form, no student hereafter will be able to escape exposure to army call-up.

Yet, oddly enough, just before 1965 we appeared to be heading toward a conviction that the draft was obsolete. Prior to the Vietnamese build-up, official studies pointed to the waste involved in the draft system and to the advisability of attracting the necessary manpower on a voluntary basis by offering sufficient inducements. As recently as 1964, a minority report to the House on the military manpower procurement system indicated that voluntary enlistment was feasible and recommended that the approach should be studied in detail.

As a result of pressure arising from the report, President Johnson, in April, 1964, ordered a Defense Department study of the draft law and military manpower program which was to include the "possibility of meeting our requirements on a voluntary basis for the next decade." During the elections of that year, when Johnson ran as the peace candidate, there were clear indications that he was seriously considering abolition of the draft. The study was completed on schedule and did, it appears, foresee an end to compulsory service, but it came at the wrong time. The President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were by then planning the massive Vietnamese offensive, and rumors of a volunteer system would have utterly confused the country and raised intolerable questions as to our plans. Consequently, the study was not released until June, 1966, and was thoroughly altered to exclude any possibility that conscription might be scrapped. As finally presented to the House Armed Services Committee at that time by Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas D. Morris, it concluded that the extremely high cost of a professional army, estimated at anywhere from \$4 billion to \$17 billion annually, was prohibitive.

Congressmen severely attacked the Defense Department for intentionally delaying the study, and for conducting private hearings with no published testimony. It was said that the figures were so imprecise as to settle nothing. Critics pointed out that only inadequate attempts had been made to determine the savings which would result from the reduced turnover and training cycles, elimination of Selective Service bureaucracy, and greater overall effectiveness.

In the midst of this furor President Johnson announced in July that he was appointing a National Advisory Commission on Selective Service to report on all aspects of the draft and to make recommendations for its improvement. Concerning the narrow range of official alternatives, Hanson Baldwin, a man usually tolerant of military priorities, wrote in *The New York Times Magazine* of November 20:

Much more spadework needs to be done before either the Presidential commission or Congress can reasonably recommend new legislation. The Pentagon's failure, for instance, to give an adequate account-

ing of the savings and costs of a long-term professional volunteer force needs rectification.

From the start, however, it was clear that the abolition of the draft was not to get serious consideration by the commission. The Defense Department alteration of its study successfully torpedoed the immediate prospects of abolishing conscription and may even have permanently killed the possibility of a voluntary army.

One of the remarkable and important aspects of the discussion surrounding draft reform is that it reveals over the last fifteen years, and especially since the Vietnamese War, a complete reversal of popular attitude toward conscription and the original intentions of the law.

The present draft law, officially known as the Universal Military Training and Service Act, is essentially the act signed by President Truman in 1951. That law was the result of the last great national debate on the subject, which also took place in the midst of a war. Two facts about the original intention of the law are crucial: first, it is selective because it was meant to be temporary; second, it is temporary because it was specifically meant to serve as a counterbalance to the growing power of the American military establishment.

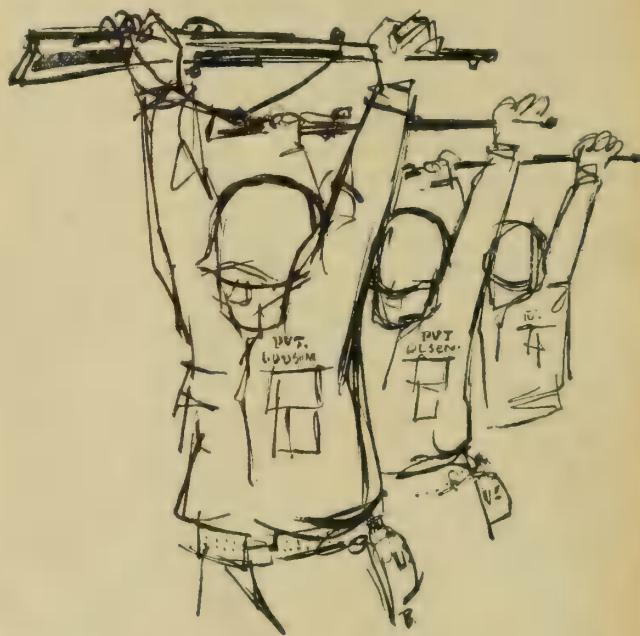
In the context of the Korean crisis and with the draft law of 1948 about to expire, the Pentagon had been routinely given the task of writing renewal legislation. But when the proposed bill emerged, it was found that the Pentagon had included a provision for Universal Military Training (UMT), a program which would compel all males to undergo six months of training and eight years in the reserves, and which was to replace Selective Service as a permanent peacetime policy. Public opinion was outraged and a large civilian coalition came into existence to oppose a universal and permanent draft, which a broad segment of the country considered to be a militarization of the society beyond demonstrable military need. Critics of UMT charged that the military was exploiting the hysteria of the Korean crisis.

The military argument was weak because the generals could not show convincingly that there was a strategic necessity for the program. It was not required for the Korean effort, and proponents of UMT had increasingly to invoke amorphous moral and social benefits which they alleged would accrue to the general society from the equity of universal military training. In the end, UMT was separated from Selective Service and soundly defeated. This rejection and the adoption of a temporary and selective draft were meant to check the growth of military power and to dispose of the notion that conscription should serve anything other than a strictly military purpose. In 1951-52, inequity was accepted as an unavoidable part of such a system and as a secondary issue. The real question was whether measures would be taken to make the draft more permanent or to insure that it remained temporary. On this ground, the deferments built into Selective Service were justified as a guarantee of liberty.

The irony of the present movement to do away with student deferments is that no military justification whatsoever has been put forward. Last summer before

the House Armed Services Committee, Secretary Morris defended student deferment on the ground that the military relies on the civilian educational system for 90 per cent of its new officers. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, supported the policy by reminding the committee that 56 per cent of college students serve, as opposed to 46 per cent of noncollege youths, that the policy is invaluable in channeling students into training for positions which are essential to the national economy and defense, and that even with the Vietnamese build-up the I-A pool would not have to be expanded by the reclassification of college students.

Thus, from a military point of view, it is not necessary to abolish student deferments. Yet, unable to do away with the draft in the context of Vietnam, and impatient to deal with what appear to be glaring inequities,



proponents of draft reform have turned toward greater universalization of service as the solution.

Not that true equality is attainable by the method proposed. A national lottery will guarantee that no one will escape exposure to the draft by turning a deferment into an exemption, but it will not remove the basic inequity between the minority who will be condemned to two years of service by lot, and the lucky majority who will be effectively exempt. The army, by exempting more than 5 million men as unfit for service, has worked more inequities than Selective Service deferments. The poor, who are disproportionately unable to meet these standards, will now become the outstanding exempt group. This fact especially reveals the superficiality of the draft reform and the hypocrisy of a society which meets the problems of structural inequality by exposing the educated and better off to the draft to fight a war which is waged at the direct expense of the poverty program, and the burden of which is borne by the poor through inflation and an inequitable tax structure.

But since universalization appears to make the draft more just, it will no doubt make it more acceptable on

a permanent basis. Fifteen years ago the primary concern was the justice of the system; today the primary concern is justice *within* the system.

The more society becomes committed to the maintenance of the military, the more the issues which relate to the military, especially in the realm of foreign affairs, will be removed from political debate. The more we accept and rely upon a large and expensive military establishment, the more will military needs take priority over domestic social problems. Furthermore, with a military establishment whose actions are legitimized in advance by the legitimization of the system, democratic public debate will inevitably be constricted.

But the full importance of the changes in social attitude implied by greater legitimization of conscription becomes apparent only by considering the structural changes taking place in the draft system and how they relate to our foreign policy.

The trouble with the present draft system is that it was developed in the post World War II world on the assumption that we faced a national emergency which would require the mass mobilization of manpower. Thus, in 1951, the purpose of the Selective Service by law was to select as expediently as possible men who were essential for military service. But the military, on the other hand, recognized that it would have to take as many men as possible to justify the need for the draft, and that therefore it would have to distribute the burden of service as widely as possible.

Working against the intentions of both groups over the last fifteen years has been the growth of the manpower pool. The result has been that an increasingly smaller percentage of the available manpower has been needed for military service. Prior to 1965, the military requirement was only 400,000 men per year of the 12 million who were eligible. As a result, the Selective Service has granted increasingly liberal deferments and the military has raised standards to curtail eligibility. Congressmen have charged that the military has also padded its roster to create unnecessary positions and refused to accept voluntary enlistments beyond the point where they would threaten the need for a draft law.

That President Johnson's proposals are aimed primarily at streamlining the draft rather than at wiping out inequities is indicated by the equally important proposals he has made for turning 70,000 military positions over to civilians in fiscal 1967, for tightening up the standards for mental and physical exemption, and for converting the more than 4,000 local boards into from 300 to 500 area centers.

A policy of limited war demands that the society remain largely unruffled and give bipartisan support to the adventure. War may always be an extension of politics, but limited warfare is most transparently an extension of the political arm. The Administration must be in full control and be assured that its policy is fully sanctioned. To be effective, limited war must be fast and efficient and thus not dependent upon the checks of democratic political debate.

Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and policy

makers like Bundy and Rostow have already predicted a "thirty-year series of little wars." Prof. Seymour Melman reported recently that McNamara has already named ten world trouble spots where we can expect the need for military intervention in the near future. The Defense Department has proposed the building of eighteen to twenty giant FDL (Fast Deployment Logistics) ships at a cost of \$1 billion. These vessels would be continually maintained at sea and would be fully loaded with heavy equipment and supplies to maintain troops who would presumably go into action by air.

In such perspective, the Vietnamese War is no accident, but part of a new long-range policy of intervention aimed at fighting limited wars to secure political ends. If the draft seems a bungling mess, that is primarily because it is out of gear with the nature of the policy.

McNamara has said privately, according to an article in *The Atlantic* in March:

The greatest contribution Vietnam is making—right or wrong beside the point—is that it is developing an ability in the United States to fight a limited war, to go to war without the necessity of arousing the public ire. In that sense, Vietnam is almost a necessity in our history, because that is the kind of war we'll most likely be facing for the next fifty years.

It seems clear, then, that the proposal of the lottery and the abolition of deferments is a move toward creating a procurement system which meets the needs of a policy based upon intervention and occupation. Such a program would ideally be fast, responsive, flexible, and cause the minimum amount of disturbance to the civilian economy and society. It would demand that the policy be in effect presanctioned, with financial and manpower support committed in advance. Hence the importance of a system which is socially legitimate because it is as fair as luck itself.

Constitutionally, civilians have checks upon the military through the power of Congress to appropriate funds, to declare war, and to raise an army; and by the fact that the President as Commander in Chief is a civilian. But these checks have grown increasingly meaningless as the military has become a direct offshoot of administrative policy.

The one major alternative which could have recaptured democratic control of the new politico-military policy would have been the establishment of a professional army. A highly trained and technically skilled professional army restricted in size and budget would place obvious limitations on the ability of the Executive and the military to involve this country in wars of intervention and occupation without Congressional and popular approval.

By contrast, the lottery enlarges, perhaps by as much as 50 per cent, the immediately available manpower pool and facilitates immediate call-ups by eliminating the check of deferments. It eliminates even the checks which the present system places on how quickly and to how large an extent the Administration can involve us in a war without first securing widespread popular support. The new system will be as flexible as an accordion, and the politico-military policy makers, not the people, will play the tune.

IS THERE A LATIN AMERICA?

RONALD HILTON

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On April 12, President Johnson will represent the Colossus of the North at a meeting in Punta del Este which will celebrate the birth of the Colossus of the South. At least, we are told that a colossus is being born: a unified Latin America. The curtain raiser for the Punta del Este summit has just concluded at Montevideo, where twenty nations endorsed in principle the creation of a common market by unified efforts to be made between 1970 and 1985.

Sen. Wayne Morse, who does not very often display enthusiasm for President Johnson's activities, has described the meeting as "the most important conference we have yet had on Latin America." The precise aim of the conference, as the United States sees it, is to organize a common market—i.e., a common tariff barrier for all member nations—in 1970. It is hoped that within a decade this common market will be fully organized. The Latin American advocates of integration hope in addition for a much broader union which will end the unpleasant dictum about "the Disunited States of Latin America."

The aspiration of some Latin American intellectuals is not surprising. The vision of a united Latin America which could speak to the United States on a basis of equality is an old one. The surprise is the reversal in attitude of the United States, which hitherto has backed a Pan American system in which it was the kingpin. It has in the past proposed, unsuccessfully, a Pan American common market. Latin America has rejected this plan, which would open up the southern republics to U.S. enterprise and kill many of the fledgling industries there. Two questions must now be asked: Why has the United States changed its tune? How far can Latin America unite?

Regarding the first, one cannot help suspecting that in some measure our endorsement of Latin American unity is a gimmick. Anyone familiar with Washington knows the propensities of administrations to think up grandiose schemes and phrases which give the impression of a great leap forward. Undoubtedly, there is an element of this, and Johnson's trip is in considerable measure a public relations gesture. (Ten days before the Punta del Este meeting, the President entertained a large Latin American diplomatic party at his Texas ranch, supplying a barbecue dinner and ten-gallon hats to the visiting envoys.) Yet there is substance in the U.S. support of a Latin American common market. Essentially, the United States has given up hope of creating a Pan American common market. Moreover, taking into account the disparity of wages and other facts of life, our business elite has discovered that it can make money from foreign subsidiaries, provided they command a large enough market. Few individual republics offer a market of the required size, but a unified Latin America would do so.

In addition, a Latin American common market would spare Washington a recurring embarrassment. When a republic like Honduras demands that the United States facilitate its anti-economical acquisition of a steel mill or a jet airline simply for national prestige, Washington could refer to the master planning of the common market.

How far can Latin America unite? This highly technical question is scarcely broached in the enthusiastic statements supporting President Johnson's mission. There is a general feeling that the small nation state is an anachronism in the modern world and that larger groupings should be encouraged. Sometimes large groupings succeed; the European Common Market is the most conspicuous case. More frequently they fail. The Federation of the West Indies failed pathetically, and we are now left with an assortment of mini-states which no one knows what to do with. Will a unified Latin America succeed like the European Common Market, or will it fail like the Caribbean federation? A major international conference to be held in Palo Alto in April, 1968, under the auspices of the California Institute of International Studies, will attempt to provide a detailed answer. Meanwhile, I offer on the eve of the conference my own tentative assessment.

There is unmistakably a move away from Pan Americanism. Disillusioned with it, the governments of Latin America are groping toward unity. They sense that Latin America has a low priority in the concerns of the Johnson Administration and believe that by forming a unified front they would have a louder voice not only in their dealings with Washington and the other capitals of the world but also with international organizations such as the European Common Market. There are many signs of this trend. In December, 1964, a Latin American parliament was established at a conference held in Lima, Peru. More recently, the emphasis has been economic. President Eduardo Frei of Chile and, following his lead, many other Latin American Presidents have stressed the need for Latin American unity.

No Longer a Back Yard

After World War II the United States created around the world a series of alliances, systems or spheres of influence in which it would be the dominating force. These systems are breaking down because one or more of the other powers involved does not wish to be a junior partner. It is easy to denounce this dissolution as Communist-inspired, but in fact the regimes which are defying the United States are rightist, centrist or leftist, and they often proclaim their friendship for the United States while they undermine the U.S.-controlled systems. De Gaulle immediately comes to mind. The government of Pakistan is conservative, but by befriending Communist China it is diminishing U.S. influence in Southeast Asia and weakening the American-blessed SEATO and CENTO pacts. The Philippine Islands has a moderate government, but it is loosening its bonds to the United States: asserting its

personality by abandoning July 4 as its Independence Day, dropping the American names of streets, and even stressing its Hispanic as well as native tradition.

We smugly regard Latin America as our back yard, but the same phenomenon is occurring there. We assumed that the Pact of Bogotá, which transformed the Pan American Union into the Organization of American States, would rejuvenate the inter-American system, but the OAS has failed to spark the enthusiasm of Latin Americans. It would be foolish to see in this the hand of Castro's Cuba, however much Castro may despise the OAS. The fact is that Latin America is asserting its identity and in the process trying to find unity. Indeed, Castro's revolution was primarily a revolt against a corrupt regime closely associated with the United States. Castro was seeking the mystical ideal of *cubanidad*, and only well after the revolution had triumphed did he ally himself with the Communists. The Cuban Government today is still primarily nationalist; at heart, it wants to be assimilated into the Sino-Soviet systems no more than it wished to be integrated into the U.S. bloc. The assertion of Latin America's identity is an old story, and it is only by distorting history that we can make Bolívar or Martí out to be heralds of the Pan American system.

In appearance, all of Latin America is being Americanized. It might be assumed that this will make Latin Americans understand and like the United States. The more prosperity and the more gadgets, the more love of the United States from which these blessings flow. Unfortunately, this is a *non sequitur*, as is proved by the example of Cuba, which was the most Americanized, gadgetized and televised country in Latin America. Guatemala, for example, spends freely on automobiles, TV sets and transistor radios. But the apparent prosperity is enjoyed by only 27 per cent of the population, who receive 78 per cent of the GNP, while the remaining 73 per cent of the population receive a bare 22 per cent. Even the peasant who has managed to buy a transistor radio on credit will be envious of the "oligarch" who has an automobile and a TV set. The intellectuals and the students, who usually have neither of the latter, will see in this hateful disparity the familiar result of alliance between the United States, big business and a military dictatorship.

To what degree is Latin America within the financial orbit of the United States? The rate of U.S. investment in Latin America varies considerably according to the business climate. In Cuba it is zero. In Brazil, which is now the *enfant gâté* of the United States, vigorous attempts are being made to attract U.S. capital. Yet it does not follow that growth of U.S. investments will bring about a sense of solidarity with the United States. It has not in Cuba, France or even Canada. The U.S. Government has developed mixed feelings about increasing U.S. investments in other parts of the world, but it is actively encouraging investment in Latin America as a means of insuring that the area remains in the U.S. orbit, and the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961 was intended primarily to encourage investment in the southern republics.

The prosperity of the urban elite brought about by American-style capitalism is not viewed as a panacea in Latin America except by the minority which profits from it. Although we hear about advanced social security in

Latin America, in no country is there adequate unemployment compensation, and yet unemployment and underemployment are the continent's most serious problem. In Mexico they probably run as high as 30 per cent (the official figures disguise this fact), but the Instituto Mexicano del Seguro Social, which provides cradle-to-grave medical care for those it covers, does nothing for the unemployed. Officials of the institute admit that the problem is too big for the government. It is hard to sell Latin Americans an economic system which seems to have a built-in high unemployment rate.

The People and the Bankers

Linked with unemployment is grinding poverty, which an apparent trade boom may help to hide. We are told that the Mexican economy is prospering, and the boast is made that Mexico has now become an exporter of — *mirabile dictu!* — wheat, to the tune of about 3 million bushels a year. The cruel fact is that wheat is exported because the mass of Mexicans are too poor to buy all the wheat products they want. Let us not forget the resentment aroused in Mexico by the export to the United States of cattle — and men — for whom there was no place in the Mexican economy.

The Latin American press pays scant attention to the fate of the peasants. The Mexico City papers report little of the deep unrest in the Mexican countryside, although President Díaz Ordaz felt compelled to refer to it in his inaugural address. The local power elite usually resents land reform, but the U.S. Administration has made its concern clear. The example of Cuba has aroused deep anxiety in the U.S. Government. Well it may, for in addition to the threat of Castroism, the new Institute of Latin American Studies in the Academy of Sciences in Moscow is showing a special interest in Latin American peasant movements. Only Heaven and perhaps the CIA know what the Chinese Communists are up to. The preoccupation of the United States is reflected in the Dominican Republic, where there is popular sympathy in the countryside for the regime of nearby Cuba. The Ford Foundation and the U.S. Agency for International Development have assisted a group of Santiago de los Caballeros businessmen to found an agricultural school, and are in general trying to relieve the strains among the peasantry. This is but one example of the peaceful transformation with which the United States hopes to avoid a violent change in the social structure of Latin America.

The Alliance for Progress was launched amid great hopes at the 1961 conference at Punta del Este. Since then, widespread disillusionment has set in. Colombia, which was to be the showcase of the Alliance, presents one of the most discouraging spectacles in Latin America. Although we are assured that the corner has been turned, in general the Alliance has apparently failed to stimulate the 2.5 per cent annual economic growth which was its minimum goal. Too many people thought the Alliance would help them promote their own peculiar projects.

In the struggle between the structuralists, who want rapid social reform in Latin America regardless of its effect on financial stability, and the monetarists, who think that only a stable currency and fiscal responsibility

will make substantial, albeit slow, progress possible, Latin America tends to side with the structuralists, the United States and the various international banks with the monetarists. Despite its alluring name, the Alliance for Progress represents a victory for the monetarists, while the Brazilian-sponsored Operação Panamericana, which the U.S.-sponsored Alliance displaced, would have been carried out in the spirit of the structuralists. At the insistence of the United States, the Alliance for Progress is being used as an instrument to impose fiscal reform. This may appear admirable, but Latin Americans do not like to be told that they must tighten their belts, and it seems cruel for well-fed Americans to exhort impoverished Latin Americans to do so. It is startling, for example, to read in an advertisement published in the United States this proud boast by the Venezuelan Government about its accomplishments under the Alliance for Progress: "In the field of fiscal reform, Venezuela started taking necessary measures early in 1961. Salaries of public employees were reduced." Featherbedding is one thing, but the lowering of moderate government salaries seems a strange form of progress. Some confidence in the Alliance for Progress developed as a result of the creation in 1964 of the Inter-American Committee for the Alliance for Progress, but in general, enthusiasm for the Alliance has waned markedly.

Financial activities in Latin America of U.S. investors and U.S.-sponsored banks give a false impression of hemispheric unity. Even Latin American businessmen dislike playing second fiddle to U.S. capitalism, although they will accept foreign capital as a catalyst for their own activities. The Communists wish to assert the personality of Latin America by fighting U.S. capitalism, the en-

trepreneurs by slowly usurping it or reducing it to a minor role.

Most Latin Americans are embarrassed by inter-American military cooperation. There was something noble about it during the crusade against Nazism, but now it is primarily concerned with counterinsurgency and aimed at bolstering the *status quo*. The U.S. armed forces are seen as potentially playing the invidious role they have assumed in South Vietnam. Operation Ayacucho, the combined military maneuvers held each December in Peru, provides a grotesque contrast between the wastefulness of the armies and the crushing poverty of the Indians of the Andes. It is hard to wax Homeric about Arms and the Businessman. In sum, Latin Americans do not feel solidarity with the United States. Is the alternative a united Latin America?

Cultural Unity of Latin America

First of all, does "Latin America" exist? There are doubts, and even the name has been widely questioned. Is there a psychological basis without which unification of Latin America will be an illusion? Does Latin America have cultural unity? After all, "Africa," divided as it is into three ethnic worlds, is little more than a geographical expression, and for this reason the Organization for African Unity is a paper elephant.

Many conservative Latin Americans have proclaimed that the southern republics are united in race, language and religion. Racially, Latin America has more variety than any other area in the world except Africa—from the white population of Argentina and Uruguay to the Negro population of Haiti and the heavily Indian population of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. However, there is not the sharp split between two racial groups which characterizes the United States, and the process of *mestizaje* is slowly bringing about what José Vasconcelos called "the cosmic race," the first synthesis of the white, yellow and Negro races in the world. Argentines seldom boast any longer of their racial purity, while the romantic cult of the pure Indian seems to have been dismissed as unrealistic.

Although mulattos and Negroes still occupy the lowest stratum in Latin American society, they are no longer viewed with the scorn implicit in earlier Argentinian references to "the monkeys of Brazil." Gilberto Freyre's thesis of "Luso-Tropicalism" dovetails with Vasconcelos' proclamation of "the cosmic race," since it maintains that the Portuguese in Brazil showed an unusual ability to mingle with the Negroes and the Indians and to interbreed with them. A few years ago Salvador de Madariaga's thesis that Bolívar was part Negro aroused violent resentment in Spanish America. I recently put this suggestion to a group of young Colombian conservatives. They showed no sign of irritation, calmly admitting that it was possible. In short, Latin America is moving toward racial unity.

Does Latin America have linguistic unity? Anthropologists exaggerate the role of Indian languages. In an attempt to reach the Indian population, Cornell University and the University of California at Berkeley have been encouraged to develop the study of such languages as Quechua and Guaraní. In southern Mexico and Central



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America ■ surprising number of Indian dialects survive, and the Summer Institute of Linguistics has been studying them assiduously for missionary purposes. How fast these dialects will disappear is not certain, but there is no doubt that the number of monolingual Indians is declining rapidly. Mass communications are spreading a knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese, and the futile attempts to revive Nahuatl in Mexico have the support neither of the Right nor the Left. Admittedly, the differences between Spanish and Portuguese are such that the ordinary Spanish American does not understand Portuguese, although the reverse is not true. This division is sufficient to contribute to the lack of empathy between Brazil and Spanish America. French, English and Dutch are spoken in Middle America by relatively small numbers of people. Despite these qualifications, it may be said that in comparison with other continents Latin America enjoys linguistic unity.

There is then the question of religion. It is easy to assert, as conservatives do, that Latin America is Roman Catholic. It is true that the Jews and the Protestants are minority groups, but much of Latin America is agnostic, having kept only the forms of Catholicism, and the old antagonism between clericals and anticlericals is still felt. Anticlericalism is just below the surface in Argentina, the success of President Frei is stimulating anticlericalism in Chile, while in Guatemala the military government allied itself with the Church and sponsored a law to introduce religious education in the schools, thus undoing the historic work of President Justo Rufino Barrios (1873-85), who effected the separation of church and state. The Church may thus have won a temporary victory in Guatemala, but the military no longer controls the government and there is trouble ahead. It is, therefore, untrue to say flatly that Latin America is Catholic, but certainly there is not in Latin America the religious divergence and lack of unity which one finds in, say, Africa or Asia. Except for Australasia, Latin America is in religion the least disunited continent in the world.

It is difficult to bring psychological unity to a continent marked by extremes of poverty and wealth. The wealth of Argentina used to be in sharp contrast with the poverty of the rest of Latin America and was the principal cause of its neighbors' resentment. Today Venezuela has the highest per capita income in Latin America—\$1,120 per annum, as compared with less than \$100 in Bolivia. This was why Venezuela was slow to join LAFTA (Latin American Free Trade Association), but there is enough misery and confusion, and incidentally enough race mixture, in Venezuela, to make it less an object of envy than Argentina used to be. Economic differences cause disunity within the countries of Latin America, but no longer set one country against another.

Latin America is a land of youth. About 40 per cent of the people are under the age of 15. This youth is less concerned than were its elders with the bitter nationalistic rivalries which once divided Latin America. Although they do not formulate the attitude clearly, they feel themselves increasingly Latin American, or at least set apart from the United States. This is so even though the youth is the most Americanized sector of the population. There is strength in this unity, at least potential strength, since

the population is already considerably more than that of Anglo-America, and the disparity is increasing. It is true that Brazil with its 80 million people still feels scornful of the *republiquetas* of Middle America, but a similar disparity has in fact facilitated the unity of the USSR. In its relationship with the United States, Latin America stresses its manpower just as China does vis-à-vis Russia. Indeed, the relationship between the United States and Latin America has marked similarities with the earlier relationship between the USSR and Communist China. It is not a very encouraging thought.

All in all, it may be said that Latin America has a considerable degree of cultural unity.

Geography and the Economy

The United States, Russia and Continental Europe have a kind of geographical solidity which facilitates union. Not so Latin America. It is divided into Portuguese America, i.e., Brazil, which does have geographical solidity, and Spanish America. Spanish America stretches 5,000 miles from Mexico to Cape Horn and is only 30 miles wide in Panama. Brazil has geographical unity, and so does South America, but Spanish America and Latin America do not. Middle America (Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean) includes in addition a medley of islands, some of which are part of Spanish America, while others represent different cultural and political traditions and have only a mild, albeit growing, interest in Latin America. It might be argued that Puerto Rico is slowly moving back into the Spanish American orbit, and that the British, Dutch and French territories will have to find their place within the Middle American system. This would enhance the geographical unity of "Latin" America.

Economically, Latin America may be divided into Middle and South America, the former being clearly within the United States sphere, the latter leading a more independent economic life, with important ties to Europe and the Orient. Mexico is the United States' best customer. The United States exports to Mexico far more than it imports. Invisible exports such as tourism have more than made up the difference; the United States takes some 75 per cent of the exports of Central America.

The Caribbean islands look toward the United States and Europe and are disgregated from Latin America proper. Venezuela and the Guianas are not effectively a part of South America, since their ties likewise are with the United States and Europe, and they should, at least for the present, be included in Middle America.

In South America the picture is different. Peru is perhaps the country most closely tied to the United States commercially, but even there U.S. imports were rather less than 50 per cent of total imports. All the countries of South America wish to break the economic hold of the United States, and increased trade with Europe, the Soviet bloc, even China is seen as a means. The present favorable attitude of the Brazilian military government toward U.S. investment does not invalidate this trend.

LAFTA has its headquarters in Montevideo, the South American capital farthest away from Middle America. It was chosen because of its location between the two principal trading nations of South America, Brazil and Argen-



Vadillo, La Prensa (Mexico): Ben Roth

tina, whose economies are complementary. Mexico is the only non-South American country belonging to LAFTA, and its affiliation has few practical consequences. Mexico simply hoped that LAFTA would provide an easy entry to the markets of South America. The Central American Common Market has made substantial progress, but it is at present independent of LAFTA, and much more under U.S. influence. The treaty creating the Central American Common Market was signed by Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua in August, 1961. Costa Rica joined in 1963.

Excellent research on the economic problems of Latin America is being done by ECLA, the Economic Commission for Latin America, a regional office of the United Nations with headquarters in Santiago de Chile. It operates in the theoretical field, while LAFTA is a practical organization. Under Raúl Prebisch, ECLA became a focus of Latin American structuralist doctrine. There is an ECLA center for Middle America in Mexico City, so that in practice the Santiago office devotes its efforts to the study of South America.

How far is South America, excluding perhaps Venezuela and the Guianas, a united continent? Brazil looks toward the Atlantic and turns its back on Spanish America, for which it feels little cordiality or respect. More and more, Brazil regards itself as a great power in its own right, belonging to a different league from the Spanish American countries, even those of South America. It claims a popu-

lation of more than 85 million, which will rise to 100 million by 1970 and to 200 million by the year 2000. Sao Paulo is said to have 6 million inhabitants and to be not only South America's largest but also the world's fastest growing city. To equate numbers with progress and greatness may be naive and shortsighted, but like most other Latin American countries, Brazil has not yet learned that a large population is not necessarily the first goal. Yet, with half the population of South America, Brazil is bound to be a Gulliver surrounded by Lilliputians.

South America has always been a hollow continent. The bulk of the population was, for a series of historic reasons, located close to the coast or in highlands relatively near the coast. In different ways, the governments of Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia and Venezuela are attempting to move into the heartland. When the process is completed, South America will have a sense of unity which the fragmented occupation of today does not permit. The lofty Andes separate Peruvian Amazonas from the coastal area where Lima is located, and the Peruvians have long feared that as Brazil moves westward it will absorb the vast area belonging to Peru, which in reality is a continuation of Brazilian Amazonas. The possible presence of oil deposits in the area has only increased Peruvian anxiety. Brazil, which needs oil badly, has historically expanded its boundaries by astute diplomacy into the area of Spanish America. Hence, President Belaúnde's dream of opening up the eastern two-thirds of Peru as part of the country's economic system. He hopes, with the assistance of the Alliance for Progress, to provide the communications necessary to link coastal Peru with Amazonas, and foreign capital is offered a ten-year tax holiday to establish new enterprises there. The American road-machine manufacturer, Le Tourneau, opened the way, but the silence surrounding his impressive efforts to settle parts of Peruvian Amazonas suggests that they have not been conspicuously successful. However, though this colonization process is bound to be slow, there is little doubt that it will take place.

Despite fears and animosities, time is on the side of Brazil. It seems clear that eventually this colossus will have strung around its neck, like beads, a series of lesser countries from the Guianas to Uruguay. Although there is a lack of warmth, South American unity will be achieved willy-nilly around Brazil. Once more we see a continent divided into Middle and South America, with the Guianas, Venezuela and Colombia having the dual status of borderlands. It is unlikely that there will be complete economic integration of both Middle and South America.

Politics Down the Middle

While Castrophobia is not a widespread phenomenon in Latin America, admiration for present-day Cuba seems to be waning. First, the novelty of Castro has worn off, and everyone is slightly bored by the continuing impasse between Cuba and the United States. While the failure of Cuba to make a great leap forward may be explained in part by the fact that international sugar prices have fallen sharply, the hard truth is that the Castro regime has not fulfilled the hopes so many Latin Americans placed in it. They tend to feel that it will be some time before prosper-

ity shines on Cuba. The Castro regime is supposedly some \$900 million in debt to the Soviet bloc, and its reserves of Western currencies are diminishing.

The power elite in Latin America, through its control of press and radio, constantly attempts to discredit any regime or system to the left of Center. Cuba's difficulties are played up, with no mention of its achievements and no reference to the fact that, whatever the evils of communism, the principal problem has been a new decline in the price of sugar. The "dance of the millions" in the twenties was followed by the depression of the thirties, under capitalism, so it is misleading to attribute all of Cuba's woes to Castro. The problems of tropical agriculture have affected other areas. The Dominican Republic, Costa Rica and even Haiti are all regarded as politically and economically reliable, yet in all three countries the GNP is rising more slowly than the population—i.e., the standard of living is falling.

American capitalism has accepted the success of the Christian Democratic movement in Chile as the lesser of two evils, preferring President Frei's "Revolution with Freedom" to the Castro-type revolution promoted by Salvador Allende. Had Allende won, it is probable that the United States would have done everything in its power to bring about his overthrow. The Frei administration wants good relations with Washington, and the Ambassador to the United States, Radomiro Tomic, is trying to live down his anti-American reputation. While Frei is not as acceptable to U.S. business as was President Alessandri, the agreement he reached with the copper companies seems to satisfy both sides. By "Chileanizing" their subsidiaries and accepting a minority role in them, the U.S. companies will improve their image and actually gain financially. Their taxes have been reduced, and the nationalized companies are free to sell copper to the Communist countries, something which as U.S. companies they were forbidden to do. It is, however, doubtful that Frei can carry out his plan to double copper output by 1970, making Chile the world's leading producer. The euphoria which surrounds the Christian Democratic movement in Chile should not infect our judgment. In Europe the movement has passed its peak, and it is doubtful that in Latin America it will have wide success. Latin America today, like most of the Western world, is largely an agnostic society, and it is difficult to provide unity on the basis of Christianity—even of Christian Socialism.

The simple fact is that the United States likes military regimes in Latin America. They are good for business—or at least they appear to be. For example, the recent Ecuadorian military junta performed admirably from the viewpoint of U.S. business. The sucre remained stable at about 18.5 to the dollar. The Ecuadorian Government signed all three investment guaranty programs of the U.S. Government. The American business community loves Paraguay. That Paraguay is the focal point for large-scale smuggling operations is regarded as irrelevant. All the economic indicators show that business is good, and the guaraní has remained pegged at a stable rate. New roads built with the help of the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank are strengthening the economic infra-structure of the country. The triumph of the military in Brazil and Argentina was also

welcomed by the North American business community, which is little concerned with the fate of Latin American democracy.

A number of countries have middle-of-the-road governments. Uruguay is still one of them, despite the fact that its Swiss council-type government has been abolished and a general is now president. Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, Venezuela, Colombia and Peru have moderate governments, economically attuned to the United States.

The political systems of Latin America are clearly extremely variegated. Is there beneath the surface a trend toward political unity? If so, what is the common denominator? Despite recent victories of the pro-United States military, the deep trend seems to be toward a "third position," following the lead neither of the United States nor of Russia but rather the example of the Labour government in England and the moderate governments of Scandinavia. Even the military may assert their independence à la de Gaulle. This desire for a Latin America which will be politically equidistant from the United States and Europe is especially evident in South America, whose geographical position (it should be called Southeast America) will be reflected in a political *rapprochement* with Europe. Some countries will seek also a *rapprochement* with Africa. Brazil initiated this trend under President Goulart.

What steps are being taken to unify Latin America? A parliamentary union is projected and, in view of the historical belief of Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana (APRA) that it was a party destined to lead a united Latin America toward moderate socialism, it is significant that the parliamentary union is sponsored by Peru and that the Aprista Party has assumed the leadership. Sen. Luis Alberto Sánchez and Deputy Andrés Townsend were the organizers of a conference held in Lima in December, 1964, where sessions were devoted to three topics: the economic, social and political integration of Latin America. The committee studying the last topic considered procedures for the formation of a permanent "Latin American Parliament," and a committee headed by Luis Beltrán Prieto of Venezuela was appointed to coordinate plans for its creation. The new organization has its headquarters in Lima, and Andrés Townsend has been elected secretary general. Mexico sent only observers to the conference, apparently not wishing to become integrated into a parliamentary system with headquarters in Lima. The new organization hopes to stimulate the unification of South America on the basis of parliamentary democracy. The triumph of the military in Brazil and Argentina has at least temporarily shattered these hopes, and it is doubtful that there will ever be more than a token adherence from Middle America.

The Capitals of Confederation

LAFTA should succeed in unifying South America economically, at least to some degree, but political unification remains in suspense. Middle America will probably continue to function outside the system. Before it can become integrated with South America, it must integrate itself, and this process is slow to the point of being interminable. Emotionally, much of Middle America will

be attuned to South America; politically and economically, it is inexorably in the sphere of the United States. The distinction between Middle and South America was already recognized by President Theodore Roosevelt. He reserved the Big Stick policy for the Middle American countries, and wished to treat the South American countries as partners. This was evident in his sponsorship of the Pan American Conference held at Rio de Janeiro in 1906.

In conclusion, the long-term outlook is for an Anglo-American bloc in North America, a Luso-Hispanic system in South America, with the lands of Middle America forming bridges between the two foci. Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean will face both north and south. The South American system will have three "capitals." Montevideo, the seat of LAFTA, will perform a role similar to that of Brussels in the European Common Market; Santiago de Chile will be the center for technical studies in economics and sociology; Lima will be the seat of the parliamentary union, the Strasbourg of South America. South America will be a confederation rather

than a federation, somewhat like the Europe envisaged by de Gaulle.

This does not mean that the Pan American system will disappear. It may even be strengthened as a multilateral vehicle for relations between the United States and Latin America. No one in Washington wants the inter-American system weakened and its place usurped by a Latin American union. Yet the inter-American system and the Latin American union will in the long run have to reach a working compromise, just as NATO will have to learn to live with de Gaulle's Europe.

The road to Latin American unity will be long and rough; the terrain must be carefully mapped. This task has been entrusted to the Institute for Latin American Integration, which the Inter-American Development Bank has established in Buenos Aires. After the sweeping generalizations one must expect from President Johnson and his fellow politicians at Punta del Este, this institute, working with such organizations at LAFTA and ECLA, will have to give meaning and substance to the oratory.

COLEMAN REPORT

WHY THE SCHOOLS FLUNK OUT

CHARLES S. BENSON

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In July of 1966 the U.S. Office of Education issued *Equality of Educational Opportunity* (Government Printing Office, 737 pp., \$4.25), known now as the Coleman Report. The principal authors and research directors of this report are Profs. James S. Coleman (Johns Hopkins) and Ernest Q. Campbell (Vanderbilt), and Alexander Mood, Assistant Commissioner for Educational Statistics, USOE. The report, dealing with a massive social science investigation, was prepared in response to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which reads in one section: "The Commissioner [of Education] shall conduct a survey . . . concerning the lack of availability of equal educational opportunities for individuals by reasons of race, color, religion, or national origin in public educational institutions. . . ." Presumably, the research was to assist in shaping national educational policy; however, in my opinion, the report will have an influence on state and local policy far exceeding its effects at the national level. Further, the report will intensify efforts to improve the school performance of children coming from the lower socioeconomic strata, regardless of their racial, ethnic or religious origin.

The Coleman study involved nearly 60,000 school-teachers and 645,000 students in a statistical sample of schools broadly representative of public education in this country. Information was obtained about the school plant (conditions of classrooms, class size, equipment, books, libraries, etc.), about teachers (education, father's education and occupation, attitudes toward teaching children

of different abilities, etc.), and about principals and superintendents. Aptitude and achievement tests were given to pupils in the sample schools, and teachers were given a short test for verbal facility. The study group obtained information about the family background of the students (size of family, education of parents, occupation, use of leisure hours, and so on). Lastly, the students were questioned on their educational aspirations—how they felt about school, how much control they felt they had over their destinies, their occupational goals.

Because the Coleman Report appeared some nine months ago and has been extensively reviewed (e.g., *Science*, December 9, 1966), I shall confine myself here to an important question that stems directly from perhaps the three least disputed conclusions of the study. The first of these is that in school achievement, "The differences between whites and other social and ethnic groups (excluding Orientals) is great indeed. . . . The Negroes' averages tend to be about one standard deviation below those of the whites, which means that about 85 per cent of the Negro scores are below the white average." The second conclusion is that "Observing the nationwide averages . . . it appears that school children of all groups differ relatively little in the physical school facilities available." And speaking of teachers: "There is clearly no tendency for the teachers of one group of pupils to be either more mature or more recently trained." And the third conclusion is that differences which are observed in school environment have relatively little effect on the achievement of the pupils. These three conclusions can be reduced to two statements (in economists' jargon): (1) School outputs are variable; (2) in determining school outputs, pupil inputs dominate school inputs. The question I want to raise is why this second statement should



be characteristic of American education in the late 1960s.

Why is it still true that the performance of students is shaped primarily by what they themselves bring to the schools, out of their family background, when at least ten years ago any alert social observer could see that our economy was rapidly reducing both the relative and the absolute number of unskilled jobs? I think a non-educator might look at the matter this way. "For all kinds of reasons, children from poor homes have a hard time doing school work. Once they fall behind in the elementary grades, there is little in the home to give them that extra push they need to catch up and stay up with the class. If these young people leave school without being able to read and do numbers at about the eighth grade level, they are going to have a poor chance of getting a job and holding it. So it would make sense to give these children some extra care in school, in order that they can lead decent, productive and independent lives."

Humanity calls for this approach, because a school failure is a cripple in our high speed, verbal and mathematically oriented modern world. And the coldest economic considerations call for this approach because the school failures of today are the welfare cases of tomorrow and the parents of the next generation of welfare cases. Yet I would estimate that the schools in the United States are producing about 500,000 "graduates" a year who lack eighth grade skills in the basic subjects.

Our country excels all others in the rate at which it is dispensing with unskilled labor. The effect of the new \$1.50 minimum wage in New York in knocking boot-blacks out of work is simply a recent example of a pervasive social movement. At the same time, our school system seems utterly unable to serve pupils who have environmental handicaps. The scope of the problem was indicated by the U.S. Department of Commerce, when it pointed out in the January issue of *Survey of Current Business* that one out of three unemployed persons is a teen-ager, though teen-agers represent only 10 per cent of the labor force. The department added: "This trend

points up the difficulties teen-agers are experiencing in securing employment in our expanding economy when a premium is placed on skill and experience."

A brief discussion—I can do no more than open the topic—of why the American educational system is so unaccommodating to the difficulties of lower-class youth may offer clues as to what can be done to make their school years effective.

The place to start is with the classroom teacher, and the first point to note is that the elementary teacher (and it is in the elementary grades that learning retardation can be most effectively prevented or checked) has to teach a large number of subjects each day. Often this requirement is expressed in state law, which sometimes even specifies a minimum number of minutes each day that must be devoted to a given subject. When one takes account of the time required for opening exercises, recess, lunch and various announcements and the time that goes into dealing with six to eight required subjects, one can see that the teacher has not the flexibility in her working day to bring a certain group of children over the hurdles, for example, in reading and arithmetic. The teacher cannot spend the better part of two weeks, say, in intensive instruction to make sure that all her pupils are ready for the next stage in reading instruction. We assume that our schools evolved from English models, but the proliferation of subjects and the inflexibility of the elementary school day in this country remind one more of Latin American practice—and Latin American schools are notorious for wastage in the primary grades.

Apparently, these rigid requirements for the use of the teachers' time have been established in response to pressure from teachers' groups, organized along subject lines: reading, mathematics, foreign language, physical education, music, social studies, etc. Temperance and patriotic groups have also had a hand in fracturing the school day. The situation, in my view, does not represent caprice by state legislators, though the legislators might be charged with giving in too handily to the pressure from the various interest groups. Some confirmation of my point of view is afforded by the National Advisory Council on the Education of Disadvantaged Children, which in two reports (November 25, 1966, and January 31, 1967) has emphasized the remarkable gains in pupil achievement that take place in summer schools. In its November report the council stated "... teachers were able to depart from prescribed texts and try new materials that encouraged student participation and progress at one's own pace. Perhaps it is simply the more relaxed atmosphere that melted barriers between teachers and pupils."

A second point to note about the classroom teacher's work is that the function of teaching is downgraded in our academic society. In higher education, research and publication are more highly valued than teaching; in the lower schools, teaching plays second fiddle to administration. Among experienced teachers in a given district, the salary differential between the least trained teacher and the most highly trained will be in the order of \$1,500 to \$2,000 (in actual figures—the "salary schedule" may indicate otherwise). But the differential between the most

highly trained teacher and a middle-level school administrator, e.g., a principal, will be in the order of \$4,000 to \$6,000. The gap in status between teacher and administrator is even wider than the pay scales would indicate. An ambitious young recruit to the district can easily figure where to place his bets.

As far as I know, the favored position of the administrator may be characteristic of education throughout the world, but the American practice is special in one regard: good teaching, based on advanced knowledge of one's subject and of pedagogy, is not the route to the middle-management positions. Some principals are ex-coaches, some are men who get the nod for their skills in public relations, but in any case their course work after the B.A. has been in the study of administration, not in the study of subject or pedagogy. In the United States, unlike other countries, the principal is not the "principal teacher" or headmaster, a symbol of pedagogical excellence who continues to serve part time in the schoolroom. In any decent sized school in our country he is purely an office manager. State certification requirements see to this.

This downgrading of the teaching function destroys the incentive of teachers to become aware of the new and growing body of evidence about how best to instruct children who display blocks to learning. More fundamentally, it destroys the incentive to maintain the contact with academic disciplines that is necessary for the teacher who would retain a vital, energetic and contagious interest in the learning process.

Another peculiar and significant feature of American education is the vulnerability of the teacher to parental criticism. It is not, of course, a matter of the teacher's having his job at stake—he usually has tenure—but simply that after a day's work the teacher does not enjoy facing the caustic, sarcastic tongue of irate parents—and in our country irate parents have direct access to the classroom. Teachers feel that if they were to devote an unusual amount of their energy to helping lower-class children keep up in their school work, they would be criticized by middle-class parents—or by any parent whose child manages to do well—on the ground that such special attention is unfair. Teachers thus bend to the majority and take the position that in public education each child is entitled to the same amount of service. (Almost the only exceptions to this notion that our society has genuinely accepted are the special provisions made for the seriously handicapped and for the very gifted.)

There is another way to go about the problem of allocating educational resources, and I think it is a better way. (1) Establish minimum learning objectives for various ages of children. (2) Allocate resources sufficient to assure that these objectives are fulfilled. (3) Then, use the remaining resources (there would be some left over) to discover and develop talent in whatever class of society it can be found.

Why does not the school superintendent seek such a definition of operational objectives and thus provide himself with the power to stand between the teacher and the overzealous parent? An example might work out along these lines. The superintendent might discover that in

the such and so school, 60 per cent of the third graders fell below the first quartile in a state-wide test of reading comprehension. He might then establish the operational objective of reducing the percentage of first quartile third grade readers in that school to, say, 30 per cent. And so on for other subjects and other grades.

But the definition of operational objectives implies that awful thing: comparisons of schools and districts on measures of output (achievement). On January 9 of this year, the American Association of School Administrators came out flat-footed against the Carnegie Foundation's National Assessment of Educational Progress, even though that program was deliberately designed to forestall invidious comparisons. It was also designed to place no pressure on teachers to "teach for the test" (*Science Education*, April, 1966). If the AASA succeeds in blocking this project, the prospects are dim for resolving some of the pedagogical and policy issues raised by the Coleman Report.

The superintendent in American education is himself in a vulnerable position. He is appointed in the ordinary case by an elected board. He has little control over his pupil clientele. Next year's crop of first graders may be poorer pupils than this year's. He has little effective control over the quality of faculty his district employs, and in almost all districts annual recruitment needs are high. He has limited control over his teachers' class loads, beyond the statutory minimum of hours. If he tries to assign his best teachers to disadvantaged schools, he may be in hot water with the unions. Comparisons of achievement test scores over time, or between one school district and another, could quickly turn to the disadvantage of a superintendent. It's his job, not that of the teachers or principals, that's at stake. In these circumstances, one cannot expect superintendents to welcome quantitative assessment of school performance.

I have mentioned teachers, principals and superintendents. Can one expect school boards to take the lead in improving education for the disadvantaged? These boards are really volunteer groups, except in the large cities. That is, one volunteers, more or less, to run for the office and do one's duty. In suburbs or large cities, the boards are overworked—in the cities for bona fide reasons and in the suburbs by the fact that superintendents know very well how to crowd the agenda with trivial items of fiscal administration.

Until operational objectives for our schools are defined, and until school outputs come to be measured against operational objectives, we shall continue to be in the dark about what models of educational programs should be copied in districts across the land. Further, school boards themselves will have little incentive to take advantage of the opportunities given them to minimize school failure. In its 1965 session, the California legislature passed a forward-looking act whereby the state shares costs with local districts in freeing exceptionally qualified teachers to work full time in a single school on reading instruction of pupils in the first three grades. By September, 1966, only forty-four districts out of some 1,200 in the state had chosen to participate in the program, and none of these was a large district. There has

been no sense of urgency about school failure, in spite of its tragic private and social consequences.

Will education of the disadvantaged be improved? Yes. How? Slowly. But the helm has been put over in the great hulk that is our educational system, and a new direction of emphasis has been established. For this, the Coleman Report should receive a large part of the credit. Various policy proposals have been associated with the report: educational parks and central city-suburb sharing of pupils are two that come to mind. I have proposed (*Phi Delta Kappan*, March, 1967) that the instruction

of the disadvantaged be combined with on-the-job training of teachers, using the analogy of the teaching hospital. Other things need to be done. State laws that fracture the elementary school day could be repealed. School districts could place greater rewards before the trained and competent teacher, approximating the rewards received by the administrator. Most important of all, states could insist that there be quantitative assessment of student progress in all elementary and secondary schools, to the end that the educational fraternity begin to think seriously about defining its operational objectives.

BRITAIN'S PRESS CRISIS

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

London

It has been a difficult winter for British newspapers. In the worst moments, it seemed possible that only four or five of the nine surviving national daily papers would be able to continue publication for more than another year. This forecast may have been unduly pessimistic, and there is now some feeling that the situation has eased. Yet it is a fact that the formerly independent *Times* has passed into the control of the combine owned by Lord Thomson, and that our other leading newspaper, *The Guardian*, has been for some months in acute financial difficulties. Among the other papers, only *The Telegraph*, the *Mirror* and the *Express* seem certain of a commercial future. The future of the *Sun*, which replaced the old Labour *Herald*, is particularly doubtful, and there are question marks over the *Mail* and the *Sketch*. The ninth paper, the *Morning Star* (formerly the *Worker*) is in a position of its own, with a small circulation outside the ordinary conditions of commercial publication. What are the causes of this crisis, and what is revealed about the social condition of the British press?

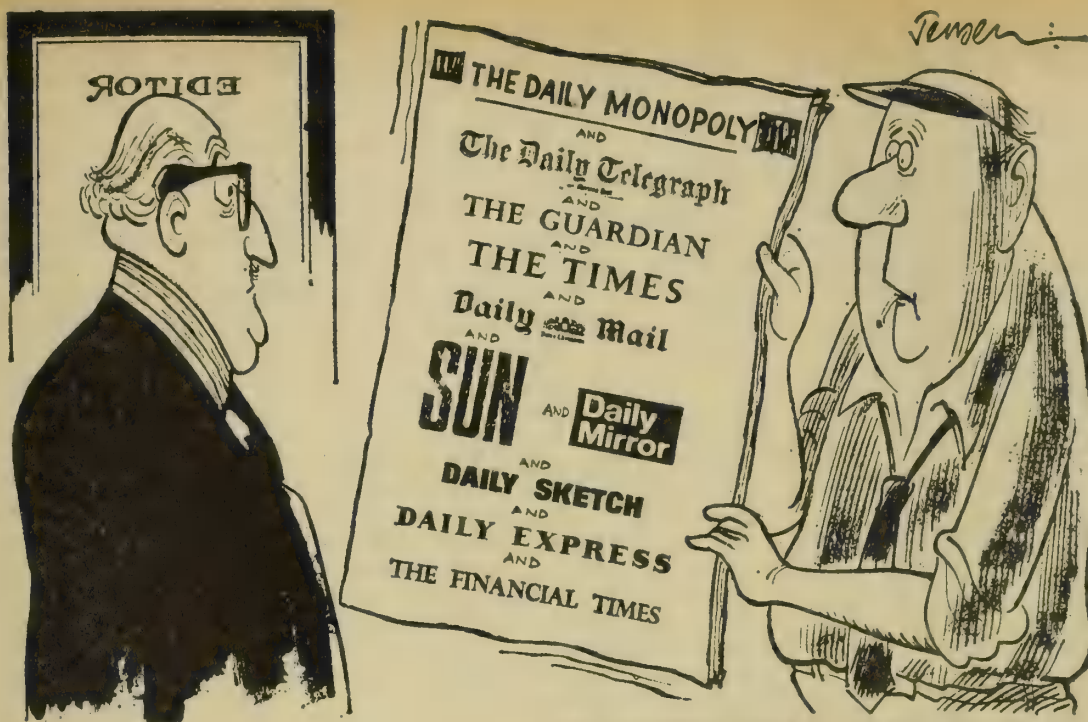
The immediate causes are clear. The July measures of the Wilson government, freezing prices and wages to assist the balance of payments, had the effect of depressing economic activity and led to a decline in advertising revenue. Moreover, there has been for some years a decline in circulations from the very high figures of the fifties. The two most serious papers, *The Times* and *The Guardian*, each with a circulation between 250,000 and 300,000, depend on advertising for about two-thirds of their revenue. Most of the other papers get about half their income from advertising. The decline of advertising has had immediate effects, especially on those papers which were already relatively weak. A situation well known to students of the press is suddenly a national issue.

Some special features of the British press need emphasis. It is of course normal for newspapers in capitalist societies to depend quite heavily on advertising. But in Britain the relationship between circulation and commercial viability is unusual. The daily press is dominated by the eight or nine national papers; the regional or provincial dailies are comparatively unimportant. Papers like *The Times* and *The Guardian*, with generally affluent and

influential readers, can approach commercial survival on relatively small circulations by charging very high rates for rather specialized kinds of advertising. Even so, they cannot hope to break even, and must look to support from associated enterprises. In the popular field, a viable circulation is well in excess of 1 million, and may be approaching 2 million. The last national daily paper to close, the *News Chronicle*, had sales beyond 1 million, and one Sunday paper that closed had more than 2 million. As advertising concentrates in the really high-circulation papers—the *Mirror*, nearly 5 million, and the *Express*, more than 4 million—the other popular papers feel the draft. *The Telegraph*, a middle paper at about 1,300,000, is secured by its share of specialized advertising, but the *Sun*, at about the same figure but with only a popular readership, and the *Sketch*, with about 800,000, are very exposed. Even the *Mail*, at better than 2 million, seems to many people insecure.

It is then obvious that this particular British ratio, in which the circulation figure for survival gets higher and higher, raises special problems. It is directly related to an increasing concentration of control. Already some seven out of eight copies of all national morning papers are controlled by three groups, while two of these same groups, with another, control seven out of eight copies of Sunday papers. There are extensive associated holdings, and some other powerful combines, in the provincial evening and weekly press, and in magazine publishing, where at the commercial level the largest newspaper group (Cecil King's International Publishing Corporation, which controls the *Mirror* and the *Sun*) holds a near monopoly.

Some of us have been pointing to the political implications of this development for some time. In 1961, after the last wave of closures, and when it was evident that many of these same newspaper interests had holdings in the majority service of the commercial television companies, I wrote a book, *Communications*, which got some discussion. It was reissued this winter, by coincidence, just as the renewed crisis became apparent, and it was interesting to see how journalists and politicians who had agreed to let the issues ride, in the intervening years, suddenly came on the telephone. There were the makings of a useful discussion, and for the first time in years I got some support for the only proposals which seemed to me



Jensen, Sunday Telegraph (London): Ben Roth

to meet the problem: public ownership of the newsprint industry; government intervention to own certain printing works, which would be leased on contract to threatened newspapers outside the big combines; these papers to be reorganized as nonprofit trusts or public companies under the democratic control of the journalists themselves. There was even a moment when some members of the Labour government, to whom the ideas should not, after all, have been unfamiliar, showed interest. Meanwhile, however, a different exercise in persuasion has been under way, and with vastly greater resources. The real cause of the crisis, we are repeatedly told, is the rapacious demands of the printers' unions.

The Labour government, as it always does these days, came to accept, substantially, this absurd explanation. The government's only effective diagnosis of weakness anywhere in the society is the greed and impatience of the working men who built its party and put it into office. In a period of rapid technical change, there are certainly real problems about manpower in the whole printing industry. It is moreover widely agreed that many newspaper managements are inefficient. But this kind of isolated explanation of the general crisis is very shortsighted. The printing unions, defending their members' interests, are fully aware of the degree of monopoly in ownership, and of the drive to technical rationalization, with dismissals, that it produces. The new printing techniques are being introduced in a precise economic structure and in a known social climate. It is then impossible to persuade the unions that the national interest requires them to cooperate in this kind of change. The only interest that can be served, on present lines, is that of the owners. If all the existing papers were made viable by this kind of cost reduction, the social problem would still remain: that in a democratic society there is a totally unacceptable concentration of control over news and opinion.

In fact, the unions are making limited local agreements; in the short term they must. The costs of *The Guardian* have been reduced, after a difficult negotiation, but no sooner did this occur than the price of newsprint was allowed to rise, by an amount that would just about cancel the saving. All the real elements of the crisis are still present, and it can be expected to erupt again. That there is now a policy on the Left, based on public ownership of newsprint and a state printing corporation, is one welcome result. But it must then be added that in this, as in every other field, the Left no longer includes the Labour government.

Beyond the special features of the British situation, the communications crisis is now general in every capitalist society. Advertising has passed from being a convenient support to its present position as the form of communication on which all other major forms have come to depend. England had a similar fight about local broadcasting and only just won, preserving the public-service principle, by a difficult crash campaign which was supported by the musicians' union and which eventually (it is said) reversed a cabinet decision in favor of commercialism. It is almost a full-time job to work for democratic communications against the now fantastic economic and political pressures of managed capitalism. It does not help that the only Socialist communications policy that most people know about is the Russian and other Communist experiences of state monopoly and control. But for a time, this winter, as liberal papers like *The Guardian* felt the real pressures of this society, something like a democratic Socialist alternative began to emerge at a fully public level. Now it is quiet again, but since by the end of this decade Britain will probably have only three or four national morning papers, with no corresponding revival of an independent regional press, we have evidently not heard the last of the crisis in communications.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Forms of Modern Sinology

STUDENT NATIONALISM IN CHINA 1927-1937. By John Israel. Stanford University Press. 253 pp. \$7.50.

WHEN CHINA WAKES. By Robert Guillain. Walker & Co. 268 pp. \$5.95.

PEKING AND PEOPLE'S WARS. By Brig. General Samuel B. Griffith II, USMC (Ret.). Frederick A. Praeger. 142 pp. \$4.95.

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky teaches Chinese at Dartmouth College. He is one of the contributors to *Peace in Vietnam: A New Approach in Southeast Asia* (Hill and Wang).

These books illustrate three of the most common forms of modern Sinology. Thus they are not merely useful (or useless) for the information they do (or do not) contain but for the impulses and predilections they expose; China is an absorbing subject and the market for books is wide. Let us deal first with the study which is most valuable and will sell least well.

John Israel teaches Chinese history at Claremont Men's College. *Student Nationalism in China, 1927-1937*, is a detailed, dissertation-like study of the development of student political awareness, which focused on Japanese threats to Chinese national integrity. Professor Israel's book was completed long before 1966, when the students of Peking, Shanghai and Nanking poured into the streets, and it is not part of the book's intention to create any false analogies between earlier student demonstrations and the present Red Guard movement. But certain parallels are astonishing.

The streets of these cities had witnessed wild student demonstrations as early as 1919, when the Versailles powers acquiesced to Japanese demands in north China. This was the beginning of the celebrated May 4 Movement. "The salient features of the student movement in subsequent years—the countrywide unity, the slogans denouncing Japanese imperialists and Chinese traitors, the demonstrations, the use of modern propaganda methods, the crusades to educate and indoctrinate workers and peasants, can be traced back to May Fourth."

From then on, Israel writes, it was "common to see thousands of high school and college youths surging through the streets demanding resistance to imperial-

ist insults or an end to unpopular policies in their own government."

When one reads with mounting bewilderment accounts of Red Guard activity in China today, certain questions invariably recur: Who are the demonstrators? What do they want? Is their activity spontaneous? There is very little to go on since most sources, either Chinese or Western, are special pleading. But history is often illuminating, and here again the past comes to our aid.

The student movements throughout the twenties and thirties were uncoordinated, and often fluctuated madly in their momentum. Nationalism alone provided cohesion: save China from Japanese aggression and stiffen the resolve of the government. During the period between 1921 and 1939, the Communist movement developed and so did Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang (KMT). Each party competed for the allegiance of the students.

Mao Tse-tung, who began his political life as a middle school agitator, realized very early the importance of giving leadership to students and exploiting their fervor. So did Chiang Kai-shek. A significant difference from Chinese students of today is that the youths between the two wars were from an economic elite. But Chinese young people in school today, although usually from poor families, take on "student" attitudes much as they always have. Mao finds this disturbing, for another class is formed irrespective of income. A quick awareness develops among students of the gulf between themselves and the peasants. In absolute numbers, although there are vastly more now, upper-level students still form a tiny minority in the population.

The mood of these students before 1930, as described by themselves, was "pessimistic," "drifting" and "romantic." Public service was a despised profession, since civil war, poverty and bottomless KMT corruption continuously dashed the spirits of the young. But in 1931 further Japanese incursions in north China galvanized the students. Scenes familiar to China watchers today ensued as:

Students felt duty bound to alert their less sophisticated countrymen to the gravity of the national crisis. . . . Scores of . . . volunteers were analyz-

ing the causes of the Manchurian situation for the uncultured masses of Peiping (not then China's capital) and its environs. In the Yangtze delta, even grammar school children enlisted in the crusade. A Christian missionary was surprised to see some fifty primary school pupils all wearing red crepe armbands board his train . . . they had cut classes to barnstorm the countryside delivering impassioned speeches and distributing pamphlets.

As in today's China, such activity posed a considerable problem for the government: it could either encourage and guide the movement or attempt to suppress it. Over the next year both courses were tried. Chiang Kai-shek was unsuccessful in controlling the students who in Shanghai, for instance, struck for a week against government orders. On September 28, 1931, thousands of youths marched on the Foreign Ministry, eventually broke in, and nearly beat to death the Foreign Minister whom they accused of being a traitor for not resisting Japan. (This should be remembered by those who maintain that current public humiliation of high officials is unprecedented.)

Thereafter, waves of student petitioners rolled for months through the streets of Nanking. Although trains were commandeered and students traveled into the capital from Shanghai and Peking, the government became increasingly adept at handling the mobs:

Many accepted official hospitality. After a group had been fed and lodged under close surveillance its leaders would be summoned to the Kuomintang's Ministry of Propaganda for an intimate talk. . . . High level party and government officials would speak to the assembled students. . . . Chiang Kai-shek would usually appear to say a few words. . . . Their trip had been a success: they had been well fed, they had seen the capital, and Chairman Chiang had spoken to them in person.

On another occasion students waited all night freezing in the snow outside KMT party headquarters. "They refused to leave until they had seen the Chairman." When he finally appeared, he said: "I am deeply pleased to see you, motivated by patriotic ardor, coming to the capital to petition. I resolved long ago to devote my life to the party and the nation." Then, like a modern Chou En-lai, he added: "You students can ful-

fill your duties as citizens by calmly studying and supporting the government."

(On November 26, 1966, according to *Peking Review*: "Although temperatures were almost sub-zero on the 25th, the happy news that Chairman Mao was going to receive them warmed the hearts of our young fighters.")

Further crises ensued in Peking. In December, 1931, "Peiping's universities were completely disorganized. Several presidents had resigned, and classrooms were empty." In Nanking, students forced government officials into hiding. The government could stand it no longer. Students were ordered to stay off trains. Airplanes dropped leaflets cautioning them that Nanking's patience was stretching.

(On January 9, 1967, a message was sent by the Communist Central Committee to "revolutionaries" in Shanghai urging those "who are exchanging revolutionary experiences in other parts of the country to return to Shanghai immediately so that the great cultural revolution in their own units can be fulfilled.")

By 1935, Japanese threats and demands mounted, accompanied by an escalating student activity. The student unions in Peking resolved to "rally the oppressed masses" against the enemy. Students in Peking and Tientsin divided themselves into small units and marched into the countryside in long columns to talk to the peasants. "Patriotic songs, didactic plays and impassioned speeches in a babel of dialects filled the air of the winter-bound villages."

(*Peking Review* of November 25, 1966, reports: "In the last few months, revolutionary students and teachers of higher educational institutes and middle schools throughout the country have made extensive contacts to exchange revolutionary experience. . . . The revolutionary young fighters spread Mao Tse-tung's thought along the way, distributed handbills printed with quotations from Chairman Mao, and helped people's

communes and production teams to put out blackboard newspapers. . . .")

An important lesson had been learned. According to Israel: "Although their endeavors had rendered the area (Hopei) more susceptible to wartime guerrilla activities, the strongest impact had undoubtedly been not on the peasants but on the students who gained first-hand knowledge of the life and thought of China's masses and became aware of the enormous problems of communication. This was a unique preparation for war and revolution."

(*Peking Review* of November 25, 1966: "These wide contacts with the masses have helped the long marchers to understand profoundly the boundless love, faith in, and veneration for Chairman Mao . . . on the part of the masses. . . .")

Israel stresses the confusion in the minds of China's youth in the decades after World War I. They were educated, often Western-oriented, and always Chinese. The Communists pulled at them from one side: from the other came the pull of "grandfathers who still smoked opium and fathers who maintained concubines." What moved these students was *nationalism*, an independent China "neither traditionalistic nor aggressive." Like the students of China today, they were at odds with their teachers and leaders, men who feared and admired the West, but who were only courageous enough to inch their country into the 20th century. Leninism, very gradually, came to appear progressive, revolutionary and, most important, as the road to national salvation.

When *China Wakes* goes on from where Israel leaves us. Without the historical framework provided by painstaking research such as Israel's, much of what Guillain says would be nothing but assertion, to be taken on faith.

Guillain is an experienced traveler in Asia, and a profound analyst, much in the style of Jean Lacouture. Such French journalists, though they sometimes over-write, seem to get nearer the heart of the matter than do their American counterparts. This is an account of Guillain's 1964 trip to China, his first in nine years. He uses trips to large cities, communes and industrial sites as springboards into speculation. Even a *non-visit* to Lanchow, the center of atomic research, gives rise to an illuminating chapter on China's nuclear weapons, made possible, he feels, by enforced backwardness elsewhere in the country which the Chinese, mindful of Russian "softness," term a virtue.

Guillain's most interesting flights of imagination come in his last chapter,

PROPHETIC

.....

...on Democracy's rocky road (1896)

PROBLEMS OF MODERN DEMOCRACY

Political and Economic Essays

By Edwin Lawrence Godkin

Edited by Morton Keller

"To my generation," wrote William James, "Godkin's was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs." He was *The Nation's* first editor and later editor-in-chief of the *New York Evening Post*. This book drew on thirty years of his thought and concern over "the unhappy course of American democracy." A dissenter in his own time, Godkin single-handedly established the tradition of intellectual involvement in government and of sustained, ironic criticism of public institutions that are dear to so many today. \$5.95

...on the political process (1908)

THE PROCESS OF GOVERNMENT

By Arthur F. Bentley

Edited by Peter H. Odegard

A devastating indictment of the political science of its time, this is still, as Mr. Odegard's penetrating commentary shows, one of the few indispensable books in the literature of behavioral science. It was a startling breakthrough in the study of political behavior, showing that government is essentially an operation of "process, action, change," and that as such it can be analyzed objectively. Largely ignored in its day, it is now generally regarded as a seminal contribution to modern political analysis and its author one of the field's most creative pioneers.

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...on the American vision (1909)

THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE

By Herbert Croly

Edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

The Promise of American Life stirred the greatest minds of its time. In 1914, its author was persuaded to create *The New Republic*. In 1929, Felix Frankfurter called this book "a reservoir for all political writing after its publication." Today it remains as swift, pointed, clear, often prophetic analysis of the American dream — the idea that is America — from the standpoint of her education, labor, business, individuality, technology, reform, foreign policy, and leadership. \$5.95

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THE NATION

SPRING BOOK NUMBER

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among a distinguished group of contributors to a special poetry issue

Coming April 24

"The New Generation and China After Mao." The Chinese, he is sure, are determined that those who expect a relaxation after Mao dies, will be proved wrong: "Post-Mao China is also planned by Mao. The master has finished his life work."

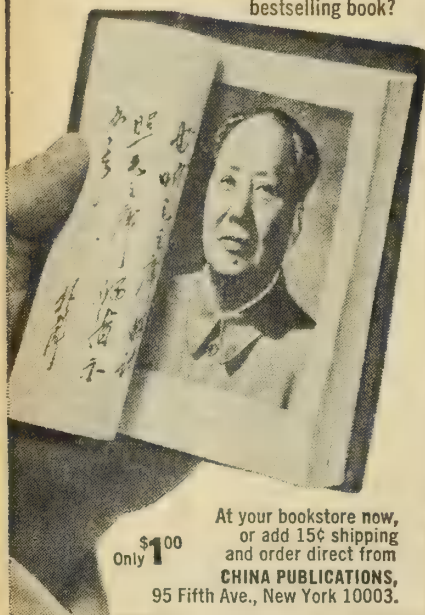
It is revisionism which is the enemy and when the younger generation takes over, its mind must be pure. At this point Guillain makes his only serious error—and a year ago such a prophecy could be made safely: "In today's China organized opposition to the regime would be unthinkable, and any opposition as such has been eliminated." (He affirms that it is "risky" to make such a guess.) But his other insights are important. He speaks, for instance, of the "loathing for agricultural work" among young intellectuals, and of how being sent to the land is a "catastrophe." As reported in *Peking Review*, one of the recent charges brought against the Shanghai Municipal Party Committee is that it tried to "stir up dissatisfaction" by obstructing "the inevitable road" of "integration of students with peasants and workers." (The particular crime, in this instance, was "paying the students relatively high wages for labor.")

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QUOTATIONS FROM MAO TSE-TUNG

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The question which bothers Guillain and many others—and which he repeatedly sought the answer to in China—is how can revisionists still exist after years of revolution. He makes the interesting speculation that, as in Russia, it is among the *contented* that opposition to Mao tends to form, "among those whom the beginnings of comfort and wealth have caused to place . . . personal interest above the common good." Thus, Guillain points out that bourgeois concepts such as "well-being," "love," "a good life" and "happiness" are constantly denounced, since they distract young people from a vision of perhaps centuries of toil during which not only China but all the downtrodden will have to be lifted from oppression and backwardness. Guillain was told that *eight* generations might be required for such a task!

For Brig. Gen. Samuel B. Griffith II, USMC (Ret.), the task as envisaged by Mao will require terrible deeds: "The Chinese are masters of espionage, propaganda, agitation, subversion, bribery, blackmail and selective terror," and they will apply these methods in target countries to create "storm centers of world revolution."

This is not the raving of an unsophisticated thug. Griffith's Oxford doctoral dissertation was published as *The Art of War*. It is a careful and fascinating study of a 4th century B.C. Chinese military strategist whose ideas on guerrilla-type warfare plainly underlie those of Mao Tse-tung, on whose military outlook Griffith has also written with authority. It is therefore very sad to see that Praeger has seen fit to commission such a slapdash and vulgar polemic. Is the hand of the CIA (which sponsors this publisher) or of the USIA (which commissioned the manuscript itself) showing a little too plainly?

Griffith's essay is attached to the now famous Lin Piao speech, "Long Live the Victory of the People's War," and to another by Lo Jui-ching, the now disgraced chief of the General Staff. Griffith is badly caught off base by the recent Rand study (and an earlier one in the Quaker *Peace in Vietnam*) which shows that, though verbally bellicose, Lin is actually counseling independence for revolutionary movements. Even McNamara might have trouble finding in Lin Piao's speech a justification for Griffith's assertion that: "The Chinese Communists will not permit the idea of individualism in nations." What Lin Piao actually says is: "To make a revolution and to fight a people's war and be victorious, it is imperative to adhere to the policy

of self-reliance, rely on the strength of the masses in one's own country, and to prepare to carry on the fight independently even when all material aid is cut off." It is no mistake that this speech was delivered on the twentieth birthday of the People's Republic of Vietnam. Hanoi and the NLF were being warned to tighten their belts.

But this is surely, by now, a well-known analysis. How much can we still rely on Griffith's scholarship? On page 5, for instance, we find that in 1927 Mao was: ". . . a minor figure in the councils of the Chinese Communist Party. We may doubt that the Russian members of the International had even heard of him. . . ."

What is the point of this assertion? To debunk some kind of false legend? The fact of the matter is that the "minor figure" was one of the twelve delegates at the first congress of the Chinese Communist Party on July 1, 1921. Mao was elected secretary of this congress which was attended by two Russians. In 1924, at the first national congress of the KMT which included Communists, Mao was again a delegate and one of six Communist alternate members to the General Executive Committee. As for the Comintern never having heard of Mao in 1927, in his excellent biography Jerome Ch'en says of Mao that his famous "Report of an Investigation into the Peasant Movement in Hunan," attracted the attention and unqualified praise of the Chairman of the Comintern, Bukharin, who was then Stalin's close ally . . . he described it as excellent and interesting." In the same year the article was translated into Russian and English. Such is anonymity!

Griffith, in his desire to remove any notion that the Chinese Communists might have *appealed* to the peasantry, falls into his own snares. On page 8, in describing the "standard . . . regimentation and militarization of the population," he says: "There was no escaping the omnipresent Party . . . to live, it was mandatory to conform." But on page 9 he describes Chinese "of all classes, particularly the professors and the students, many of whom deserted lecture halls and classrooms and set out to join the Communists." On page 31 we find that the Communist army in "its relationships with the peasants . . . was generally impeccable."

Griffith tells us too that the Chinese are impossible to deal with on the international scene, that "gestures of amity" and "objective diplomatic discussions" are useless when dealing with Peking. Forgetting for a moment that the United States has for years brought ridicule on

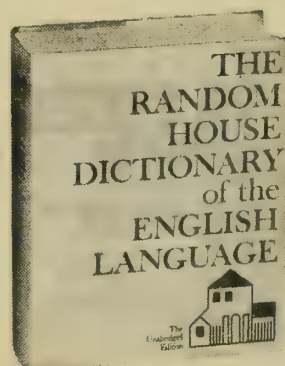
We have the last word on The Nation.

the (stressed *thē*; unstressed before a consonant *thə*; unstressed before a vowel *thē*), definite article. 1. (used, esp. before a noun, with a specifying or particularizing effect, as opposed to the indefinite or generalizing force of the indefinite article *a* or *an*): *the book you gave me*; *Come into the house*. 2. (used to mark a proper noun, natural phenomenon, ship, building, time, point of the compass, branch of endeavor, or field of study as something well-known or unique): *the Alps*; *the Queen Elizabeth*; *the past*; *the West*. 3. (used with or as part of a title): *the Duke of Wellington*; *the Reverend John Smith*. 4. (used to mark a noun indicating the best-known, most approved, most important, most satisfying, etc.): *the skiing center of the U.S.*; *If you're going to work hard, now is the time*. 5. (used to mark a noun as being used generically): *The dog is a quadruped*. 6. (used in place of a possessive pronoun, to note a part of the body or a personal belonging): *He wouldn't be able to play football until the leg mended*. 7. (used before adjectives that are used substantively, to note an individual, a class or number of individuals, or an abstract idea): *to visit the sick*; *from the sublime to the ridiculous*. 8. (used before a modifying adjective to specify or limit its modifying effect): *He took the wrong road and drove miles out of his way*. 9. (used to indicate one particular decade of a lifetime or of a century): *the gay nineties and the roaring twenties*. 10. (one of many of a class or type, as of a manufactured item, as opposed to an individual one): *Did you listen to the radio last night?* 11. enough: *He saved until he had the money for a new car. She didn't have the courage to leave*. 12. (used distributively, to note any one separately); for, to, or in each; a or an: *at one dollar the pound*. [ME, OE, uninflected var. of demonstrative pronoun. See **THAT**]

na-tion (nā'shən), *n.* 1. a body of people, associated with a particular territory, that is sufficiently conscious of its unity to seek or to possess a government peculiarly its own. 2. the territory or country itself. 3. a member tribe of an Indian confederation. 4. an aggregation of persons of the same ethnic family, often speaking the same language or cognate languages. [ME < L *nātiōn-* (s. of *nātiō*) birth, tribe, equiv. to *nāt(us)* born (ptp. of *nāscī*) + *-iōn-* -iōn] —**na'tion-hood**, *n.* —**na'tion-less**, *adj.* —**Syn.** 2. state, commonwealth, kingdom, realm. See **race**.

Just as you had some kind words about us:

"Random House's type is clear and legible; it never strains your eyes. Its definitions are, on the whole, understandable. Its etymologies, though perhaps too brief to suit a language specialist, are generally correct. Its system of transcription to indicate pronunciation is far more accessible to the layman than is that of Webster III. Its linguistic philosophy will prove far more acceptable to all those who questioned Webster III's doctrine of usage. . . The RHD is an excellent buy and will prove a good and faithful servant both to the layman and the specialist."—MARIO PEI, *The Nation*



Always
has the
last word.
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itself for pretending the government in "Peiping" does not exist and that Taipei is the capital of China, it would be well to remember that the Chinese have recently concluded treaties on mutually favorable terms with, among others, Pakistan, Burma, Cambodia and Nepal, and that they trade with nearly 100 countries, including West Germany. The Chinese are currently going through an internal upheaval the results of which cannot be foretold; useless generalizations about their *actual* behavior are surely not an aid to American understanding.

Reading this book is like listening to Secretary Rusk on a bad day. "The purpose of the American presence in South Vietnam . . . [is] to put a stop to a Communist aggression directed against the legitimate government and the people of South Vietnam." It is surprising to find reputable scholars still able to make that statement. Almost everyone is now willing to concede that the United States is participating in a civil/anti-colonial war. Indeed, Griffith himself, referring to Asian "xenophobic nationalism," admits on an earlier page that "in the North Vietnamese struggle against the French this appeal was credible . . . foreign troops were present. The slogans of 'anti-im-

perialism' and 'anti-colonialism' found responses simply because in both instances it was clear that the 'foreign devils' were attempting to conquer the country and exploit and oppress the people. The consequence was that thousands participated actively with the communist party operating within broadly based patriotic fronts." Considering the American role in supporting the French, it is hard to see why Griffith assumes that the Vietnamese should now regard us as saviors.

But Griffith, despite a long career of practical affairs, and a record of serious Chinese scholarship, is now so oblivious to the realities of the world in which we and the Chinese live, that he can assert that the enmity of the United States toward China is only a figment of Peking's tortured imagination and cunning. "It is essential to keep revolutionary fervor at a high pitch. This can be done if an external enemy is postulated that threatens the lives and livelihood of the people. If no such demonic figure exists, it is necessary to create one. In China, this Satan is the United States."

Israel and Guillaing tell us that Chinese fears are historic and real.

tion," as Cornelia Otis Skinner says, "only a few."

James Agate, "dean" of English drama critics between 1907 and 1947, called Bernhardt "the great workwoman." Miss Skinner substantiates this designation by remarking that "at sixty-five Madame Sarah continued to spend twelve, sometimes fourteen hours a day in her theatre, rehearsing her repertory, auditioning players, teaching her pupils, reading scripts." In 1891, on a two-year tour which took her halfway around the world, Bernhardt's luggage (apart from theatre equipment) "consisted of forty-five costume crates and some seventy-five trunks for her off-stage dresses, coats, hats, furs and two hundred and fifty pairs of shoes."

I begin with this data to suggest that *Madame Sarah* is not a book about acting but about an actress; and not so much about an actress as about a dazzling personality. And that personality is an emblem for Miss Skinner of something even more fascinating to her, something which I shall name after we have taken a closer look at the evidence on Bernhardt as actress.

Notable appreciations by contemporary French critics are generously strewn through Miss Skinner's biography. Most of them are ecstatic: they assure us that Bernhardt was an unforgettable phenomenon to those who attended her performances. (When I saw her in my student days in Paris, in the next to last play in which she appeared, I was impressed by the fact that though I sat in the gallery and was still unaccustomed to hearing French spoken from the stage, I understood every word she uttered, while the rest of the cast was wholly unintelligible to me.) I nevertheless remain skeptical about most French criticism of acting: it tends to be effusively impressionistic, a kind of literary swoon adjusted to erotic and visceral reactions, rather than to ideas and scrupulous observation.

Henry James and Shaw, both of whom were well aware of Bernhardt's magnetism, are much more reliable witnesses. Here is what Shaw said about the "divine" Sarah in 1895: ". . . her acting which is not the art of making you think more highly or feel more deeply, but the art of making you admire her, pity her, champion her, weep with her, laugh at her jokes, follow her fortunes breathlessly, and applaud her wildly when the curtain falls. And it is always Sarah Bernhardt in her own capacity who does this to you . . . the woman is always the same. She does not enter the leading character, she substitutes herself for it."

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THE UNITED STATES IN VIETNAM

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Star of Paris

MADAME SARAH. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton Mifflin Co. 346 pp. \$6.95.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Sarah Bernhardt (born 1844 in Paris, where she died in 1923) played 183 parts during a career which began in 1862. She played Marguerite Gautier in *The Lady of the Camellias* more than 3,000 times. She performed in Paris, London, New York, Albany, Denver, Texas, San Francisco, Mobile, Amsterdam, Zurich, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Moscow, Bologna, Florence, Rio de Janeiro, Athens, Constantinople, etc., etc.

She was a sensational success everywhere. Her name became a byword. By the nature of the medium it is a simple matter for a film star to achieve universal renown. Bernhardt attained greater fame and notoriety than any other actor in history—with the possible exception of Chaplin—by personal appearances. Among her friends and admirers were Victor Hugo, Emile Zola, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, Gambetta, Flaubert, Pasteur, Renan, Gounod, D'Annunzio and Oscar Wilde, "to men-

In 1879, after pointing out the excellent reasons for her prodigious vogue, Henry James added: "She has to a supreme degree . . . the advertising genius; she may, indeed, be called the muse of the newspaper. . . . I strongly suspect that she will find a triumphant career in the Western World. She is too American not to succeed in America. The people who have brought to the highest development the arts and graces of publicity will recognize a kindred spirit in a figure so admirably adapted for conspicuousity."

Miss Skinner recognizes the trickery and vulgarity of some of Madame Sarah's effects. She has surely read the critics I have just cited; she quotes a complimentary passage from the Shaw review cited above, a review which is on the whole rather devastating. But she is not really interested in weighing the merits and debits of her heroine's art. She does not love Madame Sarah for herself alone (though no doubt the woman's energy, courage, impetuosity and theatrical effulgence deserve her adulation); she loves Sarah as the archetype of *la belle époque*, that glorious time which the French lived from the mid-19th century through the early years of the 20th.

Historians can detail and diagnose the sores and wounds, the poverty, corruption, follies, diseases, wars, rebellions and sieges, but the fact remains that France danced in those days to tunes, verses, words, arts of fabulous resilience, verve and excitement of the mind and the senses.

Miss Skinner's book, which possesses

the twinkling, old-fashioned, discreetly naughty humor of an essentially genteel lady, is a record of fond nostalgia. She who in one paragraph describes "the dear, the wonderful, the glorious comedian Constant Coquelin," and adds that he was "a modest, adorable person," enjoys everything that has to do with the customs, habits, even the vices of the period. Miss Skinner tells us that Bernhardt told countless lies, both in writing and in personal interviews, but she gushes over this too. It is all part of the glamour, the glitter, the bravado. Sarah made lovers of all her leading men and most of her authors: in this too Miss Skinner rejoices, not because she is a lusty lady but because Sarah and France were. They *swung*.

In her imagination Miss Skinner sits in the dressing rooms, in the wings of the auditoriums, goes to all the parties and outings where great artists and mountebanks, seers and courtesans, duelists and drug addicts, radicals and reactionaries commingle, and she can't get over the rapture of it all. Her book is therefore bound to be a bestseller. For we have mechanized everything including our passions and pleasures so that very little of either remains. In the age of conformity we must idealize a time when signal achievements and lurid sins were hardly distinguishable from each other because both were part of the ebullient experience of life. So now we have folk like Cornelia Otis Skinner on the one hand and hipsters on the other, each in their own way seeking release from the dull savagery of our Great Society.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

The architects of Lincoln Center have thoughtfully provided two different approaches to the Metropolitan Opera. The first, serving the lucky few who arrive by taxicab, passes the fountain in the focus of the three major buildings which squat like constipated frogs around a water lily. This approach is quite satisfactory except in rain, snow or slush, conditions which often perversely coincide with the coveted performances.

But even in balmy weather the bulk of the audience arrives in the underground parking garage and alights from cars and limousines to an overture of engine noise. Then—satin shoes tip-toeing on oil-smeared concrete, delicate noses dipped in fur stoles to fend off the poisonous exhaust—the procession files toward the escalators and the de-

partmentalized consumption of Performing Arts. Searching for the right door in the tiled tunnels scented with disinfectant, I often recall with considerable feeling the memory of arriving at Venice's La Fenice by silent gondola, with torches lighting the canal.

Of course, access to the old Met was never quite that pleasant, but the design of the new house might at least have emulated the dignified carriage entrances of the Paris Opera which connect directly with ornate and spacious lobbies. As it is, one pushes through a last glass door to enter a space low-ceilinged and mean of proportions, but lavish in its exotic finishes. Moving up to the lounge one follows the spatial contortions of the grand staircase—interesting in itself but an element borrowed



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DR. CANTRIL has been psychological advisor to all but one of the last five administrations. During World War II, he was an expert consultant to the Secretary of War and of the Office of War Information.

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from Eero Saarinen's TWA-Kennedy Airport idiom and totally unrelated to the Harrison firm's own design vocabulary. As though to underline this discord, the heavy concrete edge of the stairs abruptly stops behind a column and a slim wooden handrail takes over. Such discontinuities abound: marble shafts of uncertain purpose rise with polished vigor to be chopped off short of the concrete vaults of the ceiling.

Writing in *The Nation* two years ago, Walter McQuade expressed the hope that Philharmonic Hall would remain Lincoln Center's architectural nadir. With respect to the new Met he must have assumed that the design of a traditional horseshoe auditorium with a red-and-gold color scheme is a foolproof proposition. But is it? Entering the grand space one is overwhelmed by the most astonishing potpourri of decorative devices, to wit: the proscenium frame is cut into folded surfaces covered with gilded warts and other excrescences; the boxes are shaped as doubly curved surfaces, some striped, some adorned with crystals; and, most striking, the design of the ceiling is an orgy of two-dimensional ovulation. "Stalinist decorative" is not my favorite style, but by comparison the designers of the Moscow Metro showed greater artistic "finesse" in the development of a coherent decorative theme. During a performance of *Il Trovatore*, beautifully designed and costumed by Motley, I could not help thinking that the interiors would have been infinitely better executed by a gifted stage designer.

It is hard to swallow the proffered excuse that the awkward decoration of the Met "designed itself" as the dependent variable of the acoustic re-

quirements. The acoustics are indeed good, and the credit is primarily due to Cyril Harris, the acoustical consultant. Harris likes to point out that music capriciously calls for varied, broken surfaces, once admirably provided by the cheeks and buttocks of baroque *putti*, by stucco ceilings and chandeliers. The search for adequate ersatz patterns is what overtakes the formal inventiveness of modern architects. The design of ceilings is especially trying: Abramovitz's shields at the Philharmonic are as embarrassing as Johnson's intersecting curlicues radiating from an oversize crystal ball at the State Theater. Yet Johnson at least deployed a fairly well coordinated set of decorative elements, while at the Met textures and material crowd one another in hapless juxtaposition.

Above the center of the Met's proscenium (where in royal theatres the ruler's coat of arms is displayed) there curls an enigmatic bundle of perforated strips and gilded noodles. Apart from this sculptural emblem, there is no work of art in the auditorium. In baroque theatres the ceiling was often the primary object of artistic attention, and in view of the awkward alternative provided in the new opera, it is a pity that its ceiling was not painted. Perhaps the directors of the project hesitated to copy the Paris Opera where Chagall repainted the flat cupola beautifully, although somewhat out of tune with the color key of Garnier's mellow decoration. Instead of a ceiling, the Met presented Chagall with two blank surfaces in the lounge for which the aging master produced two enormous canvases. Inside the building, these paintings can be viewed only from a skewed angle, which makes me suspect that the paintings were not conceived as part of the original design. Chagall's two "lyric fantasies" can be better seen from the plaza where they beckon from behind the large glass walls. Their light, dreamlike quality might have softened the maladroitness of the lounge, were it not for heavy box frames and huge draperies that entirely divorce the paintings from the architecture. They are degraded to "lobby art," a genre much in favor with New York's commercial architecture. I once heard a local realtor advising his design team to cut the expense of architecture and compensate for adequate space by "jazzing up" the lobby: "throw in a couple of colors, buy some plants and some art," he said.

This "art appliqué," art applied to architecture as a sop and an afterthought, is characteristic of much that

can be seen at Lincoln Center. To be sure, some of the art work has been donated, was gratefully received and now demands prominent display. But even the commissioned pieces do little to upgrade the architecture. There are exceptions: the big Moore in front of the Beaumont Theater completes the space with its black pool. The State Theater's pair of Nadelmans—gaped at from the lacy galleries as though they were white belugas in an aquarium—are at least partly convincing. One senses that the space was conceived to contain two contrapuntal heroic sculptures, and their presence is essential for spatial balance. This cannot be said of Lippold's tangled metal strips in Philharmonic Hall; the artist obviously could not "swing" with Abramovitz's architecture as well as he did with Johnson's Four Seasons Restaurant, one of the few spaces in New York where a comfortable relation is established between art work and architecture.

Despite all the talk about the essential unity of architecture and the "sister arts," our time has created a wider gap between architects and artists than ever existed before. Under the Gothic or the Baroque, art and architecture formed an inseparable entity; even the 19th century produced a synthesis of architecture and decoration, a comprehensive modulation from vast volume to graspable small scale. Since then, Soviet "social realism" has discredited any view of art as servant of a stated social philosophy and strengthened the narcissistic individualism of Western artists. The modern painter or sculptor, in his self-appointed role as a sort of "early-warning system" of McLuhanian pretension, no longer cares to consort with architects.

Edgar Kaufman, Jr., a leading theoretician of architecture, feels that the take-it-or-leave-it pose of modern artists is justifiable, since the essence of modern art is a search for unlimited freedom of expression which would be negated by collaboration. John Gordon, a curator of the Whitney, confirms that this indifference is real. The best artists are reluctant to become involved with "lobby art," the lesser ones accept commissions with a cynically commercial shrug. Of the three museums recently built in New York for modern art, none provides any fixed place for a major art work: the buildings are mainly storehouses for art objects. Neither curators nor architects seem sufficiently assured of their judgment to select art for permanent placement. This is a pity, because abstract art can assume increased meaning when integrated with architecture, and the discipline imposed by

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HEAR: Julian Bond, Judy Collins, Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., Malvina Reynolds, Robert Vaughn

As the war cruelly destroys in Vietnam, so it denies hope to millions in the United States. The need for decent homes, quality education, jobs and fair employment are brushed aside. Our cities smother in smoke and grime, strangle in traffic. Our slums continue to rot. Streams and rivers are polluted, and the very air we breathe is fouled. Our vast wealth could in a short time eliminate these ills. It goes instead to murder and destroy. War contracts and the draft corrupt our campuses and laboratories. And, as the war continues, the ultimate danger of nuclear holocaust hangs over all.

To launch this movement, we call for a mass march and rally at the United Nations in New York and at the birthplace of the UN in San Francisco, on Saturday, April 15, 1967. We march to the UN to affirm our respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples, acclaimed by mankind and embodied in the UN Charter, but violated by the United States. We march to dramatize the world-wide hope that the United States remove its troops from Vietnam so that the Vietnamese can determine their own future in their own way.

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We Address a Call for Action to All Americans Whose Lives Are Twisted by This War:

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- To the farmers caught in the "cost-price" squeeze and being taxed off their land;
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- To the clergy who call all men to be brothers and who are mocked by this slaughter.

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the architectural context need not cripple artistic self-expression. Although successful collaboration between artists and architects is not frequent in this city, there are many good examples abroad. In the new municipal theatre of the small German town of Ingolstadt, forthright modern architecture integrates the work of congenial artists: reliefs cast in the very structural walls, gold-leaf paintings applied directly to the concrete surface. In Takamatsu, Japan, the abstract murals of Genichiro Inokuma, an artist who lives in New York, are imbedded in the concrete of architect Tange's city hall to form a spatial entity in perfect spiritual consonance. Other examples are architect Villanueva's Central University in Caracas, Venezuela, or the buildings of the new University of St. Gall,

Switzerland, by Forderer. In both cases artists were consulted during the formative stage of architectural design and a give-and-take developed between the architects and the artists—among them, Léger, Arp, Pevsner, Laurens, Vasarely, Miró and Penalba.

Lincoln Center, alas, does not deliver what it promised with so much fanfare: an "orchestra" of the visual arts to serve as an inspiration to the performing artists; a "bold . . . statement to the enduring values of art as a true measure of civilization. . . ." Corbusier once said: "In architectural space a piece of art is either priceless or worthless." In this spatial sense, there is little "priceless" art at Lincoln Center—perhaps because there is so little architecture of sufficient "worth" to call for it.

TELEVISION / John Horn

Mr. Horn covers television daily for the Publishers Newspaper Syndicate, and theatre and popular entertainment for the weekly Rockland Independent. He has been television critic-reporter for the New York Herald Tribune, Variety and the New York Star, and a field producer on Edward R. Murrow's Person to Person.

If Fred W. Friendly had written a candid account, a true history, of his sixteen-year tenure at C.B.S., what a book it could have been!

It would have contained a real appreciation of the late Edward R. Murrow, ~~with~~ whom Friendly spent most of his C.B.S. time in harness, and to whom he still owes a considerable debt. Perhaps not the Murrow of before and during World War II, Murrow at his best, alerting America to Nazism (without granting equal time) from amid the bomb fires of London, when as one of radio's news pioneers he set broadcast journalism's standards for integrity, courage, responsibility and crisp reporting. But possibly Murrow the man, the quixotic mixture of poet and peasant, of thinker and doer, the shy man in the public eye.

The book that Friendly did not write might also have followed the growth of C.B.S. News—fountainhead of news broadcasting—from a handful of friends to a corporate division, and recorded the transition from radio to television, a far more cumbersome method of communication.

It would have charted the radical change of television from a journalistic tool of incalculable service and influ-

ence to a money-making machine of fantasy entertainment and advertising. In this context, Friendly might have described the guerrilla war he was forced to wage in order to survive, let alone function. It has been a war of newsmen against their own network's commercial system, a steam roller of paid-for time aboard which the news must pay or beg its way. And on a related front it has been a war against the subtle or overt pressures of those non-journalists, in or out of a network, who attempt to keep news and documentaries as happy, conformist and noncontroversial as the rest of television.

Against such a background, the great programs that Murrow and Friendly produced would stand out as heroic. They shook up America: not just the entrenched interests, who screamed and threatened but average citizens who hardly expected their cause, which is to say their sense of themselves as individuals and not as an exploitable market, to be championed on the electronic box. To question, to arouse, to stimulate are television's great possibilities. Murrow and Friendly made them actualities—for a time.

Their wars against McCarthyism, their crusades in behalf of the dispossessed and disadvantaged (migrant workers and the American Negro, among others), their defiance of the money establishment (the automotive and tobacco industries, the political wing of the American Medical Association) are proof they were on the side of the citizen; events have proved that they were on the side of history. An inside his-

tory could have revealed how they worked the miracle—in spite of superiors, company, industry and advertisers.

I place such emphasis on the book Friendly might have written because the one he did write, *Due To Circumstances Beyond Our Control* (Random House), is nothing like what his experience might suggest. In this guarded, no-name-or-blame backward glance at commercial television, Friendly spends half his space on scanty documentation—as deep as a press release—of his two major documentary series, *See It Now* and *C.B.S. Reports*.

A third is devoted to Friendly's short, happy life as president of C.B.S. News, two years that came to an end with his resignation last year over the C.B.S. decision not to carry George Kennan's testimony on Vietnam before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings. Revenue-producing entertainment reruns were telecast instead.

The rest of the book is evangelism, part persuasive (the chapter, "Common Stock vs. the Commonweal," contrasting huge private profits with minuscule public service), and part rehash (last summer's Ford Foundation plan to use a domestic satellite as a means whereby the commercial networks would finance a noncommercial rival).

In Friendly's canon, the system is to be blamed, not the individuals who created and manage the system. Hence the title. His book is readable; it seems dictated. It is also shallow and full of appalling sycophancies and galling evasions.

"We could feel CBS's support for 'See It Now' fading ever so gradually." Eh? When and how was the decision made to combat McCarthyism? Why was Teddy White, as a China expert, "not deemed acceptable to the management"? Was that a news or business judgment? "I suppose I was subtly influenced to do controversial subjects in a noncontroversial manner." How?

Friendly says "no opprobrium is intended for anyone other than Senator McCarthy—certainly not for William Paley or Frank Stanton." But stiletto work is apparent. Stanton is described as more interested in form than content and given to wasting time on such trivialities as the marking of the men's rooms (M) in the new C.B.S. building.

Paley is quoted about *See It Now*: "I don't want this constant stomach ache every time you do a controversial subject." Even more shattering is his reported statement in a divisional-president meeting that unscheduled news coverage of events such as Sir Winston Churchill's funeral, the space program and civil rights affected "first-quarter

programming costs [so as to reduce earnings] by six cents a share." A few gossip tidbits like that will cause near apoplexy in the C.B.S. hierarchy and may be titillation enough for best-sellerdom.

Friendly does mention two big stories he missed producing as documentaries—black listing and the quiz scandals. But he does not say whether he would have been permitted to indulge in such industry self-criticism. He reveals in passing that he accepted black listing when he was producer of the news quiz show, *Who Said That?*, and that on another occasion he stood by while an unnamed executive cleared a theme-music composer.

The book—cautious, evasive—is not typical of the blunt rampager. Friendly would have made a better documentary of the material. He is a doer, not a sayer; a catalyzer of ideas. His programs prove it. His "public dividend" plan for a noncommercial network and his flair for publicity promise to broaden the review of educational television, on this year's Congressional agenda, into a full-scale re-evaluation of all American television. A firm believer in "what the American people don't know can kill them" (his wife's words), he may yet get others to act in the domain of U.S. television. But by failing to practice in his book what he preaches in his crusades, he has seriously damaged his cause.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

For all its apparent obviousness, the box or cube is a polyvalent form in modern sculpture. The very fact that one can refer to it, on the one hand, as a rectangular receptacle and, on the other, as a geometrical element, indicates some of the virtuosity of meaning that has made it as durable as the square in painting. The cube can be hollow, a mere format containing extremely variegated sculptural objects or artifacts; it can also be incorporated into a larger three-dimensional vocabulary in which, in part or whole, fully stated or suggested, it is a constituent. Naturally, these differing functions will have much to do with the way the spectator perceives scale, reading into the work either a microcosmic or a macrocosmic situation, depending upon the fairly direct alternatives that are offered him. Concomitantly, they will inflect space very characteristically, whether by establishing a module with perpendicular relationships of surface, or by opening up

100 Years of Fighting Stampedes *

THE NATION

has managed to survive, the Decatur (Illinois) *Herald* observed on the occasion of our centennial, "by fighting stampedes for over 100 years."

Heading off stampedes is peculiarly American; the country has the energy and space to set hoofs really thundering. We call to mind only a few of the most irrational flights: the jingoism that plunged us into wars with Mexico and Spain, the hypocritical hysteria of Prohibition, the "uproar" of McCarthyism, "Let's Get Hoffa!," "Send in the Marines!" (to Haiti, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, etc.), "we must beat the Russians to the moon," the anti-missile missile, the SST. The list is long. Some of the stampedes of the last 102 years ran over us roughshod, some we slowed a bit, some we helped to stop. But there are few we failed to challenge. If you think *Bonanza* is where the action is, come out on the range with *The Nation*.

*("Stampede, any headlong flight of a large group; from the Mex.-Sp. *estampida* or 'uproar.'")

"The South's hope, Dennett reported, was that the former slaveholders would 'get the States back into their hands,' for they 'much preferred that the freedmen be kept in a condition as nearly as possible resembling their former slavery.'"

"Dennett's dispatches are examples of masterly journalism. Dennett died in 1874—before the slaveholders got back the states, overthrew the Reconstruction, and reduced the freedmen to a condition resembling slavery."

N. Y. Times 10/31/65

THE SOUTH AS IT IS

by John Richard Dennett

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a relatively small cavity, into which one peers and juxtaposes the frame as the stage can be juxtaposed with its props and actors. Louise Nevelson, now being presented in an illuminating retrospective at the Whitney, follows the latter course.

Well known since the mid-fifties, Nevelson's work has been, at times literally, a fixture of the artistic scene. Her frequently giant, black wooden walls of gridded boxes, that resemble break-fronts or highboys, have a habit of taking over entire segments of an environment, as if demanding equality with furniture on its own terms—or better still, supplanting it. Though Nevelson's pieces are shallow enough (generally being not more than a foot deep), they are nevertheless oddly commanding. This is due in part to their blackness which, because it puts you in doubt about the exact location of the planes, tends to obscure the internal sculptural boundaries of the work. Then, too, her sculpture is a seemingly endless aggregate of boxes, so that while the compositional unit is small, it proliferates in a spirit that is almost grandiose. Like a reredos, a Nevelson sculpture suffuses the space with a reverential monumentality. It is a ritualized theatre whose multiple episodes are distributed laterally across the whole possible span of the eye, diffusing the attention by its limitless variety, and yet as impressive as a monolith in its final proportions. It therefore transcends the lapidary and miniaturized reading, the sequential, compartmental ordering of forms (or more often, a literary gaming with forms) that assemblage imposes upon the spectator.

This is not to say that one can ignore Miss Nevelson's iconography. These perverse bookcases are densely crowded with objects that half resemble the "metaphysical" wands of di Chirico and Carra, mingled with the fluted balustrades and the filigree sprockets of American gingerbread homesteads. Bowling pins and table legs alternate with more abstract flanges, spandrels and crating. If the whole field is a species of screen, it is in turn broken up into innumerable smaller screens, like incomplete and curving stage flats.

It has already been noted that Nevelson derives in about equal measure from Cubism and Surrealism. The grid-like faceted format, with its flat planes and convex volumes, and its sense of shifting apertures, contrasts with insistently dislocated and fragmented found objects, that have almost the status of personages in their own right. Yet the effect of fetishistic encrusta-

tion (or rather display) is countered by the deliberate schematism of the material, and the formalized nonspecified distancing of the imagery. She is interested neither in nostalgic decay nor technological glamour. Her titles, on the contrary, indicate a concern for atmospheric states, ceremonial events, exotic places. Such is the gist of legends like "Young Shadows," "Black Moon," "Tropical Garden," etc. There is even to be found in this show a gilded, slatted "altarpiece" such as "An American Tribute to the British People," or a piece called "Homage to 6,000,000."

It must be admitted that these are somewhat arbitrary labels; there is nothing inevitable about their relationship to the objects they caption—although there is also no reason why there has to be. But in the installation of certain of her works, Nevelson has seen to it that only an extremely dim or bluish light bathes the wooden façade with a hushed lunar glow that presumes to evoke the unearthliness hinted at by her titles. She will sacrifice a considerable degree of physical articulation in order to intensify this mood, to enshrine her special odds and ends as unintentionally campy objects of veneration. No doubt a great deal of intelligence is needed to integrate Nevelson's sculptures effectively into their surroundings, and the Whitney probably does an adequate job, considering that it is not an apartment. But the special circumstances demanded by the lighting introduce an illustrational, rather than obey an expository function. They also betray a weakness in the overall vision.

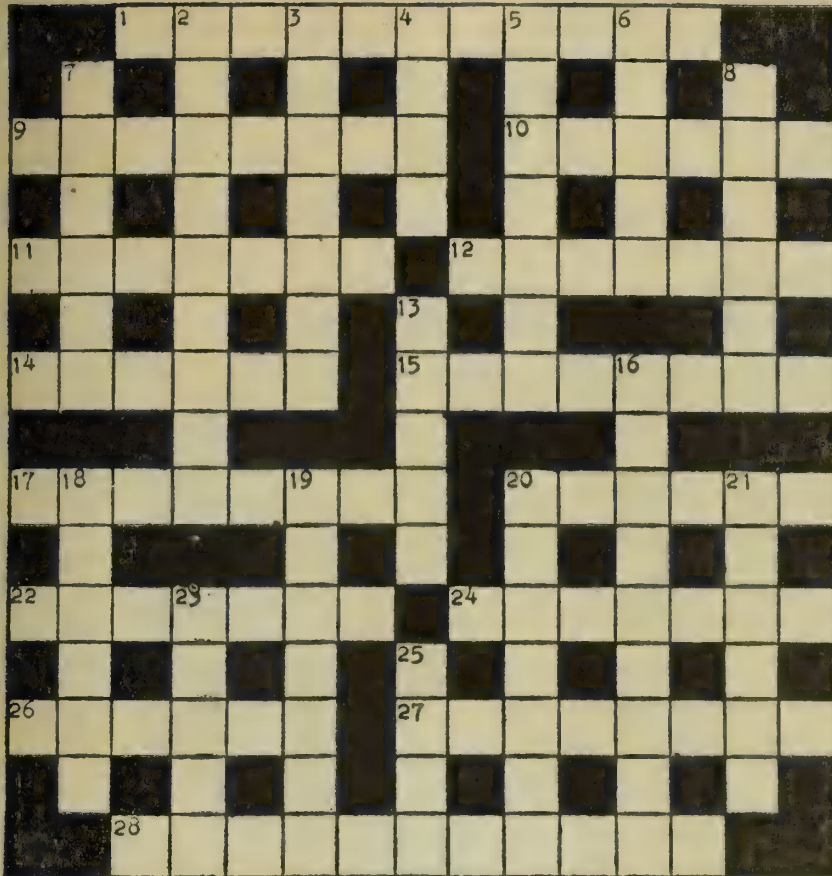
I would say that this weakness is compounded of facility and a kind of willful humanism. They lead to an accent on style which ultimately does not convince, either as a crystallization of emotion, or as formal inventiveness. A tremendously energetic resourcefulness of execution does not quite cover up a conceptual stasis, with the result that the sculpture falls back on mannerism, a fault unfortunately common in American sculpture that matured in the 1950s. (Nevelson herself is slightly older than the Abstract Expressionists.) Hers, however, is a mannerism of format and motif, rather than of surface. She will not go so far into the realm of personal poetry as Cornell, though she more than works at it; she will also typically steer clear of the chaotic, the expressionist or the ironic, as in Rauschenberg's combine paintings. The more hieratic and Olympian offerings at the Whitney belong to an area far removed, but somewhere between these two alternatives. The difficulty is that Nevelson's im-

personality is studied, but not rigorously abstract: the interplay of forms in her countless tableaux is reiterated more in the cause of "interest" than necessity. Possibly that is why it seems a chore to "work" with her compositions; while, on the other hand, it is too easy to appreciate their effect. This predicament is the more regrettable because the sculptor is not merely dedicated and ambitious but substantially talented.

It is to the credit of the Whitney to have allowed us to trace this talent in a development that had not previously been clear, at least to me. Louise Nevelson first seems to have emerged as a sculptor of potentiality in 1955, with some Picassoid-Surrealist pieces, silhouettes impaled with wooden pegs and spikes ("Indian Chief"), that still seem fresh. Of the next year, "Undermarine Scape," a glass box with bent wooden "weeds" interspersed with "bone" forms, is an extremely appealing creation. She hits her stride in the next three years, with the box façades, which are stronger whenever—although this is comparatively rare—they are simpler. From a historical point of view, however, in their extendability, and their literal piled-up additiveness of construction (without pedestal), they were characterful contributions to the tradition of assemblage. Examples of their kind painted in white or gold, on the contrary, look only too much like repainted compilations from the curio and antique shops of the New York East Side. From the works that approach 1964, I prefer the "bas-reliefs" to the totems, the evenly graded figurations to the looser, more broken up assemblies, where the attempt to bring off a tour de force is purchased only by a rather conventional grouping of forces. On the other hand, the open door or zigzag or curving aggregations ("Homage to the World") are fruitful changeovers, and often genuinely imposing. Lately, Nevelson has constructed a number of aluminum and black epoxy enameled staggered fronts composed of open-faced room dividers, that are more brittle and less associative than is her usual work. An interest in modules and riveted jointures comes undistractedly to the fore. Here she is dependent much more emphatically on her capacities as an organizer, and here she is attaining her most coherent, if also most restricted, results. Finally, a very recent clear plastic, "Model for Atmosphere and Environment, Ice Palace I," with its glittering rivets punctuating a three-dimensional chessboard, achieves a charming poetry, and terminates the exhibition on an optimistic note.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1196

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Perhaps capital supplied by one who rents out the complete area between streets! (5, 6)
- 9 What one might see on the stage with glasses? (8)
- 10 An old religious man who shouldn't be trusted with cards? (6)
- 11 Better, perhaps, with the spirit to travel. (7)
- 12 Step around the place of refreshment—the boat is small! (7)
- 14 Not out in 23, by the sound of it. (6)
- 15 Henry VIII might have been one of the first in canaling, possibly. (8)
- 17 Secretly agree, but not for the point of the church! (8)
- 20 And don't agree with what might have to be collected. (6)
- 22 A phantom of it gleamed for Wordsworth. (7)
- 24 and 25 down A special guardian, perhaps, but customers aren't, commonly. (6, 5)
- 26 Such a music maker sounds like a crank. (6)
- 27 Time, as it might be, follows too closely? (8)
- 28 Polygon, by the sound of it, as a result? (6, 5)

DOWN:

- 2 Promises of reward for work? Might be hard to get! (9)

- 3 Sticker-splitter? (7)
- 4 Roll two ways. (4)
- 5 Giving a little extra in the direction of a 4? (7)
- 6 Drew on the stage an angle half-space. (5)
- 7 Add a scotchman on call. (6)
- 8 Crimea, as an older place of revolution. (6)
- 13 What people play in the current book market? (5)
- 16 What the girl in mink might have said after dining out to make the boy-friend angry? (9)
- 18 A poser for such as Carmen and Lucia.
- 19 If once this, one might later use it to help emphysema. (7)
- 20 Does one so get the idea to make a profit? (7)
- 21 We sometimes invite the intractable to come to their own. (6)
- 23 The object of a literary passage. (5)
- 25 See 24 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1195

ACROSS: 1 Daddy-long-legs; 9 Wooser; 10 Exanthema; 11 Affiant; 12 Incipit; 13 Three; 14 Sounds off; 16 Eventuate; 18 Witch; 19 English; 21 Laicize; 22 Ledbetter; 23 Lehar; 24 The Night Watch. DOWN: 1 Down at the heels; 2 Drop-forged; 3 Yardage; 4 Overt; 5 Gratitude; 6 Enticed; 7 Sweep; 8 Salt of the earth; 14 Spaghetti; 15 Out with it; 17 Trirreme; 18 Whitlow; 20 Godot; 21 Lurch.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014.

PUBLICATIONS

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NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

little beauty

New York City

DEAR SIRs: Unlike Robert Sherrill ["Marriage in Haste," *The Nation*, Mar. 20], I cannot persuade myself that the high probability of unattractive offspring from the A.B.C.-ITT union should be blamed exclusively upon one of the matrimonial partners. It is not a wedding of Beauty and the Beast as much as the marriage of childhood sweethearts who have much in common, have been brought up in the same climate and neighborhood, and who have always thought alike about most of the "important" issues and problems they are likely to face in the state of matrimony. . . . Why should a conflict arise about permitting "A.B.C. newscasters to say even an oblique kind word for Castro"? When has A.B.C. management "permitted A.B.C. newscasters such a thing"? . . .

A newscaster who has the urge to commit such indiscretions—no matter how oblique—is not likely to find himself in the vicinity of live microphones. Men who have urges to be indiscreet are simply not the A.B.C. type or the ITT type—not for any job where they can hurt the public "image," anyway. . . .

Little Beauty—like her competitors—has been very competent in keeping any "conflict of interest" off the air. When she leaves her virginal bed, she'll carry on as she always has. And we won't even notice the difference.

Alice Mary Hilton

The Federal Communications Commission has voted to review its earlier decision approving the A.B.C.-ITT merger. As to A.B.C. and Castro, Miss Hilton has no doubt forgotten that it was this network that carried the late Lisa Howard's remarkable one-hour interview with Castro on May 10, 1963.

The Editors

letter from South Vietnam

The following letter is a response from leading students and professors at the universities of South Vietnam to the 100 American student leaders who in January, 1967, addressed a letter of concern about the war in that country to President Johnson. It is released by the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Saigon

Dear Fellow Students: We are students and professors from all the universities of South Vietnam (Saigon, Hue, Dalat, Can Tho and Van Hahn), who write to thank you for your action in trying to stop this terrible war in our country. We cannot act officially, as you did, because the universities here are not permitted by the government to express themselves freely. We have made petitions and appeals, but we cannot let our names be made public, because we would be arrested and imprisoned. . . .

Nevertheless, we write to thank you for your actions and to plead with you to continue. We ask you to consider these facts:

In South Vietnamese cities the American power has become so great in support of the Ky government that no one can speak against the war without risking his life or his liberty.

If it were not so, millions would speak out. The people of South Vietnam . . . are not Communists, but if the war does not soon end, they will join the National Liberation Front because they see no other way out.

Americans should not believe that they are protecting the South Vietnamese against communism. Most of us believe that the United States wants to control our country only in order to prepare for war with China.

The present government of South Vietnam is not our

(Continued on page 500)

EDITORIALS

Why Unthinkable?

Sen. Clifford P. Case of New Jersey is one of our more thoughtful legislators and a leader among moderate Republicans, but his stand on the politics of Vietnam is disappointing. It is "unthinkable," he argues, for any candidate to "make political capital" out of the Vietnamese War in the 1968 campaign. "I've been boiling at the idea that Vietnam would be considered by either party as a political issue," Mr. Case said in a TV interview on April 1. He said he was distressed by reports that advisers of Gov. George Romney were divided over whether he should be a hawk or a dove in his pursuit of the Presidency. There is ample reason to be distressed, but only over the fact that Mr. Romney and his supporters seem to feel that it is purely a question of which stand will collect the more votes. The argument that the issue should be buried is in conflict with the whole theory and practice of political democracy. If it prevails, it will make the 1968 campaign meaningless.

In 1964, the incumbent President made it quite clear that he had no intention of escalating the war. He as much as promised to pursue a policy of caution, in contrast to the harsh and reckless line which his opponent appeared to endorse. Once he was assured of four more years in office, Mr. Johnson in effect changed places with Mr. Goldwater. Are we now to understand that the Johnson Administration is not to be held accountable for what has happened, for the original deception and the series of deceptions that followed? How are the people in a democracy ever to play a major part in government if their hands are to be tied by the inhibitions that Senator Case advocates?

Mr. Case seems to have forgotten the stand of the Presidential nominee of his own party in 1952. Korea was labeled a police action, as Vietnam is labeled now. As that undeclared war dragged on, it became increasingly unpopular, although never so unpopular as the Vietnamese War has been from the outset. Prompted by a speech writer, General Eisenhower promised to go to Korea if he was elected. Was this making political capital, or wasn't it? Are we to understand that Senator Case, in retrospect, regrets that General Eisenhower carried out his inferential promise to end the Korean War?

Mr. Johnson has managed to pre-empt the center position on Vietnam, while actually pursuing a policy much closer to that of the hawks than that of moderates like Gruening, Morse and Hatfield, who are doves only in caricature. (There is not a single person in any position of power to whom the "dove" label can be legitimately affixed.) Is Senator Case willing to absolve Mr. Johnson of making political capital of the war in Vietnam? If so, politics has lost all meaning.

Even by those who regard the Vietnamese War as jus-

tified, there may—there should—be controversy about the manner in which it has been carried on. What about the lack of candor which is one of the President's unvaried techniques? What about the failure to seek the advice of the Senate? What about a dozen issues, such as the cat-and-mouse game Mr. Johnson has played with Hanoi, always pretending to be prepared to talk unconditionally, always laying down conditions and boosting the war another notch when Hanoi refused to comply? There are many issues short of unconditional withdrawal of American forces which would nevertheless justify a critical attitude toward the Johnson Administration's conduct of the war.

Nor is it possible to evaluate the actions to which Mr. Johnson has committed the United States in Southeast Asia without moving into broader areas of foreign policy. What American military power is doing in Vietnam, the horrors it has inflicted on the Vietnamese people, North and South, are not regarded in other parts of the world with the equanimity which Senator Case seems to consider appropriate. What about another phase of the war—the threat to China, and the danger that that unpredictable power will take an active part?

Mr. Johnson has pursued a desperate gamble. He set out to crush Communist power in Southeast Asia. His premise was that he could do so without bringing China into the war, and that he could emerge as a victorious war President before the 1968 campaign. As far as Mr. Case is concerned, Mr. Johnson is to be left free to sacrifice American and Vietnamese lives for his own ends, with no major opposition at home. A reactionary or opportunist Republican might well connive at such a policy, on the ground that it is never safe to oppose the Chief Executive during a war, declared or undeclared, justified or unjustified, honorable or dishonorable. But that stand ill becomes a Republican of Mr. Case's reputation for liberalism and good sense—and there is a good chance that it will prove to be poor politics as well.

Plain Talk

"I believe that if we had kept and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own, that they design and want. That they fight and work for. And if unfortunately their revolution must be of the violent type because the 'haves' refuse to share with the 'have-nots' by any peaceful method, at least what they get will be their own and not the American style which they don't want and above all don't want crammed down their throats by Americans."

Who said it? A Communist? Hardly—there is no deduction from theory and the appeal is to nationalism rather than ideology. Could it be a university scholar? Not even the bluntest eggheads lay it on the line like

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THE NATION
Combined with **FRONTIER**

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that. An isolationist? If so, a peculiar kind: most isolationists want America to stay at home because we are superior and already have what we want, so why dissipate it abroad? There is in this speech an incongruous note of compassion and humility. How come?

Actually, the author is one of those *sui generis* types. He is Gen. David M. Shoup, former commandant of the Marine Corps, and winner of the Medal of Honor at Tarawa in World War II. He said it last May, in a speech at Pierce College in Los Angeles, and it was belatedly inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Sen. Vance Hartke (D., Ind.). Shoup said much more, such as that the whole of Southeast Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of the people of the United States, is not worth the life or limb of a single American. Strange talk, and no doubt displeasing to the hawks in Congress and the Johnson Administration, but it is difficult to cast doubt on the patriotism of a military man, and doubly so when he has Shoup's record of gallantry and leadership.

Although he is certainly offbeat, Shoup is by no means the only independent-minded military man; for some reason there seem to be more of them among the Marines than in the other services. One recalls Gen. Smedley Butler, likewise a retired commandant of the Corps, who in the 1930s inveighed furiously against war and fascism and spoke at meetings arranged by people who, a couple of decades later, were hauled up before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. And then there was the gung-ho hero of World War II, Colonel and finally Brig. Gen. Evans F. Carlson, a Marine who might have put something of a crimp in the preparations for the cold war, if he had lived.

Of course most Marines are as hidebound as their fellows in the other services, but every now and then someone high in the Corps lets loose. With few exceptions, the press has ignored Shoup's speech; it is regarded as too hot to handle. It seems to be the product of an organization which has to be tougher when it fights than anybody else, and tougher also when it talks. Shoup should keep on talking.

The 'Credibility Gap'

Besides denouncing the Vietnamese crusade, General Shoup had something to say about the "credibility gap." The feeling back home in Indiana, he said, was: "Why don't they just once try telling the truth first?" The real nature of the "gap" could not be better described. The phrase, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out in two first-class columns, is a polite euphemism for deception. It is a term of a kind that has never been needed in American government before, and its emergence is disquieting.

Lippmann recognizes a certain normal degree of tension between the President—any President—and the reporters. The reporters want to know more than the President finds

it expedient to tell them; consequently there is always a degree of sparring. Normally, however, the reporters feel that the President wants to be as candid as his responsibilities will permit and that, though he may not tell them what they want to know, neither will he mislead them.

The relation between President Johnson and the White House press corps is significantly different. The reporters distrust, Lippmann says, "is the result of a deliberate policy of artificial manipulation of official news." What Mr. Johnson wants is to obtain "consensus," or support of his policies by managing the news in his own political interest. He will give lip service to the idea of an independent press, but in everything he says and does he undermines one of the cornerstones of American society.

Will it work? To a certain extent, and for a time, it will. Those Americans who take a light view of their responsibilities as citizens of a democracy will go along with Mr. Johnson's maneuvers. It is much more comfortable to believe that the United States is engaged in a righteous war on behalf of the victims of aggression than to face the reality of aggression on our own part. When Mr. Johnson protests that he wants peace, and will go anywhere to negotiate, this section of the electorate will take him at his word, ignoring the fact that his actions constantly belie his words. But the more thoughtful citizens—and those who cannot reconcile themselves to the brutal application of national power, as by the Fascists in and before World War II and by the United States today—see through the Johnson rhetoric and are alienated. It is this bifurcation that accounts for the division in the academic community and the aversion that a majority of the more intelligent and sensitive people of the United States feel for Mr. Johnson's leadership. In the long run, inability to accept what the government says at face value must spread. Whatever Mr. Johnson gains at the moment will cost him dearly in the long run—and unfortunately not him alone. It may, as John Kenneth Galbraith has pointed out, lead to the ruin of the Democratic Party.

The Big Spenders

The United States and the Soviet Union have no significant competition, either as arms suppliers or in keeping their own military strength at Gargantuan levels. Both countries are bursting with weapons. If they were half as generous with help for countries in need they would rank as the benefactors of mankind; as it is, they are a threat to its very existence.

Henry J. Kuss, Jr., the Pentagon's star salesman, estimates that his office accounted for \$1.7 billion in armament sales during fiscal 1966; he predicts joyously that the armories of the "free world" will be doing a \$10 billion export business after 1970. Less joyously, Prof. Emile Benoit of Columbia University has completed another of his studies of world "defense" spending, this one in collaboration with Harold Lubell of the Agency for International

Development. The results are contained in *Disarmament and World Economic Interdependence*, edited by Professor Benoit and just published by Columbia University Press.

Even prior to the Vietnamese build-up, total world expenditure for military hardware and personnel was running at \$133 billion a year. This was the figure for 1964-65; it is probably in the neighborhood of \$145 billion today. At the time of the survey, U.S. military spending was at the rate of \$51 billion a year, while the Soviet program was budgeted at \$42 billion. Thus, between them, the two leaders accounted for 70 per cent of the world arms spending—for their domestic requirements alone.

The rest of the field was strung out far in the rear. By the West, Red China is pictured as a ferocious giant poised to spring on its neighbors, but Professor Benoit credits the Chinese with a military budget of less than \$5 billion, about the same as that of the United Kingdom. Despite its *force de frappe*, France spends only \$3 billion a year. There is no getting away from the Benoit-Lubell conclusion that the military wealth of the United States and the USSR "probably gives an ineradicably bipolar structure to the arms race, despite the loosening of alliances and military blocs."

Not all the billions swallowed up by the arms race are pure waste. Something under \$40 billion goes for pay and support of personnel. They would have to be fed, clothed and housed in any case, although they might be doing something useful in return for their wages. And, except from an unrealistic viewpoint, allowance must be made for forces required for internal security and the estimated cost of a world peace-keeping force. All such deductions, however, still leave a net burden of more than \$70 billion, which is estimated to be nine times as large as the total capital flow, public and private, in the form of grants, loans and other transfers, from the developed to the less developed countries.

For their part, the latter manage to divert \$1 billion a year from their meager resources to weapons spending. For example, *The Economist* (March 25) reports that Somalia, with a population of 2 to 3 million, supports an army of at least 25,000 men and is said to have recently received from the Soviet Union 150 MIG fighter-bombers, 20 helicopters, and enough T-34 tanks to make up an armored brigade. Somalia's uneasy neighbor, Ethiopia, has received more U.S. military aid than all the other countries of Africa put together. On the other side of the Red Sea, the troubled lands of the Arabian peninsula (Aden is a particularly hot spot at the moment) are likewise beneficiaries of Soviet military assistance in one camp, Anglo-American in the other. Thus the two leaders in the bipolar structure may find themselves at each other's throats should a pair of unmanageable satellites decide to fight it out in some remote corner of the world. And the more the superpowers spend, on themselves and on their vassals, the greater the peril to all alike.

News from the North

In all the cities south of the Great Lakes, it is a newspaper axiom that Canada is not news. Except for the exploits of its hockey teams, and seasonal feature stories in the travel sections, the fortunes of the nation with which we share our longest boundary go unrecorded, and Canada remains for most of us the land of the Mounties and the Dionne Quintuplets.

That this is a one-sided indifference is demonstrated by C. W. Gonick in this issue (p. 489); the Canadians care quite intensely about what the United States is up to, and increasingly they are determined that it shall not be at their expense. Prof. Edward J. Miles, director of Canadian Studies at the University of Vermont, put it neatly in a comment quoted by *Time*: "Most Canadians have considerable if malevolent knowledge of the United States. Most Americans have a benevolent ignorance of Canada."

This year, the southward flow of news (and the northward flow of tourists) will be considerably increased by Expo 67 at Montreal. But world's fairs are essentially non-events, and though Canada's jamboree looks to be more substantial and rewarding than most it is unlikely to produce a permanent increase of traffic in ideas across the border.

A more optimistic sign is Harvard's recently announced chair of Canadian studies, founded with an endowment by Canadian and American businessmen. It is the first such chair in the United States, where as of now only thirty-seven of the more than 2,000 colleges and universities offer courses in Canadian history. The evolution of Canada into a modern democracy parallels, but intriguingly differs from, the experience of the United States. Its continued association with the British crown for one thing, and its bilingual culture for another, have produced unique characteristics. Only the most complacent insularity can see it as a suburb of its southern neighbor.

And now that we are to have a chair of Canadian studies (there should be many imitators of Harvard's example), we should apply ourselves to finding an adjectival form of "United States" and desist from usurping the name "American," to the dismay of our Canadian and Mexican neighbors.

Beard Phobia

It is being rumored in the country's bohemia that Expo 67 will not welcome visiting youths who wear beards and anti-Establishment buttons, and the opening move to keep the midway noncontroversial for mom, dad and the kids may have been the harassment last month in Calgary of the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Hippies, it may be presumed, will get the message that Canada is no Casbah.

The disaffiliated group from California had been engaged to perform their now celebrated *Minstrel Show*, or: *Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel* at the University of

Calgary. However, before the show could go on, the stage of the Student Union was pulled from under the actors, and three of them were arrested on the charge of possessing marijuana. An envelope containing twigs of something was allegedly found in the suitcase of one of them; for the other two, evidence was obtained by analyzing the dust found in the seams of their jacket pockets.

No one suggests that anyone was smoking pot, and the question that immediately arises is whether there was a connection between the contents of the actors' belongings and the content of their production. Would a company touring in, say, *Our Town* have stimulated the Canadian police to a similarly zealous examination of luggage and wearing apparel?

As so often happens when democracies play at Gestapo, this incident had its funny side: the police swooped down on the student union, where a protest meeting had been in progress, and seized six members of the faculty who, being bearded, were thought to be mimers. The professors were quickly released, but the display of authoritarianism in Calgary was distasteful and will not be dismissed so easily. Canadians are forever bewailing the infiltration of Yankee culture; they might begin resisting it by refusing to succumb to our terror of youths who are unshaven and ideas that are not endorsed by the American Legion. Bigotry is a much more dangerous import than Coca-Cola.

BENEVOLENT COERCION

NEW YORK'S DOPE NOSTRUM

ANTHONY PRISENDORF

Mr. Prisendorf is a reporter on the New York Post.

Since 1952, when New York City finally realized that the police alone could no longer cope with the social problem of drug addiction, incalculable sums of money and manpower have been spent on the losing battle. What was seen in the mid-1940s as exclusively a law-enforcement problem is today the elusive quarry for no fewer than thirty-four well-meaning public, private and voluntary agencies, all striving—often competitively—to rehabilitate the city's 35,000 known addicts. The results are disheartening. One city hospital's recent follow-up study of "cured" addicts is characteristic: of 147 patients who could be located two years after their release from voluntary treatment, 91 per cent had returned to their daily habits; only 24 per cent had managed to stay "clean" for the first six months. The follow-up studies at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Ky., are still more depressing: 83 per cent of those released are back on drugs within six months.

That drug addiction has grown in New York to menacing proportions is scarcely news, but even so, the responsibility of addicts for contemporary crime rates is frequently exaggerated. In a special message to the state legislature on February 23, 1966, Governor Rockefeller asserted:

Bugging the Press

A newspaper advertisement for *The Saturday Evening Post* promoted the top article in a recent issue with a startling black line, "I Spy on Jackie Kennedy." The advertisement explained that "a badgering press and curious public have made harassing Jackie Kennedy a year-round international sport." To the unsuspecting reader this approach had a sympathetic, almost protective, sound. However, the *Post* has joined the Jackie Kennedy-watching sport with its own wolf-pack vengeance.

In a full-page, carefully numbered map, the editors divulge "Jackie Kennedy's Manhattan." An accompanying chart clearly locates with specific addresses Mrs. Kennedy's apartment, office, hairdresser, gym, bridle path; it pinpoints where she eats when she goes out, where she shops, where her relatives live, and where she worships. A thorough job, the map even spots Caroline's school, John's school, John's barber, the children's playground and their Good Humor man.

CONSTANTINE POULOS

"The problem of addiction to narcotics is at the heart of the crime problem in New York State. Narcotics addicts are responsible for one-half of the crimes committed in New York City alone." A year before that, the New York County Medical Society reported that "drug users account for up to 22.4 per cent of various crime categories involving property," and that "drug users were implicated in only 1.2 per cent of crimes against persons." According to the city's police department, addicts in 1966 committed 12.7 per cent of the felonies against property, and 2 per cent of those against persons.

The discrepancies in the crime statistics may have escaped the state legislators, but the impact of the Governor's special message did not. Thoroughly convinced that the only solution lay in an all-out "war on crime and narcotics addiction," the bipartisan legislature overwhelmingly passed last spring a massive \$233 million narcotics rehabilitation program. The cardinal provision of this "campaign for human renewal," which went into effect on April 1, mandates the involuntary commitment of addicts in state institutions for periods up to five years.

Technically, Governor Rockefeller's program is a revision of the state's Metcalf-Volker Law, a pioneering measure enacted in 1962 (also an election year for the Governor). Under that law, addicts charged with minor crimes could choose medical treatment in state hospitals

instead of facing trial and prison. If the addict successfully completed the rehabilitation program, the criminal charges, held in abeyance, were dropped. The efficacy of this ambitious program was limited at best. Less than one-third of those eligible for civil commitment sought it in 1963. By the following year, the percentage had dropped to one out of four. Of the 615 addicts committed during the first two years, 13 per cent escaped. Almost three-quarters of the first 500 addicts released after treatment disappeared from the after-care programs to which they had been assigned. And, as of October, 1964, only 28 per cent of the addicts accepted for treatment completed hospitalization and after care in a manner to justify dismissing the criminal charges. On May 10, 1966, Governor Rockefeller admitted to a U.S. Senate subcommittee on criminal law and procedures: "Experience under the state's Metcalf-Volker Act of 1962 has shown that the choice offered addicts accused of a crime under this humanitarian legislation has allowed too many of them to choose a short stay in prison and an early return to narcotics when their real need is for treatment."

What the Governor could not have been expected to report was that the state program was ill equipped to offer a legitimate option to the 14,000 addicts arrested every year. During the four years that the Metcalf-Volker Act was enforced, the Rockefeller administration was providing a total of 705 beds for treatment in eight hospitals. Moreover, a bill appropriating the necessary funds to implement the law was allowed to die in legislative committee. Two years ago, Dr. Donald B. Louria, later appointed chairman of the Governor's Council on Drug Addiction, gave his reasons why the Metcalf-Volker program languished: "Follow-up clinic facilities are inadequate, in-patient psychotherapy is at best superficial, and the percentage of patients lost either by escape or lost from follow-up is inordinately high."

The solution to the problem of drug addiction, as Governor Rockefeller sees it, "is to eliminate this major cause of crime by *preventing* [his italics] those who have not resorted to crime from doing so, and those engaged in crime from repeating their acts. . . ." Accordingly, his new program concentrates on the following two categories:

(1) *The convicted addict.* Any defendant arrested for possession of drugs or the paraphernalia for administering them must submit involuntarily to a medical examination. If determined an addict, the defendant, at the time of his conviction in court, will be remanded to the state's new five-member Narcotics Addiction Control Commission to begin a compulsory three-year program. After October 1 of this year, an addict convicted of *any* misdemeanor or prostitution (the police say that 80 per cent of the city's prostitutes are addicts) must undergo a three-year treatment program. At the judge's discretion, convicted addict-felons may be imprisoned under the state's Penal Law, or committed to five years of rehabilitation.

(2) *The noncriminal addict.* Under the Metcalf-Volker Law, only next of kin could apply to the courts for the involuntary commitment of a noncriminal addict. Further, the old law authorized the state's Department of Mental Hygiene, which administered the program, to assign a

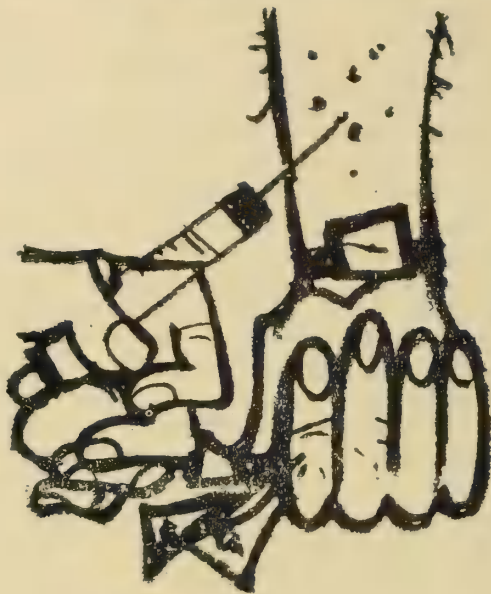
noncriminal addict to a maximum treatment period of ninety days. The Rockefeller program authorizes "anyone," including policemen, to petition the courts for a warrant to take a "suspected" addict into custody for a medical examination. If the suspect is found to be an addict, he will be "sentenced" to a three-year rehabilitation period.

The Rockefeller plan has confused rehabilitation with retribution. In the case of a convicted addict, the gravity of the crime, not his condition, determines the length of forced confinement. Moreover, implicit in the new narcotics law is the groundless assumption that a felon's habit will take almost twice as long to cure as that of an addict convicted of a misdemeanor. Even so, at first glance, the quasi-criminal approach inherent in the state's compulsory commitment program seems attractive. It may reassure edgy New Yorkers that 50 per cent of the city's "criminal element" is being swept from the streets and parks. However, in its fervor to eradicate drug addiction and the attendant ills, the state comes dangerously close to trampling on the constitutional rights of "suspected" noncriminal addicts. In the name of order and tranquillity, critics maintain, the legislature has denied liberty and, more important, "due process of law" to a substantial segment of the state's population. Probably the most articulate presentation of this argument was made on March 8, 1966, by Henry M. diSuviero, former staff counsel to the New York Civil Liberties Union, and now executive director of its New Jersey chapter. Testifying before the state Assembly's committee on health, which was holding preliminary hearings on the Rockefeller program, diSuviero said: "The basic proposition underlying the Governor's proposal is that addicts are dangerous to others. Because they are dangerous, they must be removed from society, and certified to places where they can inflict no harm. The fallacy in this is that absent from any other evidence, addiction, standing alone, is no proof of dangerousness. To deny a person liberty, to confine him for a period up to three years, when he may not constitute any threat at all to society, should shock the conscience of anyone dedicated to freedom."

The arguments advanced by diSuviero parallel a landmark decision by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1962. In *Robinson v. California*, the court struck down as unconstitutional a statute of the California Health and Safety Code, making it a criminal offense to "be addicted to the use of narcotics." However, in that same case, the court went on to say in less lucid terms that ". . . in the interest of the general health or welfare of its inhabitants, a state might establish a program of compulsory treatment for those addicted to narcotics. Such a program of treatment might require periods of involuntary confinement. And penal sanctions might be imposed for failure to comply with established compulsory treatment procedures."

While advocates of a compulsory commitment program feel certain that the court's authorization is implicit in the above passage, others, particularly constitutional lawyers, are less positive. As one points out: "In *Robinson*, the commitment issue, with all of its manifold ramifications, was not before the court." Then, too, there is

an analogy between Governor Rockefeller's forced confinement of noncriminal addicts and the federal government's internment of the Nisei (citizens of Japanese-American background) during World War II. The Supreme Court ruled in 1944 that "compulsory exclusion of large groups of citizens from their homes, except under circumstances of direst emergency and peril, is inconsistent with our basic institutions." Whether Governor Rockefeller's "war on crime and narcotics addiction"



fulfills those demanding criteria is a question for constitutional scrutiny.

Yet no one genuinely concerned about drug addiction in New York denies for a moment that the more fundamental question to be resolved is whether involuntary commitment works. Any preliminary appraisal of Governor Rockefeller's approach must also recognize that a considerable body of medical opinion on addiction questions the wisdom of forced confinement. Typical of this professional disenchantment are the observations made two years ago by Dr. Marie Nyswander, a former staff member at Lexington. For the past seven years, Dr. Nyswander, a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, has been working with addicts in East Harlem, and has helped popularize the use of methadone, a long-lasting synthetic substitute for heroin. "I hope that we don't have to go through another thirty years of failure to find out that civil commitment is not the answer," she was quoted as saying in *The New Yorker*. "More and more people are coming to admit that imprisonment, with or without medical treatment, doesn't work. But civil commitment with medical treatment is still, in most cases, compulsion. Often, the first thing an addict will do when he gets out of jail is to take a shot so he can feel like a human being again instead of an outcast who has been quarantined. I'm afraid that if an addict is forced into a hospital before he's ready to get off drugs, the same thing will happen."

To be sure, Dr. Nyswander does not speak for all of her colleagues. At present, a more prevalent attitude

among professionals—and politicians—is that addicts cannot be rehabilitated unless they are first isolated from their environment. To dramatize the positive correlation between environment and addiction, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy says that 75 per cent of the nation's addicts come from the lowest 20 per cent income group. Moreover, say the professionals, many addicts are not "sufficiently motivated" to commit themselves to the long-term programs necessary for rehabilitation. Consequently, like the victims of any contagious disease, they must be quarantined.

Debate over forms of treatment often breaks down into intermural backbiting. The most perplexing problem besetting addiction rehabilitation programs, at least in New York, is not a lack of funds or manpower but rather a degree of professional rivalry that has obscured the objectives. Each organization—private, public or voluntary—is unalterably convinced that it alone is pursuing the true path. Halfway houses, such as Daytop Lodge and the Synanon Foundation, maintain that only the addict, with close supervision and guidance, can rehabilitate himself, and that no amount of coercion or confinement will instill the proper motivation. Others, notably Governor Rockefeller's partisans, contend that while this approach may work successfully with relatively small numbers of addicts, the contemplated wholesale rehabilitation of 35,000 addicts demands a more drastic and, consequently, a less personal philosophy. Still others, such as the Health Research Council of New York City, subscribe to the Supreme Court's 1962 declaration that "a drug addict is a sick person, physically and psychologically. . . ." If diabetics must have insulin, this group reasons, why shouldn't addicts, who are equally dependent on medical sustenance, receive maintenance dosages of synthetic drugs like methadone. Apart from the physiological benefits, the council says, the city-wide, regulated distribution of a synthetic drug would all but eliminate the number of crimes addicts must commit to support their costly habits. Law-enforcement officials pretty much agree that a heroin addict in New York City has to sell about \$36,500 worth of stolen merchandise a year to the fences in order to pay for his drugs.

Unlike the others, the council and the research groups it represents do not feel constrained to defend their program at every turn; the statistics do that quite well. Since 1963, the council, a city-subsidized but independent agency, has accepted 383 addicts into its methadone program. Thirty have been expelled or have dropped out. Of the remaining 350, all receiving methadone regularly, 78 per cent are working steadily or are in school. By contrast, California's seven-year compulsory commitment program, bolstered by intensive after care, reports that an average of 69 per cent of those released resume their drug habits within a year.

Despite the accomplishments demonstrated by the council and similar groups, New York State, like all others, has refused to acknowledge that methadone projects have advanced beyond the research stage. Undoubtedly this provincial thinking has been influenced by the U.S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics, which firmly believes that drug addiction is part of a sinister Communist China plot to take over the United States.

In a 1964 booklet discussing the prevention and control of addiction, the bureau points out that before Japan invaded China in the 1930s, "it flooded the intended victims with free or low-cost narcotic drugs with the intention of reducing the willingness or capacity for resistance. Today Red China is guilty of similar strategy by pouring narcotics into countries the Red Chinese hope to weaken." Even more absurd is the bureau's puritanical notion that addiction is anti-social, criminal behavior that must not be raised to the dignity of a disease. Consequently, the bureau has relentlessly harassed doctors who prescribe drugs for addicted patients, a campaign of terrorism that flies in the face of a 1925 Supreme Court ruling that was supposed to protect doctors. In view of the rigid, 19th-century federal techniques for dealing with addiction, it is not at all difficult to understand why state officials are reluctant to broaden by innovation and experimentation the latitude of rehabilitation programs.

It was only logical, therefore, that New York State's Narcotics Addiction Control Commission would choose, or more accurately settle for, the most convenient course of action. Drawing from a \$75 million capital expense fund, the commission has acquired sites for ten rehabilitation centers in New York City—unwanted hospitals, nursing homes, a YMCA in Brooklyn, even a bankrupt river-front motel in Manhattan. But community opposition, stemming from fear of widespread "patient" escapes and, more important, a sputtering personnel recruitment drive, have delayed the centers' openings. On March 19, just twelve days before the compulsory commitment program was to go into effect, the commission's chairman, Lawrence W. Pierce, conceded that although seventy doctors had expressed an interest in the program, not one had been hired to work full time. Moreover, the project has no full-time psychiatrists, a situation that the commission appears to regard as relatively insignificant. Thus in a television interview, Pierce said: "I do think

it's true that we're not likely to wind up with very many full-time psychiatrists, but that's not to say we're going to need psychiatrists full time. If we can engage fifteen and twenty hours of the time of psychiatrists, and get enough to give us that amount of time, we can meet our needs." Pierce's interest in psychiatry grew when he was faced with the disquieting prospect that without full-time psychiatrists, the state program might not qualify for Medicare subsidies.

Embarking on a relatively unexplored tack in the frustrating work of rehabilitating drug addicts is as uncertain as the acoustics of a new philharmonic hall. No amount of informed prognosis or conjecture can match actual performance. If the Rockefeller program does succeed, it will have New York City to thank. Recognizing that the Governor's pre-campaign zeal had outstripped his state's capacity to perform, city officials agreed to accept the first 2,000 of the 8,400 criminal and noncriminal addicts the commission expects to treat during the next twelve months. The city's facilities (on Riker's Island in the East River) are large enough and remote enough to keep the Governor's program going while the state scrambles for suitable treatment centers.

Despite the Supreme Court's unmistakably clear ruling in 1925 that doctors may prescribe drugs "for relief of conditions incident to addiction," the country has failed to come to grips with the problem. Instead, it has clung desperately to the hoary belief that addiction is a criminal problem, to be solved through stiffer punishment. Much of the same suspicion and ignorance that supported the Bedlam approach to mental illness permeates the federal government's official policy today. Until the government, and in particular, the Bureau of Narcotics, takes the initiative and recognizes addiction as a public health problem, too many rehabilitation programs will continue to be nothing better than thinly disguised punitive solutions. And yet a century of evidence proves that the "criminalization" of addicts doesn't work.

RESENTFUL PARTNER

CANADA FIGHTS ITS ORBIT

C. W. GONICK

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Winnipeg

No other country in the world is as dependent—economically, militarily, culturally and psychologically—on another country as is Canada upon the United States. Canadians have been able to live comfortably with this arrangement for many generations, thus reflecting the moderation, compromise and conciliation which have ever characterized their country, but there are signs that the period of accommodation is coming to an end.

Canada is undergoing a new wave of nationalism. It is not, nor can it be, a strident nationalism based on past

achievement and glory; for the blunt fact is that Canada does not have a glorious past. Nor does it have a fully conscious present. It is still divided into two distinct cultures, English and French, and the ostensibly "English" still tend to identify as much with an ethnic group (Ukrainian, German, Italian, Jewish) or with a region (the Prairies, the Maritimes, British Columbia) as with Canada. By and large, the English Canadian intellectual elite abhor nationalism. They are celebrators of the Canadian mosaic, priding themselves on their cosmopolitanism, on living in a land of many cultures, a country that neither waves its flag nor glorifies its heroes.

Nor is the new nationalism embodied effectively in Canadian politics. The major parties are badly split on the question of relations with the United States. None has

been able to mobilize nationalist sentiment or to offer credible programs for Canadian independence. The advocates of integration with the United States — what is called "continentalism" — are much better organized and have formed more powerful alliances among politicians, business leaders, academics and trade union leaders than have their more numerous opposition.

The new Canadian nationalism combines a distaste for what the United States has become, obsessively consumptionist at home and obsessively anti-Communist and militarist abroad, with a strong desire to halt the absorption of Canada into the Great Society. Vietnam has been a powerful catalyst. In the past eighteen months large numbers of Canadians have developed a profound sense of horror at what white, affluent, liberal America is doing there, and an urgent desire to end Canada's complicity in the war.

Nationalism is expressed in a number of ways: in the speeches of Walter Gordon, "Chief Nationalist" (probably sole nationalist) in the Liberal Party; in the editorials of the one nationalist newspaper, the *Toronto Daily Star*; in the "moderate program for Canadian independence" being put forward by the New Democratic Party; in *Canadian Dimension*, the leading Left-independence publication, and in conferences like the one recently sponsored by *Dimension*, "Canada and the American Empire." But by and large nationalist sentiment, especially strong among the young, remains unmobilized. It awaits leadership and organization—in short, a movement for Canadian independence.

Response to Aggression

The thrust of Canadian history has been commonly viewed as a series of measured responses to the threat of aggression or the quest for annexation from the United States. Today there is no question of military attack or political annexation. Instead, a kind of secular absorption is gradually swallowing Canada into the American empire. When threats of invasion or annexation were real, the Canadian people responded vigorously. Often the response took the form of giant economic projects like the first trans-Canada railway system, which was seen as a means of welding a national economy whose trading links were primarily east-west rather than north-south. The territorial integrity of the nation-state was preserved.

However, at the same time that Canada's borders were being jealously protected, business and government were actively wooing American capital to develop Canadian resources and to establish subsidiary manufacturing operations across the line. By the 1920s American industry had established a large corporate base in Canada. In 1926 U.S. corporations accounted for 30 per cent of all assets in Canadian manufacturing industries and 28 per cent of all assets in Canadian mining and smelting industries. By the mid-1960s the U.S. multi-national corporation had become predominant in virtually all nonagricultural, non-financial sectors of the Canadian economy; it now controls almost 60 per cent of the manufacturing sector, 70 per cent of petroleum and natural gas, and 60 per cent of all mining and smelting. Along with the growth of American capital in Canada and its penetration and pre-

dominance in all the dynamic sectors of the economy, a steadily increasing trade dependence has developed: approximately 70 per cent of Canada's international trade is conducted with the United States, and almost a third of Canada's production of goods is exported there.

These corporate and trade links make Canada a regional economy, part of a continental economy, rather than an integral national economy. The Canadian economy cannot evade a depression emanating from the United States; the current dose of inflation is clearly brought about by the excessive continental demand generated by war. The function of Canada as a region within the continental economy is to supply staple commodities as substitutes for the increasingly depleted resources of the United States. American corporate ownership in Canada generates and perpetuates this branch-plant economy: resource industry is developed to supply U.S. industry with raw materials; manufacturing industry is developed to supply the limited domestic market.

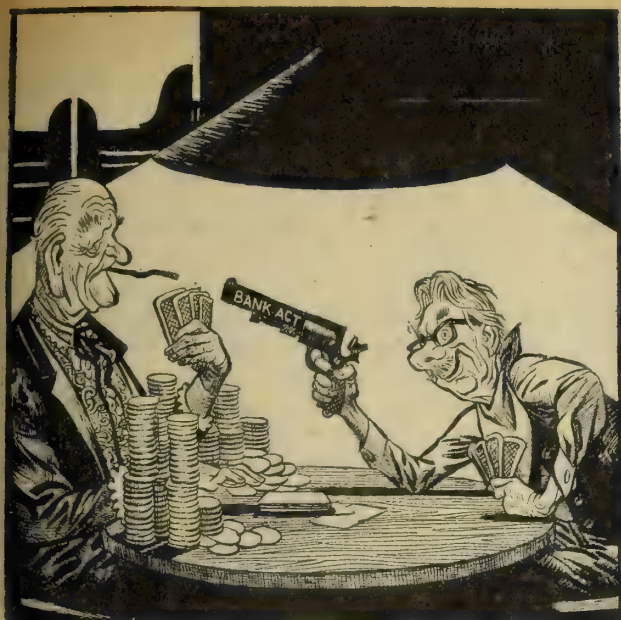
Because Canada has become a satellite to the American metropolis, the Canadian Government lacks the leverage to direct the economy along a path divergent from that of the United States. Its function is to adjust to the changes occurring in the United States as smoothly and efficiently as possible; to introduce measures which parallel the policy initiatives of Washington.

Confrontations of Power

Canadians celebrate their centennial this year with grave self-doubts and frustrations. The nation has become so deeply penetrated by the American metropolis that the possibility of independence appears doubtful and the cost of independence stupendous. Nevertheless, the conflicts which inevitably grow out of an empire-like, economic relationship are attracting increased public attention and generating further indignation, and the political parties can scarcely continue to ignore an agitation that so preoccupies the electorate. The signs indicate that independence will play a major role in the next general election. Indeed, not since the 1890s has concern over Canada-U.S. relations so dominated public affairs.

There have been a number of confrontations between Ottawa and Washington in recent years. The federal election of 1963 was fought largely on whether Canada was obliged to accept U.S. nuclear-tipped Bomarc missiles; a year or so later, *Time* and *Reader's Digest* were exempted from advertising restrictions placed on Canadian editions of American magazines; Gen. Maxwell Taylor has publicly complained of Canada's failure to participate in the Vietnamese War; Canadian subsidiaries of American flour-milling companies have refused to accept orders for shipment to Cuba; Ford of Canada would not sell trucks to China; Canadian subsidiaries of American drug companies refused to sell to the Quakers medical supplies for Hanoi.

It is impossible in this space to review the details of all these intrusions into Canadian sovereignty, but the explosive confrontation early this year over the Mercantile Bank may be cited as typical of the forces and factors involved. Three years ago, National City Bank took over the Mercantile Bank of Canada, a small Netherlands-



Macpherson, Toronto Star

"We Got Us ■ New House Rule, Stranger!"

owned concern that specialized in business connected with foreign trade, proposing to use its new subsidiary to engage in a general banking business across Canada. At the time of the take-over, Finance Minister Walter Gordon warned James Rockefeller, chairman of the board of National City, that the Canadian Government disapproved of the transaction and that restrictive legislation was likely. Such legislation was subsequently presented to Parliament, and has been the basis of two vigorous U.S. State Department diplomatic notes. The controversial clause restricts non-Canadian holdings in any chartered bank to 25 per cent, and limits to 10 per cent the holdings of any shareholder. If either of these provisions is violated, the foreign-owned bank is prohibited from increasing its assets to more than twenty times its authorized capital. Mercantile now violates both provisions, and its assets already exceed the limit. The government's main concern over Mercantile is that, left to expand without limits, it could quickly become one of Canada's largest banks and would be in a position to disregard monetary policy laid down by the Bank of Canada, since, unlike the Canadian-owned chartered banks, it would have access to funds from the United States.

The State Department argues that the legislation is being applied retroactively to National City, but its real concern is that it might set a precedent for similar curbs to American corporate interests in other parts of the world. It hinted at two types of sanctions: the imposition of restrictions on Canadian exports to the United States and the cancellation of the right now granted to Canadian chartered banks to maintain agencies in American cities, especially New York. Five of Canada's chartered banks operate agencies there and, unlike U.S. banks, are not limited in the interest they can pay. They now handle nearly half the lucrative call-loan business on Wall Street, with assets between \$1.6 billion and \$2.0 billion.

The State Department and Mercantile mounted a vigorous campaign to thwart the legislation, and they found

a strategic group of Canadian allies. Canadian chartered banks were approached by the American Embassy and warned of the retaliatory measures. They responded by pleading with the government to "let Mercantile into the club." Their associates on the daily press saw the point and gave support to the cause. Mercantile also found allies in Sen. Louis Gelinas and A. T. Seedhouse, two of its Canadian directors. Mr. Seedhouse is also president of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company, half of whose new business is being underwritten today in the United States.

It now appears that all this effort has paid off. Two vital concessions have been offered National City. It will be allowed to retain a 25 per cent interest in the Mercantile Bank of Canada. This privilege—denied to all other investors, Canadian or foreign, who can own no more than 10 per cent of the stock in the other chartered banks—assures National City of effective control over Mercantile even after it sells the remaining 75 per cent of the stock to Canadians. The second concession gives National City five years to dispose of the 75 per cent, during which period Mercantile is free to expand its business without limit. This provision suspends the drastic restriction imposed on banks that have more than 25 per cent of their shares owned by foreign interests.

The short-term effects of this arrangement on Canadian monetary policy are overshadowed by the precedent it sets for future efforts of Canadian governments to restrict foreign control of industry. As a rare nationalist newspaper editorial put it: "Just be bull-headed and unyielding and have Washington bring pressure on your behalf and the Canadians will water down the offending regulation—that is the lesson likely to be drawn."

The Continental Elite

The destiny of Canadian business leaders is so bound up with the American economy and with the continued and expanding presence of the American corporation in Canada that they can do little but support the American multi-national corporation against Canadian nationalists. Giant Canadian-owned corporations often have their own subsidiary companies in the United States; for many of them, sales and profits depend entirely on the American market. Canadian business leaders sit on the boards of U. S.-affiliated companies and representatives of American business sit on the boards of giant Canadian-owned companies.

The most active association working to further the integration of the two economies is the Canadian-American Committee, established in 1957 "to study problems arising from growing interdependence between Canada and the United States." Its major function has been the financing of a large number of "objective research studies in various aspects of Canadian-American relations." When the studies prove favorable to the committee's point of view, they are published. The committee also issues policy statements signed by its members. The work of the committee has proved of utmost importance for the Americanization of Canada. First, it is the only ongoing research institute studying aspects of the Canadian-U.S. economy, and the only nonpolitical

organization that regularly issues statements on Canadian trade and investment policy; second, its sponsors include an impressive array of Canadian business leaders, Canadian trade unionists (almost all of whom are connected with Canadian branches of international trade unions), presidents of large Canadian universities and various other prominent Canadian figures. The committee has sixty members, thirty in each country.

Another group, The Canadian Trade Committee, was set up in 1961 to specialize in Canadian trade problems and policies. Its members are constituted in the same way as the Canadian-American Committee and like it are sponsored by the National Planning Association (U.S.A.) and the Private Planning Association of Canada.

The underlying assumption of all the studies and policy statements issued by both committees is that continentalism is both good and necessary for Canada. Indeed, a number of the reports are clearly aimed at "proving" that there is no alternative. One study, for example, attempts to demonstrate that "economic planning" is not feasible in Canada; another that there can never be large-scale trade between Canada and the Communist nations. In the winter of 1965, the Canadian-American Committee presented its most daring proposal: a free trade area between the two countries.

In addition to the research financed by these groups, the Ford Foundation has been actively subsidizing research on Canada-U.S. relations. The most important study it has financed is the recently published *Foreign Ownership of Canadian Industry* by E. A. Safarian. It would appear from the monotony of the continental refrain that economists are unanimous on the question. That is not so, but research funds are not available for economists who do not accept, a priori, the necessity for continentalism. Even the Canada Council, a government-sponsored agency which distributes funds to the arts and the social sciences, regularly turns down requests for support of any study on Canada-U.S. relations which may take a critical position.

The Price of Independence

None of Canada's major political parties has put forward a program which can halt the American absorption of Canada or provide the basis for an independent political economy. The American way of life is not despised by Canadian political leaders, as it might be by European. By and large, it conforms to their own notion of a liberal democratic, free-enterprise society. In any case, since they have no different vision of society to put in its place, they will not take vigorous measures to counter the infiltration of American culture and values.

Some leaders may disapprove of America's role as the world's policeman and deplore specific actions—the landing of Marines in Santo Domingo, the bombing of North Vietnam, the Bay of Pigs fiasco, the attempt to isolate China in the councils of the world. But most of them see the world as do their American counterparts and feel grateful to the United States for "protecting us from the evils of international communism." The minority that is troubled by American foreign policy is not eager to display its disapproval openly and loudly because, it

argues, quiet diplomacy is the better way. It is doubtful, though, that this view is held with real conviction; too many American politicians and commentators have urged that Canada will have some influence on U.S. policy only if it kicks up a real fuss. Basically, they all believe that Canada must have access to American investment; otherwise, the living standard of its people will drop drastically (Prime Minister Pearson has suggested a fall of 30 per cent).

That is why they are so impatient with the mavericks within the ranks, like Walter Gordon. Gordon is concerned that Canada is not getting all that it might from the North American economic structure. He would strengthen Canada's bargaining position within the continentalist system, to win for the country a greater share of the continental pie. The Canadian legislature has passed one of his proposals—tax incentives to encourage American subsidiaries to sell shares to Canadians—and he is advocating a government-sponsored trust fund that would buy up Canadian firms which would otherwise be sold to Americans. While Minister of Finance he put forward and then was forced to withdraw legislation to place a stiff tax on sales of Canadian business to foreigners.

Because Canadian business is worried that Gordon's exploits will scare away American capital, anger the American State Department and, incidentally, bring more government control into the Canadian economy—and because they are content with their present share of the continental pie—they would like nothing better than that he should quit politics altogether. And Gordon was about to do just that, after being thoroughly isolated in his own party, when he was suddenly invited back to sit in the Liberal cabinet. He may lack support among the ranks of business or even in his own party, but he has a certain appeal among the youth of Canada and among the intellectuals. Without him, it appeared that the "left wing" of the Liberal Party might collapse and that the New Democratic Party would pick up this support.

The New Democratic Party, moderately Socialist, has been making rapid headway in the past few years, and the latest public opinion polls (Gallup, of course) show it to be second in popularity. In the past six months the leadership of the NDP has announced that the party now regards Canada's lack of independence as the primary issue facing the Canadian people. But there remains some doubt as to how much energy the NDP is prepared to devote to it, and how effective it could be in mobilizing nationalist strength. Judging from its performance in Parliament and in the provincial legislatures, and from the speeches of its leaders across the country, the party appears to be weighed down with its concerns from the past—pensions, medicare and the other paraphernalia of the welfare state—and with fighting off the Socialist image of its predecessor, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF). Moreover, an important strain of anti-nationalism in the NDP regards the concern over Canadian independence as reactionary and anachronistic. This group will most often identify with liberal Democrats of the Humphrey, Fulbright, Paul Douglas, Kennedy variety, and though opposed to some

of the methods used to carry out United States foreign policy, is in no way opposed to its principles.

The NDP is closely tied to the Canadian trade union movement. Affiliated locals provide membership dues to the party, and some of the large unions lend organizers to the provincial parties during and sometimes between campaigns. Well over three-quarters of the labor movement in English Canada is organized into branches of international trade unions with headquarters in the United States. The increasing dependence of the NDP on the trade union movement can have no effect other than to dampen the party's enthusiasm for a platform which places prime emphasis on independence.

Conference on Empire

One of the more hopeful signs that independence is on the agenda for political action was the successful "Canada and the American Empire Conference," held in Montreal on the weekend of March 3 to 5. Sponsored by the magazine, *Canadian Dimension*, the conference was designed to clear away some of the confusions and misconceptions that surround the question of continentalism in Canada; to bring together that small group of critical intellectuals who have actually done some research on the imperial relationship, and to gauge the temper of *Dimension* readers on the question of Canadian independence. It was an important event because it was the first conference ever devoted to an examination of this question.

With publicity largely restricted to the magazine's readership (somewhat greater proportionately than *The Nation's* circulation in the United States), the three-day conference nevertheless attracted some 300 persons. At least 80 per cent were under 40; about half were students. Many academics came from universities in Ontario and Quebec, and there was a scattering of labor officials, especially from the Canadian-based national trade unions. Aside from a few Liberals, Progressive Conservatives, political neutrals and New Leftists, the participants were largely New Democrats.

A measure of the occasion's success was that it never became bogged down in the French-English debate. That conflict has infused itself into most political questions in Canada and has wrecked various attempts to establish national political movements. But one of the speakers, Jacques-Yvon Morin, made it clear that "Canada has value for the majority of the French Canadians only insofar as it constitutes a protection for their culture; at the moment when it fails to provide this protection, it ceases to have any meaning." Morin, prominent on the faculty of the University of Montreal, and president of the newly reconvened Estates General of Quebec, warned that "if ever French Canada decided to integrate itself in the majority . . . it would probably go all the way and join the United States." French Canadians must regain their cultural rights in all areas of Canada; they must have confidence in the continued existence of an English Canada which would be distinct from the United States, and Quebec must be granted special status within confederation. This position was widely accepted by the other participants, but it overlooks one crucial question:

in a two-state Canada, will the central government be strong enough to counter the forces of continental integration? It was a shortcoming of the conference that this question was never raised.

A major task of the conference was to define the content of Canadian nationalism. Fear of nationalism as it has been manifest elsewhere in the world is one of the major sources of moderation among Canada's young intellectuals—this moderation that "will be the death of us," as somebody observed. The task of definition was undertaken by Gad Horowitz of McGill University. It was not difficult to show that fears of Pan-Canadian nationalism are largely misplaced. "Canadian nationalism does not lead to Auschwitz; it simply leads away from Washington." Horowitz was less sanguine about the mutually antagonistic chauvinisms of English and French Canada. He likened these interior nationalisms to the disruptive forces that divide many countries along racial, religious, language or tribal lines, and lead to hatred and bloodshed.

Horowitz had a second important task: to demonstrate that in Canada nationalism and socialism do not conflict but are necessary to each other. These remarks, again, were directed at an important segment of New Democrats who cannot see the compatibility. Socialism looks to the establishment of world government and to the eventual withering away of the nation-state. But the goal of world government will not be advanced in any measure by the absorption of Canada into the United States. "If the United States were Socialist," Horowitz said, "we would be continentalists. We are nationalists because, as Socialists, we do not want our country to be utterly absorbed by the citadel of world capitalism. We are nationalists because we believe that something new can be created here—something different from what the Americans have created—and that that something new could be a social democracy. The point of our nationalism is not to preserve a Canadian identity no matter what it might be but to create a Canadian identity that measures up to a vision of the good society. There will be no socialism in a Canada which is being absorbed into the United States. Therefore, there can be no Canadian socialism without Canadian nationalism."

The Alternative

The continentalists are strong not only because of their positions of power in Canadian society but because they have convinced almost everybody that there is no alternative. And, indeed, there is not within the framework of an economy guided by the free pull of the market, in which the center of decision making is the private corporation. A major purpose of the conference was to demonstrate that, given a new set of premises, economic independence is possible.

One of the most effective papers exploded a myth that has long tyrannized Canadian nationalists: that Canada is still in desperate need of foreign capital. Even the conference participants were surprised to be told that, as far as direct investment capital is concerned, Canada is a net exporter to the United States, not a net importer. Between 1960 and 1965, the parent companies of the

multi-corporations exported just over \$2 billion to their Canadian affiliates; in the same period, the affiliates sent \$3 billion back to the parent companies in the form of dividends. American direct investment is expanding very rapidly in Canada, but this "American" capital is not imported from the United States. Its major source is the reinvestment of profits earned by subsidiaries in their Canadian operation.

The *Dimension* conference sharpened the intellectual tools of Canadian nationalists. It analyzed the nature of the alliance for continentalism, put forward programs to halt and reverse the process of continentalism. Though much more analysis is required, it is now clear that what is missing most is an effective vehicle for Canadian nationalism. It may well be that independence is ultimately not possible without socialism. But socialism is not yet

a major force in Canada, and meanwhile the Americanization of Canada continues unabated. Only one proposal was offered as an immediate device for halting this process, but it may well be the most important contribution made by the *Dimension* conference: a common front among Canadian nationalists of all ideological persuasions; a new independence movement which would embrace all Canadians who, for whatever the reason, desire to preserve an independent Canada, and who see this independence being eroded by the existing relationship with the United States. Is there the will for a common front? Can a minimum program be devised, among the English and French communities alike, to forge a broadly based coalition that will expose and fight the continentalist alliance and its programs? The future of Canada may turn on the answers.

REBELS FROM AFFLUENCE

THE PROVOS OF HOLLAND

PIET THOENES

If Holland is the most staid of the Western nations, it has also produced the most interesting of the youthful revolt movements. The Provos (short for Provocateurs) are exceedingly small in number, but they have elected one candidate to the Dutch legislature, utterly unnerved the bureaucracy of Amsterdam and attracted world attention. Though part of the international protest movement that goes under the now almost universal term, "beat," the Provos project a sharp personality of their own. They share the nonviolent principles of the international movement, but they have developed irony as a formidable weapon against authority. Their method, as The New York Times has said, is "Dada put to political ends."

*In the following pages, Piet Thoenes discusses why it was the Dutch who produced the Provos and what their emergence may mean for the social future of Holland, and for the other nations of the West. Dr. Thoenes is on the staff of the Institute of Social Studies, The Hague; his most recent book is *The Elite in the Welfare State*.*

Amsterdam

Their main meeting place is called the Cellar—part of an old house, on the banks of a canal, right in the heart of the old town.

The Cellar is always open, day and night; at any hour, there are people to talk to, to listen to, to be with. There are no convocations, no fixed hours, no attempts at organization. There is a certain stability of clans, but a still greater instability of ever-changing topics, actions, relationships and leaders.

Anyone can tell you where the Cellar is, and if you are rather more than a tourist, if you are really interested, go there and meet the people. You can sit and talk, or help to print the next edition of *Provo*. Or join a group that is on its way to start a happening around "Het Lieverdje," the "little sweetheart," a nearby statue which is a famous rallying point for Provos, police and innocent onlookers.

The Provo movement is an open one; no one is excluded. But if you really intend to join, you will have to change a lot. To be a Provo is more than part-time entertainment, and relationship with the movement cannot be fixed simply on a weekend basis, or by taking out a membership. A genuine Provo is utterly different from the bourgeois society around him. He has no ambition for a suitable career, or a well-organized family life; no fixed plans for next week, no ideology.

A Provo is against the dead symbols of a dead society, against official religions, against any kind of authority and obedience, against heroism and martyrdom. He is, above all, a nonconformist, a lover of things new, original and authentic. He is always on the move, restless, even faithless and illusive.

His problem may be: how is a man without any ties to become or remain involved in the world around him? His beloved Cellar is not a nomad's tent. It is a womb and the womb, alas, is not the world.

By now, society must realize that change is the phenomenon most characteristic of the kind of world in which we live. And if I were interviewed on the topic, while sitting at ease behind my desk, I would readily agree, saying—change, that is most important! But time and again, as we move about in this world, we are caught unawares. Suddenly there is something new, something provoking, unpredictable. It is exceedingly difficult to face these new phenomena with the slightest degree of objectivity.

We react as emotionally as the "adversary" might hope, and the amount of change which we must digest in the span of one generation seems to give us a fair amount of stomach trouble. Perhaps the blame should be placed on the generation of our fathers, who taught us about social institutions, social processes and social behavior as though they were eternal truths. Certainly

we have doubts that never troubled them. But we did, after all, inherit a few things—ideas about duty and courage and obedience—that shouldn't be touched. There we know where we stand and what it is that we must defend.

Now, suddenly, part of the younger generation hits us precisely on the points where we thought ourselves reasonably safe. No one really understands where these young people came from. They seem to have escaped our educational devices. Who taught them? Who brought them up? There they are, suddenly, in the center of the stage, throwing smoke bombs at the royal galaxy.

And in the Netherlands of all places. One of those nice little countries, so clean and tidy; wealthy, self-assured, quiet and friendly. Not one of those eternal trouble spots erupting once again, but NATO's dearest child. Is it just accident, a little shower on a pleasant April day? Or is there something rotten in the state of Holland, and is Provo just another sign of the decay of the West?

In any case, Provo has aroused the attention of the world. It has captured far more of the international press than has any hard-working Dutch politician, professor, merchant or industrialist. Why should it attract this interest? Is it ethnological curiosity, like some newly documented oddity of behavior among the Eskimos or the Onas? Or was there a constellation of factors in the Dutch society which unexpectedly spawned a phenomenon that foreshadows tomorrow's culture of the Western world?

It may be a key to our puzzlement that the welfare state is indeed very real, and a reality markedly different from the liberal kind of society one remembers from the pre-1940 period. It is a reality, moreover, that has not yet been brought to consciousness by a new well-developed ideology.

Holland today, for example, differs widely from Holland before World War II. There is another level of education. Formerly, 25 per cent continued their education after the compulsory school-leaving age; now 80 per cent do so. The occupation structure has changed, with far less agriculture and commerce, more industry and services. Wealth is greater and public poverty has disappeared.

And so we have arrived in a distinct consumer culture. Before the war, the main thing was to earn money. If you were able to earn much and spend little, you had "arrived"—always assuming you were not actually a miser. It was assumed also that you knew what to buy in the way of clothes, books and furniture; at the same time, excessive attention to good taste was looked upon by a large part of the Dutch middle class as bordering on bad taste.

Not so nowadays. In a way, what makes the welfare state such a pleasant society is the stress on a good life. To earn a lot is, of course, still tremendously important, but there is a growing amount of "gardening" in daily life. "Gardening" here means focusing on personal things in your immediate surroundings. There is less interest for long-term, large-scale public affairs; more time for hobbies, collections, friendship and love.

This attitude may be in part a reaction to what is happening in the world around us. A larger role is given to secondary structures and organizations immediately outside the private circle: more bureaucracy, more impersonal contacts, more rationalization in a society of ranks, diplomas, functions and administration.

The world uses us and we use the world, but there is little involvement. It is not only that we lack love or hate. This world seems to have so many laws and powers of its own that we, as individuals, cannot do much about it. And so it is better to leave worries to the Establishment.

A logical consequence is widespread political apathy. Even in countries with less anomalous political parties than the Netherlands, political interest is ebbing. It is felt almost universally that politics are old-fashioned, a holdover from a generation that had not yet discovered that the real powers cannot be controlled by Parliament. Deep down, there is no lack of interest in religious matters; but it takes the form of personal judgment and is no longer caught by official movements or organizations.

Now what do these differences signify? The welfare state is undoubtedly a society, but it is not the creation, let us say, of an elite which purposely started a revolution and now proudly looks back on what it has achieved. We live in it, most of the time we are reasonably happy with it, but we hardly ever look at its blueprint and wonder if it is as we really intended it to be. If the welfare state had a distinct ideology, perhaps there would be a general protest, clear-cut goals for a coming generation. But there are none. The parents live on, half satisfied, half worried; and so do the larger part of the younger generation—half satisfied, half frustrated.

Or is there really a generation in the making, with ideas of its own, and certainties and ideals that they may have directly inherited from their grandfathers? In order to understand the Provos as a possible new form of young generation, we must first take a closer look at some characteristics of the Dutch society which has produced this new phenomenon.

The Dutch welfare state society has much in common with that of other small European states: Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland. It loves to look at itself as a sensible, middle-of-the-road bourgeois society, capable of making sound distinctions between possibilities and impossibilities. Perhaps even more than its fellow countries it has been associated with an ideology of practical, not too rugged economic individualism—the do-it-yourself kind of society, without much political interest, democracy being mainly a middle-class device to prevent the state from becoming too important.

But it is precisely this liberal, casual attitude that is difficult to maintain in a welfare state. The state, in the Keynesian tradition, had become very important from 1945 onward.

Somehow, we were able to close our eyes to such facts, and then, suddenly, there came a great surprise. A new mixed Catholic-Socialist government came out into the open in 1965, with a long-term program to guarantee undisturbed economic growth up to the year 2000, by which

time the population will have grown from 12 million to 20 million. But to carry out this program, the government asked higher taxes and still more government interference.

The Establishment now showed itself in a form unpalatable to Dutch taste. What we had suspected but not wished, or dared, to see, proved suddenly to be only too true. Political interest revived and resulted in a comeback by left-wing and right-wing parties. But the real reaction was panic at a deeper level: don't let state and Establishment fool you! Do away with politics in their traditional form. Try something else, show your independence. Ancient anarchist sentiments, present in Dutch society from Anabaptist days, suddenly flared up.

And where could that happen but in Amsterdam? In Amsterdam, the capital, but already involved in an old feud with The Hague, the seat of the government. Amsterdam, the town with the best war record, and where the princess was now going to marry a German, an ex-soldier.

Amsterdam is our most cosmopolitan city, where most artistic innovations have originated. Here the Cobra movement had already announced changes in the fields of painting and literature that seemed to forecast the end of a traditional bourgeois culture. It was in Amsterdam that local feelings of frustration and inferiority, and the wantonness of a younger generation that wished to demonstrate its divergent views in an unmistakable way, combined into a highly explosive mixture. On a hot night in June, 1965, a series of riots broke out, of a magnitude and violence that the town had not known since its famous strikes during the German Occupation.

It was here in Amsterdam, also, that the Provo move-

ment developed; it was even accused of having organized the June rebellion. The movement has been a mixed affair from the very beginning. It includes students of the New Left, old-town bohemians of both younger and older generations, labor-class anarchists, practical reformers and less practical utopians. They are bound together by a common style, a common anti-bourgeois, anti-Establishment and anti-welfare-state attitude. The nucleus of the movement consists of not more than fifty, around whom are grouped a few hundred more. When there are demonstrations, the participants may rise to 1,000. They are a curious lot who dress differently, talk differently, act differently—a godsend for the TV crews.

Bernard de Vries, one of the movement's leaders, distinguishes the following categories of Provos:

1. *The happeners*

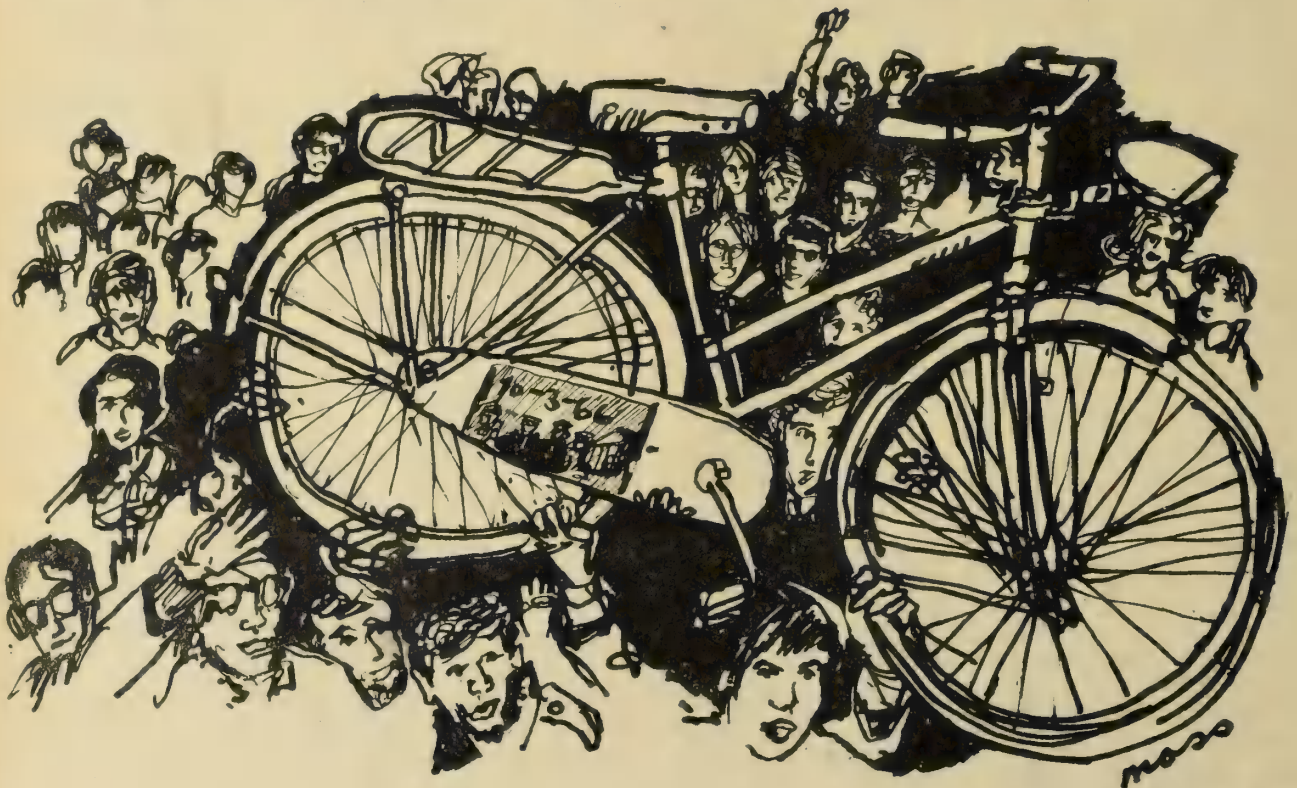
They organize artistic happenings, new style. Not the old-fashioned "art to look at and admire," but a new style of collective action art. In the streets, and as many participating as possible. Now this kind of performance is not admired by the municipal authorities—it slows up traffic. A conflict between happeners and police is the result, and in due time, the happening acquires the character of a political demonstration.

2. *The beats and the hipsters*

These are nearest to the British teddy boys, either very dandified or very unwashed. On the spiritual level, they are prepared to try anything between Zen and Yevtushenko.

3. *The thinkers*

This is a more intellectual type, writing about art and anarchism in periodicals of more or less irregular publication, such as *Provo* and *Revo*.



4. The activists

They organize demonstrations, Sit-Ins, Teach-Ins, Lay-Ins, forums. They are all out for publicity, and organize their activities mainly around political topics such as Vietnam, elections, conscription, all of which they deal with in unorthodox ways.

I am inclined to add to this classification the group of practical reformers. The Provos have made history by publishing what they call white plans. A "white bicycle plan" of community-owned bicycles to solve Amsterdam's traffic chaos; a "white chimney plan" to stop air pollution; a "white chicken plan" to reorganize the municipal police.

In a way, the practical reformers are the least revolutionary group because they try to save the old society by proposing technical revisions. At the same time, their entirely unorthodox solutions by-pass the official Establishment.

In what respect, then, are the Provos in advance of developments elsewhere? As with other younger generation movements, their forms of nonconformism are deep-rooted. But they go further. They do not stop at the kind of "count us out" attitude, once described for Germany in Schelsky's *Skeptische Generation*. The Provos include a group with intellectual and cultural aspirations, a group that cannot help being involved to such a degree that it wishes to devise new ways and new solutions.

It is this attitude, be it a flirtation with anarchism, or an attempt at new styles of social engineering, that gives Provo its political flavor. It has the detachment from the existing system necessary for really interesting negative comments, and by its honest, if sometimes flighty, attempts to try new solutions shows real concern and perhaps develops a stature that surpasses the traditional form of generational conflict.

Thinking about the future, I must revert to a distinction made in the first part of this article. Provo is the sum of two, let us say, cultural, factors in Dutch society.

One is a general condition. Welfare states, with their kind of external educational system, are always high on the list for possible generational conflicts of the beatnik type. The combination of rapid technological change and continuous political apathy leads easily to that kind of protest. As such, it is entertainment but not much more. It does not really influence overall society, its structures, processes and value systems. We all know that the dissenting members of the younger generation will one day take their examinations, marry their girls and find their jobs.

The existence of this form of generational conflict lends some extra color to our society, sometimes an element of surprise, even of reflection, but there is nothing in it that promises to change the course of history. The other factor is a particular combination that occurred in Holland during the mid-sixties, and that gave the generational protest a character which prevents us from dismissing it as a form of growing pains. It has reached a level at which history is made, enabling us to look around the corner and get an idea of what might



lie beyond the welfare state: another kind of society, a real *homo ludens*, even a new religion.

In any event, Holland will never be quite the same again. If we go to the theatre, we shall recognize the 19th-century flavor of the setup; if we start a new organization, we shall know that it is already a bureaucracy; and if we found a new political movement, we shall have to confess that in some way or other it is already part of the Establishment. Although Provo has not been able, or even tried, to force us to change existing structures, it has left an indelible mark.

But why, I wonder, do I write as though Provo were already safely locked up in the past? Is it because there have been hardly any happenings during the last few months? No provocations, no riots, no new men, really nothing at all? Or because the stream of publications on Provo (mainly very good ones) gives the feeling that we have analyzed, understood and pigeonholed the movement? It may, of course, be wishful thinking on the part of a middle-aged, middle-class observer who wishes to relax once more in the security of "*God, Nederland en Oranje*."

Provo has given us a new way in which to look at things. But that is also precisely where its weakness lies. A number of people might start thinking anew, but nothing obliges them, or even allows them, to start re-living. Nothing will happen if we go on as before. Provo is a challenge, but only provoking in the field of ideas, important as that may be. When you continue to publish white plans that are not enforced, and when you go on throwing smoke bombs at the royal procession, it just doesn't work any longer—not for yourself or for your enemies.

Perhaps that is the main reason for writing about Provo as if it were already a thing of the past. But I hope that I am wrong. I hope that here, or somewhere else, a movement which starts as the protest of a generation will grow into something more—more than entertainment, than irritating hooliganism. Provo has shown that one may use his imagination to envision a different world. Why, after all, should the welfare state be the last phase of history before Judgment Day?

Auto Insurance: Crack-Up Ahead

**ROBERT E. KEETON and
JEFFREY O'CONNELL**

Messrs. Keeton and O'Connell are professors of law, the former at Harvard University and the latter at the University of Illinois. They are co-authors of Basic Protection for the Traffic Victim: A Blueprint for Reforming Automobile Insurance (Little, Brown), and After Cars Crash: The Need for Legal and Insurance Reform (Dow Jones—Irwin).

The present automobile insurance system cannot long survive. The pressures for legislative action are rising in every section of the country, and though the causes and cures for the ills of the present system may be sharply disputed, the symptoms are clear.

One set of symptoms concerns the harsh treatment of traffic victims. A substantial number go uncompensated, even for their out-of-pocket losses. Long delay in the payment of compensation has become normal; in metropolitan areas the lapse of time between filing of suit and trial averages more than thirty-one months, with a nationwide high of sixty-nine and a half months in a Chicago court. If the case is appealed—and many insurance companies are quite ready to appeal an adverse jury verdict—an even longer wait is in store for the plaintiff.

Adding to the injustice of delay is the unfair distribution of the insurance payments that are made. Persons suffering minor injuries are commonly overpaid, receiving compensation many times greater than their losses, while the severely injured seldom recover more than a fraction—often only a small fraction—of their losses. All this occurs in the face of the theory of the system that a traffic victim is entitled to all or nothing—the “all” being full compensation for his losses plus money to “compensate” for his pain and suffering.

Another set of symptoms clusters around the experiences of the insurance-buying public. Rates are rising everywhere, and in some states they are skyrocketing. Between January 1, 1955, and dates approximately eleven years later, according to data supplied by the American Insurance Association, average rates for a minimum level of automobile liability insurance covering bodily injuries rose by 112 per cent in Michigan, 95 per cent in South Carolina, 83 per cent in Virginia, 77 per cent in Arkansas, 56 per cent in North Carolina, and 54 per cent in Massachusetts and Mississippi, to give a few examples. New York fared somewhat better, with an increase of only 22 per cent, but it started this period with the highest rates in the nation, just above Massachusetts, and ended with the second highest, just below Massachusetts. (Puerto Rico, incidentally, has even higher rates than Massachusetts and New York.)

Almost as much public resentment arises from the readiness with which insurance companies cancel or refuse to renew insurance policies as is provoked by spiraling rates. In the race for the so-called “preferred” risks, the companies offer the advantage of lower rates to the middle-aged, middle-income suburbanites. In contrast, all too many other drivers—those between 16 and 25, those over 65, and those living in the congested metropolitan cen-

ters, for example—can get insurance, if at all, only through “assigned risk” plans (under which the undesired applicants are assigned to insurance companies in proportion to their volume of voluntary business), or from insurance companies specializing in insuring “high-risk” drivers at sharply increased rates.

Moreover, drivers unable to get insurance through the usual channels include groups among whom an appreciable percentage are unsophisticated about automobile insurance—the elderly and those living in poor neighborhoods, for example. They fall prey to the unscrupulous among the “high-risk” companies, an inordinate number of which have gone bankrupt, leaving their policyholders and many traffic victims high and dry. Not all or even most of the companies accepting high risks are shady or shaky, but this area has provided the most notorious abuse in the casualty insurance business of recent times. An investigation of high-risk insurance in 1965 by the Anti-Trust and Monopoly Sub-Committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee disclosed that in the preceding five years, sixty-five companies had become insolvent, leaving 300,000 people with \$100 million in unpaid claims. And the committee reported in January, 1967, that eight more “high-risk” companies had failed, bringing the total to seventy-three in six years. This scandal has roused broad concern about weaknesses of state regulation of casualty insurance, and most observers expect Congress to turn actively to the problem this year.

The increasing costs are the more disturbing because of the system's inherent wastefulness and its built-in inducements to exaggeration and actual fraud. Claims for payment under automobile liability insurance are based upon fault—that is, the injured person must show that he was free from negligence and that the accident was caused entirely by the other driver's negligence. And the criteria for determining fault are so unrealistic that in many cases—perhaps most—they can be satisfied only if witnesses indulge in imaginative reconstruction of events imperfectly perceived and even more imperfectly remembered. Who really knows what happened in that split second before collision? In truth, opposing litigants seldom seem to be describing the same accident!

In this setting, a litigant has the maximum inducement to embroider, even to commit outright perjury, in an attempt to buttress his case. The cost of all this bickering over fault is even greater than the amount at stake in the multitude of cases involving relatively minor injuries. Overall—taking into account the whole range of cases from severe to trivial—automobile liability insurance is so inefficiently administered that the public pays \$2.20 in premiums for every \$1 provided in net benefits to injured persons.

All these symptoms of crisis in automobile insurance arise naturally from five characteristics of the present system:

First, claims are based upon fault, the criteria for which are unrealistic.

Second, claims are pressed against the other driver's

insurance company, a procedure that heightens the possibilities for antagonism and litigation, since the company liable for payment feels no loyalty toward the person seeking payment.

Third, they are lump-sum claims. That is, the plaintiff is not entitled to have his losses reimbursed periodically as they occur, but must prove his claim once and for all, receiving one payment as reimbursement for his total losses, not only up to the time the estimate is made but for the future as well—even for a lifetime. No such estimate can be accurate, and in the circumstances it is natural that whoever makes the estimate, whether judge or jury, will lean to the high side because a mistake against an injured person might leave him destitute, whereas a mistake against the insurance company can be absorbed (i.e., passed on to policyholders in higher premiums).

Fourth, the rules for determining what is paid in these cases disregard payments from other sources. Thus, an accident victim who has medical-payments coverage in his own automobile insurance policy and a form of Blue Cross-Blue Shield coverage that also pays without regard to what he has received from other sources (as many policies do) can make a profit from incurring additional medical expenses. For example, if he has an X-ray that costs \$20, he receives payment once under the medical-payments coverage, again under Blue Cross-Blue Shield, and a third time from the claim against the other driver's insurance company.

Fifth, automobile liability insurance claims include payments for pain and suffering, for which no objective measure is available. What is an ache in your arm "worth"? As a result, there is room for dispute in every case, and ample room for exaggeration.

These five troublesome features of insurance against traffic injuries are not present in the collision insurance that covers damage to cars. Under collision insurance, one collects from his own company for damage to his own car, without regard to fault and without arguments about indefinite claims for compensation above actual loss. Collision insurance has continued to work rather well, while the performance of insurance covering injuries to person has grown steadily worse as the numbers of cars and drivers and accidents have increased.

We propose a basic reform—called the Basic Protection Plan. It changes fundamentally the payments made in the great mass of traffic cases involving injuries that are not severe. In all such cases, first, one's claim would be paid on the basis of being injured in a traffic accident, not on the basis that somebody else was at fault. This principle is already in use in medical-payments insurance, collision insurance (the coverage that pays for damage to the insured automobile without regard to fault) and fire insurance. Second, claims would be submitted to one's own insurance company rather than to that of the other driver. Third, payments would be made as loss occurs, month by month, rather than in one lump sum. Fourth, claims would be for net loss; that is, no payment would be due for loss covered by other sources such as Blue Cross and sick-leave pay. Fifth, the claims would be for objectively measurable loss, no compensation being paid for pain and suffering.

Coupled with the development of this new form of insurance would be a law doing away with injury claims based on negligence in traffic accidents, unless the damages were higher than \$5,000 for pain and suffering, or \$10,000 for all other items such as medical expense and wage loss. This sharply distinguishes the proposal from accident and medical insurance one can buy today, and because of this feature all but a very small percentage of injury claims in automobile accidents would be handled entirely under the new Basic Protection coverage. The wasteful bickering over fault—with all the cost of investi-



gators, lawyers and the courts—would be eliminated in the great majority of cases. Rights to higher damages, including money for pain and suffering, would be preserved in the cases of severe injury. The number of these cases is relatively small, and the amounts involved warrant the expense of determining responsibility according to negligence, if realistic standards are applied. Also, allowing pain and suffering damages in these cases satisfies the grievance of innocent victims against negligent drivers, without giving every trivial case a nuisance value that makes insurance costs skyrocket. And preserving these claims based on negligence in the cases of severe injury helps to place a fair extra share of the burden of accident costs on negligent drivers.

Preferably, Basic Protection insurance would be compulsory, to meet the whole need for covering basic losses and to provide the fairest distribution of insurance costs among motorists. It could also work, however, under a voluntary system with a law making special provisions for those victims of uninsured cars who were not themselves car owners and had not had fair opportunity to choose whether to carry insurance.

Refusing to allow any overlap between this new coverage and such insurance as Blue Cross and disability contracts would not only save money in premiums immediately, but might also lead to a much needed re-examination of the whole problem of waste and "overutilization"

(incurring expenses needlessly) spawned by overlapping benefits.

This new approach requires state action, and legislators in Michigan, Massachusetts and New York have already filed bills to enact the Basic Protection Plan. Other states are warming to the issue. All across the nation, however, the organized trial bar is in firm opposition, and there is little reason to hope that its attitude will change. One of the national leaders of this segment of the bar recently referred to the concept that damages should be paid to a traffic victim only upon proof of a driver's negligence as "a crowning triumph of reason and morality." He continued: "Literally, the principle of liability for fault is derived from the religious belief that each of us is responsible to his God for his own conduct." Skilled trial lawyers will sound countless oratorical variations on this theme, and the more effectively because many of them deeply and sincerely believe it. But the force of their opposition will be blunted if the public recognizes that they have a large financial stake in the *status quo*. There is hope, too, that many members of the bar will support fundamental insurance reform, recognizing that it is in the public interest and that the lack of a solution to the present crisis will necessarily result in disrespect for law and lawyers.

Until recently, the insurance industry had been as sternly opposed as the trial bar to any basic reform of automobile insurance. Within the past year, however, a number of spokesmen for the industry have warned that changes are inevitable and that the industry should help to fashion a reform that would be acceptable from its point of view. An even clearer warning was sounded by former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel Patrick Moynihan, addressing an insurance industry conference on safety, held at Hartford last January. He called attention to the example of the automobile industry, which continued to brush off proposals for making their cars safer, while warning clouds were gathering. Then, in a series of striking developments, the storm descended. Within a few months the automobile industry suddenly became subject to federal regulation.

In the summer of 1966, it was rumored briefly that top executives in the automobile insurance industry would make a sharp turn away from the prevailing opposition to reform. But the hope did not develop, and as of now there is no solid evidence that the insurance industry is ready to take the initiative.

Where, then, can support for fundamental reform be found? Because automobile insurance reform is everybody's concern, there is danger it will be nobody's business. Yet widespread public support will be required. Perhaps there is hope for organizing it along consumer-interest lines; perhaps groups as widely separated as chambers of commerce and labor unions can be persuaded to join the fight.

The need for reform is so obvious that some kind of legislative action is almost certain to be taken in several states in the immediate future. But there is still serious reason to doubt that the legislation enacted will go deep enough. Patchwork reform that alleviates the pressure for action will merely postpone the real job that has to be done.

LETTERS (Continued from page 482)

government and is not representing our people. It was imposed on us by the United States, and is controlled by military men who fought for the French against the Vietnamese before 1954. . . . We want a government of our own, not controlled by either side, so that we may be able to settle the problems of Vietnam by ourselves on the basis of national brotherhood: to negotiate peace with the National Liberation Front and North Vietnam, and negotiate the withdrawal of American troops with the United States.

Do not believe that the danger of a Communist take-over justifies continuation of the war. We believe we are strong enough to form an independent government. The decision, however, should be ours, not yours, when it is our lives and our country that are being destroyed.

We endorse the proposals outlined in the book written by our friend Thich Nhat Hanh, *Vietnam: Lotus in a Sea of Fire*, and ask your help in realizing them.

Finally, we send you our best wishes and those of the Vietnamese people.

(Done in Saigon, Feb. 20, 1967,
for seventy students and professors.)

Cao Ngoc phuong
Pham hieu Tai

counsel of perfection

Madison, Wis.

DEAR SIR: I found much to admire in Michael B. Folsom's review of my anthology *Echoes of Revolt: The Masses 1911-1917* [*The Nation*, Feb. 27], but his essay was disfigured by that self-righteous intolerance which is the most unattractive aspect of the New Left. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that moral dogmatism is the principal link between our youngest radicals and the old Left of the 1930s. When Mr. Folsom has aged to the point where he can look back upon a selfless and error-free life entirely devoted to worthy causes, it will be time enough for him to pass judgment on *The Masses'* editors whom he now finds wanting in character as well as integrity.

William L. O'Neill

nothing changes

Wellesley, Mass.

DEAR SIR: "Fight the draft any way you can, but don't go to jail. . . . I still haven't recovered from being forced to submit. . . ." [David Bell, as quoted by Paul Good in the article, "Laying Freedom on the Line," *The Nation*, Mar. 20.]

"In prison nothing yields, nothing changes. . . ." Well, in the army nothing yields, nothing changes, either. And when you come out you've got to live with having served as a slave to the system you abhor. . . . Articles and editorials such as those in the Mar. 20 *Nation* may jar some of us into anti-draft action—keep them up.

Lanier C. Greer
Cora C. Greer

Berlin peace walks

West Berlin

DEAR SIR: Americans in West Berlin have formed an information service and lobby to encourage a political settlement in Vietnam. . . . Our activity will receive wider attention with the beginning in late April of a series of weekly one-hour walks of 100 Americans through Berlin. We would welcome any Americans who would like to contribute to or contact the "U.S. Campaign" at Droysenstrasse 15, Berlin-Charlottenburg (West). . . .

Peter R. Standish
Secretary, U.S. Campaign

BOOKS & THE ARTS

History and Malapropaganda

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT: November 20—November 25, 1963. By William Manchester. Harper & Row. 710 pp. \$10.

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is author of *The Bowery Man* (Thomas Nelson).

There are several ways in which to categorize William Manchester's account of the five days in November, 1963, during which John F. Kennedy was assassinated, the man charged with the crime was murdered, and Lyndon Johnson inherited the Presidency. The volume can be looked upon as a merchandising marvel or as a political weapon in a factional feud, and in either case it could be hailed as a tour de force. But the author's passionate insistence that his work be regarded as history—in fact, as *the* history of the assassination, is another matter. In his foreword Manchester stakes his claim to such a monopoly, finding it "fair to assume that should any new studies of this subject appear in the near future, they must be largely based upon the [Warren] Commission's work, mine, or both."

It would be presumptuous to argue with a latter-day Book of Revelation; a reviewer can only list some of the wonders. This is not merely retelling of the tragedy; Mr. Manchester fills page after page with facts never before reported. We discover that the White House Communications officer asked a sergeant for a roast beef sandwich before President Kennedy's last helicopter ride. At the moment of disaster in Dallas, Ben Bradlee, *Newsweek's* Washington correspondent, was browsing in a Brentano's bookstore; and the private who would later ride behind the Kennedy caisson "was stuffing his soiled uniforms into a coin-operated laundromat."

We are told here for the first time what Prince Stanislaus Radziwill was doing at the fatal moment when the clock in Rome's Eden Hotel stood at 7:21, and that in the nation's capital "half the men on the streets wore topcoats and half did not."

The book is mine of such data and historians can only regret that when Lincoln was shot no conscientious re-

porter was available to chronicle the state of Bismarck's digestion. Though many of the readers who are clamoring for Manchester's report may not appreciate the full significance of his minutiae—which consume half or more of this monumental effort—they may trace a larger pattern.

The stature of Lyndon Johnson, for example, shrinks notably in Manchester's telling. It is not pretty to read of the stricken widow's arrival at the Presidential plane in Dallas only to find Johnson in full possession of her bedroom. Johnson's image also suffers in Manchester's description of the oath-taking ceremony and of Johnson's insistence that Jackie Kennedy appear at his side, even though she would not change the dress still drenched in her husband's blood. The circumstances of the ceremony itself are stained with controversy. Johnson quotes Robert Kennedy as his legal authority for the necessity of taking the oath immediately, but Kennedy hotly denies that he sanctioned it or that it was necessary. Similarly, Johnson's precipitate speed in moving into the White House is contrasted by Manchester with the patience of that other Johnson who waited weeks after Lincoln's murder before he took over his quarters.

The President is described as "almost alone" in offering the on-the-spot theory that the assassination was part of an "international communist conspiracy." And an investigative commission composed exclusively of Texans, according to Manchester, was frustrated only by the intervention of attorney Abe Fortas and the Kennedy "loyalists." Johnson will also have to live down the monstrous gaffe of Lady Bird who, in offering her condolences to Mrs. Kennedy, said: "What wounds me most of all is that this should happen in my beloved State of Texas."

The book is no *MacBird*, of course. Manchester fully endorses the most significant conclusions of the Warren Commission. And at every opportunity he carefully explains the strains borne by the new President and the allowances that must be made. Inevitably, the repetition of these apologies has the ring of Mark Antony's refrain: "And Brutus is an honorable man."

By contrast Robert and Jacqueline

Kennedy emerge as story-book hero and heroine, strong, resolute, romantic—"She was Gallic; he a Celt." The coldness of the Kennedy team to the new Chief is excused as an excess of loyalty and grief. But one cannot say that this book is designed as a tool in the Kennedy cause because we are forbidden to say so. Manchester opens his testament by commanding: "You may not conclude that I have served as anyone's amanuensis. If you doubt me you may as well stop at the end of this paragraph."

A reviewer with the temerity to disobey such imperious foot stamping could point out that Manchester was chosen by the Kennedy family, that he did come to some agreement with them, involving their right to at least review the manuscript before publication and that, however coincidentally, the work does enhance the stature of Robert Kennedy at the expense of Lyndon Johnson. The great, if abortive, legal battle between the Kennedys and Manchester resulted—again fortuitously—in a net gain for both sides. The Kennedys cannot be tagged with the book's faults and the publicity must account in part for the gigantic prepublication sale. Moreover, the Kennedy assault never discredited the book itself.

True, the evidence of political motivation is only circumstantial; but Manchester, in convicting Oswald of the single-handed murder of the President, declares a new legal dictum: that circumstantial evidence is "the very best kind." Manchester brushes aside all doubts and criticisms. The critics, in fact, do not exist; he has not heard of them. "Had any other major investigator been around I certainly would have heard the echo of his footsteps." This is odd because, though all of the dissenters from the Warren Commission Report may ultimately be refuted, there are few who would allege that they went about their work on tiptoe.

Where he touches upon the controversy he simplifies it with authoritative finality. "At that distance, with his training, he [Oswald] could scarcely have missed," Manchester declares, citing for authority his own experience on the Marine Corps rifle range. He takes no notice of those FBI sharpshooters who repeatedly missed when they tried to duplicate the shot. The argument of

those who wonder about the seconds necessary to aim, load and fire the murder weapon is dismissed as a "trick," refuted by simple arithmetic. He seems unaware that the calculations have been based not on the time lapse between first and last shot but from the moment when the President could have been visible in the assassin's gun sights to the final firing.

For Manchester there are no grassy knolls, no bullet holes that need explaining. He is above sleuthing. Nonetheless, he has unearthed the curious fact that two hours before Oswald was shot, three trauma rooms had been prepared at Parkland Hospital "against precisely this calamity." He explains that the Dallas police expected some attempt to be made against Oswald while en route to the county jail but, curiously, not before. Dallas is like that, he says.

The impounded X-rays of the President cause him no anxiety at all. "Because the material is unsightly it will be unavailable until 1971," he reports in a footnote. It may be true that some small segment of the medically minded public would be able to tell a sightly from an unsightly X-ray, but in any case no film could equal the harrowing, tasteless, clinical detail with which Manchester loads whole chapters. Here the wounds, the blood, the flying bits of flesh and the surgical interventions are minutely detailed. If the American people and the Kennedys can stomach that, they probably can stand any X-ray ever made.

It should be pointed out, in all fairness, that there are chapters of genuine interest: the flight of top Cabinet members to Washington, the mood of Dallas, the bumbling, grotesque mechanics behind the funeral. Even though these sections contain little that the newspapers and television have not already reported, Manchester might be credited with a neat compilation in handy format. Unfortunately, even this information appears in his lofty prose.

William Manchester does not command language; he defies it. Rarely has the English tongue been so elegantly tortured. He refers to fine weather as "a golden lacuna of a day." He calls haze "aoristic." The Eastern seaboard, seen from a plane, is "vermiculating." President Kennedy's body is carried in an "apopemptic ride." Oswald is depicted (by inspired divination) as withdrawing after the final shot "in the deliberate lock step of a Marine marksman retiring from the range"—a feat comparable to a lone performer singing in unison.

Mrs. Malaprop would blush at Man-

chesterisms that leap out of the volume. Even when he uses words with some faint regard for their meaning, he is so grandiloquent that the reader is left in baffled awe. Mrs. Kennedy does not enter a room, for example, she "debouches" into it. She also withdraws into a "cantalot of privacy." Galbraith does not fall asleep; he "induces insentience." Oswald is shown "combing his hair like an oarsman sculling." And the Kennedy and

Connally families, during their vigil at the hospital, are outrageously described as "entangled in their abattoir."

It is hard to say whether William Manchester will ultimately be known as the pioneer collector of the crumbs of history or the single-handed destroyer of the English language. This reviewer's guess is that he may make an obscure footnote in the record of our time—if not a "golden lacuna."

Half & Half Equals Two

E. R. von FREIBURG

Von Freiburg is a pseudonym for a bilingual East-West writer team of two who have lived in both Germanys for many years.

A curious thing happens when one is asked about the literature of East Germany. Immediately one starts thinking about the literature of West Germany. But if one is asked to discuss the literature of West Germany, one's mind inevitably wanders to the literature of East Germany. They are two separate literatures, but only superficially do they constitute two separate phenomena. The one cannot be understood without the other.

It is easy enough to complain that contemporary German writers cannot be compared with the prewar giants—Brecht, the Mann brothers, the Zweig non-brothers, Lion Feuchtwanger, Anna Seghers. There are potential giants: Günter Grass (West) and Peter Hacks (East). The question is, why have they remained only potential? The difference between the older and the younger generation of German writers is probably not one of native gifts but of native land—of wholeness as against halfness.

All German writers today, East, West and in exile, are suffering from a split psyche. Kaiser Germany and Hitler's Third Reich, and the impotent Weimar Republic sandwiched in between, may not have been the most reassuring native land—with its amoebically, cannibalistically fluid borders—but it was a whole. It had one past, one present and presumably one future. Its culture, despite all the inner contradictions, belonged to one people. It was not a happy people. The number of writers it drove to suicide, insanity or exile is an appalling statistic. Yet Germany's exiled writers had no peace; they kept returning, spiritually or physically, to the scenes that had tormented them and driven them away.

It was Heine who wrote from Paris:

*When I think on Germany at night
I toss and turn till morning light*

Peter Weiss in Sweden finds himself doubly exiled. Unable to identify himself with either East or West Germany, he cannot write about contemporary Germany at all. On the other hand, his "Ten Theses of the Writer in a Divided World," a soul-searching analysis of contemporary political alternatives, could have been written only by a German today—a divided German. In it he floated in spirit, like Heine's ghost, over the two halves of his native land, in each half preferring this and rejecting that, and finally floating away again to his haunted homelessness.

The dilemma of the halved German writer was keenly described by dramatist Peter Hacks in a spoof aimed at Günter Grass and the guitar-playing East German bard Wolf Biermann who, like Hacks, emigrated from West to East Germany out of political conviction, and who has been in the doghouse in that country for about a year. In a letter in the West German magazine, *Theater heute*, describing the plot for a new comedy, Hacks wrote that his hero, "a German petty bourgeois" named Wolf-Günter, was accidentally divided in two when the Berlin Wall was built, and has since then existed in two separate halves. Wolf (East) and Günter (West) are absolutely identical; both have "the most comfortably demonic walrus mustache," considerable talent and an enormous need to make an impression; both represent every opinion one can possibly have, and its opposite; and both suffer from unrequited love for the same Fräulein, the government of the half-country in which they respectively dwell. The letter continued:

No one can be more progressive than Wolf when he happens to fall among the capitalists, and no one more reactionary than Günter with the Communists. . . . They do not realize that

the German states, both the Socialist and the capitalist, are exactly as the requirements of the historical situation compel them to be; they imagine that both states could be somewhat more Wolf-Günterish, if they only wanted to be. This error is reinforced by their physiological need to reunite. . . .

The joke, says Hacks, is that this hero just cannot leave his government in peace. No sooner has he sung its praises again than "something funny happens—his house door is set on fire [this happened to Grass], he gets bawled out by the Minister of the Interior [this happened to Biermann], etc." The climax comes when the double hero, now played by one actor, visits his head of state to offer him advice. At the right sits the Chancellor, at the left the Chairman. Wolf-Günter, at downstage center, says his piece and gets kicked in the pants by both chiefs.

All the German writers, including Hacks, regardless of their class position, regardless of their political acumen or lack of it, have been more or less crippled by the partition of their country. All have been trying to fly with one wing. It is the fate of every German writer who commits himself to the East (unless he is writing for a hypothetical posterity) to have to devote all his energy to hastening the progress of socialism and helping to block the encroachments of West Germany's neo-Nazism. Decadent frivolity is not for him. And it is the fate of every German writer who takes his chances with the West to have to make rejection of the East German way of life a fundamental tenet of his *Weltanschauung* (unless he doesn't mind not being published).

Biermann, feeling intolerably cramped between these alternatives, tried to withdraw from absolute commitment and sit on the fence, i.e., the wall—or rather, to "promenade along the top of the wall," as he wrote in his ballad on François Villon (with whom he likes to identify himself). But the political tensions in Germany have been too acute; and he has not been allowed any public concerts since 1965. There is no place like Germany for making it clear that a Third World does not exist.

Grass, too, has unsuccessfully tried to swerve around partisanship or to hit it and run. In *The Tin Drum*, he appeared to be merely getting the hilarious tantrums of his Danzig youth out of his system, making some universally valid comments on the position of the artist in society, and suggesting that the Nazis had been rather ridiculous. But the book unraveled itself and wound up in a

tangle of repetitions. He tried also to maintain the stance of superb indifference to commitment in *Cat and Mouse*, setting up a gargantuan phallus to divert attention from the fact that he was evading a real viewpoint.

In neither of these works was there anything to offend Bonn. On the contrary, Grass's novels were welcomed as the ideal window dressing. His dull and turgid third novel, *Dog Years*, made at least one thing clear: he had paid the full price of admission to the West German establishment—outspoken rejection of the GDR.

His play, *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* (1966), underlined this. Written in mock-Brecht verse, the idea

was that German workers are too tame to rebel against injustice, and that Brecht was no better because he supported the government of the GDR.

These last two works insured Grass absolute *Narrenfreiheit* (fool's immunity) in West Germany. He could embarrass the Social Democrats by barnstorming for them on a platform all his own; he could fulminate to his heart's content against the powerful Christian Democrats with whom they were planning a coalition, but artistically he had reached the pass described above. Scarcely fledged, he had lopped off his left wing.

Tactfully not mentioning any names, Erich Fried said at the Gruppe 47 meeting in Princeton last year that most

THE LOVE SINGER

*Suddenly he appeared in our lives
Without a shadow
Crying "Joy" in a language that
We had forgotten or never knew
As syllables dropped like kumquats
From his tongue and he smiled at boys
In the street who made fun of him. He
Did not seem Western — he was too mad for
That — jangled and put together in a shabby way
That might have embarrassed us. And from
What place in the East he had arrived we could
Not tell — he seemed to have shed his origin
The way flowers shed petals
Until only the stem remains. And he was
That stem. Thin, made of sunlight, his face burned
By wind (all the streets he had been to!)
And he wandered
Past gaps, white buildings,
Glassy windows bursting with
Jewelry, past flowers,
Mirrors —
And what he sang was again this word "Joy,"
Sounding so much like a bird
Calling to his invisible mate
As he flies beyond the New Territories
Then dips into a mountain

Love Singer! Perhaps he once played at being
A dove or a vulture or a god in China before
Singing
In parking lots, gardens, traffic, new
Hotel lobbies. And we listened.

What has bothered me all afternoon
Is not his name,
Or what he sang — or even his small
Instrument that seemed to be cared for and polished
By feathers — but that here, in this city,
Everyday we have seen this miracle monger
Walking the streets. But never
Did I hear him speak to me so clearly.*

SANDRA HOCHMAN

writers are success addicts, not for money alone but because success is the confirmation that they are not isolated, that they have found their audience. "Just like other addicts, they can be corrupted through what they strive for." The statement is suggestive for the predicament of all German writers, regardless of which side they are on.

In East Germany, however, it is mainly socialism they are striving for. A publisher there told us years ago that he was becoming impatient with dark hints of subjects that were too hot to handle. He was beginning to doubt that the manuscripts existed at all. "They're never submitted to me," he said. "Where are they?" They were simply self-censored before pen was ever put to paper. "Corrupted" is scarcely the word for the earnestly self-denying artist in the GDR. Truncated, yes. Hamstrung, and loaded down like Atlas. Fearing that too much criticism of his society may hurt the cause, he tempers and minimizes by conscientiously piling on the counter-evidence and does the best he can to achieve "Socialist realism," which has never yet been satisfactorily defined but seems to mean—roughly—silhouetting the story, however grim, against a backdrop irradiated by the rising sun of socialism.

At the same time, he is writing at top speed, constantly mindful that socialism is in a race for its life and that he is supposed to be inspiring the laggards. But can he, at this frantic hobble, with the world on his back, produce art?

With great fanfare, a Soviet novel full of cathartic heresies was publicized and widely circulated in East Germany in 1962: *Battle on the Way*, by the late Galina Nikolayeva. Bachirev, an engineer who refuses to turn out poor-quality tractors, opposes Valgan, the works manager, who doesn't care what junk comes off the assembly line as long as high production figures bring him glory. Valgan is supported by the entire party apparatus; the Communist father of the heroine Tina has died innocent in one of Stalin's prisons; and Tina is shown to be a more valuable person than the wife of the man she is having an affair with. This was the first time a book published in the GDR admitted that such things happened. There was a reason.

Theoretically, the Berlin Wall built in 1961 had put East Germany in a position to recover from the financial catastrophes of the open frontier and to operate without further losses. In practice there were huge stumbling blocks. The worst was the inefficiency caused

by bureaucracy and the acute labor shortage. *Battle on the Way* was part of a drive to raise production and quality simultaneously. It was read by hundreds of thousands of people and discussed in the party press and in factory meetings for weeks. It opened the floodgates to an unprecedented wave of salutary, desperately needed criticism.

A spate of outspoken novels by East German writers followed, among them: *Ole Bienkopp* by Brecht's friend Erwin Strittmatter, poet and dramatist; *Divided Heaven* by Christa Wolf; *The Auditorium* by Hermann Kant; and *Track of Stone* by former [Communist] Party functionary Erik Neutsch.

Neutsch's book, most directly influenced by Nikolayeva, is perhaps the most impressive, a rough block of truth. Werner Horrath, Party Secretary on a gigantic industrial project in the GDR during the fifties, is out to achieve maximum efficiency even if it means exposing comrades who conceal costly mistakes to protect their own position, and rewarding useful workers who may be non-party or anti-party. He is trapped in a tragic conflict between this aim and his clandestine love for Katrin, a recently graduated engineer, whom he has gotten pregnant.

Their involvement starts when she helps him win over and recruit a boastful tough named Balla who spits on all authority and happens to be the best and most influential worker on the project. If Horrath, a married man, confesses to being the father of Katrin's child, it will mean that a party functionary is "no better" than an "element" like Balla, and therefore the party will have to throw him out when he is accomplishing the most and his personal prestige is so crucial. This is exactly what happens. He finally confesses and is fired; but through his too protracted, Hamlet-like vacillation he has lost both Katrin and his wife. We see him at the end, dreary and lonely, looking for a job as a day laborer—senselessly wasted human material.

The bad writing in this book makes one's hair stand on end, but it sold 216,000 copies. In distinction to West Germany, where the novel-buying public is relatively limited (high prices are one reason), a bestseller in East Germany reaches the masses and is judged more for its direct relation to their lives than for its artistic value. Neutsch's book had raised the question of officious and destructive party interference in private lives. It had cast doubt on the whole rigid moral standard preached by the party but impossible to reconcile with changing conditions, particularly the

family upheavals that result from the changing status of women.

The hero in *Ole Bienkopp* is a resourceful oddball, a Communist peasant whose "bee head" is always buzzing with plans for improvement. His frustrating struggle with party bureaucrats ("soulless bureaucrats" was a popular expression in the party press in the early sixties) ultimately leads him to suicide. Strittmatter's dour understatement and startling, compact images provide more literary pleasure than the other three novels, although the book is marred by an overabundance of farmyard details.

In *Divided Heaven*, Christa Wolf tackled the question of why so many valuable intellectuals deserted to the Federal Republic before 1961 (when the wall was built). The heroine has to decide between her love for the gifted chemist, Manfred, who has asked her to follow him to West Berlin, and her loyalty to the GDR. She decides for the GDR, i.e., for solidarity, for the collective, for the hard but honest way, as against the moral maelstrom of casual, overnight betrayal. This simple appeal to Socialist conscience sold not only 244,000 in the GDR but 10,000 in West Germany, and the film made from it (*Die Welt* of Hamburg called it "amazingly potent artistically") reached still wider audiences on both sides.

Before the publication of his first novel, *The Auditorium*, Hermann Kant was best known for his elegant newspaper polemics against West Germany's *Kulturpolitik*. A young electrician just home from the army after World War II, Kant himself went to college in the "Workers' and Peasants' Faculty" in the then Soviet Zone, an institution which gave the children of the poor their first chance for a university education in Germany. From the vantage point of today's sophistication, Kant portrays the raw kids who were his roommates, charting through their careers the jagged but inexorable upward graph of the GDR.

The story tells of the unexplained defection of his friend Quasi, a promising mathematician, to West Germany. Kant finds him years later in Hamburg, impassively running a beer joint, betraying neither regret nor satisfaction. This reminder of the loss of identity in the plunge from world to world, of the heart-sinking but never acknowledged realization that one has made a bad bargain by crossing over—an everyday tragedy in divided Germany before the wall was built—is the most effective single detail in the book. It gives the tale a resonance otherwise lacking, for Kant prefers to maintain an ironic, off-

hand tone, forbidding not only sentimentality but sentiment.

In short, the self-censorship in the East was giving way, and authors had begun to feel that their first responsibility was to the truth, insofar as they could discover it. Without the cleansing truth, the new conflicts emerging under socialism would never be settled satisfactorily. Kant, Christa Wolf and Neutsch represent the generation that was just coming of age at the end of the war, the legatees of shame, horror, devastation and hunger, those who saw just enough of the Nazis to feel an inner ethical obligation toward anti-fascism for the rest of their lives.

They are all upright puritans, reformers, who reject the material temptations of the West as not very attractive bait set by the neo-Nazis. To them the simple life of the GDR, neither poor nor luxurious, calm, rather pedestrian, but free of rat race, is such an incomparable improvement over fascism that nothing could make them betray it. Faults in the fabric have to be corrected—by “us,” because it is “our” state. Not by some abstract “them.”

The building of the Berlin Wall had a paradoxical effect. It clearly defined a separation that had long existed without being generally acknowledged. It compelled respect on both sides by proclaiming the GDR's intention to defend its statehood. But it also aroused—such is the psychological effect of a wall—the longing to cross it.

During a brief period that began in about 1962 and culminated in 1965, a tentative *rapprochement* was brought about between the East and West German writers which both found very exciting. They held radio debates, gave joint readings, spoke at each other's congresses, and published selections from each other's work. These contacts were accompanied by violent friction, aggressive defensiveness and hurt love. The majority of West German writers dislike their government, but they also dislike the position of the writer in East Germany. The East German writers, while sensitive to the charge that state-sponsored “Socialist realism” narrows the approach to truth and art, feel that their West German counterparts are jeering all the louder to distract attention from the price they pay for survival—if not express anti-communism, then prolonged adolescence in the form of the whole faddist bag of mini-literature, pessimism, absurdity and cruelty.

Yet the more dedicated the East German writer was to socialism, the more his West German colleague grudgingly respected him; and the more fun the

West Germans had at wild parties of art on the loose, the more the East Germans longed to abandon themselves—if only they had the time! Both worshiped one literary idol: Brecht. Each found in him the justification for his own way, as well as the painfully persuasive argument for the other side.

It was like an anxious, illicit love affair, taking place in a sphere which realistically did not exist, and it was viewed with increasing disapprobation by both German governments. West German non-Communist writers were making drastic anti-government statements which influenced students and intellectuals. East German writers, intoxicated by the thaw on both frontiers, were happily prying open every closet in which they suspected a skeleton.

This game of transmutal puss in the corner was abruptly stopped at the end of 1965, a period of mounting political tension, when the German Federal Republic announced openly its desire to possess nuclear weapons, “liberate” the East Germans, and restore the frontiers of 1937. In a crack-down that started at its 11th Plenum in December, 1965, the Socialist Unity [Communist] Party of the GDR made it clear that any thaw was an intellectual hallucination unless peace was guaranteed. It forbade all art that it termed “pessimistic,” “skeptical” or “pornographic,” and reduced East-West hobnobbing to a tenuous minimum. Writers who had published in the West works critical of the GDR (Biermann, Stefan Heym), film producers who were working on rebellious films, even writers who merely used “obscene” language, were pilloried in the press for weeks.

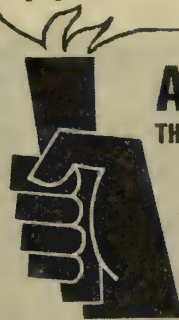
The writers were shocked at the harshness of these methods, which were intended as a warning to all of them. They could see the need for increased vigilance, but not for being collared like schoolboys and having their ears boxed, while the good boys in the class, the workers, were encouraged to point at them as a group and laugh. Whereas they had been, and still were, unconditional supporters of Socialist power, the party by no means returned their confidence. What had previously been a voluntary—or rather, an involuntary—self-suppression, based on a feeling of responsibility, was now blurred by official censorship. Film contracts were canceled, publishers' lists were revised, plays were dropped from consideration, and no one knew what to write. The result was that not one East German novel, play or film of any value emerged in the GDR in 1966.

It was a lean year for West German literature too. The writers there were not unaffected by events. They had lost a dimension, an illusion, an escape valve. Feeling rebuffed by the Socialist state, abused in their own state (“little yapping terriers” was ex-Chancellor Erhard's term for them), they not only became increasingly precious, form-obsessed, and isolated from ordinary people; they also turned contemptuously on one another, expending a disproportionate amount of ingenuity on reciprocal verbal mutilation.

Peter Hacks, who poked fun at Biermann and Grass, is not likely to have the last laugh. He, whose favorite form is tragicomedy, is himself a tragicomic figure dancing in the air above the wall. He could easily be the model for the Schuhu in his delightful fairy tale about a boy with wings who came out of a very hard egg; while the flying princess who betrays him with a dull cheese merchant may be the GDR. In the end she returns to him and they set up house-keeping on top of a mountain. Hacks has just had a new comedy published in West Germany; it contains a number of gibes at the GDR, and GDR officials have shown that they are not amused. A public reading of *Margarete in Aix*, whose subject is the alienation of the

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RANDOM HOUSE



artist in society, was canceled, and the [Communist] Party paper attacked him.

Hacks, now 38, did not grow up in the GDR. Having read Hegel and Marx, he had decided for communism and flown on his Schuhu wings in 1955 to the part of Germany where Hegel and Marx were taught. But his feet never quite touched the ground there. The conflict between idea and reality is the dynamic of most of his work.

He is enormously talented. Like Brecht and Lewis Carroll, he can be didactic with charm. He combines perfect poetic pitch, a lusty whimsy, and an informed and ruthless insight into human motives. Yet all his seven plays are too cerebral, too green, too torn. They are the work of a changeling who stands behind a curtain and peeps out with big, strange eyes at the funny way his adopted family eats soup:

*Have I been talking again? I admit
I do like talking. The right words attach
Themselves to things like handles
So you can pick them up and move
them.*

Talk about them and you've got them.

says the title figure of one of his plays, Moritz Tassow, a utopian Socialist and motley fool in whom Hacks evidently meant to satirize a cast-off self. But the play remains an unsettled argument in the author's head, between disappointing but *probably* necessary party pragmatism and a Communist idealism for which the people are *probably* not yet ready. The party was not prepared to admit that pragmatism was holding idealism on a leash, and the play was taken off the boards—the second time this happened to Hacks. Where can he go from here?

*The knowledge of man's ways is
something special.
I uttered many judgments, judgments
of all kinds
And everything I said was said too
soon,*

mourns Vaudemont in *Margarete in Aix*.

"I cannot agree," said Anna Seghers at the GDR Writers' Conference last November, "with certain criticisms. Imagination withers away when it is underestimated and all its thinking is done for it. Gorky did not only write the

novel *The Mother*, often considered the source of the laws of Socialist realism. He also wrote about all sorts of destinies that stirred him, short stories and plays; he wrote fairy tales too, about departed or invented worlds." She warned against "intimidating in the very process of arising" experiments which are "premonitions of the new world to come."

One thing is certain: The two worlds in which the writers of East and West Germany live are drifting rapidly apart,

pulled by antagonistic political forces. Their separation is already plainly incurable. Within this generation they will evolve into two new German-speaking countries as different from each other as they are from Austria and German Switzerland. Only when this situation is formalized will their two literatures be able to develop from halves to wholes. Each side, left to itself, will find its own separate solution in its own utterly different pattern of life.

All the World's a Toy

A HISTORY OF TOYS. By Antonia Fraser. Delacorte Press. 256 pp. \$25.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DOLLS. By Gwen White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 274 pp. \$19.95.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF TOYS. By Karl Ewald Fritzsche and Manfred Bachmann. Murray's Books (England). 194 pp. 84s.

JAPANESE TOYS. By Kazuya Sakamoto. Translated by Charles A. Pomerooy. Photographs by Kiyoshi Sonobe. Bijutsu Shuppan-Sha and Charles E. Tuttle Co. 516 pp. \$17.50.

CHESTER JOHNSON

Mr. Johnson is a free-lance science and technology editor and writer. He is the author of *Clocks and Watches* (Odyssey Press).

"The world," grieved Spinoza, "is God's doll's house"—and whatever else is said in reference to toys is as likely to be true: their universal appeal and symbolism is nothing mysterious. The Australian aborigines—until recently a people using only five tools and no clothes—were reputed to be toyless, but aboriginal youngsters have been discovered cherishing worn-out stone choppers, cuddling them and wrapping them up at night. Toys, as we learn from these four books, implement the acting out of children's emotional needs; they are necessary props in the child's psychic staging. Toyless children find it difficult to externalize their private worlds, and it has been proved that a lack of toys contributes to the emotional remoteness of institutionalized children. Like adult religious and magical paraphernalia, toys can be objects of ritual potency. It is this archetypal character in toys—often destroyed in the gimmick-obsessed market place—that enables certain of them to remain satisfying through centuries and even millennia.

Toys are almost as much admired by

adults as by children. The hackneyed tableau of Dad, monopolizing Junior's train, is not far from the truth. Multi-ulcered executives can while away the weekend's milk-fed hours by reconstructing in "durable plastic" the Pierce Arrow limousine that "Dad had," leaving Junior to paint blood on the stump neck of his headless toy Frankenstein's monster and Sis to ponder (archetypally) what color bra the crew-cut Ken doll would like to see on his nubile, modeled-to-look-willing Barbie. Provided with wardrobes for all (socially acceptable) occasions these dolls (both American and British versions are illustrated in the Fraser book) are on the make and ready to go.

Fortunately for adults, toys can be collected as well as played with, and it is this penchant for preserving former playthings as present objects of virtue that allows us to gain some idea of the evolution and significance of toys. Collectors and publishers form a happy symbiosis: to a large extent they depend upon one another. A collector of any ilk must have reference books; in the present competitive collecting arena (where early Coca-Cola bottles are bringing \$25 each) collectors can still afford to read about what they can no longer afford to buy.

Antonia Fraser (mother of five, daughter of an earl, and wife of an M.P.) has put together a "reading-type" book, illustrated with an Argus eye on the general reader's potential interest in toys; she has thoroughly surveyed the toy world from Pharaonic pottery mice to Edwardian orthopters, to "spy dolls" for smuggling microfilm—even to toys for Thalidomidized children. The illustrations, whether plain or in color, are clear, and there are more than 300.

As outlined in the author's first chapter, a satisfying toy must furnish the child with possibilities for pleasure.

Coming Next Week

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fantasy and imitation (although one wonders what the G-string clad Indian youngster, reproduced from an Elizabethan drawing, made of the farthingale doll given her by Roanoke colonists). Animal and human dolls often invite profound and powerful emotional investment; they may, like the poet John Betjeman's teddy bear, be cherished as talismans into adulthood.

Many of the elaborately dressed dolls of the past, now collectors' prizes, survive because they were not played with. A successful toy is one you can do something with or to. If it is too complete and elaborate, as were many Victorian and Edwardian dolls, the grownups may ration its use, "until you show greater responsibility"; by that time, of course, it may have been forsaken for an old rag doll or a rough wood wagon. Children will innovate and improvise; the author mentions the "emergent toys" made by poor children, and illustrates a pathetic but arresting 1905 vintage doll made from an old shoe, now preserved in that unique institution, the Museum of Childhood in Edinburgh.

Certain toys—weapons, dolls, rattles, soldiers, pull toys—are immortal. The yo-yo (once a deadly weapon in the Philippines) is an example: first a toy in the ancient Far East, it created a craze in Directoire France and was greeted with the same enthusiasm in England and the United States during the 1920s. The toys of older children reflect the life style of the age—and to us they are important as cultural pieces of the past. Some of them, the playthings of long dead princes, are works of art; the author mentions and illustrates many too beautiful to have been played with. Queen Mary's doll house, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, architect of New Delhi, had a real wine cellar (teetotalers objected), and was equipped with working plumbing, miniature versions of books autographed by their real authors, scale-built models of royal Daimlers, and a phonograph which played *God Save the King* (meanwhile back in the London slums, some child was cuddling that shoe doll).

Gwen White's *European and American Dolls and their marks and patents* is her eighth work on the subject and (with its many illustrations of dolls' body structure in "anatomical" detail) is a serious reference work for the doll collector's library. Collectors and dealers of Victorian and Edwardian dolls will find the 28 pages of makers' names and the 625 makers' marks and trade names invaluable (Paladin Baby, the Flirt, Joli Baby, Mein Liebling). To the noncollector the book is a compendium of

arcane lore; how many of us realize that bereaved 16th- and 17th-century mothers had their deceased babes miniaturized in flesh-colored wax? One of the many intriguing photographs shows Ondine, a wide-eyed, French swimming doll, sedately breast stroking (in the author's tub?) like an imagined great-aunt, across the Titanic-engulfing waters.

An Illustrated History of Toys, translated from the original German, is a natural history of traditional German toy making, illustrated with numerous plates and some sixty woodcuts, a restful change from the usual flashy coffee-table layout and design. Although the authors mention modern mechanical and even fad toys, their prime focus is on hand-carved toys made by individual craftsmen. They describe how the toys were made (up to 100 little wood horses can be sliced from a properly profiled, lathe-turned dish); how they were activated (by updrafts from candle flames, trickling sand, bobbing weights); and how they were and still are gathered from the individual carvers and marketed all over the world.

Some of the items are not, properly speaking, toys; they are seasonal souvenirs for feast days, local and national holidays and village processions. German wood carvers enjoyed, at best, a rather precarious living; they carved anything that would sell (locally or abroad) but it is noteworthy, amid the current welter of plastic rockets and machine guns, that the handcrafted toy is still a living industry.

Dolls are often gods or demons that have fallen from power—obsolete magic is sometimes relegated to the nursery. Traditional Japanese dolls and toys were seldom only playthings; most of them, as strikingly illustrated in *Japanese Toys*, derive from ritual and ceremonial objects; some of them are even now supposed not to be devoid of their original magic powers. Windmills, tops, straw mobiles, masks, kites, drums, whisks, plaited objects of sun-bleached straw, talismanic wands—abstract, humorous, serene, violent, mysterious, arresting, eldritch—they are all of these. A "pure"-looking toy whisk has the function of "banishing the summer lethargy which often overtakes children." Some look truly inscrutable; only a few examples, such as the Daruma doll (a bobbing, self-righting, smiling torso modeled after Japan's Buddhist "Saint Patrick," whose legs withered away during nine years of contemplation) are remotely familiar to Westerners.

We would, as with some of the German carvings, regard many of these

strange but evocative objects as charms, souvenirs, keepsakes, talismans and mascots, rather than playthings. Like the German traditional toys, many of them are still handcrafted and produced only regionally for certain festival days, more or less uncorrupted by commercial exploitation.

Tradition and craftsmanship still have their place in a quite different part of the Japanese toy realm. Exquisite emperor and empress dolls (along with court ladies, samurai and guards) are still made for Japan's yearly Doll Festival; so precious were these dolls—with which youngsters were taught to recognize the hierarchy of the *ancien régime*—that they were kept apart in little brick houses of their own, in case the owners' were destroyed by earthquake.

Primarily an album, *Japanese Toys* consists of a general introduction, followed by the plates (grouped under the six main regions of Japan) and notes about the plates. All the books are well made except the German one, which has fragile cardboard covers and brittle paper. Is there, however, a sufficient audience to save them from the remainder sale?

Book Marks

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL. Vol. 3: VENTURESOME YEARS, 1950-1955. Harper & Row. 647 pp. \$11.95.

The latest volume of the noted Lilienthal diary, published as written day by day during past decades, covers the period just after the author had completed his famous TVA and AEC tours of duty. A revealing picture of a sensitive, dedicated liberal, together with much valuable source material for study of the time—and some candid views of figures still on the public scene.

LABOR AND LIBERTY: The La Follette Committee and the New Deal. By Jerold S. Auerbach. Bobbs-Merrill. 246 pp. \$6.50.

A carefully researched, excellent study of the role of the famous La Follette committee during the early years of the New Deal, which gives an unusual insight into the overall background and social philosophy of the entire New Deal era. Yet this book is even more than that—for the author, assistant professor of history at Brandeis University, has astutely chosen as his subject the key transitional period in which American liberalism shifted from a traditional

laissez-faire civil libertarian suspicion of "big government" to precisely the opposite position, that federal power is a logical and even indispensable instrument for both social change and the protection of constitutional liberties. The book helps establish a proper rank in American history for the tragic Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., one of the most idealistic spokesmen for American progressivism. A first-rate historical study, with profound implications for today's divisions within the liberal-labor forces.

NEW DEAL THOUGHT. Edited by Howard Zinn. Bobbs-Merrill. 431 pp. \$8.50.

Another in the excellent American Heritage Series of anthologies, this volume presents a panoramic view of the New Deal from the writings of those who were formulating and administering it, and also those who were criticizing it for going either too far or not far enough. In his introductory essay, editor Howard Zinn, professor of government at Boston University, sets the stage for the work to come. The selections themselves range from political declarations by President Roosevelt to an analysis of the basic problems of the farm worker by Carey McWilliams that is still as appropriate as when it was written twenty-five years ago.

WENDELL WILLKIE: Fighter for Freedom. By Ellsworth Barnard. Northern Michigan University Press. 611 pp. \$7.50.

A frankly partisan biography, intended to perpetuate Willkie's reputation as a fighting liberal. A fourteen-year labor of love by the author, professor of English at Northern Michigan University,

this work is too specialized for general interest, but serves the worthy purpose of gathering and preserving much valuable first-hand material by and about Willkie and his associates.

MR. JUSTICE MURPHY AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS. By Harold Norris. Oceana Publications. 568 pp. \$7.50.

According to this study, during the 1946-52 terms of the United States Supreme Court, Justice Frank Murphy was the only member of the Court to have a 100 per cent perfect civil liberties voting record on a total of 113 cases for free speech claims, criminal defendants' claims, Negro claims and alien claims. Such was the dedication to civil liberties on the part of Justice Murphy, New Deal leader, former Mayor of Detroit, Governor General of the Philippines, Governor of Michigan, Attorney General of the United States, and finally Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Murphy's key judicial opinions are included. Harold Norris, a professor at the Detroit College of Law where Murphy once taught, has made an excellent contribution toward perpetuating Murphy's place in American history.

THE COMING OF THE WELFARE STATE. (Revised Edition.) By Maurice Bruce. Schocken Books. 308 pp. \$8.95.

The first American edition of a standard history of the welfare state in Great Britain, this book carefully presents contemporary British social policy and legislation within a historical context, beginning with the Industrial Revolution and the Poor Law of 1834. The American edition is enriched by a special essay comparing the British and American social service programs, with emphasis on the parallels. An essential reference work for those concerned with welfare state philosophy in general and with the United Kingdom in particular.

THE HUNGER TO COME. By John Laffin. Abelard-Schuman. 208 pp. \$4.95.

A horrifying picture of present and future malnutrition and starvation in the underdeveloped areas of the world, and an impassioned plea for immediate action. The author, a British journalist, argues that American prosperity cannot last more than another fifteen years at the current rate of population growth, because the increased need for public services will swamp the economy at the very time that natural resources will greatly diminish; that, by 1982, one in four of the world's population will be Chinese; and places these problems in a

political and economic context. He is at his best in emphasizing the immediate human aspect. As he pointedly remarks: "Responsibility for food supply is no longer a matter for communities or even single countries; it is international and must be so tackled. By failing to tackle it vigorously enough the 'haves' of the world are guilty not merely of criminal negligence but of gross and culpable manslaughter." His solution is a drastic program of world-wide birth control combined with unprecedented efforts to increase food production, particularly food from the sea.

THE INDIAN: America's Unfinished Business. Report of the Commission on the Rights, Liberties, and Responsibilities of the American Indian. Compiled by William A. Brophy and Sophie D. Aberle. University of Oklahoma Press. 236 pp. \$5.95.

With major public attention focused on the problems of poverty and civil rights in the nation's urban centers, it is important to be reminded of the contemporary problems of a rural-based ethnic minority, the American Indian. The late William A. Brophy, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs and long one of the foremost experts in the field, was the major architect of this authoritative and sensitive analysis. Though the Indian faces problems common to all rural minorities, there are very significant variations, growing out of the distinctive Indian culture and tribal structure. This much needed book summarizes them with skill and compassion. The text is enhanced by many good photographs.

THE ORDEAL OF DESEGREGATION. By Reed Sarratt. Harper & Row. 374 pp. \$7.50.

There has been an urgent need for a volume which would thoroughly and dispassionately assemble and record the facts of the impact upon the South of the landmark decisions of the Supreme Court outlawing segregated public schools. This book by a member of the Southern Regional Education Board may well become the standard reference volume. An indispensable handbook for researchers in this field.

THE WHITE PROBLEM IN AMERICA. By the Editors of Ebony. Johnson Publishing Co. 181 pp. \$3.50.

First published as a special issue of *Ebony* magazine and prepared mainly by staff members, the twenty-one articles in the book include special contributions by Martin Luther King, Jr., James Bald-



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win, Prof. Kenneth B. Clark, Louis E. Lomax and other distinguished Negro spokesmen. A factual and objective overall picture of the various aspects of the problem facing the American Negro today—which, of course, as the title indicates, originates in the historic problem of the attitude of whites toward Negroes in America. The essays form a distinctive, well-rounded entity that deserves preservation and perpetuation in book form for general attention.

HENRY M. CHRISTMAN

THEATRE

JULIUS ROYICK

This season two new resident professional companies have been started in the South: one in Atlanta and one in New Orleans. Both are run by Northerners. The two theatres are very different, but both seem to be having trouble making headway against the two great problems of the resident theatre movement: the difficulty of putting on good productions with the talent available, and the difficulty of inducing the local public to come and see the shows.

Greater Atlanta has a population of well over a million and is growing rapidly, but until last fall, when Theatre Atlanta's professional company began its career, the city had no professional non-commercial theatre. Yet Theatre Atlanta is not new. Like the resident professional companies in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Houston, Memphis and elsewhere, it began as an amateur organization.

Last season, Jay Broad came down from New York to become Theatre Atlanta's managing director. Mr. Broad had spent four years running a community theatre (in the relevant jargon "community" means amateur) in Fort Wayne, Ind. He had also directed at a resident professional theatre (now defunct) in St. Paul, Minn., and had done an off-Broadway production of *Life Is a Dream* by Calderon. For Theatre Atlanta, he recruited a company of twelve Equity actors: six from the Atlanta area who had acted with Theatre Atlanta as amateurs, and six from out of state. Meanwhile, construction was progressing on a splendid new \$1,250,000 thrust-stage theatre, built by a wealthy local lady in memory of her daughter who had been killed in the 1962 plane crash that took the lives of so many of Atlanta's prominent citizens. Last November, Theatre Atlanta opened its new home with Peter Shaffer's *Royal Hunt of the Sun*.

In most cities, professional theatres

are slightly ashamed of the recourse they often make to local amateur performers. (Many theatres can afford Equity companies; not so many can afford all-Equity companies.) At Theatre Atlanta, however, they make no bones about their continuing use of "avocational" actors (as they are delicately called) alongside the professionals. Still, the transition from amateur to professional is necessarily traumatic: a small, cozy local institution is suddenly taken over by strangers—who are paid with money raised by those they have in large measure supplanted! (The budget shoots up wildly: from \$25,000 to \$196,000 in Atlanta.) The lady who met me at the Atlanta airport, a local matron who does volunteer work for the theatre, was quite touchy about the "paid ones," as she called them. "What's the difference?" she asked. One index to what's wrong with American acting is that she's got a point.

The quality of the Atlanta company, judging from the performance I saw of Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*, is not significantly below that of most resident companies—which is not saying very much. Miller's autobiographical play walks a thin edge between profundity and meretriciousness; Frederick Congdon, who played the lead in Atlanta, pushed it over immediately into meretriciousness and kept it there. The problem was not that Mr. Congdon is a bad actor but that he is the wrong kind of good one.

Miller's hero is tolerable, in his endless concern with his own problems, only because he is really suffering: it was impossible to believe that spruce Mr. Congdon, in his impeccable three-piece suit and rep tie, with his charming little smile, could be really bothered by anything. Certainly nothing in the play had a chance of penetrating his supreme smugness. His performance made me intensely aware of what Jason Robards, the original Quentin, had been able largely to conceal: how Quentin patronizes everyone he meets, how maddeningly self-righteous the character is.

Kathryn Loder as Maggie (the Marilyn Monroe part) had a wonderful bodily characterization, swifty hipped yet vulnerable, but she was limited by the adenoidal, high-pitched voice she affected. It was amazing how much acting Miss Loder was able to do in spite of that voice. The supporting actors contributed some notably unidiomatic performances; watching what appeared to be an all-WASP cast, I was reminded of something Miller himself has had difficulty coming to terms with: the extent to which he is a specifically Jewish playwright. Quentin's mother, for instance,

was played by Lila Kennedy, who, I was told, has been for many years the first lady of theatre in Atlanta. Miss Kennedy performed with plenty of dignity and plenty of poise, but she hadn't a clue about what to do with a line like: "Who knew he would end up so big in the gallstones?"

After the Fall is Quentin's self-analysis, delivered to an imaginary psychiatrist: Mr. Broad staged it explicitly as a psychodrama. He added the psychiatrist to the cast, and wrote him a few lines explaining that a group of people have gathered to help Quentin by acting out elements of his past. The actors spent the evening seated in chairs set around the perimeter of the thrust stage, facing inward; they would get up when required, play a scene, and sit down again. The device did not strike me as intrusive, and it may have made the play clearer to those unfamiliar with nonrealistic dramaturgical devices. But Broad carried his scheme to the point where it committed him to an unvarying, rudimentary plan of staging, with setting and lighting to match, and this made a dull production duller.

In addition to *After the Fall* and *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, Theatre Atlanta has scheduled *Tobacco Road*, *Waltz of the Toreadors*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Boy Meets Girl*, *Moby Dick* (in Orson Welles's adaptation), and a new play for its first season. (*Caesar and Cleopatra* features the Negro actress Diana Sands as Cleopatra; that ought to stir up some excitement in Atlanta.) The plays are presented in repertory, so that at least two are on view every week. Only four performances are given per week, yet in spite of the novelty of a glamorous new auditorium, in spite of the national publicity attracted by its opening, in spite of the organization's roots in the community, Theatre Atlanta is running at only 55 per cent of capacity. It seats 765; Broad admits that for the present, 400 would have been plenty. But, after all, isn't it shortsighted to build just for the present?

Unfortunately, the power structure and the big money in Atlanta are committed to the Arts Center going up a few blocks away, and have little to spare for the new repertory company. Theatre Atlanta has built for the future, but it is an open question whether it can hold on until the future comes.

The Repertory Theatre of New Orleans has, for the moment, no such problems since it is bankrolled by the federal government to the extent of \$500,000 for the season. The money comes from the National Endowment

for the Arts and the U.S. Office of Education; it is part of a pilot project to test whether live professional theatre deserves a place in the high school curriculum. The Repertory Theatre's primary function is to mount a season of four productions, each of which is seen free of charge by virtually all of the 38,000 high school sophomores, juniors and seniors in the New Orleans area. (The other part of the project is a similar company, financed by a similar federal grant, in Providence, R. I.) This is not another program to provide "scenes from" this and that to tour high school auditoriums on a shoestring. The Repertory Theatre gives its student audiences full-length, full-scale productions in a 1,500-seat former road-show house; in addition to the student matinees, each production is performed three times a week, at ordinary prices, for the public.

Theatre Atlanta evolved (too quickly for its own good, perhaps) out of an established community group; the Repertory Theatre of New Orleans came into existence last fall by government fiat. Both are having trouble at the box office. The Repertory Theatre has about 5,000 adult subscribers, and sells about 5,000 additional tickets for each production over the counter, which means that the adult performances have taken place before half-empty houses. Stuart Vaughan, producing director of the theatre, complains that "the adult population is extremely slow to respond. . . . I don't think New Orleans would have had a local professional theatre for fifteen or twenty years without government intervention." One New Orleanian I talked to had been to see Vaughan's

production of *Romeo and Juliet*. "It was terrible," he said. "I don't think they changed the scenery three times in the whole production." If this reaction is typical, it would seem that New Orleans has been, as Vaughan says, "a culturally deprived area."

Vaughan is a considerable person in the resident professional theatre movement. At the age of 42, he has been instrumental in founding four resident professional companies in various parts of the country. He was the first artistic director of the New York Shakespeare Festival, the Phoenix Theatre Repertory Company (New York) and the Seattle Repertory Theatre. In December of 1965, he was suddenly dismissed by the board of directors of the Seattle Rep; shortly thereafter, Roger L. Stevens, Special Assistant to the President on the Arts, picked him to head what became the New Orleans company. (Vaughan was chosen as its director before New Orleans was chosen as its location.)

During his days in Central Park with the New York Shakespeare Festival, Vaughan tended toward imaginative, busy productions; he once introduced a miniature circus into *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Nowadays his work is more scrupulous, more conservative, more austere; some people find it stuffy.

I keep being interested more and more [he says] in how to make the audience listen to the play on the play's own terms, and less concerned with how to create an exciting success. I think a lot of directors think if you've excited them, you've done it. But I want the audience to see the play. If they want to get excited, that's swell too. . . . Naturally one wants to interest, to move, to excite—but with what? For what purpose? How much?

If a director is determined, as Vaughan is, to avoid directorial razzle-dazzle, he had better have a pretty good group of actors, since they're going to be up there with nothing to distract attention from their deficiencies. Vaughan would seem to be in a good position to form such a company: he is an old hand at the trade, with ten years of experience in fishing the New York talent pool (where nearly all the regional theatres look for their actors). No other American director has had so much practice in putting a resident company together from scratch. Furthermore, he has plenty of money at his disposal: he can afford an all-Equity company, and he can afford a top salary for resident actors of \$300 a week. Special guest stars get even more than \$300, and so Tessie O'Shea came down to New Orleans to play the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*; Parker Fenelley ap-

THE ISLANDER

*Sugar I am CALLING you. Not
Journeyed all these years for this:
You stalking chicken in the subways,
Nights hunched in alleys all to get
That pinch . . . O heartbit,
Fastened to the chair.
Your supper's freezing in the dark.
While I, my prince, my prince . . .
Your fruit lights up.
I watch your hands pulling at the grapes.*

LOUISE GLUCK

pears as the Stage Manager in *Our Town*, and June Havoc will be Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*. (Atlanta can't pay any actor more than \$150 a week.)

And yet the New Orleans *Romeo and Juliet*, directed by Vaughan, was not impressive. The first half went well enough, thanks to Miss O'Shea, and Humbert Allen Astredo as Mercutio. Astredo was a mature Mercutio, looking quite a bit older than his friend Romeo. He made no pretensions to elegance; he was even willing to get laughs by gargling and spitting. But he gargled and spat in a likable manner, and he had the bounce and brio the part needs. Miss O'Shea, a stout English vaudevillian who has appeared on Broadway and done a turn on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, gave her usual performance. But since her usual performance consists mostly of radiating vigorous, vulgar, big-hearted love in all directions, she made a very good Nurse.

After the halfway mark, however, Mercutio is dead, and the Nurse's best opportunities are over; the lovers must carry the play. Vaughan's *Romeo and Juliet* were attractively youthful, but had not much to offer beyond that. Rex Thompson was, I suppose, a tolerable Romeo of the extreme poetic-exquisite persuasion. As for the Juliet (Gretchen Corbett), she was merely slightly insipid.

Vaughan's staging was straightforward and sensible, but the best that can be said of the production as a whole was that it was better than no *Romeo and Juliet* at all. Like the work of Vaughan's that I saw in Seattle, it was somewhat dry and lacking in impact.

The conditions I have been describing are by no means peculiar to Atlanta and New Orleans. All over the country, the ambitions of theatrical entrepreneurs have—temporarily, one hopes—outstripped both the capacities of the available talent and the desires of the local audience. Until both the actors and the audiences catch up, the resident theatres would seem to be in for some awkward years.

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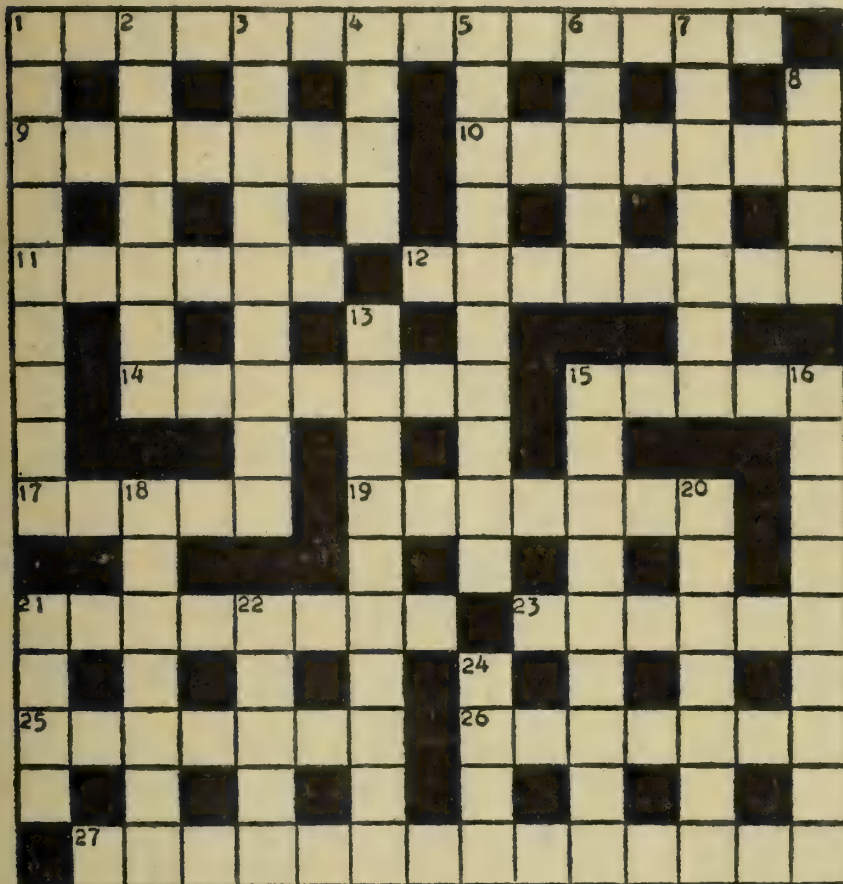
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1197

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 22 down Hamlet finally decided life wasn't what many a heroine faced. (1, 4, 5, 4, 5)
- 9 Thrust out. (7)
- 10 What might he said on slipping back around the meat course? It should make for a clean part. (7)
- 11 Tender, if professional, in what might attract attention on the Rhine. (6)
- 12 Potter with something less than a simple machine carrying timber? (8)
- 14 Ties with those of 17 and 25 sometimes affected by Americans. (7)
- 15 See 21 down
- 17 and 25 A turbulence of air battering the country? (5, 7)
- 19 Do they run from certain pressure to find another similar environment? (7)
- 21 Putting up with what we might have to work in? (8)
- 23 More than a hundred with a ratio so surrounded, in general. (6)
- 25 See 17 across
- 26 Is it hard for a mother-worker? (7)
- 27 and 8 down The equivalent might be of little notice! (2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4)

DOWN:

- 1 If getting mean, one might so swear on getting older. (9)
- 2 A commander in chief can in the interior be capable of making certain essential changes. (7)

- 3 Lavish. (9)
- 4 Frank is possibly associated with the tournament. (4)
- 5 A period during which one is not allowed to play bridge, perhaps. (10)
- 6 A voice might have one pull the string. (5)
- 7 It might be related to what Keats considered a still unravish'd bride of quietness. (7)
- 8 See 27 across
- 13 Lancing may discover such a condition. (10)
- 15 Part of the big ranch a country considered a cause of dispute. (4, 5)
- 16 It might improve the visibility of animals around the freezing point. (9)
- 18 The bull-dog is an early one. (7)
- 20 High air specialist. (7)
- 21 and 15 across Is the offspring noble, but never the upright type? (4, 5)
- 22 See 1 across
- 24 A famous knight had gone for a good time, it seems. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1196

ACROSS: 1 Block letter; 9 Tumblers; 10 Palmer; 11 Improve; 12 Pinnacle; 14 Indoor; 15 Anglican; 17 Conspire; 20 Refuse; 22 Delight; 24 and 25 down Patron saint; 26 Handel; 27 Imitates; 28 Parrot fever. DOWN: 2 Laborious; 3 Cleaver; 4 List; 5 Tipping; 6 Ellen; 7 Summon; 8 Mercia; 13 Games; 16 Infuriate; 18 Operas; 19 Inhaler; 20 Realize; 21 Senses; 23 India.

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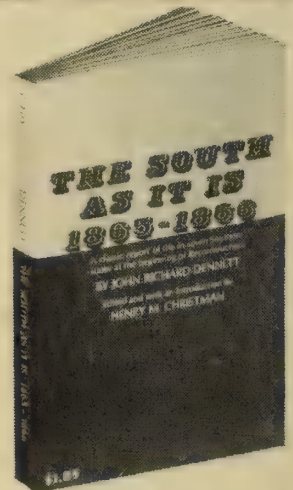
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*("Stampede, n. v. any headlong flight of a large group; from Mex.-Sp. estampida or 'uproar.'")

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LETTERS

SDS on draft

Corona del Mar, Calif.

DEAR SIR: In "Laying Freedom on the Line" [*The Nation*, Mar. 20] Paul Good quotes David Mitchell as saying, "Students for a Democratic Society backed off from an anti-draft program after the Administration's get-tough policy scared them." He also quotes Staughton Lynd: "I don't understand why SDS decided not to emphasize an anti-draft program."

Perhaps these quotes are not very recent. I enclose for your information a copy of SDS's Anti-Draft Resolution, a major product of this winter's National Council meeting.

Because of SDS's decentralized democratic structure, of course, local chapters determine for themselves the extent to which they wish to emphasize anti-draft activity.

Leslie Lincoln

Miss Lincoln enclosed a copy of the SDS resolution which, among other points, authorizes SDS members to organize unions of draft resisters, and which opposes any attempt to "legitimize" Selective Service by currently proposed reforms—which would not in the view of the National Council change its basic purpose: "to abduct young men to fight in aggressive wars."

The Editors

Lincoln on war

Decatur, Ga.

DEAR SIR: An editorial in the Mar. 13 *Nation* describes President Johnson reading Abraham Lincoln's famous passage on criticism of Presidential war efforts, and thereby implying that Lincoln's Civil War role was similar to his own in Vietnam. Less well known, but perhaps equally topical, are Lincoln's views on the Mexican-American War as expressed in his *Campaign Autobiography*, 1860:

... the President [Polk] had sent General Taylor into an inhabited part of the country belonging to Mexico, and not to the United States, and thereby had provided the first act of hostility, in fact the commencement of the war. . . . Mr. Lincoln thought the act of sending an armed force among the Mexicans was unnecessary, inasmuch as Mexico was in no way molesting or menacing the United States or the people thereof; and that it was unconstitutional, because the power of levying war is vested in Congress, and not in the President.

S. Schroeder

Friendship and Fratricide

New York City

DEAR SIR: David Cort's review [*The Nation*, Mar. 20] of Meyer Zeligs' remarkable book, *Friendship and Fratricide*, has given it the stature and importance it deserves. . . . Dr. Zeligs demolishes Chambers' credibility. Mr. Cort concludes, just as did I, that Alger Hiss must be vindicated. . . .

Eleanor L. Furman

throwaway line

Northridge, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Fred Cook's chilling article ["The Right Has Nine Lives." *The Nation*, Mar. 13] neglected a major dimension of the great right-wing brainwash. This is the local neighborhood newspaper—usually an advertising throwaway and almost always enthusiastically committed to the hard right-wing line. . . .

Nicholas V. Seidita

EDITORIALS

The Humphrey-Nixon Law

One of the great, though necessarily narrow, sociological discoveries of the century applies to Vice Presidents. It was first established during the Eisenhower administration, when Richard M. Nixon was so vehemently attacked by aggrieved Latin Americans that the President considered flying down an expeditionary force to bring him back in one piece. Now the law has been confirmed by Hubert Humphrey's recent experiences and observations in Europe. Like all recent great scientific formulations, the Humphrey-Nixon Law does not lend itself to precise description without a computer, but for the layman it may be stated in this fashion: When the Vice President ventures abroad, the louder the volume of the boos, the more jeering and flag ripping, the more paint and eggs thrown in his direction, the more splendid must be the reception accorded him on his return. The reasoning is that the more the Vice President has been affronted, the better must have been the job he did.

The law does not apply to lesser officials, such as Secretaries of State. It is conceivable that some day a Secretary may be thrown into a tar pit or down a manhole, but so far no one has bothered to notice Mr. Rusk or his predecessors, one way or the other.

For Vice Presidents, however, the law is infallible. If one of them journeyed to foreign parts and was greeted with applause and adulation, it would be the ruin of his career. Vice Presidents with an eye on the Presidency would do well to arrange to be driven from as many capitals as will cooperate—particularly those of friendly countries. An opera singer, however talented, must have the reassurance of a claque; the inverse rule, for the Vice President, is to be in danger at least of having his clothes ruined. The cry will then go up, "He can take it."

Some scientists have tried to draw the conclusion that the clamor of dissatisfied foreigners is directed not against the Vice President as a person but at this nation and its policies. There may be something to this, but it would not be good politics to admit it, since the policies of the United States will never be changed to suit other nations. We are the rulers and, as the Hon. Mendel Rivers has put it with laconic originality, they can go fly a kite. Another sound reason for keeping the intrepidity of the Vice President on a personal basis is that it redounds to the advantage of the incumbent President and his party. By putting on a big show and praising Mr. Humphrey's eloquence and ability, Mr. Johnson was also calling attention to his own qualities, which naturally must exceed those of his coadjutor. And, as a valuable by-product, all good Americans can see what dogs those Commies are, to abuse a good-natured man like Hubert, who comes to them with a big grin on his face, love in his heart, and just a whiff of napalm.

With But One Voice

The Establishment has spoken. If one were looking for a classic demonstration of how it swings into line against one of its own who has had the temerity to deviate, no better example could be found than the reaction to Dr. Martin Luther King's declaration of opposition to the war in Vietnam. This is not to say that the Establishment is a monolith or that its members conspire to put down the dissenter. It is simply that the most sacred tenet of accepted institutions and those who adhere to them remains, with little modification, "my country right or wrong." When we are at war, no matter how infamous the war may be, you must not say publicly what a great part of the nation—and the world—thinks and says in private. If you do, the Establishment forgets its internal differences and unites against you.

Dr. King is certainly no firebrand, and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference has served as a bridge between the moderate civil rights organizations, such as the NAACP and the Urban League, and the militant Congress of Racial Equality and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Hence, as in all such cases, the chastisement begins with a tone more in sorrow than in anger, in the hope that the erring sinner, having learned his lesson, will return to the fold. Dr. King's "friends" have spoken of his "tragic" (or "monumental") mistake, the "sorrowful occasion" which compels them to part from him, the "grave injury" he has done to the civil rights movement and to himself. "Many who have listened to him with respect," *The Washington Post* editorializes, "will never again accord him the same confidence." His usefulness, in this view, is all but over, unless he repairs quickly to the mourners' bench.

What has happened, what is going to happen, tells much about Dr. King as a man and a moral leader; it tells even more about the Establishment. What did its officers expect him to do? Stand still, with summer coming up and tensions rising? The more sensible voices among those who deplore Dr. King's declaration are compelled to concede that the civil rights movement has been stymied, and that the war, if not the sole cause, is the principal one. So once again they expect the Negro to wait, despite the fact that the President could (*The Nation* does not advocate it), by imposing wage and price controls, carry on both the war and civil rights programs. But that would reduce the prospects for a continuance of profit at the level to which business has become accustomed—the more so because some slight faltering in the onrush of "prosperity" has become evident. This course does not appeal to Mr. Johnson, who, under his Populist cloak, is about as business-minded a President as any we have had in this century. Thus we behold once more the familiar spectacle of pseudo-liberalism seizing on a war in order to avoid expenditures it never liked and to which it yielded only under duress.

Deep down, commercial interests opposed, and will

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continue to oppose, expenditures for civil rights. They feel the civil rights movement has gone too far and too fast, that it should be cooled off for the duration of the war, and then we will see. These interests never object to war expenditures, or a \$40 billion program for an anti-missile missile, or for a leap to the moon in this decade. The leaders of the moderate civil rights organizations have played along with the powers that be, hoping to placate them and to receive a measure of continued support, while giving their own members an impression of practicality merged with aggressiveness. This dual role Dr. King has now made more difficult, and the leaders don't like it.

One of the biggest myths of U.S. politics, and the most convenient for the Establishment, is that foreign policy has no relation to domestic need. The fact is, quite apart from Vietnam, that one cannot push a reform movement as significant as the Negro's demand for full equality, and at the same time pursue a policy which makes us the world's policeman. The whole history of the civil rights movement shows the incompatibility. In the darkest days of the cold war, say from 1947 to 1955, Negro rights were shelved. There were splendid opportunities, as when Eisenhower came into office in 1952 and the Supreme Court made its decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954, but he did not act, nor did Congress. The 1955-65 decade saw a slight breather in the cold war, enough to make civil rights gains possible. Now, with the deepening involvement in Vietnam, things are at a standstill once more. The whole history refutes King's critics.

Equally to the point, King spoke because he cannot play fast and loose with the moral issues which American power and the zooming technology of war have forced on public notice. He could not urge his people to practice nonviolence in the streets of American cities and condone violence in the jungles and rice paddies of Vietnam. It is significant that the NAACP did not attack King's moral stand, only his operational strategy. They would like to keep moral conviction and public action apart. But the time is past when the separation could be maintained. The partition has been broken, and it will not be rebuilt.

The critics who were never friends of King's, and who never made common cause with him, are more severe than those who have lost an ally—and the storm is only beginning. We are told that in proposing a boycott of the war he is stopping just short of sedition. The next step will be to accuse him of outright sedition, which is the verbal form of treason, and to try to shut him up. Dr. King has offered himself as the symbol of the moral force which got him his present prominence and the Nobel Prize. The imminent showdown may well center upon him. Whatever the consequences may be for King himself, the issues will be clearer for Negroes and whites alike by the time the voters go to the polls in 1968.

Dean Rusk at Cornell

Although the Humphrey-Nixon Law, aforementioned, prevents Mr. Rusk from getting attention on his travels abroad, he need not feel neglected at home. "When Dean Rusk came to Cornell," an SDS member of the welcoming committee writes, "we were waiting for him." It was not an SDS operation; the chapter was busy with preparations for a large-scale draft-card burning in connection with the April 15 anti-Vietnamese War march in New York City. The Inter-University Committee (IUC) was in charge of the arrangements to welcome Mr. Rusk, and its officers came to the conclusion that walk-outs, vigils and other customary forms of protest had proved ineffective. They got hold of several hundred death's-head masks and some 125 people agreed to wear them. (The *Ithaca Journal* of March 25 puts the number at about fifty.) When Mr. Rusk entered the Bailey Hall auditorium everything appeared normal, except for some walk-outs, but as the Secretary began to speak the death's-head contingent rose, turned their backs to the stage, donned the masks and took their places again. Photographs leave no doubt as to the effectiveness of the masquerade; even Mr. Rusk, whom nature has endowed with the composure of a cigar store Indian, must have been startled.

The meeting was moderated by Cornell president, James Perkins, who ushered Rusk out after a question-and-answer period that the hostile portion of the audience considered too brief. One question was whether the Red River dikes were a possible future bombing target. The questioner loaded the query with the information that the breaching of the dikes would cost between 2 million and 5 million civilian lives and concluded: "If you do not choose to commit yourself, we can only conclude, Mr. Secretary, that the United States wishes to reserve the right to commit genocide in Vietnam."

A verbatim text of Mr. Rusk's reply to this soft impeachment is not available, but it was to the effect that the United States had refrained from bombing the dikes out of consideration for civilians and there was no present intention of changing this policy. However, in a familiar riposte, he challenged the questioner to get a reciprocal guarantee from the North Vietnamese Government not to bomb dikes in South Vietnam. Since the questioner did not have a hot line open to Hanoi, the exchange ended in a draw, with some of the audience wondering where the South Vietnamese dikes were located and why nothing had been said about them before.

Mr. Rusk turned aside some questions and was booed by the maskers and their sympathizers. Later, both he and President Perkins are said to have admitted that the masks made them uncomfortable, and Mrs. Rusk is supposed to have cried "all the way home"—presumably not all the way to Washington. Except for the local press, the masks were ignored by the reporters. TV crews were on hand but were barred from the auditorium.

NASA: THE IMAGE MISFIRES

WILLIAM HINES

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Washington

Even the American public's almost boundless gullibility is being strained by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's performance in the Apollo affair. An explanation hardly more valid than agent Maxwell Smart's "sorry about that, Chief" on WNBC-TV is being offered in extenuation of an accident that took three lives at Cape Kennedy's Pad 34 last January 27.

In essence, NASA's case ten weeks after Grissom, White and Chaffee died rests on the working of Murphy's Law. This is an elegant adaptation of the so-called law of averages which states that if anything can possibly go wrong, it will. Murphy's Law relies on the fictitious perversity of inanimate objects; by implication, it eliminates the factor of human error.

The final report on the accident proper was published on April 9. A lengthy, detailed and apparently straightforward study of the facts, it discussed the proximate cause (an electrical malfunction) and criticized sloppy workmanship and management on the Apollo job. To insiders these conclusions came as no surprise, and the report did not do what desperately needs doing. It did not ask how such a situation could develop in a government agency supposedly dedicated to technological excellence. Judgments of this kind were not within the competence of the review board which studied the accident and made the report.

In the week preceding publication of the report, various personnel shifts were announced in the Apollo management structure of NASA, and more were promised. They were susceptible to various interpretations, but seemed at first glance to be not much more than a game of musical chairs, giving the appearance of movement and progress without doing anything very profound. NASA, whose initials are jokingly said to stand for "Never A Straight Answer," had a reputation for looseness with the truth. Unhappily the agency has snared itself in its own deceitful web.

In these flack-ridden times it is perhaps not surprising that the taxpaying public should be hoodwinked, falsely propagandized, deliberately misled and, on occasion, even lied to by its servants. It is deplorable, however, and dangerous in the bargain, that NASA has deluded itself into believing the reality of its own Image.

The Image is a myth 9 feet tall, compounded in equal parts of John Glenn and Dr. Robert H. Goddard, with just a dash of the Redeemer added for omniscience and omnipotence. Its exploits are chanted off-stage by a Greek chorus composed of Walter Cronkite, Frank McGee, Jules Bergman and Paul Haney. Its personal experiences are chronicled and preserved for the ages in the full-color pages of *Life*.

It is essential that The Image never show its feet of

clay; everything NASA attempts must be crowned with success; probing the frontiers of technology and doing things never done before, NASA must always do them on schedule, within budgets, and just exactly right. There must be no defects, and if mistakes are occasionally made, people must not make them.

So it is convenient to have Murphy's Law to fall back on, as Kennedy Space Center director Kurt H. Debus found about ten days after the accident. "Despite meticulous attention to the smallest detail, this tragedy occurred," Debus said with a straight face to a meeting of space technologists; and they, with straight faces, received the "explanation."

Debus and his audience knew that slackness, corner cutting, schedule racing and slipshod workmanship have plagued the space effort since its inception in the fifties. An "in" joke among spacemen tells of an astronaut paying a triumphal post-flight visit to the factory where his spacecraft was built, and being asked if there was any particular individual he would care to meet.

"Yes," says the fictitious astronaut, "I'd like to meet the son of a bitch who welded his lunch box to the left yaw thruster."

John Glenn would never have said such a thing, but Gus Grissom would have—and on several occasions did. He was widely reputed to have been critical of workmanship going into Spacecraft 012, the hermetically sealed oven in which he perished. Grissom's suspicion of the Apollo spacecraft's quality was nothing new, and not directed solely at "Brand X," as North American Aviation, Inc., is known in the aerospace industry. Almost three years before he died, Grissom visited the Martin Company plant near Baltimore where the Titan II booster rocket for his "Molly Brown" Gemini flight was being built. After inspecting the work, Grissom grumped, "It'll never get off the ground." He was mistaken about the GT-3 rocket, but correct about a later one. Walter Schirra's Gemini 6 booster shut itself off just after ignition and without leaving the pad; it was discovered later that a mechanic had left a dust cap in a vital pressurizing line of one engine and that a quality control inspector had approved the work as properly done.

Before Gemini, Project Mercury was troubled with defective workmanship attributable not to the complexity of the task and the technology but to simple carelessness. An example: an installer ruined a critical sealing device by gouging it with a screwdriver while trying to force it into place. Simple carelessness—call it stupidity, which in many cases is what it is—remains a factor at Cape Kennedy today. As recently as March 16, a memo was circulated among Kennedy Space Center officials on the subject of "instrument abuse." Thousands of dollars' worth of repairs were required on delicate equipment because of misuse bordering on idiocy. For example, someone ruined a costly automatic chart-recording instrument by throwing the remains of his lunch into it. At the conclusion of Project Mercury in 1963, its operations director, Walter C. Williams, publicly chided industry for sloppy

practices and expressed hope that future programs would benefit from some of Mercury's melancholy experience. This hasn't happened, and Williams has long since left NASA, a victim of a policy summed up in the phrase, "Don't create waves." His shunning by NASA has been complete; 1,500 "expert consultants" were rounded up to assist NASA's board of inquiry into the accident, but Williams was not among them.

When Williams' 1963 Mercury report was made public and its substance printed in the New York and Washington papers, Space Administrator James E. Webb was called to account before a Congressional committee. One of the capital's fastest talkers and most accomplished snow-job artists, Webb turned the occasion to his own advantage, using the Congressional forum to castigate the press for scandalmongering and to deliver a ringing defense of industry's splendid performance.

This is characteristic of NASA's permissive, protective attitude toward its industrial contractors, and possibly reflects Webb's own background. Before becoming Space Administrator in 1961, he was a director of the McDonnell Aircraft Co., the St. Louis aerospace concern that recently swallowed Douglas Aircraft. McDonnell had the capsule contract for Project Mercury and Project Gemini, and McDonnell-Douglas has a handsome piece of Apollo.

Webb's solicitude for his contractor friends extends beyond the old firm and persists to this day. In an enlightening exchange in the course of a Senate hearing last February 27, Webb revealed his concern for that most sensitive of aerospace-industry barometers, the stock market. Sen. Walter Mondale (D., Minn.) was pressing Webb for details of a report supposedly derogatory of North American Aviation's performance, and finally asked for a copy. Webb in effect refused.

"I would like to take that as a request, Senator Mondale," he said, "and examine it very carefully because, obviously, these companies are public companies. You have got many factors related to this and certain of these reports are regarded as of deep concern. What we would be very happy to do is make it available to the Comptroller General under any request that the committee or you would make to him. This provides a certain measure of control of these reports. . . ."

Later, Mondale said he did not know what Webb meant by his response; neither did James J. Gehrig, staff director of the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences, in whose hearing room the exchange occurred. No matter; Mondale never got the report he sought. Neither did Gehrig get a list of consultants active in the Apollo fire investigation. Webb blandly refused to submit it on grounds that this might interfere with the inquiry.

Webb, a florid-faced, overbearing man with *chutzpah* Sammy Glick never dreamed of, can hardly be blamed for getting away with whatever he can. The fault lies with the House and Senate "space" committees, which make it clear that he can get away with a very great deal. He gets away with less in his dealings with the appropriations committees, and in his appearances before the tough-minded and powerful Joint Committee on Atomic Energy (JCAE) he gets away with nothing. Executive privilege (sometimes called "the bureaucrat's Fifth Amendment") is

not invoked before the JCAE; before the space committees it is a handy and frequently used foil.

The committees charged with supervising NASA's operations exercise, in general, only the loosest of supervision. With minor exceptions, this has consisted in asking NASA how NASA is doing and then printing the reply as a committee document. Close supervision, of the type exercised routinely by JCAE, is regarded as kibitzing and is discouraged. Early last year, when one of the House subcommittee chairmen tried to knock out a space project which he regarded as valueless, he was rebuffed and a NASA official publicly commented with some pique that Congress' job is to vote the money and leave the program planning to experts downtown. Congress, also, is expected not to create waves.

At the time of the Navy Court of Inquiry into the *Thresher* disaster, two JCAE staff men elbowed their way into the hearing room and sat through all sessions, secret as well as open, as official observers for the committee. They encountered some resistance at first, but asserted the committee's right—written into the Atomic Energy Act—to be kept "fully and currently informed" of all matters relating to nuclear energy. The Space Act of 1958 confers no such right on the space committees. Consequently, when the Apollo board was empaneled by NASA headquarters on January 28, it never occurred to either committee to send observers. In all probability they would not have been admitted.

In short, it has been the experience of the past several years that NASA gets what it wants from Congress. Perhaps this is because Congress as a whole has never taken the space program seriously. Despite adulation of the astronauts and lip service to the potentialities of lunar colonization, most legislators tend to look on space activities as a combination of Buck Rogers and Mickey Mouse. Space sneaked up on them gradually; by 1961, John Kennedy's proposal to send men to the moon, while bizarre, was not so manifestly outlandish as to call his sanity into question; at the same time, the notion was too far out to be taken altogether seriously when Kennedy broached it as an "urgent national need" after only 125 days in office. There is some question, indeed, if Kennedy himself cared very much that astronauts should actually land on the moon; possibly he may have looked on the moon journey as a convenient device to "get America moving again" and divert people's minds from the Bay of Pigs and Cosmonaut Gagarin.

Kennedy was frank enough with Congress in his May 25, 1961, "Message on Urgent National Needs." The task, he said, would be long, difficult and expensive, and should be undertaken only after full legislative and public discussion. "If we are to go only halfway, or reduce our sights in the face of difficulty, in my judgment it would be better not to go at all." But when the time came for discussion, there was none; suddenly it was Camelot again and the knights were riding out (in space suits rather than armor) in quest of a Holy Grail buried somewhere on Mare Tranquillitatis. The United States' prestige was on the line, committed to a production that might have been scripted by Cervantes and filmed by Disney.

The advantage of a moon goal, the public was told then and still is told, was that it focused the tremendous inventive and productive potential of American technology on a clearly defined objective. It also—and this the public is not so often told—created a colossal politico-industrial pork barrel. The Houston case is an excellent example.

Houston is the center of manned space activity and home of the astronauts, not because of Lyndon Johnson, as is commonly supposed, but because of the late Albert Thomas. Thomas was chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee handling NASA's budget at the time of the May, 1961, moon message. He exacted a piece of the lunar action for Houston as his price for continued cooperation in funding Project Apollo. The apocryphal story is that Thomas told Webb, "the road to the moon lies through Houston," and Webb, a one-time business associate of that master politician, Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, heard and heeded.

From the outset, Apollo was conceived as a government-industry "team" effort, with the government pitching and industry catching the \$20 billion or so it would cost to get men to the moon. Repeatedly in the early days of Apollo, Webb pointed out that "this money isn't being spent on the moon, but right here on earth—in the United States." About 90 per cent of NASA's \$5 billion annual budget is spent outside the agency, chiefly in factories. Webb and his Associate Administrator for Manned Space Flight, George E. Mueller, like to point out that Apollo hardware contracts are to be found in every corner of the country and have given employment to something like 350,000 persons. Big names—GE, GM, Chrysler, Boeing, Douglas, North American, RCA, IBM—are part of the Apollo team; where a man's treasure lies, there is his heart also—and NASA has powerful friends in industry.

While it is possible, even practical, to turn on an effort of this scale at the whim of a President, it is not possible to turn it off as easily. NASA's powerful friends in industry have considerable clout on Capitol Hill, and the question, "after Apollo, what?," is being answered with a follow-on program of manned activities that will support the industrial team in the manner to which it has grown accustomed—that is to say, \$4.5 billion to \$5 billion a year. In authorizing recently a go-ahead on the NERVA atomic rocket project, President Johnson has opened the way for possible manned exploration of Mars. This is judged to be a \$60 billion to \$100 billion project that could take twenty or thirty years. Clearly the technological WPA is in business to stay.

That infinitely patient and ill-used animal, *Bos publicus*, in the six years since Apollo began, has been milked for something like \$20 billion in furtherance of Kennedy's conceit that there was an "urgent national need" to send men to the moon before 1970. In all that time between the stanchions, bruised and abused by cold-fingered tax collectors, the public cow has never received a comprehensive, critical accounting of NASA's stewardship. Individual specialists, writing in individual newspapers, have tried to keep their readers abreast of developments, but these efforts have been spotty. The news-magazine handling has been worse, and as far as *Life* and

the TV networks are concerned, the space program is entertainment.

Bos publicus, fed on a silage of mulched press releases and activated astronaut memoirs, at first accepted the space effort for what, essentially, it was: an exciting and rather imaginative extravaganza. The program even produced a new breed of public figure, the Future Hero: the original seven astronauts, men of high celebrity from the date of their introduction twenty-five months before the first of them flew. They played with decent modesty and, for the most part, with grace the difficult role of hero-before-the-fact. The Gemini Nine and the Apollo Fourteen and the anonymous multitudes who have followed never really had the problems which perplexed the Mercury Seven.

At the time of Shepard's initial suborbital flight, the world marveled; people cheered as Glenn orbited the earth; they fell to their knees en masse in Grand Central Station and prayed when Carpenter overshot his splash-down point and was "lost" for fifty minutes in one of the sleaziest hoaxes ever perpetrated by a public relations man. But as time went on and success followed success, public interest in the program waned, as was proved on the night of the Gemini 8 crisis a year ago: outraged Batman fans jammed the switchboards of A.B.C. television affiliates, protesting the pre-emption of Batman's time for spot-news coverage of the Space Age's first legitimate orbital emergency.

When Armstrong and Scott got back safely that night and four more Gemini missions were flown without serious incident, public interest waned again. Despite clear warnings to the contrary, most people took at face value NASA's assurances that all was for the best in the best of all possible agencies, and that "zero defects" meant exactly what it said. So, unfortunately, did NASA take these assurances seriously, and here is the real tragedy of Pad 34. Deputy Space Administrator Robert C. Seamans' statement in his Third Interim Report last February 25—"Continued alertness to the possibility of fire had become dulled by previous ground experience and six years of successful manned missions"—is perhaps the most damning indictment of the Apollo program that could be made. It accords closely with Astronaut Training Chief "Deke" Slayton's charge that somebody's carelessness caused the death of his three friends.

Whose carelessness? Some worker's, perhaps, when he wired a cable up to the wrong terminal, or some quality control man's when he stamped his approval on work he did not witness, or some engineer's when he said: "Skip it; we won't run that part of the test." Possibly a case can be made along these lines, but the root cause of the accident lies far removed from the mechanic on the pad and much higher in the table of organization. As Admiral Rickover told the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy after the *Thresher* disaster: "If I have a job to do and it doesn't get done well, I am not going to blame the workmen."

It will be interesting in the coming weeks, as a Congressional committee strives to probe the Apollo tragedy, to see how NASA contrives to explain away the root cause of the fire that killed Grissom and White and Chaffee.

POETS ON POETRY

Dead Horses and Live Issues

LOUIS SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson is the author of five books of poetry, among which Selected Poems (Harcourt, Brace & World) won the Pulitzer Prize in 1964.

In 1956, three writers met in a basement in Massachusetts and began putting together an anthology of contemporary verse. They thought of themselves as fair judges of American poetry, and one of them had an extensive knowledge of British poetry. However, though they did not know it, they were influenced by the *Zeitgeist*.

At that time the New Critics were still functioning, and many poets were writing in a manner that lent itself to so-called "close reading." Let us try to remember what New Criticism stood for: the poem treated as an object complete in itself; impersonality, a distance between the poet and the poem, use of a persona, irony, et cetera. On the other hand, at that time the counter-forces that have since come forward so powerfully had not begun to make themselves felt. Poets who were to become famous had not yet published a book; or if they had (Duncan), the book was not widely distributed. As the three editors turned over books and magazines, they did not discover, for example, Robert Duncan or Allen Ginsberg or Robert Creeley. These poets were then writing in a manner which, contrary to the New Criticism, stressed self-expression and took Pound and William Carlos Williams as models of rhythm and diction. But in 1956, Pound and Williams were not an "influence," at least not in New England, and their disciples were practically unknown.

When it came out the anthology was titled *The New Poets of England and America*. The definite article infuriated those poets who had been left out and, in 1960, another anthology appeared which was made on principles derived, more or less, from Pound and Williams. But there was a more urgent principle: to exclude all the poets who had been in the first anthology. This was *The New American Poetry*. There were several differences between the anthologies. Most of the New Poets were Easterners; some of the New American Poets were located in San Francisco. East was East and West was West. Also, in prose statements at the back of the book, the New American Poets cocked a snoot at the

"Academy," meaning the ideas of people who taught for a living (the editors of the first anthology had committed that indiscretion). To offset some domestic and uxorious poetry in the first anthology, *The New American Poetry* offered a selection of wild men, the Beats.

It has been ten years since these anthologies so neatly divided all Gall into two parts. Since then, everything has changed, though this has not been noticed by some reviewers, those deceived husbands of fashion who are always the last to know. For one thing, several of the New American Poets who were so scornful of universities have become . . . professors of English. Indeed, the only thing that looks like an Establishment in American verse is the following commanded by Charles Olson, one of the poets in the second anthology. This school has a system of breathing and using the typewriter that will enable anyone to write poetry naturally, without thinking. I have met several young writ-

ers who hope by entering the school not only to write poems but also to find a job on graduation.

But schools of poetry are a contradiction in terms and cannot last. For poets, who really are, want poems above everything else and will recognize good work and condemn bad, even if the praise and condemnation are not in accordance with their own aesthetic, political or other interests. For a stunning example of this, see Pound's praise of Thomas Hardy, a poet of content and narrative power rather than style—praise that threatens to annihilate everything that Pound himself ever wrote. For a true poet, critical theory, and even friendship, must make way for the recognition of poetry when it appears, in whatever shape or voice.

Since the time of the anthologies there has been a general flight of poets of all kinds away from the sort of verse that the New Criticism was so well

LIONS COPULATING

*We caught lions copulating on the plains
Of Africa. Our landrover closed in,
I pressed so hard on my 8 mm. color film
I almost lost this gigantic naturalism,*

*Trying to preserve it for my friends and astoundees.
But saw the King of Beasts with his head high,
His mane imperial, no expression on his face,
Prodding in and out of the great female*

*As if he were a schizophrenic dualist
And had to put up with his baser nature,
For his great face had no expression at all
While his lower being worked mechanical,*

*Then he fell away, and stood off, and lay
His full length on the ancient earth
While the lioness with a sumptuous gesture
Rolled over as I have seen other females do*

*In the perfect surfeit of her animal nature,
And took ease as if nobody were looking on,
And after an interval of valuable rest
These great beasts of the African wilds*

*Stood in their historic posture of superiority
And ambled across the limitless plains in silence
Without a thought of the lucubration of man,
Trying to signify their big natures in empathy.*

RICHARD EBERHART

equipped to deal with. Though poets have not agreed on what they want to write, they have been agreeing on what they do *not* want to write. They don't want to write Low Tide verse—about finding a dead fish at low tide; or the poem about the statues in the Villa Medici; or the well-rhymed poem about picking up the kid's busted tricycle and thinking of the death of Patroclus. In fact, they don't want to write any kind of rhymed poem. Repulsions held in common—that's what we find when we look at the work of American poets today. They don't want to write the so-called "well-made" poem that lends itself to the little knives and formaldehyde of a graduate school.

There is an accelerating movement away from rationalistic verse toward poetry that releases the unconscious, the irrational, or, if your mind runs that way, magic. Surrealism was buried by critics of the thirties and forties as somehow irrelevant; today it is one of the most commonly used techniques of verse. The change can be measured by comparing the reputation of W. H. Auden today with what it was twenty years ago. Auden was nothing if not rational. Reading an Auden poem today is a chilling experience. Talk about snows of yesteryear!

The general movement is such as I have indicated, but within it there are poets of all varieties, and their disagreements can be sharp. Though they are, in Melville's phrase, fleeing from all havens astern, this does not mean that they are sailing for the same ports ahead. I can see very little similarity between the aesthetic principles of James Wright and Allen Ginsberg, or Robert Creeley and W. S. Merwin, or Robert Bly and Gary Snyder. Yet if these people were asked what they *dislike*, I think there'd be a surprising amount of agreement.

One common revulsion has joined American poets, at least for a while, in the common enterprise of poetry readings and protests against the war in Vietnam. They are all—or nearly all—agreed to dislike it. The occasion has not produced much good poetry—occasions hardly ever do—but it may serve to change the poets profoundly, so that in the future their poems will be political in the way that really counts—that is, by altering the angle of vision. Political poetry need not be about a political occasion; it may be about a butterfly. A poor man does not see the same glass of wine that a rich man sees, and a poet who has been deeply affected by the war may never again see the objects around him in the way he used to. Many Americans are being changed by this experience—in spite of

themselves, for the experience is painful.

Of course, there are exceptions. John Ashbery, in a recent article on another man's work, complimented him on not having written poetry about the war. This struck me as a new concept of merit—praising a man for things he has not written. But it was not amusing to see a poet sneering at the conscience of other poets. Some people seem able to protest only against an act of protest by others:

*Cet animal est très méchant,
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.*

I think one result of the war will be that American poets will have to take their vocation seriously, as Europeans have had to take it. They are being compelled to take *themselves* seriously; they are becoming an intelligentsia.

The movement to release the unconscious, and this new political awareness, will give rise, I believe, in the next ten years, to poetry of the vatic kind. Donne is out; Blake is in. Whitman, Pound of the *Cantos*, and foreign-language importations such as Neruda and Voznesensky, will be the models for young poets. At the same time, the gap between criticism and the art of poetry will grow even wider. Most critics were trained in the defunct Brooks-Warren method which didn't discuss, as I've said, anything but the poem-as-object. They have no language in which to treat the new poetry; indeed, it is increasingly obvious that they cannot see or hear, much less discuss it. New kinds of criticism will have to be developed in the coming years.

Whatever happens to poetry, we shall need poets to write it. Those who believe that poems will not have to be made, but will rise complete from the unconscious, and that the result will be poetry of a more valid and exciting kind, are having a fantasy with which poetry has little to do. We are in for some dreadful, bad writing . . . prose chopped into lines that look like verse . . . the outpourings of ignorance and vanity endlessly repeating themselves. We shall suffer through the Prophetic Book, the Whitman catalogue, the Adams *Canto*, written not by Blake, Whitman or Pound but by people without talent or humility. Yet, as we suffer these *longueurs*, let us remember, if we can, how trivial were the poems written under the direction of zanies who spoke of the "affective fallacy" as others might speak of the Whore of Babylon. And we can hope that a release of the unconscious and a larger range of concern in some poets will make for new work that has enthusiasm, imagination, vital rhythm and original form.

For want of a better word, I have

spoken of surrealism. But this is misleading, especially if we think of Breton's brand of surrealism—automatic writing. I doubt that anyone would want this back. Opposing the exaggerations of rationalism, Breton laid down the dogma that only the irrational is poetic. But the mind cannot be divided into rational and irrational sections, and the attempt to divide it is—rationalism run mad. There is nothing drearier than "pure" surrealism, a spate of disconnected images.

Contrary to Breton, poetry represents not unreason but the total mind, including both reason and unreason. (In order to explain I must use this language.) Poetic creation has been described by some poets—Wordsworth and Keats come to mind—as a heightened state of consciousness brought about, curiously, by an infusion of the unconscious. See the "Ode to a Nightingale." The images are connected in a dream; and the deeper the dream, the stronger, the more logical, are the connections.

Dream is precisely what we do not find in the poetry of W. C. Williams, who is being much imitated nowadays. I agree that he wrote a number of excellent poems. He was a puritan, with limited imagination and a numbing self-consciousness, but he had a gift for description, for telling the facts in a flat style. His imitators are not likely to do as well; they have his flatness without his eye for significant detail. They are crippled by the doctrine of "sincerity," that is, reporting just the facts in a monotone, like Joe Friday. As for imagination—they are all puritans, unable to imagine any other life than their own. Among the followers of Williams there is more than ignorance; there is a fearful avoidance of thought. They do not read. They have not read Rilke, Yeats, Jimenez. They dare not read them. They could not bear the comparison.

My remarks are aimed at the school, not against Williams who wrote his poems and is honored for them. But, placed beside the *Duino Elegies* or the poems of Yeats, the poems of Williams are just good snapshots. (Having written this sentence, I remember seeing, the other day, a new book of poems in the manner of Williams. The poems are appended to and serve as comments upon a series of . . . photographs.)

It's no use talking about "American" rhythms, et cetera. It's no use saying that you write dully on purpose. To make out of Williams' poems a *mystique* of American style is to confuse writing poetry with the activity of a chamber of commerce. If we must look for native masters, there is more nourishment

to be got from Whitman, Crane, Roethke, Stevens—though he is so mannered—and Pound—though sometimes he is incoherent—than from the dry, flat, painfully self-conscious lines of W. C. Williams.

I cannot end without quoting something. Here is a poem. "First Frost," by Andrei Voznesensky, translated by Stanley Kunitz:

*A girl is freezing in a telephone booth,
huddled in her flimsy coat,
her face stained by tears
and smeared with lipstick.*

On Political Poetry

ROBERT BLY

Mr. Bly's book of poems, *The Light Around the Body*, will be published by Harper & Row in August. The following essay, in somewhat longer form, will appear as the introduction to a book of poems to be published by The Sixties Press later this year, called *Forty Poems Touching on Recent American History*.

Why have we had so few real political poems in the United States? American poets interested in politics (and most are) generally fall into one of two groups: the first group—we might take Lowell and Wilbur as examples—are occasionally brave in public statements, and their poetry has not the slightest political energy. Poets in the second group fill their poems with political language and then act like clowns. Poets like Gregory Corso make sure we understand they don't really mean it. In the United States, we have never developed a man like Pasternak, a man who wrote great poetry, who took a clear stand, and whose work itself has serious political meaning.

American society as a whole quite obviously tries to turn its artists and writers away from political content. Our wise men and wise institutions assure us that national political events are beyond the reach of ordinary, or even extraordinary, human sensitivity. As a result, a sort of husk has grown around the psyche of the nation.

Very few American poems penetrate to any reality in American political life. The truth is that most American poets do not bother to penetrate the husk around their own personalities, and therefore cannot penetrate the husk that has grown around the psyche of the country either. When a poet succeeds in driving inward, he develops new energy that carries him through the polished

*She breathes on her thin little fingers.
Fingers like ice. Glass beads in her ears.*

*She has to beat her way back alone
down the icy street.*

*First frost. A beginning of losses.
The first frost of telephone phrases.*

*It is the start of winter glittering on
her cheek,
the first frost of having been hurt.*

The "sincerity" of this should be pleasing to some of our younger American poets. But there is more involvement with the subject, and unashamed tenderness, than we get from our poets.

outside husk that deflects most meditation. Once inside the psyche, he can speak of inward and political things with the same assurance. Those poets who try to write political poems, without having developed any inwardness, have embarked on an impossible task. Paradoxically, what is needed to write true poems about the outward world is inwardness.

A good personal poem comes alive when the poet succeeds in carrying over some of his own psychic life into the poem, and entangling it in his language. The good political poem entangles in a similar way some of the psychic life of the nation.

The dominant poem in American literature however has always been the personal poem. John Crowe Ransom, for instance, wrote an elegant version of the personal poem, Yvor Winters a gnarled version of it, Randall Jarrell a flabby version. Robert Lowell a harsh version, Reed Whittemore a funny ver-

sion, W. D. Snodgrass a whining version, Robert Creeley a laconic version, etc. I love the work of several of these poets, but one has to admit that they rarely escape from the purely personal poem. Some poets say flatly that they are "not political," and adopt the fiction that their psyches are unaffected by political climates. They secretly believe their psyches are like the psyche of a tree, which evidently grows as well in a Johnson Administration as in a Roosevelt administration. This assertion of independence for a man is a fiction.

The only political poetry that has been written with any determination in the United States were the poems written during the thirties by Edwin Rolfe, Sol Funaroff, Kenneth Faring and others of that group. It is interesting that their poems were usually political in *opinions*. For example, the poet might declare that he had discovered who the phonies in the world are, something he didn't know before. But changes of opinion are steps in the evolution of the poet's personality; they are steps in the poet's psychic growth. These "political" poems of the thirties then, like all poems of opinion, were not really political poems at all but personal poems appearing under another guise.

The life of the country can be imagined as a psyche larger than the psyche of anyone living, a larger sphere, floating above everyone. In order for the poet to write a true political poem, he has to be able to have such a grasp of his own concerns that he can leave them for a while, and then leap up, like a grasshopper, into this other psyche. In that sphere he finds strange plants and curious many-eyed creatures which he brings back with him. This half-visible psychic life he entangles in his language.

Some poets try to write political poems

THE BLUE SHUTTER

J'ai prononcé le mot réalité. Il faut encore bien s'entendre sur la signification de ce mot: ce n'est pas une fiction, c'est une réalité.—Père de Regnon

*It opens, closes, opens and freezes
on the blue shutter, surging, hinge
and pine, against the stone walls and
spider lights of autumn. The eye dreams
in its sanctum of bone. The shutter
rumbles against the skull, swings inward
and halts against the bramble of the eye
like a hand holding in the dusk a shield
of hides. At the burning edge of the iris,
circling the heart, the shutter opens
like a leaf fallen on the edge of bright water.*

NED O'GORMAN

impelled upward by hatred or fear. But those emotions are stiff jointed, rock-like, and are seldom able to escape from the gravity of the body. What the poet needs to get up that far and bring back something are great leaps of the imagination.

A true political poem is a quarrel with ourselves, as a personal poem is, and rhetoric is as pointless in that sort of poem as in the personal one. The true political poem does not order us either to take any specific act; like the personal poem, it moves to deepen awareness.

Thinking of the rarity of the political poem in the United States, another image comes to mind. We can imagine Americans inside a sphere, like those sad men in Bosch's "Garden of Earthly Delights." The clear glass is the limit of the ego. We float inside it. Around us there are worlds of energy, but we are unable to describe them in words because we are unable to get out of our own egos.

Yeats and Neruda seem to me to have written the greatest political poetry of this century so far. We know Yeats's poems fairly well; let me quote a poem of Neruda's called "The Dictators," which I think is a masterpiece of the political poem. (The translation is my own.)

*An odor has remained among the
sugar cane:
A mixture of blood and body, a
penetrating
Petal that brings nausea.
Between the coconut palms the graves
are full
Of ruined bones, of speechless
death-rattles.
A delicate underling converses
With glasses, braid collars, and cords of
gold.
The tiny palace gleams like a watch
And the rapid laughs with gloves on
Cross the corridors at times
And join the dead voices
And the blue mouths freshly buried.
The weeping is hidden like a
water-plant
Whose seeds fall constantly on the earth
And without light make the great
blind leaves to grow.
Hatred has grown scale upon scale,
Blow on blow, in the ghastly water of
the swamp,
With a snout full of ooze and silence.*

The poem's task is to entangle in the language the psychic landscape of a South American country under a dictator. The Spanish original, of course, is much more resonant. But even in the translation it is clear that Neruda is bringing in unexpected images: "The tiny palace gleams like a watch"—images one would expect in an entirely different sort of poem: "rapid laughs with

gloves on." Suddenly a blind plant appears, that reproduces itself by dropping seeds constantly on the ground, shaded by its own huge leaves. This image is complicated, created by a part of the mind inaccessible to hatred, and yet it carries the reality of hatred radiating from dictators into the consciousness with a kind of massive intelligence. Describing dictators in "The United Fruit Company," Neruda uses for them the image of ordinary houseflies. By contrast, the journalistic mind would tend to describe them as huge and cunning.

Whitman was the first true political poet we had in North America. Surely his short poem, "To the States" is also a masterpiece of the political poem:

*To Identify the 16th, 17th or 18th
Presidentiad:*

*Why reclining, interrogating? why
myself and all drowsing?
What deepening twilight—scum
floating atop the waters,
Who are they as bats and night-dogs
askant in the capitol:
What a filthy Presidentiad! (O South,
your torrid suns! O North, your
arctic freezings!)
Are those really congressmen? are
those the great Judges? is that the
President?
Then I will sleep awhile yet, for I see
that these States sleep, for reasons;
(With gathering murk, with muttering
thunder and lambent shoots we all
duly awake,
South, North, East, West, inland and
seaboard, we will surely awake.)*

William Vaughn Moody wrote some fine lines in 1898:

*Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle
and their ruth?
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of
truth,
And be swift familiar of the sun
Where eye before God's face his
trumpets run?
Or have we but the talons and the maw,
And for the abject likeness of our heart
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?
Some gross-billed wader where the
swamps are fat?
Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler
with the bat?*

His poem was written against United States policy for the first time we invaded Cuba. The language at times is remarkably swift and intense, particularly when compared to the hopelessly foggy language of political poetry being written by others at that time.

In the last thirty years, few American poets have had any sense of a nation beyond their own ego. Two of the

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exceptions are Kenneth Rexroth and Thomas McGrath. In his "Ode for the American Dead in Korea," Thomas McGrath wrote:

*And God (whose sparrows fall aslant
his gaze,
Like grace or confetti) blinks and
is gone,
And you are gone. . . . But, in another
year
We will mourn you, whose fossil
courage fills
The limestone histories: brave;
ignorant: amazed:
Dead in the rice paddies, dead on the
nameless hills.*

Rexroth has written beautiful poems touching on life outside our egos, among them "A Christmas Note for Geraldine Udell":

*I think of you in Gas,
The heroine on the eve of explosion;
Or angry, white, and still,*

*Arguing with me about Sasha's tragic
book . . .
I light the lamp and hunt for pad and
pencil.
A million sleepers turn,
While bombs fall in their dreams. The
storm goes away,
Muttering in the hills.
The veering wind brings the cold,
organic smell
Of the flowing ocean.*

More recently, Robert Duncan has written a number of powerful poems on the Vietnamese War.

America needs political poetry now, so it can see what is happening. And the younger poets are beginning to write it. America is still young itself, and it may become something magnificent and shining, or it may turn, as Rome did, into a black dinosaur, the enemy of every nation in the world that wants to live its own life. In my opinion, that decision has not yet been made.

Performance Without a Net

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

A legitimate *avant-garde* guards nothing, least of all itself. Its animating ethic is risk, and the rewards given to it are particularly glittering because its daredevils risk the whole show—if they fail, they produce something less than bad conventional art, and take the plunge into sub-rubbish, into nothing at all. But whether the act is good or bad, it must be performed without the net.

Except that art is not a circus. In its realm, the daredevil's dive takes the sober form of a question asked by any artist who has made something new: "What is art? I have an imagination. What should I be doing with it *now*?" At the moment there are three energetic schools of *avant-garde* poetry—labeled with such catch phrases as "City Lights," "The New York School" and (clumsiest of all) "Olson-Duncan-Creeley"—carrying out this interrogation.

The City Lights group, presided over by Lawrence Ferlinghetti and composed of the fathers and children of the so-called San Francisco Renaissance, is the most programmatically and stridently *avant-gardiste* of the three for the paradoxical reason that they adopt the classical *avant-postures* with least modification and the least that is new—though the old is frequently watered down or vulgarized. Though Gary Snyder and Philip Whalen are primarily

interested in modes of contemplative expression derived from Oriental religion (especially Zen Buddhism), others of the group are concerned with using poetry in acts of liberation and revolt. Its driving energy is the energy of classical *ressentiment* against the middle class and the forces of repression; it talks very dirty and its images are as explosive as possible; the group seems happiest when in trouble with the law.

The neo-surrealist wing, which includes Ferlinghetti himself, Michael McClure and Phillip Lamantia creates its work in the light of a metaphor adopted from French radical politics: in their minds the ideas of liberty and revolution are absolutely fused and have no independent meaning; they see themselves as the *sans culottes* of the spirit. True enough, Ferlinghetti's work is rather dulcet: he writes sentimental hymns to love and "the rebirth of wonder," but the standard fare in his magazine, *City Lights Journal*, construes art as a form of assault or a means for personal release from the psychological blocks and evaporations and freeze-ups that keep the poet from being fully himself. But whether the revolution is private or directed against the suffocating, obscene, lily-livered bourgeoisie, the imagery is generally derived—however remotely—from the Reign of Terror.

These artists' involvement in and understanding of politics is characteristically very slight because, like many revolutionaries, they are much less interested in

politics than in the apocalypse. Whether it is the quasi-political eruptions of Ferlinghetti or the convulsions—simultaneously supercharged and banal, anguished and breezy—of Michael McClure, the dream of apocalypse alone leads them to poetry.

Like their mentors—Antonin Artaud, Pollock, Whitman, Sade, many Surrealists, among others—these poets make their governing metaphors as radical as possible: their terms are the Self and the World; Freedom and Bondage; the will and the conditions of reality. Potentially, this gives their work the greatest possible interest, but a metaphor must succeed, however radical and open-ended it may be, and it must succeed in aesthetic terms. Even when it does, someone must ask what might be the nature and value of liberty found only in metaphor. So far as I know, nobody at City Lights has had the wit or diligence to deal with such a question adequately, with the result that the work is—when it is not trash—pale and incomplete. McClure, I should add, disclaims any intention to shock others into Freedom.

The work of the remarkable Robert Duncan (who was also among the founders of the San Francisco Renaissance) is in an entirely different class. He has published ten books, most notably the *Letters*, *Selected Poems*, *Roots and Branches* and *The Opening of the Field*. His work is not based on the naive revolutionary metaphor that nourishes the City Lights group; instead he joins Charles Olson (whose most important book is *The Maximus Poems*) and Robert Creeley (*For Love* and the recently published *Words*) in a concern with the process of the poem's development and creation; with alternations of voice and rhetoric, and with the linear development of metaphoric time—concerns which Olson derives from the glamorous example of Pound's *Cantos* with their potentially interminable sequence and their radical revisions of poetic logic and structure, their intuitively jointed swing across language. Almost every page of Duncan manifests these concerns:

*Glare-eyed challenger! serpent-skin
coated
Accumulus of days!
Swung in your arms, I grow old.*

*The numbers swing me. The days that
count
my dervish invisible that time is
Up—My time is up?*

*Period by period the sentences are
bound.*

Here words like "swing" and "time" introduce new variations on the voice, new inflections picked up in the next usage, "swinging" from the charged "mythic" opening tones to the banal, questioning, "My time is up?" And the poem reflects on its own structural procedure in the line "Period by period the sentences are bound."

Though classed with them, Duncan seems to me a much more considerable figure than either Olson or Creeley. Their obsessive—almost exclusive—concern with vocal structure and tonality leads them to exclude from their work any appeal to the eye—or to any other sense for that matter. A prolonged bout of reading either one—particularly Olson—is likely to leave the reader feeling he suffers from an acute case of sensory deprivation. Whatever their other interest, Olson's poems are as flat and gray as the Massachusetts landscape in which they are often located, and they drain the eye into the same visual vacuum. Duncan's work is much more sensual, and unlike Olson and Creeley, he is willing to be quite self-consciously "literary"—his vocabulary, a vast composite anthology drawn from Renaissance poetry to the language of myth, is easily the most "conventional" of any practicing poet of importance, so that his rhetoric is much more varied and full-

blooded than the rather anemic, strictly American voices of Olson and Creeley. It can be argued, of course, that Duncan's "literary" rhetoric is a limitation on his modernism. He seems unaware that Apollinaire ever lived, and he seems to hold the commonplace in almost 18th-century contempt.

Finally, Duncan's poetic intentions are much more exalted than those of his contemporaries. In an introduction to his early poems, recently republished under the new title *The Years as Catches*, Duncan mentions an early homosexual love affair, and remarks of his subsequent poetic development:

Perhaps the sexual irregularity underlay and led to the poetic; neither as homosexual nor as poet could one take over readily the accepted paradigms and conventions of the Protestant ethic. The structure of my work was to emerge in a series of trials, a problematic identity. A magpie's nest or collage, a construct of disparate elements drawn into the play they have excited, a syncretic religion. Often only the complex pun could hold the variety needed to assert the Real felt in the unity that excited.

This grammatically tortured remark explains Duncan's lofty rhetoric and the peculiarly anachronistic way he has greeted the triumph of secularism. Driven by a scattered sense of self and his sexual nonconformism, he has erected a private poetic structure from the language of myth and penance and prophecy: he is the prophet of himself, the high priest of a revelation which he himself both creates and witnesses. Duncan is without doubt the most solemn poet going; an Isaiah singing out a Book—made up of everything from Milton to the kitchen sink—to an unknown God which the song itself creates by auto-suggestion.

The prophecy has a limitation, however: the God thus miraculously raised into Being flickers out of existence the moment the book is closed. Though I see no objection to the artificial quality of Duncan's devotional temperament, the high solemnity of his rhetoric and the sonorous seriousness with which he takes his own role as poet frequently put an unbearable burden on the slender substance of his Devotional Being. Duncan is freshest and strongest in his less ambitious work; and his occasional forays into the realm of allegory—as in his verse play, *Adam's Curse*—can result in failure.

His religious temperament functions by producing works of brilliance—he is unquestionably one of the most intelligent poets alive. But it also functions

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JOHN ASHBERRY. *Rivers and Mountains* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

CHARLESTON IN THE 1860s

(derived from the diaries of Mary Boykin Chesnut)

*He seized me round the waist and kissed my throat . . .
Your eyes, dear, are they grey or blue,
eyes of an angel?*

*The carts have passed already with their heaped
night-soil, we breathe again.*

Is this what war is? Nitrate . . .

*But smell the pear,
the jasmine, the violets.*

Why does this landscape always sadden you?

*Now the freshet is up on every side,
the river comes to our doors,
limbs of primeval trees dip in the swamp.*

*So we fool on into the black
cloud ahead of us.*

*Everything human glitters fever-bright,
the thrill of waking up
out of a stagnant life?*

*There seems a spell upon
your lovers—all dead of wounds
or blown to pieces . . . Nitrate!*

I'm writing blind with tears of rage.

*In vain. Years, death, depopulation, fears,
bondage: these shall all be borne.*

No imagination to forestall woe.

ADRIENNE RICH

in a religious void; the devotional temperament, whether it worships religious language (as Duncan seems to) or religious beings, is alien to the secular age in which we live; and Duncan's works cut off our imaginative awareness at the same time as they open it. They embody a notion of what it means to be serious as a man that the era does not and cannot support, with the result that they are hounded by anachronistic ultimates: they seem simultaneously heroic and irrelevant.

This leaves us with Mere Art and the New York School—a jump across the continental divide from ritual to wit, from the religious sensibility *manqué* to the strictly secular sensibility playing with and extending its art. Historically speaking, this school is attempting to arbitrate the symbolist and surrealist aesthetic in a way that parallels the work of some contemporary French figures such as Francis Ponge and Denis Roche, as well as Paul Celan in Germany; these poets—John Ashbery, Kenneth Koch and the late Frank O'Hara—are interested in exploiting the capacities of the senses without any transcendent aim. Inevitably, supporters of Duncan accuse the school of superficiality.

The New York School is greatly indebted to Surrealism; but it has moved beyond the City Lights group to revise

the revolutionary surrealist metaphor and return it to the complex confines of art, from which it originally exploded. Ashbery and Koch are aware that language is better able to traffic in the impossible than any other medium (partly because it so largely defines our sense of the possible), but that its sensory appeal is much less direct than that of the plastic arts, music, film or drama. They compensate for this fade-out of the printed word by exploiting the lushness of dissociation, leaping fantasy and surprise as fully as possible. Particularly in Koch's hands, this kind of graciously jumpy procedure has been given encyclopedic exploration in his work: (*Poems*, *Permanently*, and *Thank You*); in a mock epic poem "Ko," and in the delightful collection *Bertha, and Other Plays*. (Several chapters of a novel also have appeared in magazines.) Koch must be accounted the freshest and most polished literary wit now writing—as well as an "influence" whose workshops at the New School for Social Research opened the way to a new kind of poetic practice, giving direction to some of the most promising younger poets we have. I am thinking particularly of John Perreault and David Shapiro, who in their different ways have developed the master's lesson and shown it to be more than a mere method, but a true poetic—quivering, as Breton said, with a sense of the future.

Koch's energy is exemplary, and so is his movement out of the form of the traditional lyric poem into narratives and drama. "Ko"—a book-length narrative (115 pages) about a Japanese baseball player who bounces around the world like a TV beam from some whirling satellite—is a parody that returns storytelling to the methods of poetry, while the surrealist comedy of *Bertha*—and the other plays, like *The Return of Yellowmay*—makes the fundamental theatricality of Koch's whole poetic approach explicit.

John Ashbery's poetry differs from Koch's by being on the surface much more serious and at the same time much less coherent. The audience at one of Koch's readings ends laughing, while Ashbery's audience is more likely to be bluntly bewildered, wondering quite literally what goes on. Ashbery's work embodies sensory elements in which Koch appears to have little or no interest, the most important of which is *time*. Significantly, Koch wrote "Ko" quite early in his career, while for years Ashbery has been trying without success to write a long poem, to succeed only with the extraordinary "The Skaters," included in his latest book, *Rivers and Mountains*. Ashbery is concerned with the imaginative problem of embodying poetic time, and while Koch could write his long poem by resorting to the simple expedient of telling a story in the most disconnected way he could (and still tell it), Ashbery confronts vastly more difficult and exciting problems of scale and dynamics.

Although John Ashbery is an art critic, I suspect that the art (other than poetry) which interests him most is music, the only other art that deals with temporal elements in the way he aspires to do. It is no accident that Ashbery is the modern poet who shows the influence of John Cage, particularly in his earlier poems. If one is looking for analogies to the other arts, it is Koch's work that most resembles painting, since his methods of disjunction and collage show no particular attention to the artistic problem of linear time.

As the three schools make clear, the old cliché, "very interesting, but is it art," masks and evades questions of liberty and revelation, of the stature and viability of art in a secular age. Such questions could scarcely be more commanding, but in this context they command only to the degree that the work captures the imagination as art. Is this mere intellectualism? Or mere aestheticism? The two cannot be separated. Insofar as he has been captured, the reader is the captive who learns and wins.

Response to a War

WHERE IS VIETNAM? American Poets Respond. Edited by Walter Lowenfels. A Doubleday Anchor Original. 160 pp. \$1.25 paper.

WENDELL BERRY

Mr. Berry is a poet now living in Kentucky. His latest book is *The Broken Ground* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

American writers have often longed for the peaceful contemplative life, and so they have often been painfully aware of distractions. They have felt tearing in themselves the rift between private peace and public trouble. Thoreau wrote: "... I endeavor in vain to observe nature; my thoughts involuntarily go plotting against the State. I trust that all just men will conspire." And Mark Twain sent Huck down the Mississippi in what has become the definitive American idyl, giving him for companion Nigger Jim, whose condition was the whole nation's shame and agony.

Not long ago most poets in this country were confidently promoting the specialization of their art. Young poets who began writing in the fifties were more than likely to gather from their elders that the poet's obligation was to poetry and to his language. Other concerns were for other specialists. But within the last three and a half years there has been a turn around. It began.

THE WRECK

*The Church, like a wreck blown ashore
from the Middle Ages,
battering on a shoal at Finisterre . . .*

*The seams have opened,
and the sea, like a luminous window
falling away, flashes briefly
with ikons, chalices, gold candlesticks.*

*Angels and saints, their faces
crusted with salt,
draw near to the flooded railing.
They try to sing—the wind,
full of a wintry fervor,
whips the kyries from broken spars.*

*And the figurehead on a cross
has never moved . . .*

*a conch mourns in the littered shallows;
unwieldy shapes, driftwood and sea-coal,
groan and struggle to their feet,
survivors from a shipwreck of souls.*

JOHN HAINES

I think, with the poems written on the assassination of President Kennedy; for the first time in maybe a century American poets wrote public poems—poems about a public happening, written out of feelings that the poets had in common, then, with most of the people in the country.

The assassination poems were almost inadvertent. They didn't come out of any formed intention, much less any formed sense of public responsibility. But they must have suggested the possibility of a public role for poetry, which has now been deliberately assumed by many poets, all over the country, in response to our war in Vietnam. This new anthology, *Where Is Vietnam?*, contains the work of eighty-seven poets, a considerable number, though by no means all who have written and publicly read poems in protest against this war. It appears safe to say that nearly all of our poets are party to this protest. I know of a few who hold to the notion that poetry has no business in politics, but I know of no pro-Johnson poem.

There is no mystery at the source of these poems. It is an agony of a kind that probably has not been felt so deeply by so many people in America before. Most American poets, like most Americans, have been taught from infancy that in a democratic country individuals are responsible for the actions of their government. And now they find themselves "represented" by a government that many of them helped elect on its promise not to do what it is doing, a government that in the name of democracy and brotherhood has made itself a tyrant and a scourge. They feel responsible for what they can neither approve nor control. They know that their country is determining the future of the world by the quirks of hypocrisy. They think of the *people of Vietnam*—the old people, the husbands and wives, the children—who are being dispossessed, scattered, maimed, burned alive, *by us*, for nothing they have ever done wrong.

The first poem in this anthology is by the Vietnamese poet, Nhat Hanh, a lament for the destruction of his country, "our dear green garden":

*O terrible winds that blow from the
ends of the earth
To hurl down our houses and blast
our fertile fields!
I say farewell to the blazing blacken-
ing place where I was born.*

And the rest of the book can be read as a response. Maybe a representative voice is that of the person "who once

was a teacher in Asia," in the poem by Evelyn Thorne:

*Here between the hills and the
Hudson
autumn comes in a rage of gold. I
walk in a shower
of midas leaves, and the smell of
frost.
and I find myself being happy. Then
great God
I remember. Over there in a land I
love
the beautiful people are being mur-
dered,
the courteous brown people who move
with the grace of deer, and speak
softly.
And I live here, in the land of the
murderer.*

This strikes me as a desperate book. It would help to be able to believe that poets are unacknowledged legislators, or that they serve as the conscience of their race. But who knows? And who can help doubting? There are respected politicians and generals whose protests against this war have been ignored. In terms of effect, then, do these poems really represent the exercise of a public responsibility, or are they doomed to be only private gestures of expiation or repudia-



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tion? I don't know, but the question worries me.

This collection suggests that poets have begun again to want a public or political role—or at least that poets, as thoughtful and responsible-feeling persons, are finding themselves unable to refuse such a role. But I think that this will not amount to very much unless our poetry develops the ability to do more than protest. The poets in this volume very movingly, and often very competently, condemn the way things are, but they never do this, it seems to me, by the standard of any coherent vision of how things ought to be. Their impulse is mainly negative. *The Waste Land* still exemplifies the powers and the limits of most of our poetry. When we want to despise or condemn what is going on, we hark back to some "good"

time in the past, juxtapose selected evils of our own time, and note the discrepancies. That, it must be said, is easy to do, and it is becoming utterly useless. The poems in *Where Is Vietnam?* are so locked in their horror of the present that they can hardly look even backward, but they are locked in this horror partly because their inheritance has not equipped them to imagine anything in the other direction.

In the long run, this protesting will be as negligible as the merest fashion if it doesn't produce a full realization of how the war grows out of what is corrupt and false in our life; and that realization will come to nothing if it doesn't produce a believable vision of a better life that is possible for us. Without this, protest is little more than wishful thinking, as futile as wishing that

we had been born in the good old days.

We need a vision of a national life in which efficiency is not the highest good, and of a governmental consciousness of life that can include and control the consciousness of power. We need to be able to feel that all problems cannot be solved by power or by technology. We probably have the necessary *ideas* already, but their application to our time and our troubles will have to be imagined. To have any life or any appeal or any effect, the ideas not only will have to be thought about and assented to but their possibility will have to be foreseen in the lives of people. This is the vision we don't have. The lack of it makes the desperation of this book of poems, and of the war it was made to oppose, and of the society that can find no alternative to the war.

Translations of Anna Akhmatova (1888-1966)

STANLEY KUNITZ

Mr. Kunitz is currently visiting the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries under the cultural exchange agreement. In the preparation of these translations from the Russian, Mr. Kunitz has worked closely with Max Hayward with whom he is collaborating on *The Selected Poetry of Anna Akhmatova*, to be published next year by Macmillan. Like that of her contemporaries, Mandelstam, Pasternak and Cvetaeva, Akhmatova's work is an important influence on the new Russian Poets. Mr. Kunitz's *Selected Poems* (Little, Brown) was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1959.

READING HAMLET

*A barren patch to the right of the cemetery,
Behind it a river flashing blue.
You said: "All right then, get thee to a nunnery,
Or go get married to a fool. . ."*

*It was the sort of thing that princes always say,
But these are words that one remembers.
May they flow a hundred centuries in a row
Like an ermine mantle from his shoulders.*

Kiev, 1909

JULY 1914

I.

*All month a smell of burning, of dry peat
Smouldering in the bogs.
Even the birds have stopped singing,
The aspen does not tremble.*

*The god of wrath glares in the sky,
The fields have been parched since Easter.
A one-legged pilgrim stood in the yard
With his mouth full of prophecies:*

*"Beware of terrible times . . . the earth
Opening for a crowd of corpses.
Expect famine, earthquakes, plague,
And heavens darkened by eclipses.*

*"But our land will not be divided
By the enemy at his pleasure;*

*The Mother-of-God will spread
A white shroud over these great sorrows."*

II.

*From the burning woods drifts
The sweet smell of juniper.
Widows grieve over their brood,
The village rings with their lamentation.*

*If the land thirsted, it was not in vain,
Nor were the prayers wasted;
For a warm red rain soaks
The trampled fields.*

*Low, low hangs the empty sky,
Tender is the voice of the supplicant:
"They wound Thy most holy body,
They are casting lots for Thy garments."*

Slepnevo, 1914

'HEART'S MEMORY OF SUN...'

*Heart's memory of sun grows fainter,
Sallow is the grass,
A few flakes toss in the wind
Scarcely, scarcely.*

*The narrow canals no longer flow,
They are frozen over.
Nothing will ever happen here,
Oh, never!*

*In the bleak sky the willow spreads
Its bare-boned fan.
Maybe I'm better off as I am,
Not as your wife.*

*Heart's memory of sun grows fainter.
What's this? Darkness?
Perhaps! This very night will bring
The winter.*

1911

Inventing the American Heart

POEMS 1957-1967. By James Dickey. Wesleyan University Press. 299 pp. \$6.95.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN

Mr. Goldman, poetry editor of *The Nation*, is the author of *First Poems* (Macmillan). He teaches at Columbia University.

One of the things we should mean when we call a poet "good" is that his work returns us to the world and not merely to the poet. We do not assimilate good poetry; we become included in its imagination. James Dickey is a good poet, very good. The appearance of this volume, containing most of his four previous books and a substantial amount of new work, makes it clear that by a continuing act of the imagination Dickey has penetrated a large and unfamiliar portion of the world. The life he establishes is fearful, often inhuman, but it is necessary because in it we recognize ourselves. He lifts something out of our experience that our mind has not yet been able to play upon, and frees us to encounter it.

Dickey's poems are remarkable for imagination, in the most literal sense, for their power of grasping and making images. But these are not the "images" the tradition of poetry has taught us to expect. They are neither minute visual notations nor elaborately constructed symbols. Here is the beginning of "A Screened Porch in the Country":

*All of them are sitting
Inside a lamp of coarse wire
And being in all directions
Shed upon darkness*

This is more than a type of high wit, more than a strikingly accurate piece of description. Dickey gives the moment a natural energy, not the energy of the poet's insistence upon his own personality but the energy of a vast life outside the poet which moves all things through one another and through him.

For many poets the image is a form of self-projection, a personal signature that they inscribe upon experience. For others it is a kind of affectionate clarity, a loving selective focus. But Dickey incorporates everything he sees into an image that is in motion, a momentarily complete environment flexing and warm like living tissue, within which he moves. It is as if the world about him became an animal, and he entered its body.

In "Cherrylog Road," the poet remembers how as a young man he made his way to a rendezvous through the abandoned hulks of an automobile grave-

yard. He goes from a Ford to an Essex to a Chevrolet:

*None had the same body heat
I changed with them inward, toward
The weedy heart of the junkyard*

His images are bodies within which he changes, moving toward a heart which is not his heart but a heart of experience—an animal center, usually dangerous. He moves mainly by water in the earliest poems, which are somewhat diffuse and "romantic" in aura, and in the very latest poems he seems increasingly concerned with movement through the air, but the movement is always into a realm where animal powers lurk, foxes or snakes or enemies, where the explorer becomes his exploration and the hunter puts on his victim's skin. Dickey returns again and again to the figure of a man putting on someone else's body, a hollowed-out boar's head, a suit of armor, a dead man's helmet. Even the spurs of the "Power and Light" man are like a gamecock's spurs; and of course the hero of this poem takes on power from the wires to which he climbs:

*flung up on towers
walking
Over mountains my charged hair
standing on end crossing
The sickled, slaughtered alleys of timber
Where the lines loop and crackle on
their gallows.*

And when the power and light man comes home and shuts himself in his basement to drink he feels a similar energy coming at him through the ground:

*... in the deep sway of under-
ground among the roots
That bend like branches all things
connect and stream
Toward light and speech tingle rock
like a powerline in wind,
Like a man working, drunk of
pine-moves the sun in the socket
Of his shoulder . . .
Far under the grass of my grave, I drink
like a man
The night before
Resurrection Day.*

For Dickey, an image is like a special kind of clothing, a charged shape of the outside world that he puts on, in order to connect himself to the world's monstrous power.

The last section of the book is devoted to poems written since *Buckdancer's Choice* (which a year ago won the National Book Award), and here Dickey seems to confront the monstrous even more directly. There are a number of magnificent poems (particularly



How we saw "Red"

AMERICANS AND THE SOVIET EXPERIMENT 1917-1933

By Peter G. Filene

In the sixteen eventful years between the Bolshevik February Revolution and Roosevelt's recognition of the Soviet regime, Americans viewed the "Red experiment" with mixed emotions. By turns confused, fearful, fascinated, agitated, curious, complacent, anxious, admiring, outraged, even envious and hysterical—but never bored—businessmen and educators, clergymen and labor leaders, reactionaries and radicals compared and contrasted American and Russian achievements. In a constantly engrossing story, Mr. Filene uncovers much about how attitudes are formed and how they produce opinions, and about how Americans saw—and see—democracy, capitalism, and themselves. Illustrated.

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"Sustainment," "The Head-Aim," as well as "Power and Light"), and in most of them, some inhuman power possesses the human body. "The Head-Aim" discusses how to be an animal:

*You must throw your arms
Like broken sticks into the alder creek
And learn to aim the head.
... This is the whole secret of being*

Inhuman.

"The Sheep-Child" is about the legendary offspring of a farm boy and a sheep; the bulk of the poem is devoted to a speech by this "woolly baby" supposedly "pickled in alcohol" in a museum in Atlanta. Like many of the poems it is also concerned with the values that may rise out of our experience of the inhuman. The sheep-child says of the farm boys:

*Dreaming of me,
They groan they wait they suffer
Themselves, they marry, they raise their
kind.*

Dickey attempts a more encouraging conclusion, with less success, in "Falling," a poem about a stewardess who falls to her death from an airliner. It seizes its subject brilliantly and characteristically:

As though she blew

*The door down with a silent blast from
her lungs ...
... falling living beginning to be
something
That no one has ever been and lived
through*

But at the end as the girl lies with a broken back in a Kansas field, Dickey tries to assert a positive value for the experience. She

*Feels herself go go toward go
outward breathes at last fully
Not and tries less once tries
tries AH, GOD —*

By and large, Dickey is more convincing at terror than exaltation, but terror—as opposed to the nervous irritation for which so much of our poetry settles—is a rare thing in poetry, and it clears the heart.

A special quality in these poems—at least for another poet—is Dickey's surrender to his scenes. Today, poets frequently write about their surrenders—to pain, madness, drugs, anger, sex, nirvana—but their surrenders so often turn out to be seizures, spasms of the nerves and of the will. Dickey, "self-possessed in self-surrender," allows himself to register fully the terrible life that flows between the self and the world. He knows the world is the bigger of the two and that the self grows by exposure to it. It is his sense of the threat and alluring power of the world, which is

also the threat and alluring power of the self, that governs his imagination and gives it a fearful energy. When he writes about a girl hideously scarred by windshield glass in an automobile accident he begins:

*All glass may yet be whole
She thinks, it may be put together
From the deep inner flashing of her
face.*

And in the opening lines of "The Ice Skin," he seems to be describing the very process of tragedy:

*All things that go deep enough
Into rain and cold
Take on, before they break down
A shining in every part.
The necks of slender trees
Reel under it, too much crowned,
Like princes dressing as kings.*

*And the redwoods let sink their branches
Like arms that try to hold buckets
Filling slowly with diamonds
Until a cannon goes off
Somewhere inside the still trunk
And a limb breaks, just before
midnight,
Plunging houses into the darkness
And hands into cupboards, all seeking
Candles, and finding each other.
There is this skin*

Always waiting in cold-enough air.

This succeeds not because the poet has tried to come up with an arresting string of symbols for tragedy, but because through his imagination he has included himself in tragic life.

In Dickey's poems there is very little of that secret dialogue among words, the sense of "words talking among themselves" that Auden refers to, which is the usual source of root vitality in poetry. His secret dialogue is among images—they flow into and transform one another, breaking out of the literal pattern and insisting on their own visionary, contrapuntal life.

Verbally, Dickey has all the breath he needs: his language is never exhausted and seldom inexact. Yet it remains true that what I have called the secret dialogue among words is a characteristic of the greatest poetry: every word infects every other word, impregnates every other word, bites every other word, makes a flesh with every other word—and it is this verbal power which, till now, has not been markedly present in Dickey's work. Now this is an *ultimate* power, very rare in its true form. It should not be confused with the mere appearance of verbal power, which may be contrived by any poet who is willing to devote his career to never taking risks. It has nothing to do with what reviewers call "the distinctive voice." We praise

a poet for having a distinctive voice only when there is nothing else distinctive about him. Some poets may give us a svelte stuffed animal, but Dickey gives us the living mouth and lung and claw. And when his language takes on its own animal life, while still remaining transparent to the life of its images, we have a poetry that no active poet has bettered:

and wandered the lane of water

*Upstream and home,
His bridle dragging, his saddle
Maniacally wrenched, stopping often to
drink
Entirely, his eyes receiving bright
pebbles,
His head in his own image where it
flowed.*

Dickey's strangeness is peculiarly American (though I suspect that in the next few years it will prove very successful with foreign audiences). The "natural world" of America is very different from the natural world of, say, England, and yet when American poets come to write about nature, they write poems that are finally no different in method from English nature poetry. That is, they give us a *paysage moralisé*, more or less precisely noted, a landscape which reflects the human image. There may be disorder in it; we may even observe "nature red in tooth and claw," but even the chaotic is placed in a frame of civilized observation. Nature is observed by man, who seems always firmly anchored in the human world. This is the method of Herbert and Gray, of Keats and Yeats; it is also the method of Williams and Frost. The "nature" Frost observes often seems to lie at the edge of the inhuman American wilderness, but Frost deals only with what is at the edge, and always includes what he sees in a firmly moralized landscape. Whitman, too, sees nature in a human setting: it is a projection of his own inclusive self. But just as Dickey's typical use of the image is different from that of Whitman, Williams or Frost, so the poetry he produces is, at its most distinctive, like no other "nature poetry."

In Dickey's work, the inhuman is no longer contained in the human arena. He has created a poetry of American nature, a nature we recognize in Melville, in the documents of American history, and in the daily papers. Its subject is the wilderness that was raped by the first settlers and has taken its revenge by continuing to dominate and excite our hearts. Dickey moves out into the wilderness, is contained in it, and runs with the animals. It is a terrible risk he takes, and it produces, at its best, a terrifying poetry.

The Past Reordered

BATTLE REPORT. By Harvey Shapiro. Wesleyan University Press. 77 pp. \$1.85 paper.

DAVID IGNATOW

Mr. Ignatow's most recent collection of verse is *Figures of the Human* (Wesleyan University Press).

I am moved by a sense of purification in this book. *Battle Report* consists of selections from three previous collections and an opening group of more recent poems, an arrangement which impels the reader to seek out certain implications. Here is a poem, "Past Time," from the late period:

*I believe we came together
Out of ignorance not love,
Both being shy and hunted in the city.
In the hot summer, touching each other,
Amazed at how love could come
Like a waterfall, with frightening force
And bruising sleep. Waking at noon,
Touching each other for direction,
Out of ignorance not love*

And here is "The Marriage," from *Mountain, Fire, Thornbush*, Harvey Shapiro's third book, published in 1961:

*When they were canopied, and had the
wine
To lace their spirits in the trembling
cup,
And all the holy words sang round
their heads
In tribute to the maker and the vine,
He saw the leeching sea lap, like
darkness,
Up her summer's gown, as if dark time
And he should race to claim the
maidenhead.
When he smashed the cup, then ruin
spread.
The dazzled floor showed sea and
blood.
Beyond this harvest that the ritual bore
(Their mothers weeping on the farther
shore)
They saw the journeying years extend.
And Zion's hill rose for their reckoning.*

Consider in the latter the conception of the dark, sacramental wine likened to death as at the same time it draws the marriage into direct relationship with the eternal godhead. Bride and bridegroom, journeying toward Zion, the manifest eternal, are fixed forever in their relationship toward each other, removed from the exigencies of a transient world. Acting in support, the ritual language lifts the wedding to its symbolical level of absolute truth, to the measure of the traditional and majestic iambic foot, rhymed.

But then examine the language of "Past

Time" in its very nearly brutal gesture. Direct, plain, matter of fact in tone, without flourish or apology, it sets the marriage in its ordinary, quotidian, circumstantial text. God, Zion and preordination are either abolished or, having vanished in the daily struggle for existence, are now forgotten without regret or afterthought. A fury of discovery races through the poem to give it the curt power of its accomplishment. We are alone and that is the point Harvey Shapiro hammers home in the language and in the text, alone with no one but ourselves to preside over our faults, frailties, the world being just this, ours to make.

All these recent poems, including "Past Time," could be grouped together as one, with the effect of each leading to the next. Uncompromising in tone and point of view, their content would permit conjecture as to what precisely in the poet's life led to such a radical change of style. But that would be irrelevant to the point of the poems, which is that they are entirely a fresh departure, written with a vigor altogether

different from and even superior to the earlier poems. They spring from a dual vision in the poet of disillusionment, and regeneration born from disillusionment. That which led to his despair turns out not to have had basis in reality in the first place, its connection with reality specious at most. The permanent and immutable are to be found in the processes of life itself of which we are one expression, no matter what form of it we take. To live is to endure and it is through endurance that we manifest the energy of life:

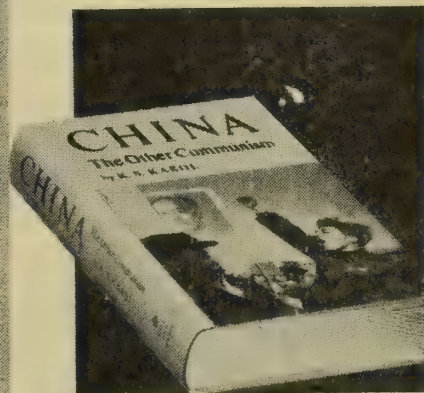
*I cast out
Beyond the demonic element
And the fear of death
(And the fear of death)
Into that bright water
Beyond this water
Where leviathan swims.
Communication is instant
When it comes — close
As my hand, the words on my tongue,
Though the crying in my ear
Is my own death crying.*

Harvey Shapiro has been able to extend this achievement into the public area of our lives, to give us one of the few notable poems on the death of President Kennedy, "National Cold Storage Company":

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HILL & WANG
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*The National Cold Storage Company
contains
More things than you can dream of.
Hard by the Brooklyn Bridge it stands
In a litter of freight cars,
Tugs to one side; the other, the traffic
Of the Long Island Expressway.
I myself have dropped into it in seven
years
Midnight tossings, plans for escape, the
shakes.
Add this to the national total —
Grant's tomb, the Civil War, Arlington,
The young President dead.
Above the warehouse and beneath the
stars
The poets creep on the harp of the
Bridge.
But see,
They fall into the National Cold
Storage Company
One by one. The wind off the river is
too cold,
Or the times too rough, or the Bridge
Is not a harp at all. Or maybe
A monstrous birth inside the warehouse
Must be fed by everything — ships,
poems,
Stars, all the years of our lives.*

The poignancy of this poem has also its application to the many recent poems of love and marriage in the book. These are not written from defeat either but out of a need to know if one would live.

Despite the contrast the earlier work makes with the new poems, it is very much a preparation for what follows. I am referring especially to Shapiro's

experience as an Air Force radio gunner in World War II, used in an account in retrospect in the title poem to the book, "Battle Report." Too long to quote in full, the poem is clearly written out of an obsession with the experience:

*In this slow dream's rehearsal,
Again I am the death-instructed kid,
Gun in its cradle, sun at my back,
Cities below me without sound.
That tensed, corrugated hose
Feeding to my face the air of
substance,
I face the mirroring past.
We swarm the skies, determined
armies,
To seek the war's end, the silence
stealing,
The mind grown hesitant as breath.*

Defeated in his effort at a relatively calm redress, Shapiro continued to search still further back in his past for other ways to recover himself. With his exceptional knowledge of Hebrew history and religion, such poems as "The Wedding" followed, rich in evocation of Hebrew faith and wisdom, and poignant with his need. From "Dream of Life":

*But yesterday I saw
Seven gulls pass overhead.
It may be tonight I will dream myself
into a promise of life.*

In his way, Shapiro repeats the experience of countless young men after the war in search of a surety of some

kind that life comes first, after all. Many did finally manage to come to terms with their past of bomb and bayonet and to lead a fairly normal existence, digging as far as they could without loss of self-respect into ritual and the secular conformations of America. These became for them their haven, allowing them to live contentedly (or perhaps not so contentedly) for the balance of their days with wives, children, mortgaged homes, television sets and cars: the evidence of a fulfilled existence. In Harvey Shapiro another thing was at work. The after-strain of war, it could be said, continued to act on him, with this latest book as a result, in which he decisively sheds the religious aura and again as in his gunner days stands exposed—but shield and weapon are himself now, invulnerable in his life. In "News of the World":

*The past, like so many bad poems,
Waits to be reordered,
And the future needs reordering too.
Rain dampens the brick,
And the house sends up its smell
Of smoke and lives —
My own funk the major part.
Angling for direction,
I think of the favored in Homer,
Who in a dream, a council meeting,
At the bottom of despair,
Heard the voice of a god or goddess,
Though it was, say, only Polites
Speaking. Turning to a friend,
I ask again
For news of the world.*

MORE ENTERPRISE

*A sideways flicker, half headshake of doubt —
Meaning, confusingly, assent — fills out
The scant wardrobe of gesture I still use.
It clings by habit now. The old strait swank
I came in struts the town on local heirs.
Koula's nephew has the suit she shrank,
Andreas coveted my Roman shoes. . . .
Into the grave I'll wear that Yes of theirs.*

JAMES MERRILL

THE KITCHEN KNIGHT

*O my white armor, my copper or stainless steel
Or aluminum brainstorms, each with its steam panache!
The woman comes, goes, turns me off,
Wipes me dry, and sits down to her meal.

A fussy, elderly muse who needs a man,
She looks at raw experience with distaste.
Who doesn't? Yet when she passes it on to me
My code constrains me to do all I can.*

JAMES MERRILL

LOVE'S EDGE

*It is summer in my apartment, like last summer.
I have only to touch the thermostat,
the air cools and fans.
What was that? A light turns on and off
at a distance, as if someone crossed
between me and fire,—or was signaling.
Possibly the wind bent a branch across
a lighted window, or an automobile
turned away.
Her passion was almost unnoticeable,
—like the statue of Saint Teresa in ecstasy,
looking to heaven, a single toe crooked sharply,
her mouth barely open, showing the edge
of a marble tongue. How was I to know?
Flesh is a ghost, inarticulate.*

STANLEY MOSS

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Senator Fulbright

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Poet at the Podium

SIDNEY BERNARD

Mr. Bernard is New York editor of Literary Times and roving editor of The Smith.

Russian poetry has taken to the road in a theatrical sense—and has stirred an extraordinary audience response in the case of the United States, in "stick" towns like New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and San Francisco. The two leading exemplars—Yevtushenko and Voznesensky—of the Russian school of poetry-as-recital did, in a way, no more than what comes naturally on home grounds. The forte—especially since Mayakovsky—of declamation, of "styling" poetry as an acted-out experience, was what gave the road shows their vibrancy. By and large, the American experience has been different—at least insofar as acted-out poetry goes. The closest example was of course Dylan Thomas—and he was an on-loan quantity at most. Earlier, and indeed, milder, examples were—Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg. But the guitar, more than voice and theatrical effects, was the adjunct to the lines. The general rule could be put: whereas Russian poets, at least in recital, get in front of the poetry, American poets get behind it; even in the Read-Ins against the war in Vietnam, this basic style does not change. In any case, Yevtushenko and Voznesensky stirred U.S. poetry juices, as did, too, Pablo Neruda, who in his own way is an exemplar, within the Spanish-speaking poetry tradition, of the same style of declamative verse. The contrast, finally, was dramatically on view when Voznesensky gave his New York recital; here the Russian and several American poets (who read translations) appeared together and the two styles got full, back-to-back display.

For Yevgeny Yevtushenko's reading last fall, the calls for tickets were coming into the 92nd Street YM/YWHA at a flood tide—not simply from regulars but from poetry lovers like *Time*, *Life* and *Newsweek*. Less than 700 seats, and just about all of Manhattan suddenly wanted in. Nor did it help much if you had a friend at the Russian Embassy, or knew so-and-so at the poet's New York publishing house, or had to be there to cover the reading. Best you could get, finally, was a ticket to closed-circuit in the art gallery, adjacent to the auditorium. After which you, and most others in the gallery, managed to slip through unguarded doors, ending up hugging the auditorium's dark mahogany walls for the reading.

After a half hour's delay, the reading was opened by Robert Lowell. A long table at stage right bristled with three microphones—before two of which sat a short, bearded interpreter, Edward L. Keenan, and the poet's English reader, Barry Boys, a handsome young actor. Lowell, tall, a little stooped, came to the stand-up microphone at stage center, and waited several seconds for the crowd to quiet down. Hesitant, and with an air of almost painful diffidence, he then began his remarks by alluding to Yevtushenko as a "world-wide cultural and political figure." One who had, Lowell continued, stood up for a number of causes, among them the right of poets to talk about politics. Lowell, now crossing his legs in splayed position, now drawing back from the microphone to score a point, referred in passing to his own political confrontation, offering in a fillip of irony the thought that "if you're Jane Austen, you can ignore Napoleonic wars if you want to."

The undercurrent of Lowell's brief introduction seemed more than just hands-across-the-border protocol. There was an edge to his words, as of hanging lightning; and the diffidence of delivery, the way he clasped and unclasped his hands, the steps he took (as if in pain) away and toward the microphone, all added to a taut portrait in motion of a middle-aged poet doing battle with himself—and in a way for the audience looking on—to find that means by which art and conscience merge and must stand. He made a small joke of what Yevtushenko had told him, that we must find a way "to get rid of the two black cats that stand in our paths." And he ended his remarks with what seemed an invocation: "I have a sense of a classical moment, of someone Greek standing in the wing, preferably a lady, telling us that the hour is one of danger. . . ." He hesitated again, pursed his mouth, put away the few scratch notes he held, notes that he referred to only once or twice. Robert Lowell then said the words, "I give you Yevgeny Yevtushenko," and he was off behind the curtains even before the Russian poet came forward.

That sense of foreboding, grave but gritty, gave way to a lighter mood, as Yevtushenko looked out at the crowd. He is tall—aged 33—and carries himself with almost a bamboo give. He was wearing a gray polo shirt, which fell in a neat line below the waist of his gray-and-white striped trousers. For several seconds his eyes, which under

the lights had a blue-gray brightness, did a darting dance to all sections of the hall.

Yevtushenko's sharp bony face was a polygraph—and remained so all evening long—of a whole range of inner tunes, and the one that registered first, as the crowd applauded and cheered him (some from their seats and many who were standing) was of a man happy for the greeting but impatient for the poetry. His first words were "Spasibo . . . thanks for coming," given in Russian, and then repeated by the translator, who had joined him at the microphone. When the crowd finally eased back in their seats, the poet reminded them that they might have had enough of speeches, during the last days of an election, and that in any case he was there for the poetry. Yevtushenko nodded to his reader who came forward from the table, while the poet and translator returned to it, and the evening was opened with Boys reading "Babi Yar" from manuscript.

No monument stands over Babi Yar

—the opening line, read by Boys in motionless calm, brought a soft ripple of recognition from the audience. Boys soon gained momentum, now weaving the lines, now drumming them across in a tone of anger. At the table, the poet cast a sharp eye through the hall. He shifted in his seat, or cupped his cheek tightly with his hand. And his angular face, lips pale and expressive, hair a finespun brown and cut short, was never quiescent. When Boys rang out the three jagged lines, "Hounded./ spat on./ slandered," a cold anger flickered across Yevtushenko's features. And when he came to the Anne Frank passage:

I seem to be

Anne Frank

transparent

as a branch in April.

And I love.

And have no need of phrases.

Yevtushenko's face lit up in innocence. At the end of the piece, the poet rose from his seat and exchanged places with Boys. He waited for the applause to fade and then recited "Babi Yar" in his own tongue, from memory. He employed a sharp, evenly paced declamative style, with stiff or sweeping gestures of the hands, the hands now and then molded into fists; and his lean body full of sway, as if to dance the muse. And the voice, pitched a little high and silvery, a voice of near-inexhaustible drive.

"Babi" was followed by "Sleep My Beloved," a lyric charged with soft lamentation, which Boys and the poet recited in near-hushed tones, drawing audible sighs here and there. Next came

"Portrait of Childhood," which delineated a moment of violence, as well as of shame and disgust, out of the poet's youth (the violence of a gang of toughs beating up a stranger)—Yevtushenko giving the lines a passion that fell on the ears like blows. A lighter and broadly satiric mood came next, a sort of filmic Baedeker of international James Bonds called "Impressions of the Western Cinema." Here the poet drew rounds of laughs and some mock hissing as he ticked off a veritable rogues' gallery of spies (including ". . . the Chinese agent, the gaunt Li Chu"). Also "The City of Yes, the City of No," which described the poet's metaphorical journeying between the No city ("Each object there/ sullenly scowls") and the Yes city (where "Any star in the sky/ just begs to fall into your hands")—the long and bitter "Colosseum," a monograph on man's cruelty from the sacrificial days of Rome to the more impersonal killing of the nuclear age ("Hallooers./ hounders./ from your safe seats/ you squeal/ at us to be fearless")—and the two ending poems, "Why Did You Do That?" and "Hail in Kharkov," the latter a joyous, Dylanesque evocation of falling sheets of hail, on one level, and a political rally cry (anti-Stalinist) on another. (The poem's theme: people who run from a storm—and people, the young in heart, who revel in it.) The English translations were those of George Reavey and Geoffrey Dutton, about half and half.

It was a two-hour set, with no intermission. And with a question period to come, announced by Yevtushenko with a broad grin, which could have been read as glee *plus* a small anxiety. What came out, and soon enough, was something in between the two—i.e., a waspish show of temper on Yevtushenko's part that was a surprise to some and worth laughs to others. The Q. and A. went this way: *Man* (from far back): "What did you think of Senator Robert Kennedy?" (The poet met Kennedy, the day before, at the Senator's New York apartment.) *Poet* (crisply): "An interesting man. . . ." *Lady* (with cultivated voice): "What is your *pheelosophy* of poetry?" (Question arrives as if by fourth-class mail.) *Poet* (blinking): "I write poetry—that is my *philosophy*." *Man* (cautiously): "What do you think of the poetry of Mao Tse-tung?" (Audience laughs.) *Poet*: "Well—I hadn't thought. . . . Maybe the same as he thinks of mine." *Man*: "Would you read some more—Mandelstam, Pushkin . . . (this or that) poem of yours?" *Poet* (tartly): "I don't believe in dictation. Not from audiences, or elsewhere." *Man*: "What

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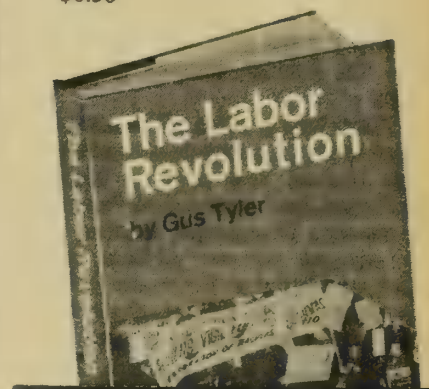
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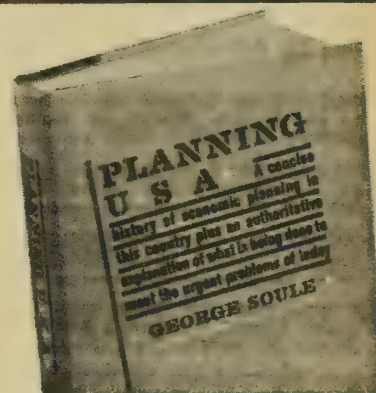
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is your relationship with John Steinbeck?" *Poet*: "My relationship with him is—private." *Man*: "Is your pretty wife, Galina, with you? We'd like to meet her." *Poet* (quickly): "Maybe she wouldn't like to meet you." And more questions, some perhaps not so "loaded."

The crowd was a broad mix of New York's cultural *cognoscenti*—college youths of both the brushed and lank-haired variety, assistant English professor types, people from the stage and concert halls, several poets from above and below the 14th Street geographical line (i.e., the line that separates *avant* from establishment poets in terms of, say, style, if not necessarily politics) and a good number of older, and old-European types who in the main appeared to be getting the full drift of both the English and the Russian versions of the readings.

There was a sense all evening of the electricity of a happening, combined with the bravura (the latter a touch old-fashioned, and maybe even "square") of a one-man Chautauqua, Russian version. By contrast, our own readings, say from Richard Wilbur to Marianne Moore, are to Yevtushenko what a sleek GM car is to a troika. Soundless gear shifting,

in one case; an earthy clobber of wheels on cobblestones, in the other. As to the poetry, the differences seem just as sharp. Where most established American poets are private, alienated and/or Ivy League-paced, Yevtushenko is open, didactic and full of immediacy. Put another way, our poets seem to "suffer" their art; Yevtushenko beards his and comes up with a song.

There is, of course, an affinity between the Russian poet and our own *avant*,

those of the East Side explosion starting with Allen Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti. The *avant*, as is Yevtushenko, are attacking establishment mores, but pot rather than politics is the spur. (Vietnam excepted.) And only in Ferlinghetti, among the *avant*, do you get an approximation of Yevtushenko's lyricism, and then only fleetingly. As to the poems' lasting or literary qualities, this was almost beside the point. On one level alone, the performing one, he is a poet to see.

A Murderous Solvent

NEAR THE OCEAN. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 123 pp. \$6.

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches English at Columbia University.

Robert Lowell's new book is entitled *Near The Ocean*; yet we discover as we read that it is a strangely hostile ocean; a place from which the Gorgon's head is fished up "with all its stranded snakes uncoiled/ here beheaded and despoiled." There are no voyages to be made on or under this water. All one can do is sink into it, with "eyes worn white as moons from hitting-bottom."

Indeed, Lowell's title takes on new meaning if we consider the first image in the book: a chinook salmon, "nosing up to the impossible/ stone and bone-crushing waterfall—/ raw-jawed, weak-fleshed there." The salmon batters its life out on the way upstream, trying wildly to outlast the current that drags it back toward the ocean.

Already in *Lord Weary's Castle* Lowell's water was a murderous solvent: the very element of that self-destructive violence which overwhelms the rhetoric of the book with its knotted rhythms, its glimpse of past America dragged down by a kind of vengeance. The poet's life is described in the book as a precarious balance, "skating on thin ice," while "Whore and Beast and Dragon rise for air/ From allegoric waters." Lowell's heroes in *Lord Weary's Castle* were Christ and Ahab. Even his tormented Catholicism was above all a confrontation with the concealed energies of the sea, where "the ghost/ of risen Jesus walks the waves." As for Ahab, one suspects that he is the hero Lowell already knew he was not: Ahab turned to face the ocean that maimed him. Lowell's hard rhetoric leads him upstream, away from the ambiguous "asylum" of water.

The new volume, *Near The Ocean*,

contains some memorable lines and stanzas, yet on the whole it is a disappointing book. The group of five poems, from which the title is taken, occupy almost half the volume. The rest is devoted, for the most part, to a number of translations in the Lowell manner, plus too many undistinguished drawings by Sidney Nolan, illustrating lines and couplets from the poems themselves. The whole is eked out by careful page composition, meant to inflate a rather meager volume to the full size befitting the stature—one hopes not equally inflated—of "our greatest poet."

What disappoints, however, is not so much the size or page design of the volume but the sense rather that we have been here before. Lowell's tense rhythms, the harsh formality of his style, create a mood that is curiously impersonal, held at a distance from the life which the poet seems to be confessing. It is an impersonality of surfaces, as if Lowell, "skating on thin ice," had devoted all his considerable verbal power to the task of bolstering, ordering and tying together what is utterly familiar. Most of the poems are written in doggerel couplets, rhymed and slant rhymed. The result is a hurried rhetoric which, at its best, has a swift, almost classical incisiveness to it, as in these lines near the end of "Waking Early Sunday Morning":

Only man thinning out his kind
sounds through the Sabbath noon, the
blind
swipe of the pruner and his knife
busy about the tree of life . . .

Here the hard surface of the poem gives way for a moment; the violence of war becomes strangely quiet; the wit of "man thinning out his kind" gains a haunting profundity from the steady "blind swipe" of the hand that trims life with death. Too often, however, Lowell gives in to the natural energy of doggerel verse: an energy apt for satire and neat epigrams,

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but not for the power and the self-revealing violence which the poet intends. As a result, the poems often appear unsettled. They start off in several directions at once, keeping the reader from a sustained commitment to the attitudes and images Lowell describes. Almost all of "Fourth of July in Maine" moves in this undecided way from descriptive, broadside couplets like these:

*Civil Rights clergy face again
the scions of the good old strain,
the poor who always must remain
poor and Republican in Maine.*

to the familiar family poetry of *Life Studies* ("Dear Cousin, life is much the same," etc.), to a momentary gesture toward the sublime:

*We watch the logs fall. Fire once gone,
we're done for: we escape the sun,
rising and setting, a red coal,
until it cinders like the soul.*

Fragmentation has always been ■ danger in Lowell's work. His poems, even at their best, do not have a sustained, dramatic impetus. The unit his imagination works best with is the line, the couplet or the stanza. Rarely does he extend his vision beyond that, preferring instead to begin again, to proceed by sudden, unaccountable shifts, by changes of voice. As if his imagination had lost interest after its initial thrust, or was unwilling to follow its own momentum down beneath the mosaic of surfaces. One rarely feels a texture of inevitability behind the shifts, as in a many-voiced poem like "The Waste Land." The real difficulty of *Lord Weary's Castle*, for example, lies not so much in its cluttered rhetoric as in the discontinuity of the poems: their abrupt shifts of imagery and theme are erratic or simply too private to be transferred into the reader's imagination.

Of all Lowell's works, *Life Studies* comes closest to solving this problem of discontinuity. The confessional mood of the book is sustained throughout. Such poems as "Beyond the Alps," or the series of commemorative poems in Part Three, have a density which is never cluttered. They express Lowell, perhaps, at his best. Yet it is a curiously unpoetic best. Though his verse is hard and incisive, its very swiftness has ■ quality of epigrammatic prose. It is worldly in a way that a certain kind of 18th-century rhetoric is worldly. Lowell is, in Pope's sense, a student of man: a student of those presentable, if terrible, surfaces which are turned outward, made into social habits, familiar attitudes, even into familiar pains. The prose fragment which forms the heart of *Life Studies* reads like a series of

painful, self-rendering anecdotes for a society column. The style is brilliant and kaleidoscopic, pointing in anecdote after anecdote toward an emptiness of emotion, and an underlying fear which it keeps always at a distance as if to have allowed their eruptive rhythms into the light of language would have been indecorous.

Lowell's many-times-great-grandfather spoke wisely to him from his portrait frame: "We are all dealers in used furniture." There is indeed too much used furniture in this world of angular emotions, of pains told in a loud voice, as if they had passed through many hands, retaining the smell of each, but the singular, delicate nuance of none. A brilliant prose imagination is at work in *Life Studies*, which gets no closer to the ocean—to the eruptive energies beneath the surface—than the Hill in Boston where that other dry-docked commodore, father Lowell, kept house, instilling a distrust of depths into his son which he has since wrestled with but rarely conquered.

For the Union Dead stands out because in half a dozen of its poems the familiar worldly violence transforms itself. A quiet voice is heard, as if something in Lowell's imagination had begun anew turning the tools of his language toward some "infinitely tender, infinitely suffering thing." Think of these stanzas in Fall, 1961:

*Our end drifts nearer,
the moon lifts,
radiant with terror.
The state
is a diver under a glass bell.*

*A father's no shield
for his child.
We are like a lot of wild
spiders crying together
but without tears.*

There is indeed nothing to protect us, no literary shield for the shock of what such an image of "wild spiders" reveals. If our analogy of the ocean has any value, then Lowell is closer here to the ocean than anywhere in his poetry. The character in "The Mouth of the Hudson" "drifts with the wild ice/ ticking seaward down the Hudson." There is a poignancy in the final words of the poem "Water."

*We wished our two souls
might return like gulls
to the rock. In the end
the water was too cold for us.*

Poems like this open a breach in the vigorous play of surfaces which has always characterized Lowell. Their consistency, for once, is not "literary"; it is personal in a way that the confessional poems have not often been.

Our cultural world in America is singularly unattuned to poetry. Our sensibility, at ease with the novel, distrusts what the peculiar, unnarrative rhythms of poetry have to say: the concern with quietness and depths, the imagery of the unconscious mind, the inwardness. Lowell's poetry avoids these meditative rhythms. By avoiding the "ocean," by fleeing into prose, he has created a language in which the novel readers can be at home. It is a poetry which describes, but does not respond to, the exasperated rhythm of our cities. Lowell, in his brilliant, pained way, sets out to tell it as it is. If the poems are nervous and violent, it is because our own scene is nervous and violent. If the poems are fragmented, it is because our world is stifled and discontinuous. Lowell tells and dramatizes for us what we know: the neuroses, the family struggle, the ugliness.

Missing too often from his style is that element of praise which, for Rilke,

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100 Years of Fighting Stampedes *

NATION has managed to survive, the Decatur (Illinois) *Herald* observed on the occasion of our centennial, "by fighting stampedes for over 100 years."

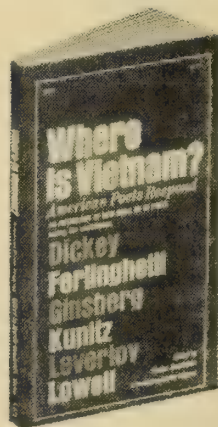
Heading off stampedes is peculiarly American; the country has the energy and space to set hoofs really thundering. We call to mind only a few of the most irrational flights: the jingoism that plunged us into wars with Mexico and Spain, the hypocritical hysteria of Prohibition, the "uproar" of McCarthyism, "Let's Get Hoffa!," "Send in the Marines!" (to Haiti, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, etc.), "we must beat the Russians to the moon," the anti-missile missile, the SST. The list is long. Some of the stampedes of the last 102 years ran over us roughshod, some we slowed a bit, some we helped to stop. But there are few we failed to challenge. If you think *Bonanza* is where the action is, come out on the range with *The Nation*.

*("Stampede, any headlong flight of a large group; from the Mex.-Sp. estampida or 'uproar.'")

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was the poet's special gift, as he wrote in the Ninth Elegy:

*Are we here perhaps just to say:
house, bridge, well, gate, fruit tree,
window —
at most column, tower . . . but to say,
understand this, to say it
as the Things themselves never
fervently thought to be.*

That, for Rilke, is what the suffering was for: to recompose, out of the intense experience, what would otherwise have been indescribable. Not only to tell the storm, but to see through it, into the eye of the storm.

At Full Speed

THE LOST PILOT. By James Tate. Yale University Press. 72 pp. \$3.75. Paper \$1.45.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

Mr. Rosenthal is professor of English at New York University. He is the author, most recently, of *The New Poets* (Oxford University Press).

As with so many of the recent Yale Series of Younger Poets volumes, James Tate's *The Lost Pilot* gives us poetry of speed more than of power. Most of the poems zip down the slide toward punch-line endings. They gather notes of joy or poignancy on the way; then there's a splash, and *voilà!* that one's over. Seldom can we get a purchase on the poem in mid-slide. Seldom, despite Dudley Fitts's introductory praise of the poet's technical mastery, are the internal effects and balances any more than momentary brakes on the downward movement. Witness "Death on Columbus Day":

*Sometimes you can hear the naked will
working, like the ocean becoming a
shore
yesterday, and the day before,
the trees shrinking away,
even the more transitional phase of
seasons,
the tenacious skidding of a gone
summer,
the cleaving to lusciousness,
and (you can see all this
from your window if you wash it
regularly, if you are afraid to go out)
even whole environments,
giants of varying kindness,
dissolve, and you, your pupils,
yes, blue as they may appear,
are, when you think about it,
acolytes to all destruction.*

This particular poem consists of a single sentence, in some disarray, full of perhaps interesting thoughts if it had

the time to stop and sort them out, but in a hurry despite them to make its final point. Rather a striking start, but then in the second line the syntax grows awkward and we shoot through a number of images without an opportunity to relate to them before the parenthetical thought—suggestive in itself—interrupts the speeding curve momentarily. Afterward, the series of images of irreversible dissolution is resumed, with the final twinge at the last line suggesting something undemonstrable, that the process is somehow helped by human consciousness.

That is to say, there are meaningful thoughts, feelings, impulses here, but the ordering is minimal, really insufficient. The justification might be that the poem seeks to evoke in a single quick sweep the pervasiveness of the death principle. The loss of what is to hand, of all our "known" reality, seems to take place in the wink of an eye. All right, but in the process some fine possibilities have been subordinated to the emergence of a near cliché. The more jumbled the preceding structure, the greater the poet's desire for a knockout ending, and so the pseudo-profundity of the highly arguable conclusion.

I hate to hear myself carping so, for certainly a number of these poems are very much alive. There are bright movements of darting association, as in "Coming Down Cleveland Avenue," which Fitts praises most highly of all. He likes its "weird and substantial" character, its "giddy *bouffée surréaliste*." So do I, though I should add that its high-spirited, amiably satirical buffoonery, and its sexily gay gallantry at the end, particularly lend themselves to Tate's accelerated style as well as to his love of natural, unaffected speech. It is a bit reminiscent of some of Ferlinghetti's earlier, more sprightly effects, and of Jacques Prévert:

*At one point
you even lay down
your coat, and she, in
turn, puts hers down for
you. And you put your
shirt down, and she, her
blouse, and your pants,
and her skirt, shoes —
removes her lavender
underwear and you slip
into her proud, white skin.*

It's fun, and one overlooks that the last line is not all that good—is an improvisation that stops the movement amusingly but too seamlessly, as it were. It is "young poetry," as Fitts says, though not as "utterly new" as he claims. The poem is of a piece with "Violins" ("She knew how to make a moment famous"),

with "Why I Will Not Get Out of Bed" ("I don't love you"—that's the reason the speaker in this poem of liberation from romantic bondage proffers for not getting up, filling its lines with a universe yet to be explored and re-explored), and with a few other sparklers.

I am reasonably sure that for Tate the main burden of his book is carried by the poems in a more somber vein. The title poem has to do with the loss of his father who, the jacket tells us, "was reported missing over Germany" five months after the son's birth in 1943. It is a complaint against this loss, and against the ambiguity of the meaning of survival and of the son's own identity. The father was lost at the age of 22, and the poem conceives of him as the child must have done, as orbiting endlessly about the earth. The son could not have been much older when he wrote "The Lost Pilot." In it he suggests that his father has avoided the "rot" of actual survival, has escaped his destiny to become hardened into an immortal and unreachable symbol, "hard like ebony" or "like a tiny, African god." The sense of meanings that one has to try to gather up quickly but still cannot hold onto, meanings that account for everything but that are forbidden and guilty, is perfectly summed up in its final lines. The thought here suggests a rationale for Tate's poetic method, and at the same time helps account for the pain in the poem. "To Mother on Father's Day," the suicidal imagery in a number of the poems, and the curious linking in others of motifs of passion with those of despair. In poems like these, as opposed to the ones that are simply thrown away by the pell-mell method, more than a hint is given us of the possibilities for poetic realization in this vigorous writer, whose work at the present time only barely contains the pressure of his emotional intensities:

*My head cocked towards the sky,
I cannot get off the ground,
and, you, passing over again,*

*fast, perfect, and unwilling
to tell me that you are doing
well, or that it was mistake*

*that placed you in that world,
and me in this; or that misfortune
placed these worlds in us.*

This special poetry issue of the Books and the Arts section was prepared jointly by Helen Yglesias, Literary Editor and Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor.

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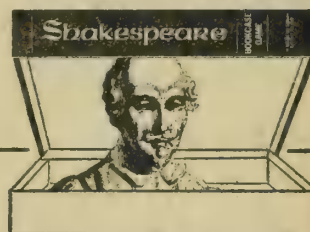


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Translating Cesar Vallejo

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

Mr. Eshleman is a poet and translator who teaches at New York University. The Peruvian poet, César Vallejo (1892-1938), while hardly known in the United States, is one of the great figures in Latin American poetry. Of part Indian ancestry, Vallejo eloquently voices in his work the sufferings of the Indians and other underprivileged peoples. His books of poetry include *Los Heraldos Negros*, *Trilce and España*, *Aparta de Mi Este Cáliz (Spain Give to Me This Cup)*, the last a group of poems resulting from his alignment with the cause of the Republic in the Spanish Civil War. His last book, *Poemas Humanos*, posthumously published in Spanish, will be published in English this year by Grove Press. Mr. Eshleman is the translator of this collection of ninety-four poems.

"Intensity & Height" is considered to be one of the great sonnets of the Spanish language; it is also a fair indication of what a poet faces in translating César Vallejo.

Most apparent is the difficulty in handling the end words of the octet, all of which come as surprises and swing the eight lines through their all-in-nothing, nothing-in-all dialectic, which is itself grounded in the pithy *uma* and hollow *ollo* end-rhymes. I decided that if I could make a listener hear an octet in my English, even though it was not a perfect one, then by a shift of rhythms I could move into the sestet.

The first major problem is with "*me atollo*." *Atollarse* means to be stuck in the mud; it is a crude rural shout, for which we have only swear words. As the reader can see, the word I choose for "*me atollo*" determines the word used

for the second jawbreaker, "*cogollo*," in line 4, since the *uma* rhymes fall pretty naturally into "spume," "sum" and "puma." As a matter of fact, I decided upon "stick" for "*me atollo*" unaware that in some notes on the poem I had written "neck" as one possibility for "*cogollo*." "Stick" lacks the reverberation and exactness of "*me atollo*," yet it *does* stick, and end-jams the line. "*Cogollo*" drove me crazy for four years, during which time I kept trying to figure out how I could say "cabbage-heart" or "plant-shoot" in such a way that a second denotation of the Spanish word—"apex"—(which Vallejo plays off against "pyramid" earlier in the line) would obtain. When I understood that the cabbage-heart joins plant to earth, a head/body image came forth. I decided that a pyramid with a neck was about as strange as Vallejo's line and would force an attentive reader into the deeper implications in such a way that "root" or "core" would not.

The English lines begin to lengthen out naturally in the second stanza. Vallejo's great sixth line again cuts on two levels that are nearly impossible to suggest with one English word: *encebollarse*, which makes a verb out of *cebollo* (onion) and which must have originated in a Spanish kitchen, does not mean that Vallejo wants to make an onion out of himself; rather, while carrying the common meaning it also means to defraud oneself or to be bundled (as onions), to be infuriated before the dishonest proposition of the laurel. "Wreathed in garlic" was suggested to me by the poet, Cid Corman. The phrase carries much

of the frustration, keeps my homemade rhyme scheme going and, more than anything else, suggests Vallejo's wit, which is much more frequent in the Spanish of *Poemas Humanos* than I can keep up with in my English.

The last two octet lines were less exasperating to catch; while we have "brume" for "*bruma*" I decided against it because it is too heavy. Using "mist" I hit my fourth "ick" "eck" "lic" sound and then could round off the octet by choosing "evolution," a very weighted word, from the number of possibilities "*desarrollo*" suggests. The heavy *u* in evolution picks up the *umes* and *ums*, and somehow I have myself an octet. I should mention here that the choice of "evolution" against, say, "unwinding" has a lot to do with knowing the other ninety-three poems in the book. Vallejo believed there was no God without evolution.

The shout "Let's go," at which point the poem beautifully turns—faced with the impossibility of resolution in the octet to explore what we're stuck with and *can* do in the sestet—is the first of a series of tighteners reining movement in. Here I did not want to push my former luck with end-words, so I built two compact units in which any rhyme at all is internalized. The last line of the poem was most ornery: *cuerva* is a she-crow or female jackdaw (or maybe even a lady rook), but there is no one-word equivalent in English and I could not make one up without ruining the poem's effect. What I finally chose was a compromise, held in place hopefully by the quick *ate* echoing.

A translator's talents are at best tools for his first task: to annihilate himself, facing another's inspiration.

INTENSIDAD Y ALTURA

Quiero escribir, pero me sale espuma,
quiero decir muchísimo y me atollo;
no hay cifra hablada que no sea suma,
no hay pirámide escrita, sin cogollo.

Quiero escribir, pero me siento puma;
quiero laurearme, pero me encebollo.
No hay toz hablada, que no llegue a bruma,
no hay dios ni hijo de dios, sin desarrollo.

Vámonos, pues, por eso, a comer yerba,
carne de llanto, fruta de gemido,
nuestra alma melancólica en conserva.

Vámonos! Vámonos! Estoy herido;
vámonos a beber lo ya bebido,
vámonos, cuervo, a fecundar tu cuerva.

INTENSITY & HEIGHT

I want to write, but it comes out spume,
I want to say so much & I stick;
there's no cipher spoken not a sum,
no pyramid written, without neck.

I want to write, but I feel myself, puma!
I want the laurel but I'm wreathed in garlic.
There's no cough spoken that doesn't come to mist,
no god or son of god, without evolution.

Let's go then for this & feed
on grass, weep flesh, groan fruit,
our melancholy soul canned.

Let's go! Let's go! I'm hit;
let's go drink that already drunk,
crow, let's go fecundate your mate.

27 OCTOBER 1937

Interior and Exterior Worlds

NORTHFIELD POEMS. By A. R. Ammons. Cornell University Press. 69 pp. \$3.95.

JOHN LOGAN

Mr. Logan is professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of *Ghosts of the Heart* (University of Chicago Press) and *Spring of the Thief* (Alfred A. Knopf).

A. R. Ammons is one of the most prolific and, at the same time, most intelligent gifted poets of recent years. *Northfield Poems* is his third book to appear in two years—with *Corsons Inlet* and *Tape for the Turn of the Year*—and there were two others in the previous ten-year period; *Ommateum* (which was privately printed) and *Expressions of Sea Level*.

Tape for the Turn of the Year, perhaps the most interesting single volume, is a continuing poem, mainly unrevised, which Ammons composed by inserting one end of an adding machine tape in a typewriter and proceeding to the other end. The imposed limitation of form apparently provided a pressure which helped to produce some very beautiful writing, all 200 pages of it in the mode of a journal extending over a period of about a month. The long, thin poem is occasionally ascetic in its effect (as an El Greco figure) and again it is snakelike. There is a passage where the poem shows a striking self-recognition of its phallic character:

*If I had a flute: wdn't
it be fine
to see this long thin
poem
rise out of the waste-
basket:
the charmed erection,
stiffening, uncoiling?*

Another passage catches from inside the work, toward its end, the speaker's sense of his own utterance:

*I wrote about these
days
the way life gave them:
I didn't know
beforehand what I
wd write, whether I'd meet
anything new: I
showed that I'm sometimes
blank and abstract,
sometimes blessed with song: some-
times
silly, vapid, serious,
angry, despairing.*

The free form of the poem (despite its strict limitation on line length) and its willingness to risk "prose" and looser

diction, has given it an utterly original tone, a curious blend of confession, lyricism and observation of two kinds—the strikingly concrete and the near abstract.

All three of these qualities recur in other books though there is less of the first—indeed less personal portraiture of any direct kind—in *Ommateum*. Confession begins with *Expressions of Sea Level* where, combined with childhood reminiscence as in "Nelly Myers" and "Silver" it has given us some of the most beautiful poems of our time:

*I will not end my grief, earth will
not end my grief,
I move on,
we move on, some scraps of us to-
gether,
my broken soul leaning toward her to
be touched,
listening to be healed.*

A number of poems in *Expressions*, *Corsons Inlet* and *Northfield*, as the names of the latter two hint, are based on experiences of places in South Jersey—where Mr. Ammons was for many years an executive in a chemical glass factory before turning to teaching.

Ammons' voice is unique and would

not fail to be recognized even in the first book:

*So I said I am Ezra
and the wind whipped my throat
gaming for the sounds of my voice
I listened to the wind
go over my head and up into the night.*

There is a return to the oracular, Old Testament-like persona of "Ezra" in the poem "The Wind Coming Down From" in the present volume. The poems of this book reiterate several motifs we are familiar with from the others, and they range from the highly abstract game-stance of "The Numbers":

*be confident;
as you turn to the numbers
veracity
links segment to segment: a sausage
bliss!*

through the lecture-like sound of "The Motions" to the Biblical incantation of "Joshua Tree" on the one hand or the very direct, sure, imitative dialect of "First Carolina Said Song" on the other:

*We got there just in time to see her
buried
in an oak grove up
back of the field:
its grewed over with soapbushes and
huckleberries now.*

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which the speaker relates to the wind,
who instructs him to

*settle here
by this Joshua Tree
and make a well.*

The speaker, after lamenting that he is

*consigned to
form that will not
let me loose
except to death*

so that he "must go on" until then,
asks that later the wind—muse-like and
yet like a man—

*enter angling through
my cage
and let my ribs
sing me out.*

The wind is a frequent persona in the

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poems, as breath itself becomes fleshed
out. Considering wind as breath one be-
gins to see the connection between the
poems of external landscape and the ele-
ments (which fill the first book and
reappear here) and the poems of in-
ternal geography.

*When I go back of my head
down the cervical well, roots
branch
turning, figuring
into flesh.*

I don't like the line "meat's indivisible
stuff" because its texture jars with the
rest of the *coulage* of diction, but other-
wise this poem, "Landscape with Fig-
ures," is one of the strongest in the col-
lection.

There is a constant playing off
of the interior world of mind and cells
against the exterior world of things
where self lies dispersed and in need
of the gathering force of a poem. The
rapport of interior and exterior is itself
expressed in a perfect short poem en-
titled "Reflective," which I give here
entire:

*I found a
weed
that had a*

*mirror in it
and that
mirror*

*looked in at
a mirror
in*

*me that
had a
weed in it.*

The half-solipsistic character of this is
projected beautifully to trees in a fuller
sense in the poem "Halfway":

*birches stand
in*

*pools of them-
selves, the yellow
fallen*

*leaves reflecting
those on
the tree that
mirror the ground*

From the idea of external—reflected—
in—internal, one can move rather easily
to the notion of the cosmos reflected in
small in one of its parts, as in the strik-
ing poem, "The Constant," where the
galaxy-like, moving film of sand in the
water of a clam shell seems to reflect
the scope of sky, so that:

*a gull's toe could spill the universe:
two more hours of sun could dry it up;
a higher wind could rock it out. . . .*

There is a marvelous imaging of the

tentativeness with which things "live and
move and have their being" as the Old
Fellow said. This mood is seconded in
"Contingency" where, contemplating all
the life and change started by a sprinkler,
one reflects that:

*a turn of the faucet
dries every motion up.*

And it is brought into a new key in the
poem, "Zone," which suggests that a
myth of creation is completed only by
its parallel myth of uncreation. There is
a constant need for recovery, whether
for the shadows of trees (in "Recovery")
or for time future (in "Passage")—

*tomorrow emerges and
falls back shaped into today: end-
lessly*

—or for the life of a man himself. For
poets this latter kind of recovery is ac-
complished by the writing of poems,
and when the poems are as good as
these, it is sometimes accomplished for
others by reading them.

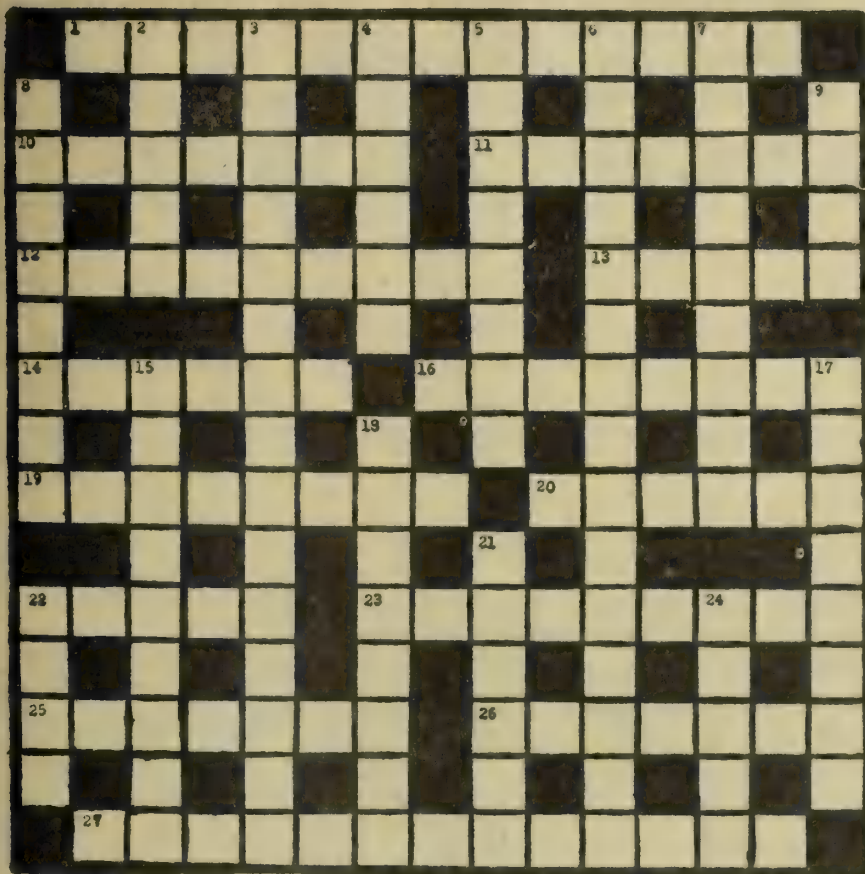
Intellectuality is a prime trait of
Ammons' work, as is suggested by the
abstract character of several titles in the
new book: "Height," "Reflective," "Con-
tingency," "Interference," "Salience." Sometimes, as in the latter poem and in
"One-Many"—two of the most ambi-
tious and strongest poems in the book
—there is too much cerebration de-
manded of the reader, I believe, before
the poem begins to burgeon. There are
some other faults. Occasionally the
poems seem to lack vigor. Occasionally
influence obtrudes itself, as that of
Marianne Moore in "Uh, Philosophy"
or of Dylan Thomas in these punning,
elegiac lines:

*If bleak through the black night
we could outrun
this knowledge into a different morn-
ing!*

or of T. S. Eliot in this passage: "though
the world ends and cannot end" and
"To death, the diffuse one going beside
me, I said. . . ." (Yet the most perva-
sive influences—those of William Car-
los Williams and Ezra Pound—have been
well assimilated to form a highly original
body of work.) There are occasional bad
lines: "O ablutions!" Yet, a careful look
at the whole body of Ammons' work,
particularly *Tape for the Turn of the
Year* and the new book, will show that
we are dealing with a major talent, one
who has the courage and the heuristic
power to discover new form, as well as
the eye and the ear and the mind to
hold us and to give us what Thomas
called "the momentary peace of the
poem."

Crossword Puzzle No. 1198

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Everything depends on the little things? You're surely not so out-dated! (2, 2, 3, 6)
- 10 Proving the normal amount with drinks makes for ostentatious shows. (7)
- 11 Hide more than a confidential letter? (7)
- 12 It serves some purpose in cutting out an Arab's meal, possibly. (5, 4)
- 13 Plunge into water to perform and employ it. (5)
- 14 Raising one taken away for measures of a sort, if small. (6)
- 16 What a specialist might have to so badly finish with 22 down. (8)
- 19 See 9 down
- 20 It's a girl Eddie Cantor knew well—obviously the thin type! (6)
- 22 Rather like an ice-cream holder. (5)
- 23 Does it go along with the Arts of the Underground? (If you know it, you're a good scout!) (9)
- 25 One way the beginning is too proper—the other way it's too bitter. What a bloomer! (7)
- 26 Women are supposed to get in this naturally—but that's the price of learning! (7)
- 27 Next to seers, they could be most helpful—and they can't be framed! (7, 6)

DOWN:

- 2 and 22 down—Certain etherial beings put up with them, but it presents a view in depth. (9)

- 3 Tennis ranking, or is a quiet case called for? (5, 2, 3, 5)
- 4 Shut up, in the common sense. (6)
- 5 In the main, what one might expect of a dinner partner. (8)
- 6 An honor granted only in the south of France? That's cutting it pretty fine! (4, 11)
- 7 An outer slum has to be wrecked—it's too shaky! (9)
- 8 Defense statement? (8)
- 9 and 19 across At this place, a sort of neatherd could be ambiguously located. (4, 3, 5)
- 15 Proving the "Nation" and its make-up have a leisurely pace. (9)
- 17 Does one choose to be, if the office is empty? (8)
- 18 It might be chaotic with one of reading, writing, etc., to go "umpty-umpty"! (8)
- 21 Is in one form a large number coming up with explosive results? (6)
- 24 Tiny stage figure, tiny only at times in literature. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1197

ACROSS: 1 and 22 A fate worse than death: 9 Extrude: 10 Shampoo: 11 Arnhem: 12 Wedgwood: 14 Cravats: 17 and 25 Great Britain: 19 Isobars: 21 Building: 23 Scipio: 26 Adamant: 28 and 8 In the year of our Lord. DOWN: 1 Averaging: 2 Actinic: 3 Exuberant: 4 Open: 5 Suspension: 6 Twang: 7 Amphora: 13 Malignancy: 15 Gran Chaco: 16 Defroster: 18 Edition: 20 Soprano: 21 and 15 across Baby grand: 24 Gala.

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LETTERS

Cronkite's role

New York City

DEAR SIR: I had thought I was too busy to answer your Feb. 27 editorial regarding my Johns Hopkins speech. The AFTRA strike, however, has provided me a little more leisure than I had counted on.

I believe there must be a clear, strong, unbreachable line between news and commentary on television and radio. To cross that line ever so narrowly or infrequently is to endanger seriously one's role as an impartial, unprejudiced news editor and broadcaster. . . .

I am not opposed to commentary on the air when it is properly labeled as such, and I think my own program deserves credit for breaking new ground with our use of Eric Sevareid's brilliant essays. But I do not think that is my role on that program. I gather that your writer has missed a daily five-minute analysis that I render on C.B.S. Radio. There . . . the approach is considerably different.

Your writer's second point seems to have missed my point entirely. He seems to think that, because I outlined the problem of cold-war security in what he believes to be the same terms in which the Pentagon outlines that problem, that perforce I accept the Pentagon's solution of the problem. I find nothing in my speech to indicate that I think that. And I think Cronkite, and every citizen, has quite a cause for complaint.

Walter Cronkite

Mother's Day

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIR: To the oft-repeated cliché, "Yes, but what can individual citizens do about the 'big' problems," such as Vietnam, a group of Southern California women are seeking to provide an answer.

Sick of the senseless killing, unintimidated by all of the hawk shot, aware of the essence of time, these ladies, all mothers, have determined that this year's Mother's Day shall have a ringing theme—"Peace."

Calling themselves "Another Mother for Peace," the group has created a simple and beautiful card. The message inside reads, "For my Mother's Day gift this year, I don't want candy or flowers; I want an end to killing. We who have given life must be dedicated to preserving it. Please Talk Peace."

These cards are being distributed, at cost, to other mothers for mailing as Mother's Day cards to their Congressmen, Senators and the President.

A post office box (P.O. Box 69930, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069) has been established to answer inquiries and receive orders for the cards.

Robert H. Shutan

UN drama

New York City

DEAR SIR: The Board of Missions of The Methodist Church is holding, from July 10 to 27, a drama workshop for playwrights to stimulate the writing of scripts based on an exploration and interpretation of the United Nations and the controversial, moral issues involved.

For further information, please write to me at Room 1480, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 10027.

Margaret R. Bender, Executive Secretary
International Affairs, Woman's Division

Bigelow on the floor

Sacramento, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Reagan said, "taxes should hurt." When the \$25,000 rug that Reagan bought for his office is reflected in increased taxes for the average taxpayer . . . it will hurt.

James Winston

EDITORIALS

Moral Double Bookkeeping

Lyndon B. Johnson, in his role of self-righteous moralist, raised the issue of the indivisibility of right and wrong in his speech to the Tennessee legislature, and it has been dutifully echoed in the editorial pages. Even *The New York Times* criticized the peace demonstrations of April 15, which far exceeded in numbers and resolution all previous efforts in that field, on the ground that the demonstrators were pursuing a double standard, depicting "the United States as the epitome of evil and the Vietcong guerrillas and their North Vietnamese allies as the epitome of good." No responsible critic of U.S. policy in Southeast Asia takes any such position, but the preponderance of evil in this war is as clearly on the American side, as the preponderance of evil in World War II was on the Fascist side. One need only consider where the war is being fought.

Neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Rusk, who never tires of the theme that we have been cruelly put upon by the Communists, will ever admit that the latter have a case. But the truth is that we have for many years insisted on a double standard, one for ourselves, one for the rest of the world. William L. Shirer pointed this out with devastating clarity in a recent letter to *The New York Times*. We are punishing North Vietnam, said the President, for "her flagrant violation of the Geneva accords" (which we did not sign but agreed to respect). But these accords forbade foreign intervention in Vietnam, and we have systematically intervened under three Presidents, and encouraged violations by the governments fronting for us in South Vietnam. If North Vietnam can be held guilty of "subverting" South Vietnam and must be punished, should not we be punished for overthrowing governments not to our liking in Iran and Guatemala? "As Athens, before the attack on Syracuse," Mr. Shirer concludes, "as imperial Germany before 1914 and Nazi Germany and imperial Japan before 1939, the United States, it seems to me, is today displaying the arrogance and the irresponsibility of power."

But this shabby double standard not only dominates our international behavior, it permeates our whole culture. "We are the lying society," Margaret Halsey asserts in the *Village Voice* (April 6), and she supports her indictment with the TV quiz scandal, the Richard Nixon broadcast of 1952 in which the candidate exculpated himself with the aid of the spaniel Checkers, the McCarthy era, which goes on without McCarthy, and instance after instance. Sen. Thruston Morton finds that the public has lost confidence in Congress—how could it be otherwise? The reason lies not only in the lax economic morals of Congressmen but in the way in which these predominantly right-wing politicians are supported unanimously by right-wing commentators. Senator Dodd put into the

Congressional Record (April 13) testimonials in his defense by David Lawrence, William Buckley, Jr., John Chamberlain, James J. Kilpatrick and Russell Kirk. Too late for inclusion came William S. White's lament, "The Unending Pursuit of Thomas J. Dodd," in which White castigates the four employees who exposed Dodd, and says he "does not pretend to know the degree of impropriety, *if any*, of which Dodd may in fact be guilty." (Italics added.) Doesn't he read the papers?

The double moral standard within the country feeds the Vietnamese War, and vice versa. Yet the rights and wrongs of most of these issues are not difficult to discern. As Clemenceau said, historians might find many causes of World War I but they could never find that Belgium invaded Germany. The old man could be venomous, but he had been through the Dreyfus case and he had both a clear mind and a sense of justice.

Faithless Men

Grissom, White and Chaffee were in a risky business and the risk caught up with them; tragically it caught up because they put their faith in faithless men. No coroner's jury sitting in inquest on their deaths could fail to return a verdict of negligent homicide.

Proof of this—if proof were needed—came after the article in last week's *Nation*, "NASA: The Image Misfires" by William Hines, had gone to press. The "Phillips Report" referred to in the article, which was withheld from Congress by Administrator James Webb in defiance of an official request, was finally flushed out by Sen. Edward Brooke, the Massachusetts Republican. He elicited the information that North American Aviation, Apollo prime contractor, had been running a slack operation from top to bottom. The report's author, Maj. Gen. S. C. Phillips, Apollo program manager at NASA headquarters, told the Senator and his colleagues at an open hearing:

I felt that the top management of both the corporation and the division (in charge of building the Apollo spacecraft) were not giving sufficient attention to the details of the direction and execution of these contracts, and recommended more attention from that level of management to the details of their problems and progress.

This statement, descriptive of the state of affairs late in 1965, raises important questions. North American Aviation is the second biggest aerospace contractor in the country, in terms of dollar-volume of government business. It is NASA's biggest contractor, and NASA's Apollo project is North American's biggest job. Why was North American's top management paying so little attention to Apollo, and if those in Executive Suite were not monitoring Apollo, how were they spending their time?

Looking back (for the past is prologue) one finds in the old files an almost perfect parallel of slipshod man-

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agement by a contractor on an important NASA project. The Centaur rocket program lagged, overran costs and finally failed spectacularly in its maiden flight test. Reviewing the situation in May, 1962, a Congressional subcommittee found:

Centaur occupies a position of key significance in the Nation's space programs. . . . From all appearances, General Dynamics/Astronautics . . . resisted, until quite recently, making any really significant change in its management of the Centaur program, despite repeated urgings by NASA officials to adopt management changes at an earlier date. . . . Management on the part of the Government also appears to the subcommittee to have been inadequate. . . .

Scientists at the University of Michigan have shown that it is possible to get even so lowly a creature as the flatworm to profit by experience. Why do highly paid industrialists and their powerful bureaucratic overseers in Washington seem unable to profit similarly? One of the rewards promised the American people in exchange for the billions lavished on NASA was a general sharpening of technology and a refinement of management practices. The whole economy would benefit from this "spin-off" from America's flight to the moon, or so it was claimed.

This has not happened, and will not, unless NASA undergoes a shake-up of seismic proportions. Negligent homicide it certainly was, at Pad 34 last January 27, but perhaps it was worse. There was carelessness certainly; was there also corruption? The space program has enjoyed a reputation thus far of being quite "clean"—but even if 99.9 per cent of the money appropriated were spent honestly, there would be enough lost through graft in a program of this magnitude to make a couple of dozen millionaires.

On Not Knowing When To Stop

From the outset there has been a latent but obvious danger that Red China might enter the Vietnamese War. In its euphoria at seeing China and the Soviet Union at loggerheads, there was—there still is—the danger that the Pentagon will induce U.S. action of a nature to bring China in. It has not yet happened, but the result of the Johnson Administration's commitment to progressive escalation has been to bring China and the Soviet Union together once more—on a basis that is still limited but nevertheless bound to have adverse effects on the American war effort.

All the stories out of Washington from reporters who have a reputation for sober analysis and plausible prognosis agree that around the middle of February the deterioration of Sino-Soviet relations—so far as Vietnam was concerned—reached a turning point. The Chinese lifted the siege of the Russian embassy in Peking, and Ho Chi Minh sent a courteously worded but tough letter to the Pope, blowing sky-high the peace hopes generated by

conferences between Soviet Premier Kosygin and Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Now we know, through dispatches from Saigon to *U.S. News & World Report* (April 3) and from Paris to the *Los Angeles Times* (April 12) that outward events marked an agreement between Peking and Moscow to end Chinese interference with overland shipments of Russian arms and equipment to North Vietnam.

The North Vietnamese leaders are evidently confident of the ability of their people, and the Vietcong, to continue the war if the means are available to them, even on the present level of inferiority to American firepower. Hanoi is gambling on a change of U.S. administration in 1968 which might enable it to salvage the gains of its victory over the French in 1954. If President Johnson and his Pentagon advisers had been willing to agree to genuine peace efforts shortly after the beginning of this year, the tripartite enemy agreement might well have been averted.

As it is, the tough line in Washington led to a tough line in Hanoi, Peking and Moscow. The North Vietnamese continue to be victimized in that they and the Vietcong are doing all the bleeding and the North Vietnamese economy is being set back ten or twenty years. But from the American viewpoint things are not rosy either. The bombing of the power plant a mile from the center of Haiphong is doubtless the prelude to bombing or mining of the harbor, but the North Vietnamese troops and the Vietcong can probably survive with supplies shipped by rail. And the concentration of North Vietnamese troops at the demilitarized zone has relieved some of the pressure on the Vietcong in the delta. Nor can we expect the Soviet-North Vietnamese war effort to remain at its present level, much less to slacken.

In all such situations there is a point of no return. If our military have their way and we bomb the North Vietnamese airfields, the chances are the North Vietnamese will be allowed to move back to bases in China, increasing the chances of Chinese involvement. If Gen. Creighton Abrams invades North Vietnam and repeats his past ground-gaining performances, the Chinese will be forced to move against him. As Joseph C. Harsch has said, "The kind of pressure which might bring Ho down is the kind of pressure which might bring China in."

The irony is that we received and ignored fair warning. Harrison Salisbury quotes a "high Soviet diplomat": "We would like to see the war ended by diplomatic means. But if . . . the United States is going to step up its action on the land and in the air, we will escalate our aid to North Vietnam step by step. If the United States sends in more planes we will send in more missiles, more rockets, more MIGs. There should be no misunderstanding on this."

That was a month ago. The warning could still be heeded, but if the Pentagon view prevails, the stupidities of the past will only pave the way for the stupidities of the future.

Et Tu, Russell?

It must be admitted that the Pentagon's latest gimmick—Fast Deployment Logistics—is a good idea from a purely military standpoint. FDL envisions a fleet of thirty floating armories which, fully loaded, would be based at strategic points abroad, and at Pacific, Atlantic and Gulf ports where the vessels could take on the equipment of army divisions stationed nearby. In case of "trouble," the divisions would be flown to the affected area in C-5A aircraft, which can carry 345 men apiece. With the equipment already on the spot, or moving out at high speed, a division could be in action within three to twenty days. With advance knowledge of impending "trouble," the reaction time would range from one to ten days. This is a lot better than the situation in Korea, where the first U.S. division took fifty-six days to get into combat. And it's a bargain: \$2 billion is the Pentagon's price tag.

That people like Seymour Melman should be aghast at this proposal is to be expected. Melman, Emile Benoit and others of that school are constantly assessing the human cost of military preparations and the dangers of ever deepening involvement in destruction of life and property. But who is this that now stamps into the forum arrayed in the senatorial toga and holding up the hand of warning? It is none other than Sen. Richard B. Russell, hawk of hawks, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and himself a general in the reserve. Mr. Russell is presently agitating for the return of battleships to the active fleet, further to pulverize North Vietnam with their 16-inch guns. But to the FDL proposal, in which Secretary McNamara, and the civilian and military brains in the Pentagon have joined unanimously, Russell says nay. Following his lead, the Senate has rejected a Navy request for \$233 million in fiscal 1968 for five FDL ships, and has revoked a previous authorization for two such vessels, on the ground that it was not apprised of the full extent of the program.

Senator Russell, joined by Senator Mansfield, argues that the FDL project would give the United States the capability of becoming a "global policeman," a role not likely to ingratiate us with the nations of the world. "If it is easy for us to go anywhere and do anything," says Russell, "we will always be going somewhere and doing something." To this the Pentagon reacts with hurt surprise. In effect, its lobbyists argue that this is precisely what they thought Congress wanted them to be prepared to do, and they are only proposing the most efficient way of doing it.

Mr. Russell added a comment hardly befitting a hawk. Three aerospace firms—General Dynamics, Litton and Lockheed—were the finalists in the FDL competition, freezing out the old-line shipyards with their Congressional friends. In this day of diversification all three own shipyards. But the Pentagon has tied the FDL ships to the C-5A transport, which is manufactured in Georgia, Senator Russell's home state. Somehow, Mr. Russell was

made aware that if the FDL program was halted, production of C-5As might be reduced, which would grieve Senator Russell's constituents. "I suspect that there was at least a mild attempt to coerce me," Mr. Russell told the Senate. If he sticks to his position, which is essentially that of a discriminating hawk, the Senate may try to reclaim some of the power over foreign policy which it has relinquished to the military.

Anarchy at Sea

Generalizing on the *Torrey Canyon* disaster, one writer referred to it as "a problem confronting man in his relentless pursuit of progress." He might better have viewed it as a catastrophe inflicted on the innocent in the course of the oil industry's relentless pursuit of profits. The rationale of building bigger and bigger tankers is that it cuts the cost of transporting crude oil, but when has the industry reduced the cost of any of its end-products, such as fuel oil for residential heating or gasoline for motor cars? Any lowering of costs goes into making billionaires of Arabian and American potentates and various other international figures.

The *Torrey Canyon* was internationalized too. Owned by a Bermuda corporation, which is owned in turn by the Union Oil Company of California, she was carrying crude oil under Liberian registry, with an Italian captain and crew, subject therefore to Italian maritime law. For this particular voyage (from Kuwait to a port in Wales) she was under charter to British Petroleum, Ltd. As a result of her grounding, she polluted the beaches of England and France, and the ecological effects may be felt as far away as northwest Africa. The captain committed quite a feat in running his ship onto a rock described by a British writer as "a notorious oceanic fixture surrounded by warning lights." When it appeared that the ship was a loss, he departed for his homeland, presumably for legal reasons, and expressed his regrets from that sanctuary.

At 118,000 tons deadweight, the *Torrey Canyon* was big compared with World War II tankers but by no means a supertanker. The Japanese *Idemitsu Maru* carries 205,000 tons, and six tankers of 276,000 tons capacity are being built. Nor is this the end—designs for tankers of 600,000 tons are under study. The first question that arises is whether it would not be advisable to try to limit the size of future carriers by international agreement. Although it is not clear that four tankers of 50,000 tons would be less of a hazard than one of 200,000 tons, damage to the environment in any single mishap would be less extensive.

A second common-sense question is whether, while tankers are being enlarged and automated *ad libitum*, the technology of sailing them keeps abreast of the arts of navigation and position-fixing. Unlike the pilot of an airliner, the master of the *Torrey Canyon* was under no obligation to report his course, speed and position to sta-

(Continued on page 564)

On the March Again: New York

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who contributes frequently to The Nation.

On Saturday, April 15, a renowned baby doctor named Spock, a Sioux Indian named Henry Crow Dog, an anonymous girl with legs painted psychedelically, and a few hundred thousand other Americans, including Dr. Martin Luther King, staged the most massive peace demonstration in American history.

The full import of the sheer magnitude of the Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam will become apparent only now that the emotional moment is over and results are produced. But there are immediate indications that some people in Washington—perhaps Nervous Nellies—are worried about the impact of demonstrations in New York and San Francisco. Paraders still were marching when President Johnson announced that the FBI was reporting to him on “antiwar activity.” This veiled intimidation recalled the President’s equally unbecoming reminder to Negroes last year that—in case they had forgotten—they were a minority.

Secretary of State Rusk also was counting and discounting. He said there were 200 million Americans, almost all of whom were behind the government’s Vietnamese policies. In any event, he said, the government would pay no attention to the demonstrators. This pride in unresponsiveness to a First Amendment exercise by a servant of a democracy was followed by his observation that the “Communist apparatus” was busy in all antiwar activity, although everyone against the war was not necessarily a Communist.

If antiwar sentiment was as inconsequential as the Administration claimed, why was there so much exertion to put it down? Even the New York City Police Department got into the act, announcing that demonstrators totaled only 125,000. The performance of the police, however, was admirable, and no fault could be found with the extent and character of the cooperation provided by Mayor Lindsay’s administration. Peace is not a numbers game, yet numbers give some indication of the strength of dissent. By 2 P.M., when the first police estimate of 125,000 was made, the United Nations Plaza, which easily holds that number, was filled. For the next two hours marchers continued pouring out of Central Park, fifteen to twenty abreast in a column whose end did not reach the plaza until ceremonies had closed in a driving rain at 6 P.M. At least 300,000 marched in New York, another 65,000 in San Francisco, and these formidable numbers help explain why President Johnson flaunted the FBI and Secretary Rusk his contempt.

The turn-out was all the more remarkable in face of the stress on dissension and warnings of violence from a universally hostile press. Two themes preoccupied the press, along with other critics. The first was Dr. King’s Riverside Church address of April 4, in which he re-committed himself to ending what he called an immoral war that murdered Vietnamese and expendable American

youth, while blunting civil rights progress at home. UN Under Secretary Ralph Bunche, Sen. Jacob Javits, controlling elements of NAACP and *The New York Times* were among those publicly wringing their hands over the damage Dr. King allegedly was doing to civil rights by identifying with peace.

The second dissension theme stemmed from the Mobilization committee’s decision that anyone from Quaker to Communist to LSD tripper was welcome so long as he opposed the war.

The position of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy provided an example of press obsession with divisiveness. Although Dr. Benjamin Spock, co-chairman of SANE, was a stalwart Mobilization sponsor, some SANE members opposed participation. They deplored Negro factions that said the war was genocidal in character, and they felt North Vietnam should be condemned equally with the United States. On April 13, the *Times* published a misleading and factually incorrect story under the headline: “SANE Votes To Shun Protest; Says Hanoi Shares War Guilt.” In fact, only the Northern California SANE chapter had done this, the national board having specifically condemned the United States, while leaving its 23,000 members free to demonstrate as they chose.

As it turned out, the scope of the Mobilization made it infinitely larger than the sum of its parts. SANE, Communists and acid heads varied greatly in motive and responsibility, but their absence or presence was absorbed in the grass-roots sweep of those participating. In January, when the Mobilization looked as if it would never get off the ground, Rev. James Bevel took over as national chairman, on loan from his work as an ace organizer for Dr. King’s Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Bevel is something of a practical mystic, a Baptist minister who wears a black-and-gold tapestried yarmulke out of respect for the Judaistic role of the prophet as an instrument for social justice. With his shaved head, Tartar mustache and spiritual cool, he helped galvanize the faltering Mobilization, and made himself the man to watch in the peace movement. Young and old audiences heard the following Bevel-isms:

Americans have never accepted nonwhites as people but as tools to be used. We murdered the Indians because they wouldn’t work as slaves. Now, the slaves we brought over are no longer assets, and if you don’t need a shoeshine boy, what do you do with him? Bevel is working hard because he doesn’t want to follow his Jewish brethren into an incinerator.

It’s mighty odd that certain people are so worried about the future of civil rights now that we’re in the peace movement. Where were they last year when a racist Senate and recalcitrant Congress were failing to pass a fair housing act?

If I went around the street cursing and throwing stones, I’d be more profound than Johnson and McNamara both. But we should stop getting mad at Johnson and try to get him well. When a psychiatrist sees a

patient he doesn't beat him down but tries to help him up.

Despite the pacifistic and nonviolent commitment of most of the organizers, a radio and TV press conference in New York the day before the march bristled with the kind of reportorial hostility usually reserved for ax murderers. The first question referred to fear supposedly rampant in New York that the demonstrators would do violence, and it was repeated half a dozen times despite denials. What about charges of Communist control, asked a network man.

"That," said Dr. Spock, "is the most preposterous statement I have ever heard."

The representative of a radio group owned by avowed New York liberal R. Peter Straus asked Catholic Monsignor Charles Rice if he wanted to hand over Vietnamese Catholics to the Reds.

"It's better," replied Monsignor Rice, "than blowing them up." This bankrupt journalistic curiosity could be expected from a media whose coverage grows less responsible each year. What was alarming was the editorial attitude of *The New York Times*. In recent months, a subtle but sure erosion had been evident in the *Times*'s once outspoken censure of America's Vietnamese role, and now—perhaps reflecting an internal struggle on the paper—it came to a head.

Dr. King's Riverside Church speech will rank as one of the most significant of his career. It was a carefully developed history of the Vietnamese intervention, laced with eloquence and morally uncompromising. He urged conscientious objection on those who agreed with him that the war was immoral and he called America "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today."

It was strong stuff, and whether or not one agreed, the speech demanded examination. However, the *Times* did not see fit to publish a transcript. It was an ironic commentary on American journalism that many Mobilization marchers first read it in its entirety in a free copy distributed by the Communist *Worker* in Central Park. On April 7, a *Times* editorial headlined "Dr. King's Error" argued that Vietnam and civil rights were "distinct and separate" problems. It condemned as "slander" his juxtaposition of American and Nazi atrocities.

Yet during the previous month, *Times* news columns had reported that the Defense Department would spend \$35 million in fiscal 1967 for defoliation and crop destruction in Vietnam. The same columns had described use of a new weapon to force air heated to 1,000 degrees into tunnels where Vietcong might be hiding. The paper had dutifully recorded the bombing of civilian areas in the North and the promiscuous leveling of villages in the South. The selective qualities of Nazi genocide were indefensible; was there a built-in justification to the kind of unselective warfare that the nature of the Vietnamese struggle induced America to employ there? And while support for Great Society programs crumbled in face of a \$2 billion a month budgetary drain for Vietnam, where was the logic in the assertion that civil rights and the war were "separate and distinct"?

So it was against this background of widespread

criticism and distrust that the demonstrators gathered in Central Park. It was a damp, gray Saturday, with a loamy spring smell coming off the lawns thickly sown with humanity gathered from twenty-odd states, three Indian reservations and Puerto Rico. The Cleveland Ethical Society had come with hundreds of others from that area in a ten-car train. Sioux and Iroquois, protesting dead-end Washington paternalism, were welcomed by Harlem Black Nationalists—Black Power and long moribund tribal resentments on the peace path together. A delegation of professors in academic robes and mortarboards displayed the banner: "They are our brothers whom we kill." Overhead the buzz of a police helicopter recalled the ubiquitous army choppers in Vietnam. Matronly members of Women Strike for Peace mingled with hippies passing out yellow hyacinths: Flower Power. Ministers and World War II veterans walked across the Sheep Meadow where a scruffy band of beatniks waved a desecrated American flag destined to be burned. In one corner, dozens of draft cards went up in smoke. A pretty young girl watched in a skirt made of tin foil, wearing a button that read, "War is a bad trip." And on a small hill, flags of the Liberation Front of South Vietnam fluttered, courtesy of the Ad Hoc (what else?) Committee for a Revolution contingent.

As the marchers poised to start out, a large photograph of A. J. Muste loomed over them, a poignant reminder that the man who had spent a lifetime working for the moment had died before he could live it. The parade seemed anticlimactic, somehow eclipsed by the coming together of a multitude for peace already accomplished in the park. Crowds were generally thin along the route, with boos and cheers evenly divided. The loudly heralded possibility of violence may have scared off New Yorkers. Or they may have been indifferent. There were only a few minor scuffles. Some teen-agers taunted the marchers with Communist accusations and one produced a sign: "Dr. Spock Smokes Bananas." The courtly doctor and his fellow *provocateurs* smiled.

A cold gloom was blowing off the East River as the program began with singer Pete Seeger telling of his dream that the world had called off war. Dr. Spock was stalwart and lucid as he warned: "If we allow ourselves to be split we will be chewed up, fragment by fragment, because we have powerful and relentless enemies."

Dr. King repeated the essence of his Riverside speech, ending his peroration with quotations from William Cullen Bryant and Carlyle that he had used hundreds of times in Southern churches. . . . "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again. . . . No lie can live forever." Stokely Carmichael then embraced him, but Dr. King left before SNCC's chairman made his familiar slashing attack on America's morality and its leaders, also repeating a well-worn line: "The draft is white people sending black people to make war on yellow people in order to defend the land they stole from the red people." CORE's Floyd McKissick called for demonstrations of disobedience, "some civil and some not so civil." SDS announced a "Student Summer" of protest, and Linus Pauling said in a quavering voice, "I am ashamed of my country."

As rain began bucketing down, Chairman Bevel

sketched what might lie ahead in a series of staccato pronouncements.

We're going to organize high school students by the thousands to go to jail by the thousands. . . . We're going to close down New York City, say to the young people: "You must get out of schools and into the streets to end murder in Vietnam. . . ." We don't want c.o. status. . . . We going to see President Johnson at the White House next month and tell him to stop killing people.

And then the march disbanded, sodden but not dispirited. The future course was uncertain, but there was a strong sense of what Carmichael had called "the small hope in your great numbers." Local and national meetings are expected in the next few months to try to forge a unified peace-movement program. The range of thinking and the spectrum of personalities is so wide that anything like total cohesion is impossible. Activists already are pressing for the kind of direct confrontations with the government that moderates shun. The role of civil rights forces in the peace movement carries tremendous, unpredictable potential. The mood of the young in black ghettos is increasingly fatalistic, and those trying to lead them are not susceptible to cautionary pleas from white moderates. Much is going to depend on circumstance and, given Washington's grim response to the Mobilization, circumstances aren't bright. If peace advocates remain a small minority, repression may contain them at the cost of disorders and a weakening of civil liberties. With all this acknowledged, the magnitude of what took place on both coasts that Saturday suggests that more Americans than had been suspected believe with Herodotus: "No one is fool enough to choose war instead of peace. In peace sons bury fathers but in war fathers bury sons."

What Americans believe and how they act on those beliefs could make this summer a critical one, not only for the republic but for mankind.

San Francisco

MEL WAX

Mr. Wax is an urban affairs writer for the San Francisco Chronicle.

The largest protest march in the history of the West — more than 65,000 — paraded the 5½-mile route along Market Street, through the Negro ghetto of the Fillmore district, alongside the Haight-Ashbury district where the hippies live, and finally to Kezar Stadium in Golden Gate Park where the '49ers play football. It was a strange sort of parade, curiously dignified, joyous and peaceful. Most of the marchers carried flowers—daisies and daffodils. They were predominantly young, but there was an impressive number of the elderly—white-haired grandmothers, oldsters pushed in wheel chairs—and many children and stolid, straight, middle-class matrons.

The San Francisco Council of Churches had announced

a boycott of the Spring Mobilization. The Episcopal Fellowship urged participation. "I am haunted by the horror of this war," Stanford University theologian Robert McAfee Brown told the Kezar rally, "but I am even more haunted by the timidity of the American religious community in its failure to condemn it."

There was no burning of draft cards, as there had been in New York, and there were few violent speeches. The most extreme came from Mrs. Mora Newman, whose brother is in Fort Leavenworth, dishonorably discharged from the army for refusing to fight in Vietnam. "After they get you in the army, and they make you inhuman, you'll come back to the same old crap," she said. "We won't get justice until the White House becomes the 'Black House.'"

There were few hecklers along the line of march. One group, waving American flags, held placards urging "Support for Vietnam." Monitors, with yellow ribbon arm bands, detoured the parade around them and there were no incidents. Occasionally a bystander shouted: "I can lick twenty of you punks." A dozen men with flags, one holding a "Support the War" placard, entered Kezar Stadium, and walked around the track, next to the jam-packed seats that held 62,000 people. Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts* and West Coast chairman of the Mobilization, urged the crowd to ignore the dissidents, and it did.

Around the platform on the 50-yard line, a banner read: "Vietcong-NLF Never Called Us Nigger." It was symbolic of the *mélange* of civil rights and peace speakers. There were twenty speakers all told—far too many. It was a chilly day, it had been a long march, and three and a half hours of talk—even if it is broken up a bit by folk singers, rock 'n' roll bands, and a parachute jumper who descended from the sky while state Assemblyman Willie Brown, Jr., the only Negro ever elected to public office in San Francisco, was making a pitch for money—is too much. By the time Mrs. Martin Luther King rose to talk, fewer than 20,000 demonstrators were left in the stands.

The organizing committee's dilemma had been whether to keep the program at manageable size, or to let all those who joined the "Peace Coalition" have their say. Speakers included—in addition to Mrs. King, Keating and Assemblyman Brown—Charles Duarte, president of Local Six of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union; Gerald Hill, president of the Volunteer California Democratic Council; Elijah Turner, Negro candidate for city council in Oakland; Robert Vaughn, television's *Man From U.N.C.L.E.*; Eldridge Cleaver, president of the Organization of African Unity; David Harris, former student body president of Stanford University; Robert Scheer, Managing Editor of *Ramparts* and a leading spokesman for the New Left, and Rabbi Abraham Feinberg of Toronto, who recently returned from a visit to Hanoi.

They talked in predictable terms, calling the war immoral, racist, illegal.

"We are fighting to avoid admitting we have failed in Vietnam," said Vaughn. "We begin to see a new brand of fascism, parading under the guise of Americanism."

"This war is morally unacceptable," said Mrs. King.

"No matter how much we are maligned by the military, and the right wing, we can say: 'Blessed are the Peacemakers.'"

The crowd at the stadium, predominantly young, predominantly draftable, responded routinely, but there was loud applause for Scheer:

There is something bizarre, something dangerous about this. There is too much self-congratulation. We

are in danger of taking on the role of the Roman circus. Where are the people over 25? Where the hell are they? Where are the workers? Where is the middle class? It's not enough to leave it to the kids under 25 to stop the war.

All told, the march was more impressive than the rally. Somehow, words don't say it as well as 65,000 people, of all kinds, marching five and a half miles.

Strange Decorum of Lester Maddox

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

This article is the first of several written by Mr. Sherrill, The Nation's Washington correspondent, during a recent political tour of the South. An early issue will carry his observations on the fortunes of the Wallace family of Alabama.

What we need to do is to convince people in other parts of the country that Lester Maddox is not an aberration. He is not unusual or odd. We must convince them that in fact Maddox represents the popular point of view in racial matters in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York.

Julian Bond, speaking at Atlanta University

Atlanta

The most pathetic figure in Southern politics today—and perhaps in politics anywhere—is Lester Maddox, Georgia's new governor. Maddox spent a small fortune and several years building the image of a wild man and now he is having a terrible time persuading some important people that he is not, after all, off his rocker.

To put his plight in perspective, it should be remembered that the mental condition of its chief executives is something that periodically makes news in Dixie. The late Earl Long of Louisiana was in a constant brawl with psychiatrists during his last days as governor. Then a couple of years ago Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon revealed that the Veterans Administration was paying George Wallace a 10 per cent disability pension because he was psychotic. A few years earlier, and not so widely publicized, was Arkansas Gov. Orval Faubus' charge that the *Arkansas Gazette* had secretly assigned a psychiatrist to study him in action. A public counting of gubernatorial marbles is, in short, nothing new.

But at the present time Georgia is the only Southern state wherein a number of responsible people are seriously concerned about the serenity of their Governor's mind, and the fact that Maddox's first ninety days in office have been marked by admirable decorum does not seem to lessen their concern. Obviously the 450,000 citizens who voted for him last fall were persuaded of his normalcy, but among the majority of Georgians (he was elected by a minority of the voters, with a run-off in the legislature) other judgments are heard, and they are not flippantly made. One of Atlanta's best-known attorneys, after a bleak psychoanalytical estimate of the Governor, recalled: "I remember seeing him charge up and down

a picket line in front of an Atlanta restaurant, red-faced, wild, screaming, stopping to squeal at every Negro in line. And that's the man who now is in charge of the Georgia national guard." It's easy, around Atlanta, to turn up this kind of remembrance, with predictions of more to come. Fair or not, that's what they're saying.

Even Maddox's friends and supporters have acknowledged the question of his stability. During the Democratic run-off last fall, Roy Harris, president of the Citizens Councils of America and once a king maker in Georgia politics, told me privately that the reason Maddox had acted so extravagantly was that "he had had a stroke and it affected him, but he's all right now." Publicly, Harris set himself to the more difficult task of trying to convince the readers of his racist newspaper, *The Augusta Courier*, that Maddox was more stable than his opponent, ex-Governor Ellis Arnall, with whom Harris was a very close political ally in the 1940s. Harris wrote on this point: "I have seen him [Arnall] go wild on occasion. I have seen him lose his head more times than I have seen Lester do so. I have seen Arnall when he was at the point that I thought he was cracking up. . . . So, regardless of whatever the situation may be with respect to Lester Maddox, I will venture to say that Ellis Arnall is wilder and more radical than Lester Maddox ever dared to be. Now, I know that some people think that Lester is on the wild side. . . ."

Yes, they do think so, being persuaded not so much by the battle of the Ax Handles (a little violence in one's biography is nothing to be ashamed of among high-blooded Southerners) as by the many advertisements that he bought in the *Atlanta Constitution* and *Atlanta Journal* for several years. (They were propaganda missiles rather than advertising, the Internal Revenue Service decided, resisting Maddox's attempt to deduct them as legitimate business expenses.) These days his speeches are written by some very sophisticated fellows and he comes out sounding like the philosopher Santayana (whom he, in fact, did quote in a recent speech). But his Pickrick restaurant ads were the pure skillet-fried Maddox, full of searing hatred, perverse logic and bad grammar. A sample:

The mess they have this town [Atlanta] in, it is a wonder that many more people are not going on an African hunt. . . . And, like a customer suggested, "Why go to Africa for hunting when Atlanta could bear considerable hunting?"

One of his most incandescent outbursts followed the

marriage of the first Negro girl admitted to the University of Georgia to a white man whom she met there.

Yes, in the face of being called demagogue, racist, rabble rouser, hate monger and all the ugly names, for years I said that school integration would lead to racial amalgamation. The race-mixing publisher, the editor, the public officials, and yes, the minister and the professor (in either case being stupid or renegade white) told you I was wrong. . . . They were knowingly, or unwittingly, lying to you fine people of Georgia who had placed your trust in them. Now that racial integration in the schools has led to racial amalgamation, the white renegades should be tarred and feathered and run out of Georgia. Those who boasted, a governor or so, and others, of how they peacefully integrated the great University of Georgia, should hang their heads in shame and ask the people for forgiveness. Oh, you rascals! And please listen, Mom, Dad and others: it could well be in your home next. Then what? Please wake up!

But Maddox's one-man crusade did not end there. He picketed the Old Post Office Building in Atlanta, marching alone, swinging back to his car periodically to change signs (discarding the sign reading "Treason Is the Reason" and taking up the sign reading "In Protest of President Johnson, Justice Department and Federal Courts"). He also distributed handbills, with a strange sense of largess. One man asked him for "a few" extra handbills to give to his office mates and Maddox happily handed him a bundle of 3,000. On another occasion Maddox packed up his handbills and picket signs and, all alone again, marched around the White House.

He did not always work alone. He helped organize People's Association for Selective Shopping (PASS), to boycott businesses that integrated or gave jobs to Negroes. (He quit doing business with two bakeries that gave jobs to Negroes, and warned in his column: "If we don't resist the Socialists and Communists now, it won't be long until a white man can't get a job unless there is a shortage of Negroes.") Next he organized the Citizens for Better Government Association with the same purposes, and distributed a list of Atlanta business establishments that had in any way befriended Negroes. Earlier he had helped put together one of the most descriptive organizations to enter the racial fray—GUTS (Georgians Unwilling To Surrender)—which had a briefly notorious flurry of rallies led by such Southern patriots as Leander Perez.

The high point in Maddox's career as a lay leader came in 1965 when he led 2,000 persons, eight abreast, down Peachtree Street to protest the pro-Negro legislation trickling in and out of Washington. To view Maddox in a moment of repose, one would not think the soft-fleshed, bald-headed fellow, with a face as innocent as a baby duck, could be a rabble rouser. But he has had his moments, and that parade was one of them. He started it off with the screaming assurance: "We are not going to have any sex orgies or anything like that! This is a march for freedom!" Most of the parade participants were the scrawny-necked, mean types that one sees at Klan rallies; Georgia's chief Klansman, Calvin Craig, was there in a bright red Model A Ford.

Because of activities such as these in his past, and despite the fact that running for mayor of Atlanta in

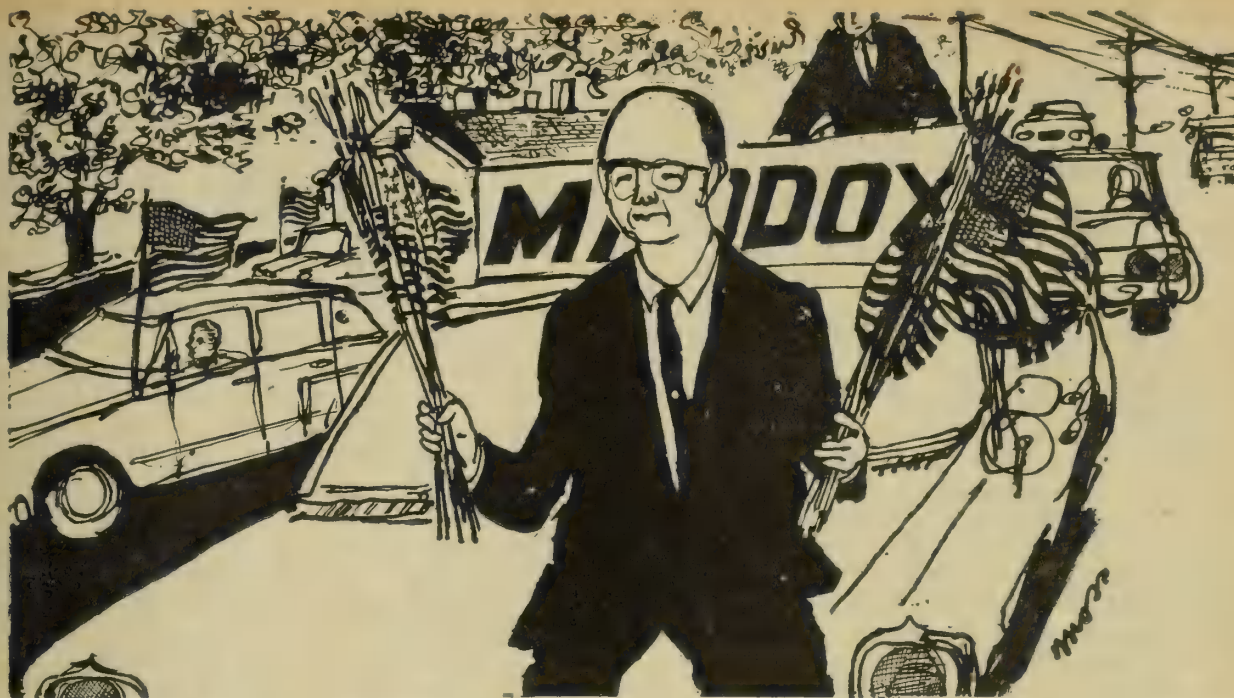
1961 he won more white votes than the victorious Ivan Allen, Maddox was waved aside by the political sophisticates. "Maddox? The fastest gun in the South? Ha-ha." He had virtually no financial support in either the Democratic primary or the run-off, and in the general election he received big money only from Mills B. Lane of the Citizens & Southern Bank, which signified no acceptance by the Atlanta establishment, since Lane is known as something of a wild gambler.

The horror and anger that seemed to grip some of Georgia's more prominent Democratic spokesmen at Maddox's election could not, however, be explained entirely by the fact that he was a symbol of racism nor that he had outmaneuvered the smug "top people" of the state. When Charles Weltner quit his Congressional seat rather than support a Democratic ticket that included Maddox, he explained, "I cannot compromise with hate; I cannot vote for Lester Maddox." That had a noble ring to it, but it did not exactly explain why, if he felt that way, he had been willing to support a ticket in 1962 which included the candidacy of Lieut. Gov. Peter Zack Geer, a close rival of Maddox as an unyielding racist and "hater." The same sort of questions were raised by Mayor Allen's candid denunciation of Maddox as "a symbol of hate" and his description of Maddox's nomination as "tarnishing the state seal," though Allen has been on the friendliest of terms with, for example, Sen. Herman Talmadge, a much more dangerously subtle demagogue than Maddox can ever hope to be, one who only a few years ago was the South's foremost symbol of anti-Negroism.

The explanation for their response lies partly in the fact that men like Weltner and Allen fear men like Maddox because they cannot understand them, and do not attempt to understand them. There is the cool, rational world of the country club on the one hand and, on the other, the world of Maddox, who remembers a boyhood when cardboard was used to half-sole his shoes, who finished high school by correspondence, who pinched pennies and drove his kitchen help unrelentingly until he became a nervous, permanently insecure but well-to-do restaurant owner, determined that, having come so far, no "niggers" or "Communists" or slick young lawyers or pompous mayors would ever get what he had. He would fight them with ax handles and pistols, if necessary. He would even become governor, if necessary. It was the success of desperate defensive reaction, and 450,000 desperately defensive Georgians were willing to support it.

Maddox was deserted by Weltner and disdained by Allen because they considered him to be, if not unhinged, at least highly irresponsible. Maddox's political creed seems to be quicksilver: try to pin it down and it breaks into a hundred little balls, squirting in every direction. Make a solemn pact with Maddox this week and next week, acting just as solemnly, he may break it. The University of Georgia regents sat down with him and got him to agree on a budget, which he promised to support with the legislature. A couple of weeks later, he had knocked about \$30 million from the regents' figure. Then, when the heat was on, he stuck the money back in.

He has been just as squirmy about what he plans to do in 1968. He has privately promised several Georgia big-



wigs that he will be faithful to the Democratic Party; he has publicly stated his unwillingness to support a third party. Then he has hedged on all this: "At least I never think I ever would" support a third party.

The federal school guidelines have kept him on a schizoid seesaw. One day he is raving, the next day he is being fatalistically calm. Campaigning for governor, he revived the stale promise, heard for a dozen years in every political campaign, to "go to jail" rather than integrate the schools according to a federal pattern. Yet in his inaugural address he promised to respect the authority of the federal government, and at no time during his first three months in office did he make more than an obliquely unhappy reference to the guidelines. Then he fell off the emotional wagon, condemning a Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals edict to integrate all schools next year as "Un-Godly, Un-Christian and Un-American," and vowing to team up with Gov. Lurleen Wallace of Alabama and Gov. Paul Johnson of Mississippi to do something about it. Next fall, he may be escorting Negro children to white schools.

Some of his inconsistencies are heartening. As a campaigner he also promised to reactivate an anti-integration commission set up in the 1950s under Governor Griffin, whose administration was the most gauche in the history of the modern South. As yet Maddox has shown no signs of making good on that promise; on the contrary, he has started making some of the standard efforts to be accepted as a "sensible bigot"—that is, he goes around shaking hands with colored voters and posing with Negro basketball teams. Julian Bond, the Negro who pried his way into the Georgia General Assembly only with the help of the U. S. Supreme Court, acknowledges that "verbally Maddox is a different man" (but he adds, "that handshaking doesn't fool us; he is basically the same fellow he's always been"). I asked an elevator operator who was looking at a picture of Maddox in

one of the local Negro newspapers if she thought he had reformed. She agreed with Bond: "He ain't changed. But we're going along with him, acting like he's changed, hoping maybe if we act that way long enough he *will* change."

Maddox came into office trailing clouds of right-wing extremism. Everyone was certain that he would continue on that course when he appointed several known Klan sympathizers to important Democratic Party offices, and when it was revealed that the local Let Freedom Ring telephone propaganda crusade was housed in Maddox's furniture store. Maddox did not apologize; he said he was "shocked" that anyone could object to the telephone line, and acknowledged that he thought the John Birch Society might be the salvation of the nation, although he was not himself a member.

Yet last month, when he addressed the American Legion and had his ripest opportunity to cut loose with right-wing rhetoric, Maddox was as restrained as one could expect any Southern governor to be. He saw some "signs of decay in our democracy," but nothing that a little putty wouldn't fix. However he has also said he would set up a 1,000-citizen "watchdog committee" that would, in his words, "look and tell on people all over the state, and I am going to listen"—a political spy system akin to that established in Alabama by George Wallace, and more recently in Florida by the right-wing Governor, Claude Kirk.

His "nicer" side has not generally been accepted as permanent or stemming from deep conviction. The kindest of his critics puts it down to shrewd testing of the political winds. Just as often one hears it ascribed to the influence of Senator Talmadge, and this seems logical since several Talmadge men are close to Maddox and they would draw on their leader's experiences. When Talmadge went to Washington in 1956 after two big-mouthed terms as Georgia's governor, almost everyone in

the country expected the worst from him. Many a newspaper columnist dolefully predicted that the nation was about to be subjected to another Theodore Bilbo. But Talmadge fooled them. He didn't take his style to Capitol Hill. He kept quiet; he was very decorous, almost retiring. Everyone was so shocked by this that almost overnight he became something of a minor hero on the Washington party circuit, and ever since Talmadge has been trading on the fact that he wasn't as big a heel as expected. In lieu of positive action, this isn't the worst way—and it is certainly the easiest way—to win acclaim. Maddox has started to benefit by the same kind of non-action. Since he has not yet hit anyone with an ax handle (in fact, his staff has been forbidden the very mention of ax handles), the national columnists are already cranking out appraisals of Maddox as a misjudged moderate.

He certainly is not that. On the other hand there does seem to be, as one of Atlanta's best newsmen put it, "a zone of decency" in the man. Exploiting and widening that zone before Maddox reverts to his old wild ways is the obvious tactic, but it is something else to get it done. Right now there are no advisers around him capable of the job, and the top people of Atlanta, in their usual bungling way, are not really trying to work with him. Instead, many of them are delighted to hail George L. Smith, Speaker of the House, as "the most powerful man in Georgia politics," and to use him and the lieutenant governor, George T. Smith, as wedges to pry Maddox away from the seat of power. They especially like George L. Smith because he is close to the bankers.

Not in modern times has a Georgia legislature been so independent of the governor. As a safety precaution, this may have some advantages, but if the top people mean to do battle with Maddox they might well remember the war whoop of this little man a couple of years ago—"So you screwballs, Socialists, Communists, mistaken and misguided who threaten me, let me say that you are wasting your time. I just plain don't scare." And he doesn't.

But he needs help. Left to his own devices, he showed and chose the duller sort of legislative leadership. Do not look for any great relief for the poor from Maddox. His impoverished upbringing whetted his instincts to the point that in his inaugural address he promised an administration of "compassion and concern" for "Georgians who cannot help themselves"; but that his much deeper training as a cutthroat merchant predominates is evidenced by the fact that he helped kill a proposed, and much needed, \$5 a month increase for some welfare recipients. He implemented federal welfare aid under Title 19, but reportedly only because Mrs. Orville Shaefer, head of Family and Children Services, threatened to quit if he didn't.

Like Eugene Talmadge, Maddox combines a racist philosophy that appeals to the wool hats with an economic philosophy that should appeal to the urban businessmen. He plans to burden the poor with another penny sales tax next year while easing the property taxes of the wealthy. He promises to turn over all plans for the "formulation and execution of industrialization" of the state to the industrialists themselves. Will this mean shameless

tax favoritism? Of course it will, and Maddox says he welcomes the prospect of Georgia's going further down the road of tax write-offs, of free sites and almost free utilities for industry. He will, in short, join Alabama and Mississippi in vying to see who can give away more to the industrialists while heaping higher the tax burden of those least able to pay.

The poor fools, the rednecks and the yahoos, with an eye only for the Negro, are grateful to Maddox; the businessmen are not, for they know they could get the same favoritism from a smoothie without the accompanying embarrassments that come with Maddox. But this haughty group apparently doesn't understand its basic problem, which is not to get more favoritism from Maddox than they could from another governor but to get more sanity from him than they had any reason to expect. And to this end they had better stop isolating him. Pride is the key to controlling his emotions, just as it is to controlling the Klan and the Black Muslims. During the campaign, whenever he could spare a few hours, Maddox would return to Atlanta and go out to the governor's mansion and just walk around the place, staring at it. He felt that he had to make the big leap if he was to stop being an outcast altogether. He was already a Scottish Rite Mason, a Moose, a member of the state chamber of commerce, of the Travelers Protective Association, of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, of the Buckhead Fifty Club, an honorary member of the Georgia Sheriff's Association, and president of the West Gate Merchants Association—but for some reason none of these alliances had ushered him through the best doors in Atlanta. His home precinct, in uppercrust Northside, voted overwhelmingly against him. He knew what the elite and the semi-elite of Atlanta thought of him, but if he could get in that mansion they would *have* to accept him.

So far, however, they haven't. Nor has the National Democratic Party, unless Vice President Humphrey's recent breakfast with Maddox is supposed to indicate club membership. The appointment of Weltner to a position in the national party hierarchy was seen by Maddox, and rightly, as an open insult. Twice Maddox has gone to Washington to seek reassurances from President Johnson that he has forgiven him for that sign ("Down with Johnson, Socialism and Communism") and that the National Democratic Party is going to give the Klan-larded Georgia Democratic Party consideration in planning campaign strategies and policies. Maddox says he received such promises from Johnson—yet he keeps wanting the President and his close aides to repeat them. Maddox's self-confidence is so shallow and his pride so total, covering his mind like an inflamed membrane, that he cannot be told such things often enough.

Those of influence who laugh at Maddox for this, and discount him as a buffoon, do a great disservice to what is probably the South's bellwether state. Without surrendering to his primitive concepts, this man must be humored; he must be coddled and led gently along until he becomes accustomed to living in a civilized way. The alternative will be another explosion that will throw Maddox back into the arms of George Wallace and Ross Barnett, who are waiting patiently and confidently for his return. There are three years and nine months left of his term.

SPACE / TIME IN MONTREAL

ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

Montreal

Montreal is humming in cheerful anticipation of Expo 67, but the chances are that at this World's Fair the city itself will be an exhibit of greater interest than any of the temporary pavilions. In fact, Montreal secured the fair because the city has emerged like a splendid butterfly from its gray provincial cocoon to become a World City of the first order. World Cities are those that serve as models to towns of similar size; cities that attract delegations of administrators, businessmen, planners from other continents, that become part of the mental inventory of people who have never seen them. The list of World Cities is subject to constant reevaluation; proud names fade as they become more provincial and younger cities compete for a place. A decade ago Canada did not boast a single first-class metropolis, and in the competition with Toronto, most observers had written off Montreal as the loser. This contest is now decided: Canada has produced a World City and it is Montreal. The fact is reflected in the *élan* of its people: the *Montreal Star's* Pierre Desbarats exults: "We are creating a new way of life, we have solved the traffic problem and conquered the climate. . . . We are building a model for the city of the future."

It all happened very fast. I first saw Montreal nine years ago. I arrived at Windsor Station as the morning traffic jam was compacting on the snow-covered streets, and decided to walk the short distance to the new Queen Elizabeth Hotel across Dominion Square. Icy gales from the St. Lawrence River forced tears from my eyes as I passed the cathedral, a little country niece of Rome's St. Peter's. From my hotel room I saw a city dominated by church spires and square, pompous bank buildings. Below my window I could look into a 7-acre hole through which ran the sunken tracks of the Canadian National Railroad. It was this ungainly piece of real estate that turned into the "primum mobile" of Montreal's metamorphosis and became Place Ville Marie, the core of the new downtown.

Arriving at Windsor Station today, one is greeted by a totally changed skyline: above the dome of the cathedral looms the 51-story cruciform tower of Place Ville Marie, flanked by companion skyscrapers. Dominion Square sports the slim 43-story tower of the Imperial Bank of Commerce and its south side is defined by the "Place Victoria" development, consisting of a 38-floor hotel and a 30-floor office building connected to the square by a soaring pedestrian bridge. To the east squats the huge fortresslike Bonaventure Trade Mart, and beyond it rises the convincingly elegant tower of the stock exchange, designed by the Italian team of Moretti and Nervi. But more important than the skyline is the fact that one can now walk to any of these buildings without being exposed

to rain, slush or sub-zero gusts of weather. From Windsor Station a pleasantly lit, impeccably clean tunnel leads to the Bonaventure Trade Mart and subway station, and there one can turn and walk through the concourse of the CNR's Central Station, continuing in a gay stream of pedestrians toward the undercover shopping promenade of Place Ville Marie. This level, sandwiched between the outdoor plaza and two levels of parking above the tracks, offers luxury shops and restaurants, barbershops and bakeries; even a unique "Instant Theatre" playing one-acters during the lunch hour for an entry fee of 75c.

The underplaza concourse has become the meeting place of Montreal, where even on Sundays some 30,000 people stroll and eye one another. Four large sunken courts with stairs leading up to the plaza offer glimpses of the buildings above, aid orientation, and provide a reassuring visual link with the outside environment. Shop fronts, signs, the paving pattern of the concourse are all designed with perfectionist care and form an elegant cadre for promenading. In the center of the promenade a cluster of bars and restaurants called "Carrefour des Canadiens" has become the "date exchange" for young people, crowded on Friday noons when the weekend programs are arranged. Such is the attraction of this environment that secretaries often take a cut in salary to get a job in the Place Ville Marie office buildings.

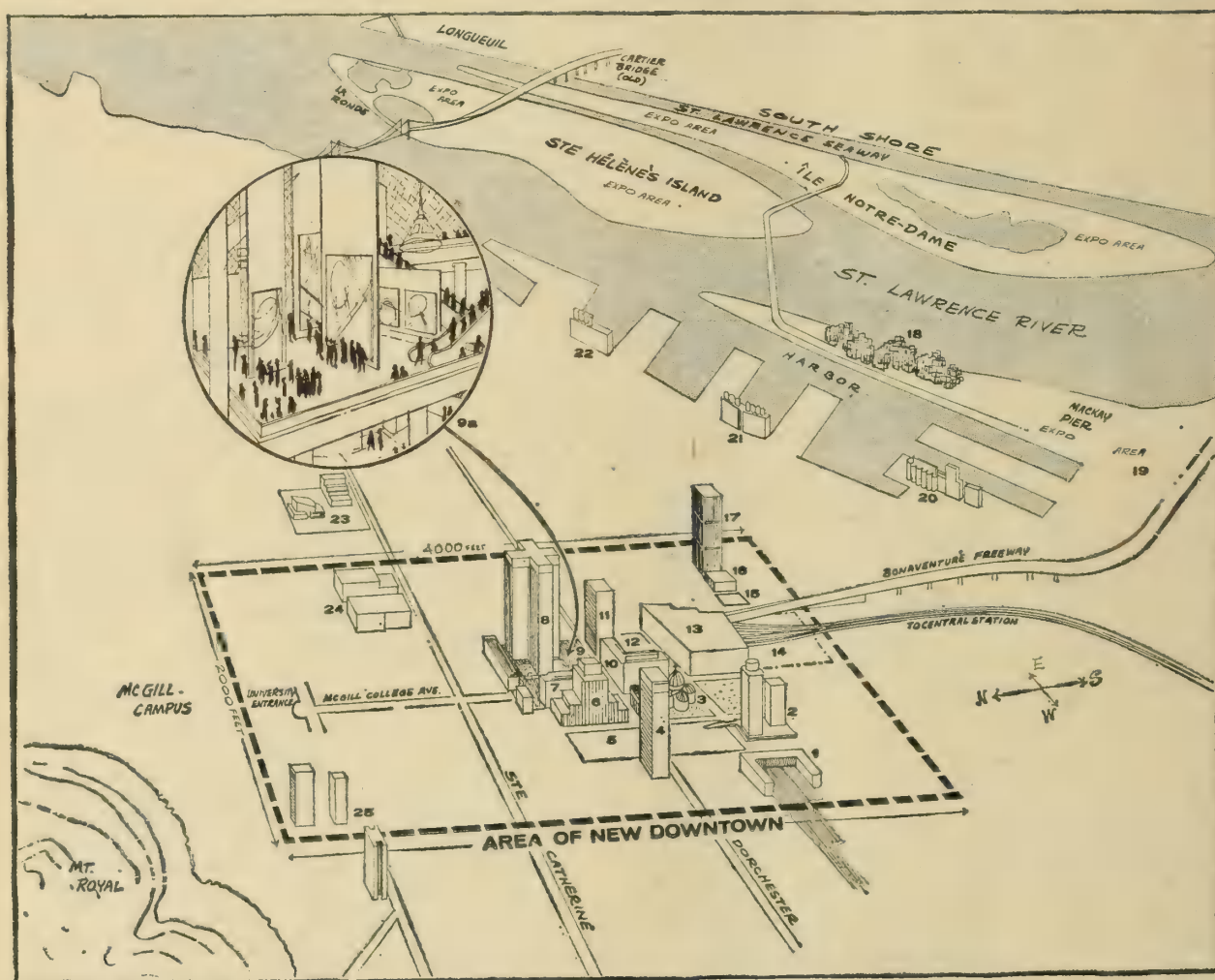
From the concourse one may ascend to the cruciform lobby of the Place Ville Marie tower, defined by the four quadrants of the Royal Bank's offices, which are connected above lobby level by open bridges. The lobby is an awe-inspiring 51 feet high to maintain a sense of continuity with the vast outside plaza. From here one may take an elevator to the roof-top lookout and an excellent penthouse restaurant. Thus the extraverted joys of town viewing from high vantage points complement the intraverted delights of window-shopping and girl watching, which at least in the winter are confined to the sub-surface system.

From a high point one quickly grasps the topography of Montreal; its dense core wedged between the St. Lawrence River and the rocky butte of Mt. Royal. Beyond the harbor one spots the narrow tongue of Mackay pier with the strange, clifflike "Habitat 67," symbol of the Expo. Further up river and separated by the St. Lawrence Seaway from the flat suburban south shore, the two fish-shaped islands of Ste Hélène and Notre Dame are crowded with the busy inventions of the exhibition pavilions. To the west, the new Champlain bridge crosses the mile-wide river, and from it the Bonaventure parkway branches off to follow the shore line, turning north toward the heart of the city where it plunges underground next to the new Trade Mart. East, toward the old French residential sectors, gleam the white buildings of the new Place des Artes; north, under the slopes of Mt. Royal and the solid buildings of McGill University, tower slim residential buildings. Cranes rise everywhere and the texture of the city is changing almost perceptibly before your eyes.

What released all this activity? The city has always had the potential to become a great metropolis: it had the port, a striking topography, traditions and an exciting mix of population. Today the competition between the French- and English-speaking segments of the population adds to the dynamism of the city, but ten years ago the two groups somehow paralyzed each other, and a major boost was needed to start the city's regeneration. The boost came when CNR president, George Gordon, called William Zeckendorf in from New York to develop the 22 acres owned by the railroad in the heart of the city. In 1922, Henry Thornton, then president of the CNR, laid down the principle that the entire area should be developed according to a comprehensive plan, and it is to Gordon's credit that CNR would not sell land piecemeal but required a master plan from the developer. Zeckendorf recognized that Montreal could become the

future "Headquarters City" of Canada, and concluded a deal with CNR that was based on the old Roman-law concept of "emphyteutic lease"—a ninety-nine-year arrangement stipulating that the lessee should improve the property as specified in the agreement. The yearly lease for 7.5 acres of prime land consisted of a basic rent of \$168,884, plus 10 per cent of the net profit made on the improved property. Obviously, maximum utilization of the land was called for, but also a major design statement that would at one stroke establish the old hole as a prestige office-retail area.

Zeckendorf brought in architect I. M. Pei, with Vincent Ponte as planner, and partner Henry Cobb in charge of design. Responding to Zeckendorf's call for a "major statement," Cobb and Ponte developed the Place Ville Marie scheme. At a time when in Montreal the yearly construction of 250,000 square feet of office space was



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Windsor Station | 12. CNR Station |
| 2. Place du Canada | 13. Place Bonaventure Trade Mart |
| 3. Cathedral | 14. Planned Expansion for Trade Mart |
| 4. Imperial Bank of Commerce | 15. Planned Second Tower |
| 5. Dominion Square | 16. Stock Exchange |
| 6. Old Bank Building | 17. Place Victoria Tower |
| 7. IBM Building | 18. Habitat 67 |
| 8. Place Ville Marie Building | 19. Beginning of Expo Area |
| 9. Place Ville Marie | 20, 21, 22. Grain Elevators |
| 9a. (inset) Underground Plazas (PVM) | 23. Place des Arts |
| 10. Queen Elizabeth Hotel | 24. Department Stores |
| 11. CIL Tower | 25. New Residential Buildings |

considered more than adequate, the PVM tower alone offered 1.5 million square feet of office space, 70,000 square feet of shops at plaza level, 130,000 square feet of retail space under the plaza and two parking levels for 1,500 cars. It was a \$100-million gamble but it began to pay off when James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, signed a ninety-nine-year lease as the principal tenant of the tower and started the move of commerce from the old financial center to the new core.

Leasing retail space proved difficult at first; Ponte realized that the 10,000 workers in the tower could support only about 40,000 square feet of sales space, and the inclusion of additional shops had to be justified by "lateral inputs," i.e., pulling pedestrians into the plaza by its own appeal. It took eighteen months to find the first tenant for the underground promenade: it was viewed with mistrust as a basement, and as being too far from the crowds of Ste Catherine Street, Montreal's Fifth Avenue. Now there is a long waiting list for shops in the promenade, where gross sales figures are reported to exceed \$400 per square foot, one of the world's highest rates. A key to the success of the plaza was the choice of its name. Many French Canadians had earlier been disgruntled when the CNR christened its new hotel the Queen Elizabeth. By contrast, Place Ville Marie, named for the first European settlement on the island of Montreal in 1642, won their immediate affection. The plaza was hardly finished when it served as the site for a chauvinistic demonstration against the hiring policies of the CNR and for the burning of President Gordon's effigy. Henry Cobb was delighted: the event marked the adoption of PVM as the place where the action is.

During the winter the vast plaza is deserted, but with the first suns of spring, people start flocking in and its scale seems justified. It is in relation to the plaza that the cruciform shape of the tower makes good architectural sense; seem from a distance it appears too high-shouldered, covering the view toward Mt. Royal. And the tower is very successful in terms of "image." Other buildings may compete with its height, but it is, and will presumably remain, the only one of its shape. The two companion structures on the plaza are perfect "backdrop" buildings, defining the space without trying to compete with the focal tower. I like best of all the long, low-rise building with its beautifully carved, well-proportioned arcades.

Although the plaza is practically on a level with busy, recently widened Dorchester Avenue, it has no appropriate access from the main shopping street, Ste Catherine. Cobb's original plan provided an excellent connection in the form of a wide ramp which would have made it easy for pedestrians on Ste Catherine to walk up onto the plaza, but due to objections from the owner of an adjacent building this ramp had to be eliminated. Now the connection between levels occurs through the shopping concourse.

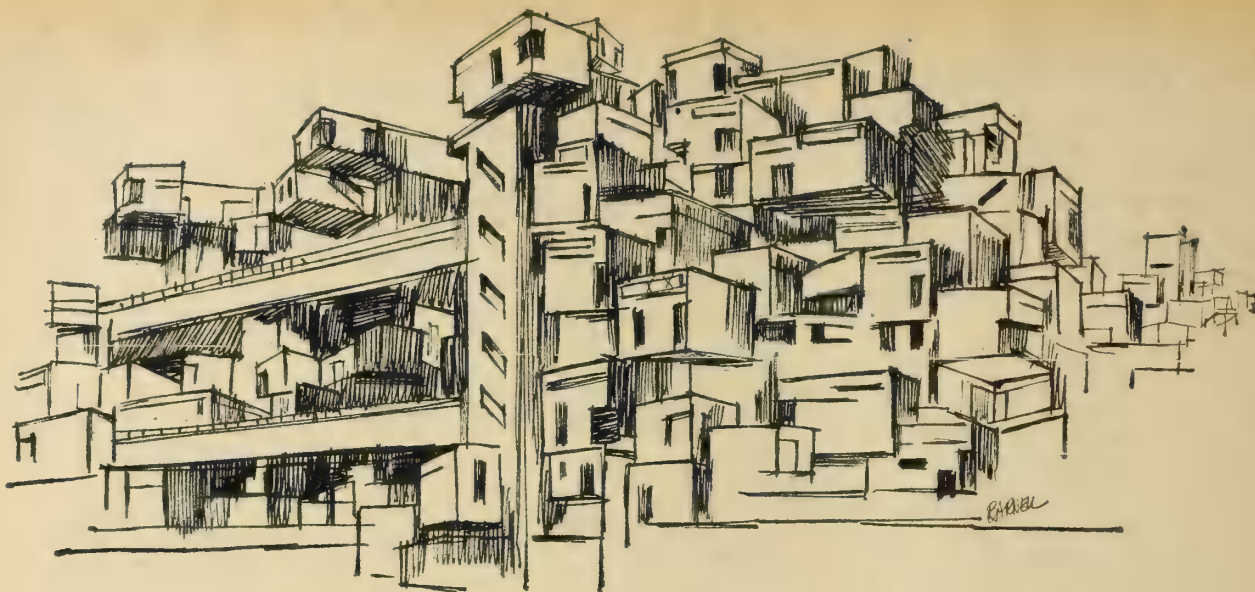
Place Ville Marie might have remained an isolated gesture were it not for Vincent Ponte who provided the continuity between the PVM scheme and all later development. It is due to Ponte that Montreal's core renewal amounts to more than a collection of unrelated pieces like

New York's Third and Sixth Avenue developments, being instead a system in which each element adds to the impact of all the others.

Ponte is a maverick among planners. The profession has increasingly been turning toward complicated theoretical models, devised by specialists relying heavily on computers, but Ponte still values common sense and intuition. Among his insights in Montreal was the realization that the traditional loose east-west growth pattern of the city's core could be supplemented by a new concentrated north-south axis, the logical extension of Place Ville Marie to Mt. Royal and to the water front. He is committed to the idea of a dense urban core, which in his opinion should not exceed 200 acres even in the largest cities, but he early realized that in Montreal the addition of new office space would produce maximum congestion, since already 30 per cent of all traffic had to squeeze on east-west streets between Mt. Royal and the port. He proposed to remove the trucks from the streets by providing off-street docking points, and since pedestrian crossings also impede traffic movement, he devised a pedestrian system independent of the surface streets. The sloping ground-level of the downtown area provides good contact between the streets and the pedestrian way, which is not always underground but can also pass over the street where advantageous. The pedestrian way was Ponte's first brain child and remains his continued obsession: he likes walking through the system in dark glasses and a raccoon coat, cutting a familiar figure among the mini-skirted office workers.

The highly accessible, climate-controlled underground "market" is downtown Montreal's best defense against the lure of suburban shopping centers which sap the vitality of the retail core of cities like Detroit or Philadelphia. In Montreal the 2 miles of undercover streets now tie together 23 acres of the downtown area; by 1970, there will be 4 miles serving 44 acres, and if Ponte has his way, by 1972 the system will serve 11 million square feet of prime office space, all major hotels and department stores, ten cinemas, with 500,000 people pouring in each day from the railroad stations, the subway and 8,000 parking places. According to Ponte, the inevitable southward thrust of development will soon affect the Notre Dame area of low-rise warehouses which he sees as a reservoir for core-oriented housing. Upgrading this area will connect the core with the water front and Mackay pier, recently improved with the permanent structures of the Expo. Turning visionary, he sees the pier connected to the islands by vast suspended structures, and bridging over the seaway to the south shore. Ponte's system—which at times has been misnamed "3-D downtown"—is actually strikingly four-dimensional: it is not an abstract target plan aimed at some ultimate, crystalline balance but design in function of time; not a strait jacket but a set of rules for a game of action, permitting temporary disequilibriums to create dynamic, incremental growth.

The investment by the private sector of the economy in development projects will exceed \$500 million by 1970. With its help the new downtown grows without government financing or urban renewal, but the boom



Habitat 67 (a detail)

could not have occurred without cooperation from city hall which cut red tape, found favorable interpretations of the bylaws and, above all, provided a modern transportation system. Equal in importance to the initiative of the private developers is the municipal rebirth of Montreal, which is largely due to Jean Drapeau, very probably the most effective mayor in North America.

Drapeau's public career began after World War II when, as a young lawyer, he became enraged by the administration of easygoing boss Camilien Houde, under whose tenure almost the only local business that showed dynamic growth was the red-light sector of 100 bordellos. Campaigning on a reform platform, Drapeau was first elected in 1954, eased out of office by a reactionary combination in 1957 and—chaos then ensuing—was re-elected in 1960 with 88 per cent of the votes. In that campaign he committed himself to build a new subway system for Montreal. To finance the Metro he had \$7 million a year in additional taxes generated by the new building boom and was able to borrow an initial \$140 million to start construction. The Metro, now complete with four lines in operation, cost \$213,700,000.

The fare on the subway is 25c and is valid for transfer to and from intracity buses which all terminate at the subway stations on the periphery of the downtown core. The vast commuter crowds transferring at these points enabled the Mayor to recoup part of the Metro's construction cost by offering air rights above the subway stations on the "emphyteutic" lease arrangement. Imaginative promotion of "two million people in your basement" has already bagged a \$4-million development over Guy station, and other deals are being negotiated.

One subway line has been tunneled under the St. Lawrence River to terminate on Ste Hélène's Island and serve Expo. The city of Longueuil decided to pay for an extension of this line to the south shore, a farsighted move tying the underdeveloped south shore directly to downtown. Instead of building the subway in an open cut like New York's Sixth Avenue line—a method that impedes surface traffic during construction—the Montreal

Metro was tunneled deep enough to allow for spacious mezzanines between street and platform. The mezzanines are part of Ponte's continuous pedestrian-way system and from them the trains can be viewed without passing the turnstiles. The stations have been designed by different architects, and as a result each has a distinct identity, easy to remember. At Peel station, the popular local artist, Mousson, contributed brilliant abstract murals; at Bonaventure station, which lies very deep, it has been proved that high vaults can be built for the same cost as "back-filling" rubble in the excavation hole. The resulting sequence of vast domed chambers has the dignity of a Roman bath, or a Byzantine cathedral. In short, a complete tour of the stations is essential to a pilgrim of modern architecture. The subway cars designed by Jacques Gillon are of a deep blue enamel and the interiors are carefully detailed. The cars run smoothly and noiselessly on Michelin rubber tires, but at present the air intakes at the bottom drag in hot air from the brakes; this deficiency is scheduled to be corrected before the coming summer.

The people of Montreal react to the spotless environment of their Metro by respecting it. No graffiti disfigure the walls. From New York's subway, recently described in a report to Mayor Lindsay as "the world's most squalid public environment," 30 tons of litter are removed daily. In Montreal's Metro the litter is measurable in pounds.

The existence of Mayor Drapeau's subway system was a key factor in the selection of Montreal as the site for the 1967 World's Fair. Expo is a well-deserved windfall for the city, bringing some \$700 million to the town, and the fringe benefit of accelerated construction of freeways and bridges by national and provincial authorities. Occupying some 1,000 acres, with seventy foreign nations participating, Expo 67 is going to be by far the biggest of postwar expositions. It is the only first-class world's fair since Brussels. Seattle was a second-echelon effort, while the unrecognized wildcat New York World's Fair was heavily commercial and attracted only thirteen foreign nations.

The news of the Expo started immediate wild land speculation in the few areas considered suitable for the purpose, but Mayor Drapeau outwitted the speculators. Instead of expropriating land for clearance, he decided to create new land in the St. Lawrence by doubling the size of Ste Hélène's Island and building the entirely new island of Notre Dame. Rubble from the subway excavation was used and for months a heavy truck full of rock passed the Cartier Bridge every four minutes. Expo excels in its site. The Brussels and New York fairs were located far from downtown. By contrast, Expo visitors will view Montreal from its most impressive side; looking across the river, they will see the harbor with its majestic grain elevators, recently cleaned for the occasion, and beyond them the competing skyscrapers of the new core with the green hump of Mt. Royal in the background.

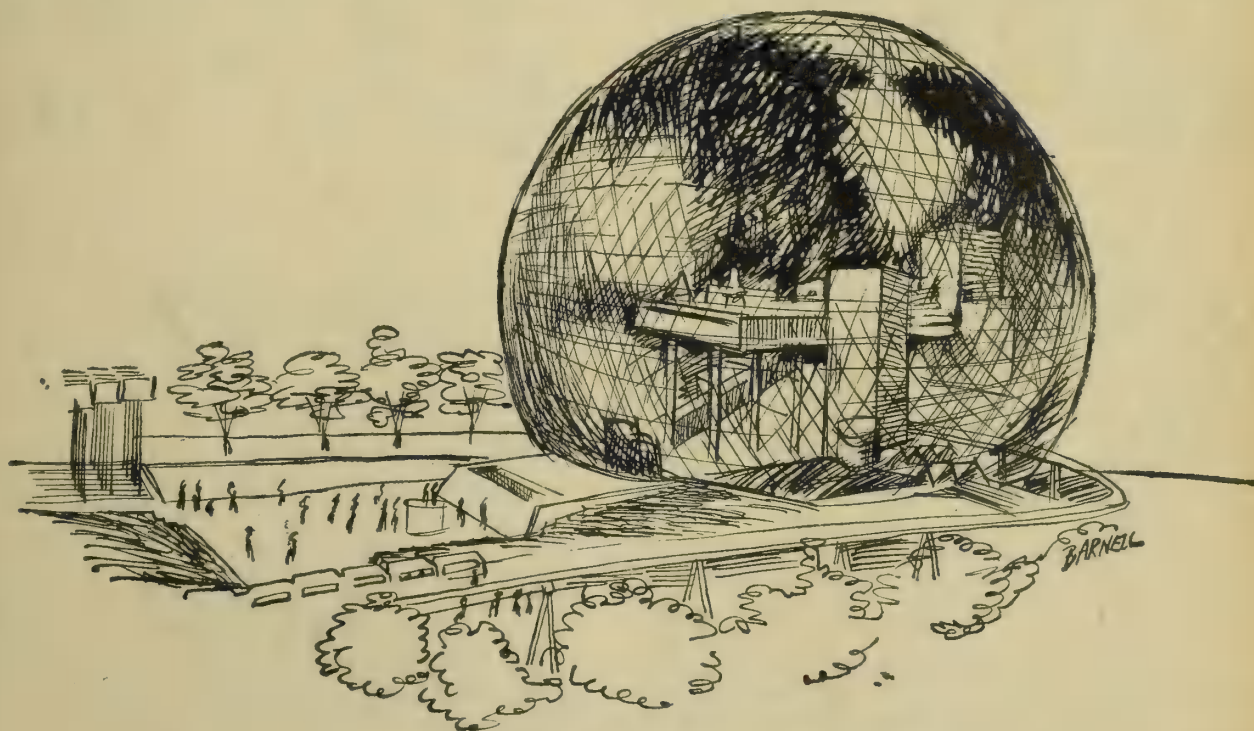
Facing the harbor on the narrow strip of Mackay pier are the administrative buildings of Expo, a theatre, a temporary museum, and the most extraordinary of Canada's thematic pavilions: Habitat 67. World exhibitions generally select a central theme; rather typically, both Seattle and New York chose to feature "outer space." Montreal responded with "Man and His World." Habitat 67, which will remain as permanent evidence of this concern, is a prefabricated experimental housing project that aims to "bring the most attractive features of suburban living space, privacy and greenery" to high-density urban housing. Its designer is 29-year-old Moshe Safdi, and the solution is based on Safdi's master's thesis at the McGill School of Architecture. It is a sign of the youthful exuberance of Montreal that this important commission went to a young man who had no experience but only ideas to offer.

Habitat is built up with prefabricated concrete boxes that support one another in a seemingly random arrangement, forming an "instant hill town" of 158 houses made

up of 354 geometrically identical boxes. These are 38.5 feet long, 17.5 feet wide and 10 feet high, and weigh between 80 to 120 tons each. Three boxes are needed to form a three-bedroom "house," while one box suffices for an efficiency apartment. Each box has windows on more than one wall, and each unit opens to a large patio or garden on top of the lower boxes. Apartments are approached on "airways"—open corridors at the sixth and tenth level, the only ones served by the elevator. Units were cast on the site, equipped with kitchens and bathrooms, lifted into position by an enormous custom-built derrick, and bolted together to form a monolithic whole.

The resulting configuration is unusual and dramatic. Undoubtedly it will become a landmark of Montreal, as the Eiffel Tower symbolizes Paris and the Marina Towers have become one of the sights of Chicago. It is somewhat less successful as a "demonstration of the economic advantages of mass-produced housing" or as an "answer to growing world populations and dwindling land areas," because it is not very high-density, and it turned out to be shockingly expensive. The average apartment unit cost about \$120,000, more than ten times the cost of a comparable apartment built by conventional methods. The high cost is inherent in the design since, depending upon the position of a box in the pile, the loads vary and nearly every box required different reinforcement. Prefabrication is successful only if a maximum of identical pieces can be cast; the 156 apartments of Habitat required 2,850 elements, and the largest set of identical pieces was six.

During Expo, the apartments of Habitat will rent to exhibitors for \$350 to \$750 a month, except for a few model apartments open to visitors. After the fair, the project will be sold to the highest bidder. Its market value seems to be around \$5 million and this will leave \$11 to \$13 million to be written off as experiment. This is



United States Pavilion

Director Guy Gresford points out that a certain number of the developed nations, including the United States, have created their own committees on the problems of development. Also the committee has been able to identify the areas most important for early consideration. Now that it has completed its first phase, which it calls the general philosophical approach, the committee is turning to investigations in detail and in depth. For instance, a meeting on proteins is now at work in Rome, and its report is expected to be of immediate use in all the areas where food shortages are a problem.

Like so many of the heads of the specialized agencies, Mr. Gresford stresses that in spite of all that has been accomplished, the rich nations are getting richer and the poor nations are getting poorer. This growing imbalance is basic to future planning and it is therefore essential to evaluate the reaction of the developed nations—and particularly that of the United States, whose wealth places it in a class by itself.

On the face of it, the United States would seem to be an enthusiastic supporter for development of the backward areas. It has an unbroken record of being the largest contributor to the overall United Nations Development Program. In 1966, it made a voluntary contribution of \$63 million. It has also supported the specialized agencies. Yet the total donation is relatively small, when compared with what the United States is doing on its own. And though the trend is beginning to change, the country, and particularly Congress, which appropriates the money, still tends to give aid in the form of "things," rather than make funds available to the longer-term investment of training and research. Ideally, the two should go together; it makes little sense to produce the engineers if there are no machines for them to operate.

It is also a serious stumbling block that the United States is deeply involved in its own economic development and expansion and needs all the scientists and engineers and doctors it can get. It, like the other developed countries, competes for brains and weans them from the poor countries with better salaries and better research opportunities. And, though it is often denied, there is good reason to suspect that the developed countries use their benevolence as a lever to pry advantageous trade relations from the poor nations; this is particularly the case with respect to oil and other natural resources. It can best be done if the technicians and scientists on the site are not citizens of the nation concerned. In short, it would seem that though the modern and developed countries are now more aware of the world problem, basically they are still thinking of their own futures.

On the other hand, the pressure constantly rises. The underprivileged, undernourished, undereducated and underdeveloped nations are ever more urgently demanding attention for their plight. If the developed nations ignore this trend they court disaster. These poor nations will win their economic freedom, whether by peaceful means or through violence and war. The primary resources of the United Nations today are being spent on establishing alternatives to potential explosion.

EDITORIALS (Continued from page 549)

tions on shore. Obviously the master must retain control of the movements of his ship in detail, but should there not be well-defined routes for tankers and other ships capable of causing regional disasters? Should not these routes be monitored from shore, so that an error in navigation on the ship could be corrected? By all indications, there is too much rampant individualism in this field, both in technique and economics. Instead of merely jacking up the insurance rates on tankers, an intensive effort should be made in the wake of the *Torrey Canyon* disaster to bring order out of the existing confusion.

Teaching Peace

Just at the hour when the New York Spring Mobilization was brought to a close by a sudden thundershower over United Nations Plaza, another kind of peace meeting concluded two days of "workshop" discussions in a far corner of the city. The Pacem in Terris Institute of Manhattan College, organized last year by faculty members of this modest-sized Roman Catholic institution for men, held its inaugural convocation on "education for peace"; more than 250 academics, from an impressive variety of disciplines and a fair selection of Eastern campuses, participated.

Purpose of the conference: to promote "a place in the curriculum . . . for the study of the nature and problems of peace." In other words, to make peace a "legitimate" subject for formal courses and lectures, rather than merely the object of extracurricular political interest. Some examples, at Manhattan: a three-credit course called "The Anatomy of Peace," given last semester by the history department; lectures by Tom T. Stonier, director of the Institute, on the effects of radiation and on group aggression, given in a general biology course; "The Philosophies of War and Peace," to be offered next year by the philosophy department. Stonier, a cancer researcher, author of *Nuclear Disaster*, and secretary of the Federation of American Scientists, hopes that the exchange and confrontations at the conference may serve as "a model for broadening the educational process."

The coincidental conflict of dates reflected, inadvertently, a divergence of opinion on the relative importance of academic and political peace-seeking. But the nature of the group itself was at least an interesting political expression of coexistence. Not many peace gatherings are likely to collect, along with liberal and radical college teachers, staff members from West Point and the Hudson Institute (including director Herman Kahn himself), leading European Communist philosophers (including Roger Garaudy of France and Mihailo Markovic of Yugoslavia), eminent theologians (such as John Courtney Murray and John Coleman Bennett), and even Pope Paul, represented in a special personal letter of encouragement to the convocation.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The High Cost of Professionalism

THE ARTIST IN AMERICAN SOCIETY: The Formative Years, 1790-1860. By Neil Harris. George Braziller. 432 pp. \$7.50.

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches English at The Pennsylvania State University. He is the author of *Brooklyn Bridge: Fact and Symbol* (Oxford University Press).

By "artist in American society" Neil Harris means the figure cut by the producer of visible art objects—how he sees himself and how he is seen. Social perception, not aesthetic, is the material of this excellent book, and while the immediate object of scrutiny is the shifting outlines of the artist figure, its ultimate image is America itself in its formative years. *The Artist in American Society*, "an inquiry into the relationship between a community's values and its culture," brings into the sharpest focus yet achieved by an American scholar the framework of arguments, opinions and rationalizations which has fixed the artist's pose in the eyes of his countrymen.

Neil Harris, a young member of the History Department at Harvard University, tells a familiar story, but the manner of the telling adds more to our historical knowledge than one might expect of a scholarly method alone. Borrowing judiciously from the social sciences, especially from the sociology of Max Weber, Harris poses his central question: "By what confluence of ideas and events did the work of the artist become legitimate work in America?" The process, as the author painstakingly reconstructs it, was fascinating and chilling, and left a permanent pattern of responses.

In the early years the arts were clearly on the defensive; post-Revolutionary America was dedicated to a plan of action and a definition of goals (mainly to achieve a state of national virtue and benevolence) inherently hostile to the politically irrelevant, economically useless and morally doubtful performances of the artist. He was on the fringes of a new society which lacked any obvious ways of welcoming him into the fold, unclear himself of his function, wavering uncertainly between thinking of himself as a creative genius (as defined by Joshua Reynolds) or only an

artisan, deprived, so far, of great native themes for historical or allegorical canvases or statuary. Isolated not only from the centers of training in Europe but from the great works of art themselves—suspected as an agent of aristocratic taste and the luxury of sensory indulgence—the artist was far from a leading contestant for a starring role in the American success story.

But as the plot develops, it turns out to be a success story, of a sort, after all. By 1860, the artist had found an apparently comfortable institutional role in American life. Increasing wealth and leisure, the birth of a class of patrons (merchants and lawyers especially), and wider European travel provided Americans with the need and the intellectual means to clarify the artist figure as combining devotion to "beauty"—the spiritual component—with entrepreneurial common sense and conservative social values. Popularized versions of Transcendentalism filtered into the public mind enough notions to assemble a version of nationalism based on native art. The consummate sanction appeared in the closing years of the period as the clergy embraced artists as partners in the service of public morality. And on this uneasy scene Harris draws his curtain.

Thus American art got its legitimacy by becoming, for its patrons, its consumers and frequently its producers, a perfectly safe—even necessary—way of passing one's time. The major discovery between 1790 and 1860 was that art objects can have a "moral efficacy" and thereby serve as instruments of "so-

cial control." Its putative spiritual values (once the artist figure purged itself of romantic excesses) might help uphold the virtuous order of things. "The cause of art was captured," writes the author, "by energetic conservatives, eager to bolster their harmonious ideology." Artists themselves, while "weak and dependent upon private aid, were only too happy to aid in campaigns of moralism." The costs of professionalism turned out to be loss of the very ideals of freedom and creativity which drew many into art—certainly a familiar American story.

The legacy created in these formative years can be described as the making of, and the artist's surrender to, a genteel tradition. This legacy became the burdensome facts of life for later artists like Eakins, Ryder and Sullivan. But the story after 1860 is another chapter, and the fact that the reader closes this book with a sense of an unfinished story testifies to the author's remarkable ability to animate his subject. Harris manages to make his points almost entirely through the voices of his speakers, who include dozens of obscure patrons, travelers and journalists, as well as famous artists, writers and clergymen. His book is a feat of organization and insinuation. Such governing abstractions as Veblen's "conspicuous consumption" and Santayana's "genteel tradition" are not mentioned, yet assume a vibrancy and a much needed freshness.

Although the book has little aesthetic analysis of specific art works, it does demonstrate how certain forms and styles

emerged from social pressures and interactions. It demonstrates the relevance of such matters as the politics of commissions, the artist's choice of a place to live (city or country? which city? what street?), the availability of materials, the perils and turmoils of European travel. It relates the "strident realism" of American portraiture to the "occupational defensiveness" of artists and their social need to demonstrate mastery of literal representation. Harris persuades us that styles do not simply "happen," nor are they mystical emanations of national traits, but are, at least in part, the result of discernible social processes.

Most of all, *The Artist in American Society* persuades us of its own importance. Controversies about art are controversies about the most critical issues of community life and destiny. Not that Harris holds that art possesses a sentimental value as "high culture." "In the deepest sense," he reminds us, "art's ultimate legitimization—its ability to exist without one—was never achieved in nineteenth-century America." But insofar as a radically noninstrumental activity, such as art, challenged a highly

instrumental minded society for a place therein, the history of the challenge records a crucial passage in the psyche of that society. Harris stops short of a full articulation of this issue, but I am not sure this is a fault; it may be the reader's own problem to bring the work's finest implications to the surface.

The book's virtually "dramatic" method avoids overt argument, and in effect invites the reader to participate in the dialectic of not-so-old controversies. The method does have a shortcoming. While it succeeds brilliantly in tracing the social and political conformations of Andrew Jackson Downing's thought, and his conservative uses of Transcendentalism, it does poorly in failing to indicate that that philosophy was also a serious body of thought, more than a group of socially relevant opinions. To associate Emerson and Thoreau with "beauty crusades" and "commitment to beautification" may expose a public misuse of ideas half understood, but fails to evaluate the independent power and scope of the ideas themselves. Yet, after all, the book does not set out to do this. It is vital, fresh and firm, and we could hardly ask for more.

who was remarkable for her outstanding moral qualities, who greatly loved the orphaned child, but who unwisely if unconsciously sought to dominate the children's moral outlook. Marriage itself seems to have thrown her into considerable perturbation; and she opposed Bertrand's marriage as injudiciously as she had his father's. "This gave me an uncanny feeling," is Russell's significant comment, "that I was not living my own life but my father's over again. . . ." Sharing a common mother with one's father must have a very unsettling effect on one's sense of identity, a subject which has greatly interested Russell in its logical aspects but not in its psychological ones.

The love of truth is the greatest of virtues. It calls for both courage and humility, and Russell esteems it very highly. He, too, is not without humility, while his courage is beyond question. Throughout his long life he has rarely ceased to assail those in power for sacrificing justice, equality and freedom to the claims of power. At the age of 91, he went uncomplaining to prison—not for the first time—in defiance of the government's nuclear "defense" depravities. By so doing he earned the profound respect and gratitude of multitudes opposing evil throughout the world. Courage of a rather different order is required, however, to state publicly the truth about oneself as distinct from the truth about public affairs. Earl Russell, by the extreme candor of his confessions concerning his sexual relations in the period down to 1914, compels us to wonder why he has chosen to publish these facts. Russell himself would doubtless echo Bishop Butler: "Things and actions are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be; why then should we seek to be deceived?" If confession is good for the soul, presumably public confession that is sincere is even better. But although Russell's account of his relations with women, particularly with an unnamed American girl, frequently makes harsh and painful reading, there is no hint of contrition expressed. Sorrow on one occasion, but not contrition. His first wife is criticized on the ground that notwithstanding her great qualities, she was malicious, insincere and untruthful—grave charges—but she is nowhere enabled to speak on her own behalf.

The publishers claim that the book will establish itself as a classic, bearing comparison with Rousseau's celebrated *Confessions* in its freedom from inhibition. Here, it would seem to be implied, in the interests of truth,

Russell in His Prime

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, 1872-1914. Little, Brown & Co. 356 pp. \$7.95.

RONALD SAMPSON

Mr. Sampson is a lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol (England). His most recent book is *The Psychology of Power* (Pantheon).

Volume 1 of Earl Russell's autobiography is a straightforward, factual account of his first 42 years, lavishly anecdotal in style and amply documented with

Cambridge "apostles" and the London Fabians, and on the history of professional British philosophy in the crucial phase when the idealism of the Hegelians gave way to the empiricism of the mathematical logicians.

Bertrand Russell had the grave misfortune to be orphaned before he was out of the nursery, so that he has no memory of his mother and only the barest recollection of his father. His father, son of the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, caused great scandal by a public-spirited attempt to ventilate

birth control. He detested his wife, one of whose papers he was notable for his ability to read and her ability to write.

His first wife was a blow to his pride. He was further humiliated by his father's consideration of the girl or acquiring the other "grannie"

nothing is suppressed. If the warts portrayed are painful to behold, they bespeak at least the subjugation of vanity. Painful external facts are relentlessly recorded, it is true—the candor is admirable—but evidence concerning the much more important matter of the inner spiritual condition productive of the external facts is generally lacking in comparable candor. Earl Russell reveals, for instance, his mother's tragic and seemingly passionless adultery with the tutor of her eldest child while fatally ill of consumption, in the comparatively short period that elapsed between Bertrand's birth and her own death.

What he does not record is the great pain that this discovery concerning his mother must have caused him. His grandparents, when they made this posthumous discovery, reacted, he says, with "the utmost Victorian horror"—stuffy old puritans! But that most certainly could not have been his own manner of viewing it at the time. Nor do we merely have to infer this from our knowledge of the rigorous moral culture in which he was reared. We have his own avowal of his state of mind at the age of 16: "I became very Puritanical in my views, and decided that sex without deep love is beastly." And on marriage at the age of 22, he was at pains to assure himself that there was no element of lust in his love for his betrothed.

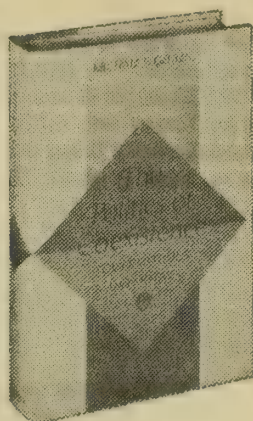
Precisely because Russell is sincere in his desire to record the truth about himself, failure at this point suggests that the emotions were so painful that they were relegated deep into the unconscious. His reference in a quite different context to his dreaming that he discovered his mother "to be mad, not dead, and that, on this ground, I felt it my duty not to marry," suggests a possibly different interpretation from the one which he himself puts upon it. Madness after all is a sufficient defense against badness. Russell belongs to a generation that was too early to be able to assimilate the painful truths of Freud. His book contains but two brief references to "Freudians"—a defiant challenge to make what they can out of a trifling, irrelevant episode, and a reference of unconcealed hostility to a psychoanalyst in a social context where he had the best of reasons for feeling guilty.

On the slender evidence available it is not possible adequately to understand the root causes of Russell's adult behavior. But it demands explanation. Himself a passionate moralist, his quest for love is so compulsive (and self-defeating)



PROGRESS

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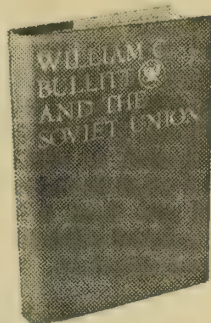
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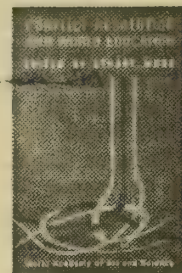
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that he appears inordinately blind to his own relentless egoism. His contempt for what he would term the puritan view of love and marriage, takes no regard for a woman's profound need for emotional security in a relation so crucial that it may at any time become the source of new life. And the effects of emotional insecurity and deprivation of love on a child should be abundantly apparent to one whose own childhood bore eloquent and pathetic witness to the loneliness experienced when bereft of parental love.

The correspondence, laid bare in this volume, as already indicated, is rich in

the variety of topics touched upon, and makes absorbing reading. Russell's own inimitable dry irony, wit, humanity and sadness, are clearly revealed. But they also betray a restless, febrile quality that fails to command the most serious attention. In a letter from Chelsea he writes to Gilbert Murray in 1902: "Modern life is very difficult: I wish I lived in a cloister wearing a hair shirt and sleeping on a crucifix." A fortnight later he writes from Florence (December 28): "The house has been furnished by Berenson with exquisite taste; it has some very good pictures, and a most absorbing library."

who understands his problem. He says:

The paralysis of doing nothing had caught up with us little by little, and the farther we strayed from reality the more helplessly we drowned . . . moral energy that remains unused turns into neurasthenia. The contrast between the subject and painting, dreams and reality, is so dizzying that people like Rafael, Ricardo and me eventually doubt our own sense. I said we were slowly going crazy, and I didn't see how the process could be stopped. I said all this mechanically, as if someone else were talking. Ana looked at me with her beautiful dark eyes, and now and then nodded. "Sleep, darling. We'll talk tomorrow."

But this turns out to be a whine, not a resolution. The lawyer hasn't the guts to wholeheartedly love either his wife or the girl, and his self-absorption makes him fail to respond to a poor man's plea for help.

The third story is about a couple who take on vacation with them the unsettled issue of letters between the wife and a lover. He claims to forgive her, and both are polite, even solicitous. But he hates her. She in turn suffers guilt and despises him; subtly she rejects him. He tries to bait her into further infidelity. She despises him more. They go on testing and wounding each other until they reach a peace that promises to be mere armed truce.

The fourth story is told by a man who has lived in France for some years and now returns to Spain to visit the companion of his youth. The friend has married a charming bitch with a fag-moll mentality—never possessed, never possessing enough to satisfy her. The husband has become bitter, ironic, withdrawn; he is half his wife's lackey and half her sniping enemy, unable either to quit or win. His brilliant scholarly career is at a standstill. The house is full of hangers-on who are agonizingly fashionable and banal, upper-middle-class collectors of Bessie Smith records who try to sleep with the peasant tenants and envy their "real life close to the soil." The story is a meticulous chronicle of human waste and the perversion of life. Everyone lives in a prison of spurned challenges, silly chatter, cynicism and masked anger. The visitor returns to France, to freedom of the heart.

At the end of each story, the title tolls with icy, unsparing irony; the subtitle becomes pins that hold four grotesque, wriggling insects on a mounting board. There are no winners in this book, among rich or poor, husbands or wives, old or young. It has become clear that the identical absence taints politics and love in Spain, giving both the angry incompleteness of masturbation. In both, real feel-

Definitions of Love

THE PARTY'S OVER. By Juan Goytisolo. Translated by Jose Yglesias. Grove Press. 188 pp. \$3.95.

ARNO KARLEN

Mr. Karlen writes fiction and criticism. He is the author of a book of short stories, *White Apples* (Lippincott).

Juan Goytisolo, like his characters, grew up amid mute anger and futility. He was born into Spain's small comfortable class in 1931 in Barcelona. He came of age in a land of absences and avoidance, where men are poisoned by their unspent lives, knowing that authentic acts mean grave trouble. Goytisolo studied law at the Universities of Barcelona and Madrid, but gave it up for writing when, at 21, he saw his first book published. *The Young Assassins* was about middle-class delinquents such as he'd known at school—like many adolescents all over the world, vengeful toward a society that had surfeited them with everything but love and purpose. A gang of youths arbitrarily plot the assassination of a minor politician, ~~trick~~ the least violent among them into the job, murder him for failing, and break up in mutual betrayal. Like Salinger, Goytisolo used disaffected youth to expose the "phonies" of the older generation; unlike Salinger, he knew that the unloved cannot love, that the youth are not pure but themselves corrupted by their parents' emotional and moral bankruptcy. They are deprived souls, and their gesture is one of unfocused anger, not of reform or even indignation. Although the author denied political intent, and the book was not explicitly critical of the government, it was cut by censors.

Goytisolo's next books, *La Resaca* (*The Undertow*) and *Fiestas*, had to be published in Argentina. *Fiestas* was

about children, shanty-town poor, outcasts, and the pious villainy of a church and state that refuse to admit their existence except to repress them. Another book, *Children of Chaos*, was about children brutalized by the Civil War; it too displeased the censors. In 1957, Goytisolo moved to France, where he has lived and worked ever since.

In *Island of Women* he stopped writing about the young. He told what the older "phonies" are like among themselves, rather than as their children see them. The characters are members of Spain's *dolce vita* set. They live on casual, angry sex; on alcohol; on sleeping pills; on fads; on play-acted emotion; on anything that will give them a moment's surcease from impotent self-hatred, staled ideals and soured affections.

The Party's Over—beautifully translated by Jose Yglesias—carries the same theme a step further in artistic refinement. The subtitle reads: "Four Attempts To Define a Love Story," and each section is about a summer vacation of the wealthy in Spain. The first is told by a youth in an Andalusian fishing village that has become a resort town, and describes its disruption by a visiting Swedish couple. The Swedes's marriage is a shambles; they drink a lot; the wife sleeps with the narrator's friend; the husband weeps or withdraws. The natives are narrow, bigoted, twisted by their poverty and by the Mediterranean tradition of *machismo*; they have turned into parasites, panders and studs to the tourists. The ending is inconclusive. Nothing has changed the misery of the Swedes or the intolerance and ignorance of the peasants.

The second story is about a prosperous, liberally inclined lawyer, his wife and a young girl infatuated with him. The lawyer is the only character in the book

ings are best unspoken—or, safer still, unfelt. The corruption of the dictatorship has reached everywhere, from statute to bed. The situation is hopeless because the enemy is no longer a man or party but a society that has adapted—under duress, or out of exhaustion or in despair. People live both public and private lives like frantic somnambulists, not daring to awaken and pronounce the enemy's real name. In a land where so few are privileged, who would do so and chance losing privilege? Risk re-enacting a lost war? Love alone among the unfeeling? The men and women, like the rich and poor, suspect and exploit one another. The husbands are weak cheats, the women cunning and consuming bitches. They sandpaper one another's nerves, encouraging infidelity to justify their own cold hate; even their miserable confessions are frauds perpetrated upon themselves. It is in this world that the angry children of Goytisolo's early books grew up, never knowing what frank feeling is, or loyalty to people and ideas.

Goytisolo claims to be nonpolitical, and politics is not directly discussed by him or his characters. Instead of explaining, he brings to life. His callous rich live by fads, hypocrisy, self-centeredness and desperation; his brutalized poor find relief in tormenting those a little worse off than themselves. He is a master of indirection at showing the gap between social reality and its official versions, and the parallel gaps between marriage and sex and love. His genius is not polemic or documentary but in his power of magical portraiture.

It is a respectable cliché of critics and teachers that novelistic genius lies in the selection of details. But an artist does not edit reality; he creates it. When he must construct on paper a personality, a human climate, he must do so with his imagination, not by winnowing down a card file of information. In fiction, the dialogue, landscape and incident work as metaphors do in verse. Goytisolo's skill at inventing economical, suggestive details makes him a delight for other writers to read. His prose is cool, controlled, compact. The color of the sky, a boat being rowed, a snatch of conversation, a silence—all work like the techniques of perspective painting, where manipulating the surface creates a whole dimension in depth.

Goytisolo is still young, as novelists go, and still growing in the clarity of his vision, the force of his feeling and intellectual focus, the precision and power of his means. They are the gifts with which he promises to become one of the major world novelists of his generation.

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John King Fairbank CHINA

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Yen Fu and the West

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—*The Times Literary Supplement*.
Belknap. \$5.95



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TELEVISION / John Horn

Mr. Horn covers television daily for the Publishers Newspaper Syndicate, and theatre and popular entertainment for the weekly Rockland Independent. He has been television critic-reporter for the New York Herald Tribune, Variety and the New York Star, and a field producer on Edward R. Murrow's Person to Person.

With the majority of set owners voting against television's massive inanity by keeping screens dark most of the time, it is necessary these days to sound an alert when programing of merit appears in the offing. Such an event is Part II of the Senate Communications Subcommittee hearings, chaired by Sen. John Pastore (D., R.I.) on the Magnuson bill for public television, April 25 through 28.

Part I heard the noncommercial sector of American television—members of National Educational Television (NET), the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television, et al.—from April 11 through 14. Part II covers commercial television interests with taped highlights of the subcommittee hearings being tele-

cast in prime-time hours by the NET network over some seventy affiliated stations.

"The future of noncommercial broadcasting in the United States is at stake in these hearings," says NET programing vice president, William H. Kobin. "The course it takes will affect all of broadcasting. The public interest is deeply involved." Those still stubborn and tenacious enough to cling to the view that television can be rescued as a potential national resource owe themselves a look.

What will be most instructive in the Part II hearings will be the pattern of attack commercial broadcasters mount against the central issue—the moving issue—in Sen. Warren G. Magnuson's bill, S. 1160. No quarrel is expected over extension and improvement of grants for noncommercial radio and television facility construction, or over authorization for a study of instructional television, or the establishment of a non-profit, noncommercial Public Television Corporation—though there may be some grumbling about the "political" complexion of the corporation's board of directors, to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate.

But a no-holds-barred alley fight is anticipated on the big question: who is to pay for public television? The Carnegie Commission foresees an ultimate annual public television budget of more than \$100 million. Where will the money come from?

The Ford Foundation hitches the financial wagon for its more limited noncommercial network plan to a domestic communications satellite restricted to television, with commercial users paying disproportionately high fees to finance the noncommercial. The Carnegie Commission proposes an excise tax on TV sets, no doubt to be passed along to the public. But the public has already invested \$20 billion in sets and is spending \$2 billion annually. One lone, dissenting Carnegie commissioner, Joseph H. McConnell, a former N.B.C. president, thinks commercial television and advertisers should be taxed. That is the heresy that commercial television spokesmen will be denouncing.

The suggestion that commercial television should subsidize noncommercial television would have been laughed out of the court of public opinion five or more years ago. But in those days, television's promise was still believed, and the net-

works had not clearly embarked on a steady decline of program quality in pursuit of audience quantity. The current, regularly scheduled nighttime programs of the three national networks are overwhelmingly absurd twaddle. And the "give the public what it wants" philosophy, publicly espoused by all the network programing vice presidents a year and a half ago, has proved as fallacious in America as England's Pilkington report described it to be in 1962:

A service which caters only for majorities can never satisfy all, or even most of the needs of any individual. It cannot, therefore, satisfy all the needs of the public.

No one can say he is giving the public what it wants unless the public knows the whole range of possibilities which television can offer and, from this range, chooses what it wants to see. For a choice is only free if the field of choice is not unnecessarily restricted. . . .

"To give the public what it wants" is a misleading phrase, because it appears to appeal to democratic principle but does not. In fact, the slogan is "patronizing and arrogant" in that it claims to know what the public is, but defines it as no more than the mass audience.

If there is a sense in which the phrase may be used it is this: . . . what the public wants and what it has the right to get is the freedom to choose from the widest possible range of program matter. Anything less is deprivation.

The writer, David Karp, who did at one time get quality drama on the air, has summed up the basic aim and meaning of American commercial television: "TV shows are not supposed to be good. They are supposed to make money."

And money the networks have made. In 1965, according to Dr. Hyman H. Goldin of the Carnegie Commission, "network television billings were \$338 million for A.B.C., \$492 million for C.B.S. and \$430 million for N.B.C. In the same year, advertising revenues for Life, Time and Look combined were \$323 million." That year the Federal Communications Commission announced that the television industry was reporting almost \$2 billion in total broadcast revenues and \$447.9 million in pre-tax profits. The three networks and their owned and operated stations had pre-tax profits of \$161.6 million.

Last year the trade magazine, Broadcasting, reported that radio and television had "more billings than in any other year of either's history," and estimated television's total billings to be up by 8 per cent.

Dr. Goldin estimates the budget of noncommercial television at 3 per cent of the aforementioned \$2 billion. As long

GERMANY Through American Eyes

Impressions of a group of writers and editors who visited Germany earlier this year . . . what surprised — interested — disappointed — or disturbed:

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Another look — New discoveries

as the commercial and noncommercial branches of television are equally promising in their individual roles, such comparisons were not stressed. But the Carnegie Commission report, while refraining from explicit criticism, has condemned commercial television by implication: "Television has been fashioned into a miraculous instrument. The opportunity is at hand to turn the instrument to the best uses of American society, and to make it of new and increased service to the general public." To speak of impending miracles after almost twenty years of commercial television is to confess failure on a colossal scale.

An appraisal of American television, both commercial and noncommercial, is long overdue. Is the present dual system the one we really want? Shall we continue to condone the enormously lucrative milking of the public air waves (record network profits are being transferred into non-regulated businesses),

while noncommercial and educational television subsists on handouts from private and government sources?

Our need is great and it is twofold: we should have a national noncommercial alternative to what the commercial suppliers now call entertainment—a service that would aspire to excellence instead of seeking the lowest basic appeal—and we should have solidly financed educational broadcasting on local, regional and network levels. Where are we to get the money, if not from the commercial operators and the advertisers? They are now using the air as though it belonged to them; indeed, they are the richest squatters in history, and we should consider charging them rent.

The question of long-range financing of public television does not actually come up for a year (a first-year sum of \$9 million is proposed to get the corporation going) but the war of the air begins with the battle of April 25-28.

PHOTOGRAPHY / Max Kozloff

There has been much comment upon what the so-called "New American Cinema," and its sometime counterpart, serious American photography, aspire to, in the way of aesthetic impulse, as they grapple with our common experience in an anti-establishment context. But it is essential to see in a certain mutual iconography — Hell's Angels, campy, jewel-laden men and women, a fetishism of the skin, visceral or glutinous glances at fruit and meat, social estrangement—not so much a revelation of actuality as a harboring of special inclination, clichés masquerading as protest. On the one hand, these can be farfetched and erotic, but there is a whole school that tends, rather, to elevate the commonplace, the isolated, the transient, the trivial, the incidental, as if these were the real components that made up the American scene. Above all, the themes of abstracted faces in the crowd, of vacant, highly reflective or mirrored surfaces, catching in their planes only the vacuity of the life around them, a haunted loneliness and grotesquerie—such themes, fusing together in a kind of pointless, chance-ridden profusion, provide much of the material to which ambitious young photographers have addressed themselves.

They are, of course, clichés in their own right, stereotyped even when accidental. Yet, for the very reason of having insisted upon them in their obvious accessibility, a group of energetic

and imaginative "social documenters" has forced us to reassess the temper and meaning of walking the streets of our cities. Such a development in photography has a dual origin. On one hand there is its own prior history, which is rampant with amateurs, snapshotters and candid photographers, who have unquestionably affected the way the urban and rural ambience rearranges and disports itself under the ultra-mobile camera gaze. On the other hand, there are larger cultural implications which seem to have come, partly from a view of America that has crystallized from Pop art, partly from the viewpoint of certain foreign observers of our scene. Already in the 1950s, Simone de Beauvoir, in *America Day by Day*, commented in repeated astonishment on the plethora of mirrors that everywhere confronted her in this country. About the same time, Robert Frank, a Swiss photographer who traveled the States on a Guggenheim fellowship, purveyed a sad and pungent scrutiny of the familiar, in terms of the unreal, the anomic, the mindlessness of a wayward technology, and a vastness of landscape, in which people still seem to be camping, instead of having long ago settled. In the view of François Reichenbach, who made, the film *L'Amérique Insolite* (1960), the very instability of American existence could be examined in terms of liturgies: beauty contests, rodeos, strip teasers, water-skiing, baton twirlers, etc., all

The Political Illusion

Has our passion for politics, and for "politicizing" everything, spawned a strange new world—a world of interlocking illusions—in which we are willingly trapped?

Do we live in a peculiar political trance in which we insist that the state be omnipotent, and expect it to solve all our problems, although in most cases it couldn't—even if it tried?

"In the 17th century we could have written of the comic illusion", says France's distinguished sociologist, Jacques Ellul, on the opening page of his devastating diagnosis (and prognosis) of modern life. "In our day the illusion has become tragic."

The Political Illusion

by Jacques Ellul

author of *The Technological Society* and *Propaganda*
Translated from the French,
with a Foreword, by Konrad Kellen

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observed as if by some fabulous anthropologist. And, in a current exhibition of three young photographers—Gary Winogrand, Lee Friedlander and Diane Arbus—at the Museum of Modern Art, these liturgies, though sometimes unrecognizably broken down, still seem to inform, in fact, give remarkable life, to glimpses of our time and place.

What these photographers have in common is a complete loss of faith in the mass media as vehicle, or even market for their work. Newsiness, from the journalistic point of view, and "stories," from the literary one, in any event, do not interest them. They have long since agreed with the innocent message of Philip Roth, in his famous article, "Writing American Fiction" (*Commentary*, March, 1961), in which he despairs of the power of current fiction to surpass the incredibility of the American scene itself, a scene that had elected Eisenhower as its President. Now we have movie stars and racist restaurant owners for governors, and the novelists can't possibly invoke the look of an atmosphere that could ever have permitted them.

Photographs, being mute and visual,

tend to abstract or give a curiously immobilized, arrested quality to the situation as it impinges upon us. In place of the Farm Security Administration photographs, perhaps the most archetypal visualizations of the American reality in the thirties, we now have Elliot Erwitt's empty Fontainebleau Hotel hall in Miami, with its swirled vinyl floor and its maddeningly floral-lattice wallpaper. What is caught superbly well is the latent, as well as the outright, hysteria and violence that immediately affect a viewer on his first visit, or after a long separation from these shores. Of course, novels like Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, can literally spell it out; and television, like a kinescoped Selma march, can drench us with it at its most hateful. But the photographs are, in the end, the more frightening because they are the more "unexplained" in their extrapolations from a reality too absurd and formless to confront in its whole.

One does not look at a photograph with the attentiveness and resources with which one encounters an ambitious painting. But it is nevertheless true that the photograph shares with painting the authority, direct or indirect, of the author's particular willfulness. In its special form of consciousness, camera work theoretically lies between fiction, with its narrative techniques, and painting, with its metaphoric ones.

Whenever photography transgresses this territory and moves toward the literary, it opens itself up to adverse criticism. Such would be Gary Winogrand's image of a little boy, bedecked with Mickey Mouse hat, traipsing through a Forest Lawn-like cemetery, in tow behind his mother. I do not quarrel with the mordancy or the justice of the comment, but with the fact that it is a comment, and, however caught by happenstance, a calculated one at that. Here the documentary is transcended by the didactic, with the effect of putting me, at least, in reverse emotional gear. There is a patness about such a situation, too quick and easy an invitation to see it as a foible. Similarly, I react negatively to all those scenes of muted despair, designed, it seems, to reveal the photographer's special sensitivity to the social attrition of American life. How mechanical an attitude it is to frame people in their habitual stances of boredom, distraction and vulgarity. It is a banal tripping of the shutter, with diminishing literary returns.

For all the sinuous nicety in the way he zones the countryside, Andrew Wyeth is the most celebrated perpetrator of

this literary cliché, this stylized candor. It is not necessary to argue how much Wyeth (whose retrospective concluded recently at the Whitney Museum) has been affected by photography in structuring his pictorial apparatus. His (not so much respect for, but) indulgence in factuality has about it the incriminating cast of illustration. And yet, as Lawrence Alloway lately reaffirms, how insufferably pretentious are the symbolic aspirations of this farmyard soothsayer as he attempts to translate his isolated turfs and gnarled physiognomies into statements about *man's condition*, or at the very least, nostalgically sums up the *spirit* of a whole terrain. In their stiffish dignity, or aged pathos, his Negroes are particularly bad examples of a false consciousness that mollifies the uneasy prejudices of his middle-class audience. The effect of Wyeth's work is paternalistic, frequently in respect to his subjects, and almost always in its "reflex jabbing" (Alloway) at its spectators. The same goes for the more subtle of his affinities with photography: those overhead views and turned backs, coquettish, accidental shadows, "clever" cropping; the magnified pores of skin, the crumpled weeds, frayed curtains intimately seen, and preciously empty house corners. All these details are manipulated by an eye for sentimental pungency, just as photographers may lie in wait for similar subjects, like duck shooters for their prey. Studied or unstudied, these effects are alienating because they refuse to acknowledge their own premises, their own slightly vapid seriousness, concealed as a modesty of tone.

Without denying that there have been splendid examples of this genre in photography, without imputing dishonorable intentions to their creators or neglecting the extent that they have enriched the whole field, one turns with relief to an opposite or alternative mode in the medium. I mean that attitude which will always see spontaneity as inherently compromised, and which leans deliberately and unashamedly toward the controlled and the monumental, admitting, as it does so, the immobilized condition that photography imposes upon its motifs. Doubtless, this too is a cliché, or certainly a convention vulnerable to the judgment that it is out of keeping with the nominally intimate scale of photography. There have been as many mistakes in it, as many pretenses, as in the opposite style. In fact, they have a tendency to be more self-evident. However, the hieratic freezing of images has a reputable history. Quite aside from Brady, I can cite the recently published photos of Frances Johnson "document-

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ing" (but more apparently, abstracting) the life of Negroes at the Hampton Institute (1900). Its chief European exponent was Eugene Atget. And its antecedents in painting go as far back as Piero della Francesca, though it is more relevant to think of its efflorescence in the thirties in the work of Paul Strand, Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange. Edward Hopper, for his part, inflected it with particular authority in his easel paintings. At their best, photographers of this persuasion have overcome embarrassment at the frozen, posed look of their images. On the contrary, formal control is as essential to their aesthetic, as accident is to their colleagues. In the work of Diane Arbus, this calculated frontality comes to have a striking modernity.

If Winogrand, from his moving car, lays claim to a reality that seems almost to have been inadvertently stopped in its tracks (the next instant might change it entirely), Arbus wants to heighten reality by its overt solicitation of response. Her transvestites and widows and nudists and Puerto Ricans look out upon us unflinchingly, as though, if not to countenance, to challenge the prurience of the photographic act. The psychological complexity of experiencing these photos has been acutely analyzed by Marion Magid in the current *Arts* magazine: "One does not look," she says, "with impunity, as anyone knows who has ever stared at the sleeping face of a familiar person and discovered its strangeness. Once having looked and not looked away, we are implicated. When we have met the gaze of a midget or a female

impersonator, a transaction takes place between the photograph and the viewer. In a kind of healing process, we are cured of our criminal urgency by having dared to look. The picture forgives us, as it were, for looking. In the end, the great humanity of Diane Arbus' art is to sanctify that privacy which she seems at first to have violated."

Not only has the maimed or aberrated subject consented to be observed but in effect he seems to have gained a curious aplomb through being observed. Arbus' refusal to be compassionate, her revulsion against moral judgment, lends her work an extraordinary ethical conviction. The glazed eye of Lee Friedlander's television set, playing in an empty room, is not more meaningful than Arbus' hair-curlered fairy, returning our scrutiny, nor is it less of a "set-up"—though it pretends not to be. It does not have that urgent complicity by which the Arbus photo produces in us its characteristic shiver. These unflinching American personages, who are altered by what seem to be glandular disturbances, kinky exhibitionism and general malaise, have the peculiar quality, as the exhibition director, John Szarkowski, has noted, of displacing neurosis onto the unexpected large quotient of "normal" people in her gamut of types. And if they do that, they have also by implication the capacity to impute the same condition to their beholders. This too, is the American reality, but a reality that has risen from the status of cliché to that of hideous insight.

THEATRE / Robert Pasolli

Washington, D.C.

Until last summer when the Chichester Festival production of *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* made its author into a popular and critical success, John Arden had been England's most disprized major living playwright. Even more prolific than Albee, Arden had written seven full-length plays in ten years, plus three radio or television plays, an adaptation from Goethe, and two plays in collaboration with his wife, Margaretta D'Arcy. (This is taken from the production record and does not include unproduced work, if indeed there is any.) All the major plays before *Armstrong* had been more or less flops *d'estime*, to borrow John Russell Taylor's observation on the first Royal Court production of *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*. This is to say that Arden's plays had created for their author partisans

who, incidentally, were vindicated in the success of *Armstrong*. In America, where *Musgrave* was a flop *d'estime* and *Live Like Pigs* a flop plain, Arden is yet to emerge from the relative chill of admiration by university and theatre workshop coteries into the warm sun of popular and critical reception. Apparently a major American production of *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* is needed to bring that off.

Arden's ability to attract partisans no doubt kept him from being finished off early in his career; more than that, it provided the clearest indication before *Armstrong* that Arden could emerge as a major dramatist of our time. For partisanship is prophetic in that the disciple's unwillingness to admit of defects in his subject attests to the greater power of the subject's virtues. In Arden's case, the

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virtues are the vigor and wealth of his language, the poetic nature of his vision, the high seriousness of his concerns, and the variety of his imagination—qualities which are informed by his profound education and his moral largess. Such attributes, even when couched in plays of uncertain dramaturgy, are hard to resist. They account, I think, for the tenacity with which the Arden camp has maintained the defense. Furthermore, they have held out the promise of majestic plays to come as Arden's theatrical expertise increases, which *Armstrong*

demonstrates it most assuredly **is** doing.

These observations, which enjoy the advantage of **a** backward look over Arden's ten-year career, are by way of explaining the curious effect made by Arden's first play, *The Waters of Babylon*, which the Washington Theater Club is giving its first full, professional staging in England or America. (The previous professional presentations have been workshop productions—in London at the Royal Court, and in New York at the New Theatre Workshop.) The Washington production could be better, as indeed the play could be easier to produce, but it is impossible not to admire both.

Arden's play is set in London—the modern Babylon—and concerns a man named Krank, short for Krankiewicz, **a** Pole who runs a low-class rooming house for refugees from other unfashionable places like Barbados and Ireland. His business, in short, is rent gouging, sanitary violations and, for some of his tenants, pimping. But there is gentleness in his nature, as well as toughness, and the other characters find him attractive. He is, in a word, **a** most unsavory individual with **a** most savory manner.

As the play opens Krank is moving

out from a private, obscure life into the public arena, the protection of his interests requiring him to establish an easy intercourse with the crooked politicians and devious civic types of his district. A compatriot Pole, to whom Krank is in debt, suddenly accelerates this change in Krank's life by demanding to use his house as the headquarters for a plot to blow up the Russian delegation due for a state visit. In order to raise the money to pay off his debt and so avoid re-involvement with his past, Krank enters into a crooked municipal scheme, the rigging of a public lottery. Everything backfires at the drawing, and Krank is exposed for a dirty dealer. To top it off, the maniacal Pole accidentally shoots him dead. At this point, "notwithstanding Krank is dead," as someone puts it, everybody sings a roundelay about the tenacity of man, and the play ends.

While this gives the main line of Krank's little story, it only indicates the context that Arden heaps high around it—a series of sometimes satiric, sometimes boisterous, interludes involving such characters as a fatuous lady architect of fashion; a reforming West Indian councilman; two whores, one an Irish tart, the other a West Indian siren; a self-appointed protector of the commonweal from foreign undesirables; a bumbling Member of Parliament; a small-time political manipulator ("a Napoleon of Local Government"); and an intemperate, Irish comfort-station attendant. These ancillary characters, comprising everybody in the play except Krank and the mad Pole, mix liberally in Krank's story and provide a great variety of auxiliary action.

Arden uses several familiar techniques of Brecht's presentational style in projecting the play—direct address to the audience, recapitulating and descriptive song, generalized characters (everybody except Krank, in fact), scene changing by the actors, even a token bit of audience participation. But where Brecht's intention is to distance the audience from the action the better morally to persuade, Arden avoids making any moral point at all. He depicts his chosen milieu and its particular brand of humanity not only without making author's judgments but seemingly without inviting judgments from the audience. Once alienated (in Brecht's phrase), the audience is really on its own (in Arden's practice).

What is astounding about *Babylon* and marks it as great playwrighting is the variety, imagination and poeticism of the story of Krank and his company. It is characteristic of Arden's talent to depict a private life in a public arena with such richness; in fact, it is illuminating to have these concerns, which run through

WINDOWS

*On this wellnigh common day
I stand facing my window,
and sigh as if someone
were listening other windows
away, someone invisibly receptive.*

*On my table lies a letter
from another city, but with
the selfsame doors and windows;
the letter must be answered later.
In its cage above it a golden
pompon of **a** bird tries to echo
what possibly it hears in
other houses, three, four,
or even six away, where
other privacies pause
for further implications.*

*There are so many houses,
and all those windows across
which the familiar day writes
its diffident meanings,
and arranges them like texts
for me to read and somewhat
understand; but there are
so many windows, each
withholding or reflecting.*

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

all his work, so clearly set out in his first play. While *Babylon* is great playwrighting, however, it is not a great play. It is, in fact, a most unsatisfying play, as hard to enjoy as it is easy to admire. As with all basically impressive plays, the reasons for failure are difficult to pin down. Here they have to do with the flimsiness of Krank's story within the riot of public life engendered by the other characters, with the fact that much of the public and a good deal of the private commotion does not move Krank's story forward the distance of an inch, and with the awkward role in which Arden casts the audience—preventing it from submerging itself in the story, preventing it from standing outside and judging. These are aesthetic problems in which it is easy to lose one's way, so I will let it go at indicating their presence, suggesting that they account for the ultimate dissatisfactions of Arden's admirable first play.

The production at the Washington Theater Club is distinguished by William Goldstein's original music and by the performances of Bob Spencer, Colin Hamilton, Christopher Lloyd, Mary Lynn Kotz and John Hillerman. Haig Chobanian, whom I have admired at New York's Chelsea Theater Center, is properly attractive as Krank. His detachment, verging on neutralness, might be an extension of the way the play works.

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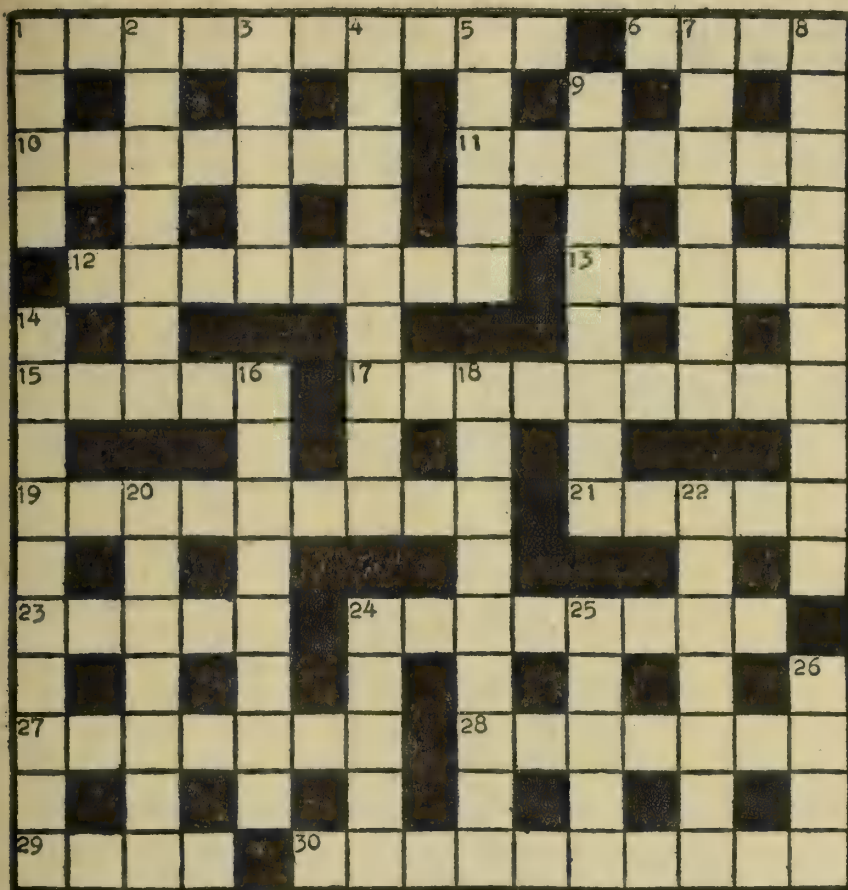
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1199

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 6 Will some space refuse? Pan there at one time. (5-5, 4)
- 10 Casey Jones was not so square! (7)
- 11 With some early fighters they had to pull their blades to do it. (The battery is charged to do it now.) (5, 2)
- 12 See 13
- 13 and 12 The arm is broken, with those that are about out of bed, perhaps. (They could have fatal consequences.) (5, 8)
- 15 Tree in the category of poplar, chestnut, etc. (5)
- 17 Counts as what the host might pick up when a sloppy salute is given. (9)
- 19 It might describe some light in the entrance way. (9)
- 21 Want something? It takes a long time to get to the point. (5)
- 23 Your income had better cover it! (5)
- 24 See 3 down
- 27 Soup of this for Alice. (7)
- 28 Disturbances make this red. (7)
- 29 One might call for you to square them. (4)
- 30 Some musicians do like the piano, for instance, possibly in the nursery. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 An ending needed to typify William the Conqueror as a model. (4)
- 2 One could swear it might be to your credit! (7)
- 3 and 24 across A lot of 29 are on, perhaps. Let's hope the level doesn't rise.

- 4 A small home in a period far back—or in a period shortly to come, frankly. (9)
- 5 Sees a way to make it, and settles in gradually. (5)
- 7 Specifying the point occupied on a stretch of land, or draw. (7)
- 8 Lowering speed, rings for the answer.
- 9 Get the complement up to strength, in the manner of a proper hero! (8)
- 14 They're not to hide a faux pas—offering some protection to Morris, perhaps. (4, 6)
- 16 Monarch with one represented sort of consonant. (8)
- 18 Nelly the reporter is jubilant at heart, but somewhat behind the times. (9)
- 20 The winner is not likely to beat one. (7)
- 22 Diana got even with this hunter, but he gets to play a long time. (7)
- 24 A city loses out, leaving one of the team behind. (5)
- 25 A number cut out in the plant. (5)
- 26 She emphatically states the condition of being revered by some. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1198

ACROSS: 1 Up to the minute; 10 Parades; 11 Secrete; 12 Laser beam; 13 Douse; 14 Grains; 16 Otoscope; 20 Tissue; 22 Conic; 23 Campcraft; 25 Primula; 26 Tuition; 27 Contact lenses. DOWN: 2 and 22 down Periscope; 3 Order in the court; 4 Hushed; 5 Messmate; 6 Nice distinction; 7 Tremulous; 8 Apologia; 9 and 19 Here and there; 15 Andantino; 17 Electing; 18 Trochaic; 21 Amato!; 24 Alice.

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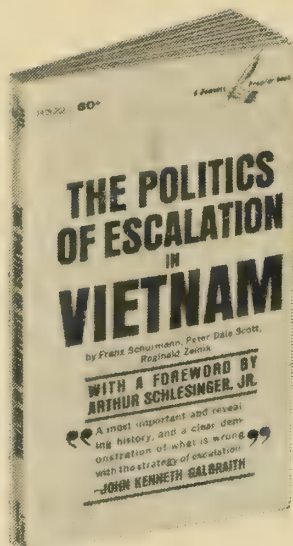
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LETTERS

Ben Franklin's invention

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: About your editorial comment, "News from the North" [Apr. 17] that "we should apply ourselves to finding an adjective form of 'United States' and desist from usurping the name 'American' to the dismay of our Canadian and Mexican neighbors": Ben Franklin anticipated the need for this term after the Constitutional Convention of 1787. . . . It was his hope that citizens of the young republic would take pride in becoming known throughout the world as Usonians.

Ralph Izard

motive

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

DEAR SIR: Your Mr. Clurman [*The Nation*, Apr. 10] has the exquisite good manners we have come to expect of *The Nation*, hasn't he? It would be rude to quarrel with his considerate appraisal of Miss Skinner's book. But must we therefore accept his reading of motives? He tells us that like the hipsters she is "seeking release from the dull savagery of our Great Society," that in fact she wrote *Madame Sarah* in order to escape.

He knows this? She confided in him, finding him ■ sympathetic listener? She didn't write her book simply because she wanted to, after a lifetime that, from long before she had ever heard of a Great Society, provided her with anecdote and delight in the subject? . . .

Robert C. Stephenson

poetry and protest

New York City

DEAR SIR: Louis Simpson gives an extremely misleading summary of some remarks of mine on the poetry of Frank O'Hara, published in the Sept. 25, 1966 issue of *Book Week*. Mr. Simpson writes [*The Nation*, Apr. 24]: "John Ashbery, in a recent article on another man's work, complimented him on not having written poetry about the war. This struck me as ■ new concept of merit—praising a man for things he has not written. But it was not amusing to see a poet sneering at the conscience of others."

Since Mr. Simpson does not bother to quote my article, may I be allowed to do so? What I wrote was this:

Frank O'Hara's poetry has no program and therefore it cannot be joined. It does not advocate sex and dope as a panacea for the ills of modern society; it does not speak out against the war in Vietnam or in favor of civil rights; it does not paint gothic vignettes of the post-atomic age; in a word, it does not attack the establishment. It merely ignores its right to exist, and is thus a source of annoyance to partisans of every stripe. . . . It is not surprising that critics have found him self-indulgent: his *culte du moi* is overpowering; the poems are all about him and the people and images who wheel through his consciousness, and they seek no further justification: "This is me and I'm poetry, Baby," seems to be their message, and *unlike the message of committed poetry, it incites one to all the programs of commitment as well as to every other form of self-realization: interpersonal, dionysian, occult or abstract.*

It should be evident from the foregoing that I was not "sneering at the conscience of other poets" but praising Frank O'Hara for giving a unique voice to his own conscience, far more effective than most of the protest "poetry" being written today. . . . Poetry is poetry. Protest is protest. I believe in both forms of action. . . . Incidentally, I signed and contributed money to the petition protesting the war.

John Ashbery

EDITORIALS

Speaking Out

Sen. George McGovern's speech of April 25 was a remarkable performance—but hardly surprising to those who know the Senator or who heard him at the Nation Institute Conference in Los Angeles on February 25. It was not only an act of political, moral and intellectual courage (unfortunately rare in our time) but—perhaps still rarer—it was so forthright that no one could mistake the speaker's meaning and no opponent could evade its challenge. Right at the start Mr. McGovern said that our deepening involvement in Vietnam represents the most tragic diplomatic and moral failure in our national experience, and that it is degenerating into an American defeat whether we "win" or "lose" on the battlefield. Indeed, the more complete our military conquest, the more tragic becomes our loss in everything that counts in the long run.

Senator McGovern will be up for re-election in '68. But does it follow that he has signed his political death warrant? We think not, and for specific reasons:

(1) He has been a notably fine Senator for his state. He has served its best interests in ways that can only enhance the pride of his constituents in their state. Good service is not always appreciated—not as much as it should be—but it is never entirely overlooked.

(2) Whether spontaneously or grudgingly, people admire acts of political courage. The small-town press of South Dakota has already in many instances paid McGovern the tribute of saying, "We don't necessarily agree . . . but we admire his courage."

(3) The President is not popular—no more in South Dakota than elsewhere. Even those who support his stand in the Vietnamese War have no love for him personally. By challenging a major Administration policy, the Senator may have helped rather than hurt his chances.

(4) Candor has its rewards as well as its risks. The chief reason for the President's unpopularity is nothing so superficial as his manner or his physiognomy. It is the fact, unmistakable from the beginning of his term as the elected President, that he has pretended to moderation and yielded to the hawks. McGovern's forthrightness stands out in contrast to Johnson's deviousness.

(5) Nothing is more uncertain than the fortunes of war. Neither McGovern nor anyone else expects the United States to be overwhelmed on the battlefield, but other frustrations are in prospect. By next year, McGovern may look like a prophet—and prophets are not always without honor among their own people.

However one may assess these matters, one may be sure that McGovern did not place the risks uppermost in his thinking. He did not play it cool and cautiously, like some of his colleagues. The contagion of courage was shown by the way in which Sen. Robert F. Kennedy came

to his support. Kennedy was far more forthright than in his previous stand, which left him safely on the fence. Perhaps a score of Senators who have been revolted by the Administration's step-by-step enlargement of the war, and apprehensive of the consequences, must now be considering whether open opposition may not be in their interest as well as the nation's.

By them, as by ordinary citizens, McGovern's final warning will not be easily forgotten. "Congress," he said, "must never again surrender its power under our constitutional system by permitting an ill-advised, undeclared war of this kind. Our involvement in South Vietnam came about through a series of moves by the Executive branch—each one seemingly restrained and yet each one setting the stage for a deeper commitment. The complex of Administration moves involving the State Department, the CIA, the Pentagon, AID, and various private interests—all of these have played a greater role than has Congress. Congress cannot be very proud of its function in the dreary history of this steadily widening war. . . ."

No warning was ever more necessary or more timely.

More Escalation—Why?

The latest U.S. step-ups in Vietnam are not easy to decipher from the standpoint of military logic. On April 3, at a press conference, Secretary McNamara said the MIG bases in North Vietnam had been spared "to avoid widening the war." The possibility of such strikes had never been ruled out, he said, but "We think that at least under present circumstances, and this belief can change as time goes by, but we think the loss in U.S. lives would be less if we pursue our present target policy than they would be were we to attack these airfields. It is always a balancing of gains and losses in terms of U.S. lives and U.S. political objectives."

Making due allowance for the fact that Mr. McNamara was speaking extemporaneously, the confused wording nevertheless reflects the conflict within the Administration over the question of bombing the airfields. McNamara has never been very enthusiastic about bombing. In this instance he went so far as to suggest that the loss in American lives would be *less* if we refrained from attacking these bases. But the Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted to attack them, and their view prevailed. General Westmoreland was jubilant over the changed policy. All he wants now is another 100,000 men.

What do the military heads hope to accomplish, and why did they insist on this step, with its attendant risk of a clash with China? Writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, Frederick Taylor concludes that the civilians in the Pentagon, from McNamara down, are becoming increasingly convinced that "there are no further practical steps the U.S. can take that will have a meaningful effect on the war. Yet they will go along with a stepped-up pace simply for lack of alternative proposals—other than just waging

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No. 19

■ long, mean war of attrition, which they see as politically impossible."

An experienced reporter with access to the Pentagon does not write such an amazing pair of sentences—amazing at least to the average American who pays little attention to the war—without considerable thought. The inescapable conclusion is that the military chiefs are so frustrated by the inconclusive development of the war that they are swinging wildly, in the hope that they can come up with something that will give them momentary relief from the constant needling and badgering which must be inflicted on them from the White House. The politically impossible nature of a war of attrition is even more keenly appreciated at the White House than at the Pentagon, where nobody has to stand for office next year.

And while the civilian thinkers in the Pentagon regard a war of attrition as a political monstrosity, General Westmoreland blandly says that it is the kind of war we are reduced to fighting. The alternative, he says, is a war of annihilation, which *he* regards as politically impossible, at least for the present. Kept up long enough and with enough pressure, a war of attrition becomes, as *The New York Times* pointed out editorially on April 26, a war of annihilation. Better evidence that the Pentagon and the White House have no idea where they are going, and what they will face next, could hardly be adduced.

What it all comes down to is that our military policy is as bankrupt as our political policy vis-à-vis Vietnam and China. More accurately, we have no policy, either military or political. We just try one thing after another, without any coherent plan, in the hope that something will work. It is not surprising that nothing has worked, and the forecast is that nothing will. Even old Clausewitz knew that war and diplomacy, if they are to make any sense, must have some unity. But if one has no sensible political objectives, if one has stumbled and blundered into a situation without any definable policy, how can military power remedy the basic defect?

We could "win" if we were willing to go all-out, i.e., if we were in a position to use the atomic bomb. But that would probably plunge us into World War III, and none of the hawks has suggested it so far. The alternative is the war of attrition, which leads Mr. Johnson into the political morass he fears, with good reason. He would be well advised to ponder Senator McGovern's speech and consider whether it does not contain better advice than any he has received from the Pentagon—or any that he is likely to receive this year, or next, or any time.

Adenauer's Tragedy

Munich

"He is dead for years now," the *Zuñi* priests say when the funeral rites are over: expression of the latent wish that pain of loss shall not burden the next of kin or the community. Judging from the thoroughness of the funeral

rites, the West Germans hope to put at least a hundred years between themselves and their Great Ghost. Adenauer, it is true, was always something of a remnant—the living and vital ghost of a self-sufficient, patriarchal, non-imperialist Germany. He never understood Prussia and did not want to. He hated uniforms, and he was not keen on venerating authority. "It is not hygienic," he answered when asked why he did not kiss the ring of the Cardinal of Cologne.

His dry wit, his sometimes inane method of duping political enemies, his tendency to reduce everything to the simplest possible terms—above all, his utter inability to feel any responsibility for what happened under Hitler—made him the ideal carrier of the frightful postwar burden, an exemplar, as it were, of German capacities utterly unlike those displayed under the Third Reich. He was a man of the German West, of the Rhineland: that is why his hour could not come before 1945. He alone of all the German politicians had the detachment in that hour to see what had to be done, because he alone could envisage the future of a divided Germany. His political enemies (and I was one of them) blamed him not because of the line he followed but because he felt it necessary to deceive them rather than to convince them. He misled them by assuring them that, some day, Germany would be reunited as a consequence of his policy.

It is very probable that Adenauer knew one chief enemy—German nationalism. But he did not realize that he would have to crush it, not circumvent it. He certainly felt that the logic of history, the interest of the victors, the balance of power in Europe all favored a division of the Reich; he also felt that it was more important to assimilate his part of Germany to the civilized values of the West than to press for reunification. Nevertheless, he held a deep, perhaps an exaggerated, respect for the power of the opposing nationalist feeling. He managed easily to crush the fighting spirit of the Social Democrats; perhaps it would have been as easy to crush the cantankerousness of the All-Germans. He did not try it, hoping instead to create a *fait accompli*, a Western Federal Republic that would gradually dry out the old pools of vindictiveness.

But while he had a keen feeling for the historical German dilemma he had little understanding of the relevance of social contents. It is his tragedy that neither his friends nor his adversaries were strong enough to make up for this flaw in his splendid personality. In most important respects, Adenauer has been dead four years now: in some respects his type was dead since 1870, when Bismarck's Second Reich put a premium on rash overconfidence and thoughtless boasting. It was both the luck and the problem of Germany that one such man had survived the Wilhelmian reorientation of German society. He managed to rebuild a prosperous Germany—and thus, without wanting to, he reopened the avenue for the very Prussian attitudes he detested.

C. AMERY

In the Back of the Train

Germany's extreme right-wing National Democratic Party won representation in two more state parliaments in the April 23 elections. These gains were somewhat less than had been anticipated; even so, the new party, organized only a little more than two years, polled more than the minimum 5 per cent of the vote needed for representation and has now acquired eight more seats. A remarkable TV documentary released on April 24 ("Germany and Its Shadow," produced by Arthur Zegart and Peter McGhee for ETV) perceptively posed the real problem: how much has the new generation learned?

The novelist Hans Helmut Kirst, a soldier in World War II, is concerned by what he sees "under the surface" of life in West Germany and by the "apathetic attitude" of the public toward the new party. Christian Geissler, who wrote *The Sins of Our Fathers*, wonders whether the young generation really understands the danger of right-wing nationalism. "Either they have learned during the last twenty years or they have not. If they have not, things will go the same way." To Geissler, West Germany is like a train in motion. "The doors are locked, the train is a fine train; all the people are drinking and dancing . . . but what is in the back of our train?" Those who ask that question are "imprisoned in the end from the other ones, who do not like to question, who like to have their good time in the train but do not like to go out behind the door, the locked door."

The impression left by these thoughtful witnesses was only confirmed by the slick apologia of the official spokesman for the Bonn regime and the unctuousness of Adolph Von Thadden, *Gauleiter* of the new party. And the shadow deepened as one listened to Prof. Carl Horowitz of the empty Bonn synagogue and to Arno Hamburger, one of 230 Jews left in Nuremberg of the 9,000 who once lived there. To them the shadow is clear.

The Greek Coup

In its issue of March 27 *The Nation* carried an article by Stephen Rousseas which accurately forecast the brutal midnight *Putsch* carried out in Greece on April 21 ("Deadlock in Greece: Elections or Coup?"). The army operation was planned well in advance, and carried out in the classic tradition. Until some of the dust has settled, it would be unwise to predict the course of events, but already unmistakably clear is the responsibility of the King and of U. S. foreign policy for what has happened.

During the past two years, the King has stubbornly refused to allow democratic elections in Greece. Facing a constitutional limitation on his ability to continue postponing elections, he cooperated with the right-wing National Radical Union Party (ERE) to bring down his own puppet government (the Stephanopoulos regime) and, later, the caretaker government of Paraskevopoulos. When it became clear that ERE could not get the re-

quired vote of confidence, Parliament was dissolved, thus requiring elections under the constitution within a period of forty-five days. Thus, as a result of his clumsy politicking, the King found himself committed to elections which would unquestionably have resulted in a majority for the center-liberal party of George Papandreou even greater than the 53 per cent he received in 1964. A coup, in the King's view, became the only means of heading off the elections he did not want to call. It is significant that the *Putsch* came two days before the scheduled opening of the election campaign.

It is also significant that the present junta has chosen as its spokesman Nicholas Farmakis, whose last name in the Greek vernacular stands for "poison." Farmakis is a well-known rightist who came to America three months ago without any visible means of support — a vainglorious peacock who dropped hints to all and sundry about the hush-hush nature of his mission. It has been established that he made several trips to Washington and then returned to Athens. And then there is the case of the CIA agent who played such a prominent role in the July, 1965, crisis which brought down the Papandreou government. He turned up in Athens a few months ago, ostensibly as a private citizen in the employ of Esso-Pappas. For the record, the Pappas Foundation of Boston has been exposed as a conduit for CIA funds.

But Washington's responsibility for the coup rests on more substantial evidence than these circumstances. The Greek army is a satellite army. It is inconceivable that it would have acted without the knowledge, if not the direct approval, of American officials in Athens. By clear inference, Washington knew what was planned and did nothing to avert it. In fact Washington's involvement in the coup explains the current campaign to dissociate the King from the junta and to make it appear that he had no direct responsibility for the illegal events.

Even so, there are some indications that the coup may not have been carried out strictly according to plan. The young colonels, for example, may have jumped the gun—which, if true, would not relieve either the King or Washington of responsibility. Or these lower echelon officers may have been used as camouflage—that is, to be able to stage a coup without openly involving the King. The Papandreous, father and son, especially the son, would be gotten out of the way and the King could then be shown to have resisted the junta. Later the junta could be eased out and as a bonus the King would emerge as the savior of the constitution. In either reading, the Crown would remain intact, the Papandreous would be contained or eliminated (Andreas Papandreou, a product of American higher education, is to be tried for "high treason") and a "national unity"—ominous phrase—government installed with elections postponed for another year or so. A neat plot, and it may succeed temporarily, but in the end the gamble may well cost the King his throne and Washington a satellite regime.

BIRTH OF A MOVEMENT

**RICHARD A. CLOWARD
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It is never easy to fix the beginnings of a movement, but participants in the emerging welfare recipients movement will probably remember the last days of June, 1966. On June 20, about forty men and women on relief left Cleveland on the first lap of a 155-mile march to Columbus, there to present complaints about public welfare to Governor Rhodes. As the marchers passed through cities and towns on the route, local recipients, ministers, social workers and other sympathetic citizens, sometimes hundreds of them, fell in line for a short distance. (But in the town of Creston a cross was burned.) On the morning of June 30, when they finally reached Columbus, the forty marchers were joined by busloads of recipients from all over Ohio. Some 2,000 protesters paraded down Broad Street to the capitol to argue the case against Ohio's welfare system. Dick Gregory, one of those who addressed the crowd, announced: "This is not a civil rights movement; it's a human rights movement."

Ohio was not the only scene of demonstrations that day. In New York, 2,000 pickets, most of them on welfare, marched in the hot sun while their children played in City Hall park. And in fifteen other cities, including Baltimore, Washington, Los Angeles, Boston, Louisville, Chicago, Trenton and San Francisco, 2,500 more people in groups of 25 to 250 simultaneously demonstrated against "the welfare."

A great variety of demands were put forward on June 30 and continue to be reiterated in subsequent demonstrations. Chief among them is the call for higher grant levels. In Ohio, for example, recipients receive only 70 per cent of what the state itself has declared to be the minimum subsistence income by 1959 standards—73¢ per day per person for food, clothing and all other expenses except rent. The June marchers wanted the state to use its \$30 million budget surplus to raise grant levels. Recently, 2,500 people in Greensboro, N. C., signed petitions to the state legislature calling for increases in grant levels; the maximum monthly payment which can be given a family of four is \$152.50, but the actual average payment is only \$96.00. Nationally, we spend about .7 per cent of our personal income for welfare, and the percentage is falling; personal income is rising rapidly, but grant levels are not. The average annual payment for an AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) family of four is about \$1,800, ranging from \$380 in Mississippi to about \$2,700 in New York.

"Snooping" by welfare investigators is a bitter and constant grievance. In Cleveland, the police department's Bureau of Special Services (BOSS), whose main function is to hunt out "subversives," cooperates with the welfare department. A favorite BOSS tactic is to interrogate the children of AFDC families about undeclared

family income or the male companions of their mothers. Similar invasions of privacy occur regularly throughout the country, and welfare recipients are beginning to resist them. At neighborhood meetings in the South Bronx, for example, one AFDC mother after another will rise to vow that she will no longer teach her children to lie to the investigator about having seen their father.

Women predominate at demonstrations, but some men turn out, and their numbers may increase. Unemployed single men rarely succeed in getting on the rolls, even though in many places they are eligible for general assistance. Welfare officials say it is not good for able-bodied men to be on relief; it undermines their initiative. Being chronically unemployed, one might counter, is not character building either, especially if there is no other source of income. Men on the picket lines carry signs reading: JOBS OR INCOME. Since many welfare departments also refuse (often contrary to their own regulations) to provide benefits to supplement low wages, other signs call for DECENT WAGES OR WELFARE.

The establishment of day-care centers for children, so that their mothers can work, is among the most popular demands, although its popularity may decline when recipients actually experience the type of employment, and the wage level, society has in store for them.

Some groups seek improvements in food-distribution programs which are administered locally by welfare departments. The Food Stamp Act of 1964 prohibits distribution of free surplus commodities in areas where bonus food stamps are sold. In the South, many people lack the money to buy food stamps, partly because they are illegally kept off welfare. Nevertheless, county after county is now switching from the distribution of free surplus commodities to the food-stamp plan. The result has been near starvation for tens of thousands. Two million Negroes left rural areas between 1960 and 1965 alone—driven out by traditional welfare policies and the unemployment produced by federal agricultural subsidies which reward mechanization by big landholders. When the Mississippi Advisory Committee held hearings in Jackson last February to investigate the food-distribution problem, 800 poor Negroes crowded in. At one point they seized the microphones and held them for two hours to condemn welfare and food-distribution practices.

Recipients are also plagued by restrictions in the food-stamp program, particularly prohibitions on the use of stamps to buy such items as soap powder, toilet paper, cigarettes and beer. Merchants in big cities do a thriving business by selling forbidden items (including toys at Christmas) at a high premium in extra stamps. And they'll oblige only if the recipient is a regular purchaser of their typically shoddy goods at inflated prices. More "ethical" merchants limit themselves to hiking prices twice a month, on "check days." In some places, welfare groups are joining forces with consumer boycott groups to combat these practices.

But of the many motives leading recipients to band to-

gether, none is more powerful than the hope of obtaining some relief from the distress of poverty. The most persistent theme of the movement is the demand that welfare departments abandon the widespread practices of rejecting legitimate applicants, summarily terminating the benefits of others, and failing to provide the full benefits prescribed by law to those who remain on the rolls. Groups which have concentrated on this issue have shown the most dramatic growth and the most stable membership.

Local groups have mounted a colorful variety of demonstrations to press their demands. Last September, nearly 1,000 recipients picketed the welfare department in New York, demanding increased grants for school clothing; the protest culminated in a three-day sit-in by AFDC mothers. Some 200 in Cleveland staged a "buy-in" at a local department store, carefully selecting children's books, scarves, winter coats and other items of children's clothing, for which they instructed the store manager to bill the department of welfare. In California recipients have organized "job-ins" to demand suitable employment at regular wages for men who are able to work. The state currently forces male heads of families to "work off" their grants by cutting brush in municipal and county drainage and irrigation ditches. If they refuse this peonage, they are dropped from the rolls. "Cook-ins" have been used. At a demonstration in Baltimore, a meal prepared from surplus foods was served the Mayor in his office; he declined to eat it. California officials and their wives, attending a "banquet" organized by recipients, were embarrassed when presented with a meal composed solely of varieties of beans. In some places, the names of especially punitive welfare workers are compiled and distributed on "louse lists"; elsewhere, their pictures are blown up in the style of "wanted" posters and nailed to telephone poles and tenement doors. By such techniques, private shame is being converted into public indignation.

National Link-Up

If the demonstrations on June 30 and subsequently result in the organization of some segment of the poor, much of the credit will belong to a national body formed in the spring of 1966—the Poverty/Rights Action Center. It is headed by George A. Wiley, a former professor of chemistry who joined CORE and later became its associate national director. After leaving CORE, Wiley wanted to promote organizations of the poor focused on economic deprivations; he recognized such possibilities in the proposal to build a movement by mobilizing people to claim benefits due them under law [Cloward and Piven: "A Strategy To End Poverty"; *The Nation*, May 2, 1966]. Wiley now believes that "the welfare movement is the most important development among low-income people since Rosa Parks refused to move to the back of a bus in Montgomery, Ala."

Wiley's achievements are worth noting. The simultaneous demonstrations in June were the result of strenuous efforts to establish links with the few scattered groups that already existed around the country and to spur local activists (many of whom were in limbo after the civil rights movement passed its peak) to begin organizing

new groups. In August, about 100 recipient leaders attended a meeting convened by the Center to lay the groundwork for a national movement. As new groups develop, Wiley maintains contact, provides program materials, and offers advice on organizing strategies, fund-raising techniques, and ways of dealing with intractable public-welfare bureaucracies. Recently, a national newsletter was started. In February of this year, 350 people, representing more than 200 welfare groups in seventy cities of twenty-six states, attended a second national meeting of leaders [see editorial, "Poor Power," *The Nation*, February 20]. Participant groups ranged from the "Mothers of Watts" to "Mothers for Adequate Welfare" in Boston; from Chicago's "Welfare Union of the West Side Organization," composed of unemployed Negro males, to Eastern Kentucky's "Committee to Save Unemployed Fathers," consisting of white ex-miners. Wiley has also helped to develop a National Coordinating Committee of Welfare Rights Organizations.

In the past, welfare clients have not often dared to taunt the system, its retributive powers being what they are. Even though the risks to individuals are still great, groups are now holding firm in the face of harassment. Recipient organizers have been struck from the welfare rolls in some places, and this practice may spread if the movement grows sufficiently powerful to cause political difficulties. Demonstrators have been arrested in a dozen cities. In Washington, welfare investigators photograph pickets from ground-level office windows; they follow demonstrators on marches, taking motion pictures through small squares left in the paint-darkened windows of their station wagons. (These practices ceased, at least temporarily, when they were the subject of a *Washington Post* article, illustrated by a large picture of a welfare investigator photographing pickets.) Police photographers in New York (who also work for a division called BOSS) erect tripods in the midst of picket lines. Wiley stresses to local groups the critical importance of making alliances with lawyers who will defend recipients against retaliation.

Professionals Know Best

Figures prominent in the social-welfare establishment are cautioning civil rights leaders, foundation officials and other potential supporters of the movement that political controversy created by welfare groups may impel state legislators to retaliate, as by lowering grant levels. Welfare reform, they say, is best left to the professionals and other experts who know their way about the legislative corridors. By coincidence, recently increased federal payments to localities for professionally staffed rehabilitative programs have produced better salaries, higher standards of training and various professional embellishments; they have not provided much additional in the way of funds for food, clothing and household furnishings—at least not for recipients.

The unions of public-welfare employees also think clients should defer to their leadership, on the ground that unions fight for reforms that will benefit everyone. Some unions have given modest aid to recipients' organizations, and recipients have joined picket lines during

union strikes. However, the alliances have been uneasy. In labor-management negotiations, the unions concentrate on wages and working conditions, and do not push hard on issues of concern to recipients. During the depression, unemployed men demanding relief and welfare employees joined in the Workers' Alliance, but today's recipients are not primarily unemployed workers, and welfare employees now want to be professionals. Unions of investigators bargain to be called "case workers" and to be relieved of paper work so that they can practice "rehabilitation." Most recipients do not need rehabilitation and submit to it only when it is made a condition for continuing to receive benefits. Such coercion is a major evil of the system. The only way to eliminate it is to divorce the administration of benefits from social services. Welfare employees resist such proposals, for to surrender control over benefits is to run the large risk that few clients will use the rehabilitative services. Recipients, in short, cannot expect the social-welfare establishment to advance their interests.

It is true that a strong welfare movement might evoke repressive actions by legislators. The danger would be greater if repression were not a two-edged sword. Although two of every three welfare recipients in America are white, the movement is now strongest in the swelling Negro ghettos of the North. It is one thing to deny the black urban masses decent housing, education and employment, for people do not always acutely miss what they have never had. But welfare has been putting bread and beans on the tenement kitchen table, and those items would be sharply missed by a great many people if grant levels were reduced. In New York City, more than 650,000 people would miss them. The black ghettos may not decide national elections, but a Democratic administration can hardly afford to alienate so many voters by permitting states and localities to inflict new penalties upon them.

But if repression is not a serious danger to the movement, other governmental responses may be. Learning from the methods used in public-housing and urban-renewal programs to quell rebellious tenants, some welfare departments are promoting their own forms of client participation. "Community coordinators," "community organizers," "community aides," or what-have-you are hired to develop "client advisory committees," in which recipients can air their discontent, discuss reforms, and presumably muster pressure for change. Membership on such committees confers prestige: more than one recipient leader has abandoned the picket line to have coffee and cake with well-known public officials. To be listened to by the powerful conveys a sense that one is at last wielding a measure of influence, that progress is being made, that genuine reforms will follow. All this is illusory, but until an autonomous movement can gather the strength to compel genuine reforms, the illusion will be difficult to dispel.

Even if such committees proved to be a source of power, the members are likely to be drawn from those whose sense of outrage is not strong enough to withstand the effect of intimate contact with welfare personnel skilled in redefining reality. Thus a member of one client advisory committee is quoted in a welfare department publication as follows:

I feel there are obviously two ways to work—either to be adamantly demanding, issuing ultimatums, making use of opportunism and perhaps exaggeration in order to press a point—or the slower, admittedly, but perhaps more effective eventually, way of using the techniques of gathering together, speaking frankly, continuing to ask, to question, to discuss, to learn, bringing faith and belief in each other and high hopes in our hearts that we will be fairly heard—and our recommendations and proposals, when found to be valid, acted upon.



Government programs to get clients off the rolls and into jobs are also a serious threat to the movement. AFDC mothers may turn out to be the last carriers of pure Calvinism, for above all else many of them want to work. "New careers" are being planned for them as "subprofessionals" in various governmental agencies. However, the number of jobs is not likely to be very great, for the cost of caring for the children of working mothers in publicly subsidized day-care centers is considerable. The few openings provided will probably be filled by client leaders, who are the most ambitious and the most agitated by their low status. Some will be hired as "public welfare aides"—that is, as instruments of the same corporate brutality they are now fighting.

Who Will Help?

Organizing takes money. For even minimal national leadership, the Poverty/Rights Action Center needs \$5,000 per month. But fund raising has been slow in the welfare movement. People who gave to the civil rights movement remember the drama of Selma: the need to help unemployed men and welfare mothers to organize seems far less compelling.

In a growing number of places, people who have benefited from participation in the movement are willing to pay monthly dues. Wiley is now developing a national dues-payment system, including arrangements for formal membership, that could make the welfare movement self-sustaining.

It is remarkable that so much has been done thus far with so little money. The organizing accomplished by groups affiliated with the New York City-Wide Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups is a case in point. Neighborhood units raise money where they can, mainly from dues, socials and occasional contributions. The City-Wide body, which now has a telephone and a one-room office donated by a Protestant church, has financed its nine months of operation with less than \$5,000. Nevertheless, it staffs its office, holds biweekly meetings of neighborhood representatives, sends out a weekly newsletter, sponsors city-wide demonstrations (some of which have involved several thousand people) and cooperates with member groups in numerous local demonstrations. The chief accomplishment of the City-Wide committee, however, is the millions of dollars in benefits it has procured for members, mostly through "minimum-standards" campaigns.

In New York, as in many other states, people get money from welfare in two ways. Once certified as eligible, they are supposed to receive a regular "food and rent" check every fifteen days. Because the law recognizes that people also need clothing and household furnishings in order to live at a minimum standard, provision is made for special grants on an "as needed" basis. But the system does not inform people of this entitlement, it does little to help those who do know of it to make application, and it frequently turns down (or trims down) legitimate requests. A massive campaign has been under way since last summer to inform recipients about their right to these benefits and to overcome the reluctance of the system to make grants. Simple

forms have been prepared, in English and Spanish, listing the many items to which people are entitled (e.g., galoshes and a bed and mattress for each child), with spaces left for people to check the items they need. Tens of thousands of these forms have been circulated in the welfare ghettos, along with fliers telling people to bring the completed check lists to the meeting place of a local recipients' organization. When the forms have been collected, a demonstration is held at the district welfare center in support of a delegation delivering the forms in bulk to the administrator.

Some 10,000 families have participated in these minimum-standards campaigns, and have received checks averaging about \$300. This represents a total of \$3 million wrested from the system. Nor does this large sum take account of the indirect results of the minimum-standards campaign: client organizing has encouraged well-motivated social investigators to fight harder for approval of minimum-standards applications (procedures for administrative approval become more cumbersome with the size of the request) and has prodded their unmotivated colleagues into being more attentive. The workers, it is said, reflect this new climate in the handling of their entire case loads, not just the cases of clients known to be members of recipients' organizations. It is impossible to estimate how many additional millions in benefits have been released in this fashion.

Although cash resources have been hard to find, welfare organizing has been supported by contributions of other kinds, mostly from anti-poverty agencies and churches. The Office of Economic Opportunity, with its rhetoric about community action, attracted hundreds of activists to its payrolls, and then harnessed them to traditional social-service programs. However, at least a few of the anti-poverty agencies have taken up welfare abuses as part of their programs. What usually happens is that alert staff members, once in contact with poor people, perceive that injustices perpetrated by welfare departments, especially the illegal withholding of financial benefits, must be remedied before other family problems can be attacked. And so the staff of a Head Start or youth-employment program may begin to ask the welfare department to "adjust" individual cases. As the volume of cases grows and the workers become more expert as advocates, a community of recipients sometimes emerges—stimulated, often, by news of the national movement. OEO money has been particularly instrumental in assisting welfare organizing in New York, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Newark and Paterson, N. J., Pittsfield, Mass., and various cities in California and Kentucky. In addition, a number of VISTA members have become active organizers, and very effective ones.

A good many neighborhood ministers and priests have joined their welfare constituents on the picket lines and in sit-ins. In Chicago, churchmen have also given outright gifts of money to groups, and in Cleveland the Council of Churches is contributing to the support of welfare organizing by Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). In addition, the Council has sponsored a series of arresting ads in local newspapers. One shows only the distended belly of a pregnant woman, with the caption

in 1-inch type. LET 'EM STARVE. The text then describes the niggardly sums available to Ohio's welfare families. And although it has contributed no funds, the National Council of Churches has been extremely helpful to Wiley in a number of ways; indeed, without its assistance, the Center might not have survived.

Civil rights groups are slowly becoming involved. A few Urban League groups have been organizing; the NAACP Legal Defense Fund is taking test cases in the welfare area and is helping organizers in the South. National CORE, its financial resources badly depleted, has been unable to do much, but local chapters in Providence, Baltimore, Newark, Lexington and Denver have been active. SDS has done intensive organizing, especially in Cleveland, Newark, Chicago, Baltimore, Jersey City and Boston, and there are signs that other SDS units may include this issue in their broader organizing programs. Organizations directed or influenced by Saul Alinsky have been effective in some places, especially Syracuse and Chicago, (where The Woodlawn Organization has built a welfare union with ten "locals"). And Martin Luther King announced in March the beginning of an intensive organizing drive in the Chicago slums to build "a base of power in order to bring about a guaranteed annual income."

Support is emerging in social-work communities. Some settlement houses — University in New York, Southside in Columbus, and Southeast Neighborhood in Washington—have been very active. Individual social workers (some of them public-welfare employees) are affiliated with welfare groups in most cities. The young professionals organized in New York as "Social Workers for Civil Rights Action" are raising funds for the city-wide welfare groups. A few local chapters of the National Association of Social Workers have provided travel money for recipient leaders to attend national organizing meetings. In late February, a consortium of students from the schools of social work in the New York metropolitan area sponsored an eight-hour teach-in on the welfare movement, attended by some 1,500 persons. The speakers included James Farmer, Kenneth Clark, George Wiley, Robert Theobald and several recipient leaders. The Poverty/Rights Action Center is raising money for students to do welfare organizing in the urban ghettos as "summer" projects, somewhat along the lines of projects previously sponsored by the civil rights movement in the South.

Welfare in the Courts

Concomitant with the development of a recipients' movement, an assault is being mounted in the courts against the laws, rules and procedures of public welfare; each drive has been reinforcing the other. The Scholarship, Education and Defense Fund for Racial Equality has been active in the courts. Its legal staff, headed by Carl Rachlin, advises welfare groups on strategy, represents individuals who have been arrested in demonstrations, and tries to persuade other lawyers to join the struggle. Last summer, the Law Students Civil Rights Research Council placed dozens of law students in Chicago, Cleveland, New York and throughout the South, many of them assigned to work exclusively with welfare groups.



The program will be repeated next summer, with a much sharper focus on welfare issues. A number of the legal-service projects sponsored by OEO are at work on welfare problems. The California Rural Legal Assistance Project, for example, moved vigorously against the welfare departments and has itself been attacked by the California bar.

A leader in the drive to establish the rule of law in the welfare field is Edward Sparer, director of the "law and social welfare center" of the Columbia University School of Social Work. Sparer and a large staff of lawyers try to persuade legal organizations and private attorneys throughout the country to take pivotal test cases against the system. They do exhaustive legal research and advise on the preparation of briefs. Several critical cases are now being taken by such organizations as the Legal Defense Fund and various OEO legal-service projects. One crucial case, now in the federal courts, is a test of Georgia's "employable mother" rule, which permits administrators to deny AFDC benefits to any mother who is deemed eligible for employment and whose children are older than 3 years, whether or not jobs are to be had. The rule also prohibits the payment of supplemental benefits to a mother who is employed at wages falling well below scheduled grant levels. By thus forcing people to take any job at any wage, this rule and similar practices in other Southern states encourage exploitation. Another matter, now being considered by the United States Supreme Court, deals with the question of whether a tenant can be evicted from a public-housing project without being given a statement of cause or a hearing; the implication for the thousands of recipients involuntarily dropped from the welfare rolls is clear. Indeed, many of the cases now being taken could substantially increase the number of people eligible for initial or continuing benefits. If the "employable mother" case is won, Georgia's rolls could double. But welfare departments will not comply with new rulings unless they are pressured to do so. The task of a movement is to organize that pressure.

Organizing for Crisis

What does the future hold for a movement of the welfare poor? Much depends on their ability to endure the frustrations of organizing, the drudgery of pounding the pavements and knocking on doors. Recipients want to bring the welfare system to its knees, here and now. Delegates to the national meeting in Washington last February, on hearing reports of starvation in Mississippi, were ready to abandon the conference and march on Jackson. Workshops on the details of organizing techniques turn into rallies where people rise one by one to "tell it like it is."

But marches, rallies and exhortations are not what has fueled the movement thus far and made it grow. Its appeal lies, rather, in its tangible achievements: extracting benefits prescribed by law, and giving protection against the untrammelled corporate power of "poor law" agencies. Welfare recipients share with people everywhere a tendency to affiliate with organizations that can hold out the promise of economic gains. Nor is anything else likely to induce mass participation.

However, merely drawing people into organizations will not yield much power, for welfare recipients are a numerical minority, and what little strength of numbers they have is diluted by racial divisiveness. Like organized labor, welfare recipients need a source of strength that goes beyond their numbers. Labor exerts economic leverage through the strike; welfare recipients can exercise power by claiming benefits held back by the system.

To wield this power, however, the movement must mobilize with single-minded determination to obtain benefits for its members—for those now eligible who have been illegally rejected or discharged from the rolls, and for those on the rolls who are not receiving the full benefits prescribed by law. Naturally, it must also begin recruiting the huge new groups which will become eligible if various test cases are won in the courts.

Each time a welfare group turns to some other issue—such as agitating for a day-care center—it wastes its one source of potential power. Campaigns to get benefits will produce pervasive and persistent turmoil: bureaucratic turmoil because cumbersome (and unconstitutional) procedures for review and surveillance will break down; fiscal turmoil as welfare costs rise in localities where existing sources of tax revenue are already overburdened; and political turmoil, especially within the urban Democratic coalition, as an alerted electorate divides on the question of how to overcome this disruption in local government. Reverberations of local trouble will be felt at the national level, and in the ensuing debate over remedies to relieve local conflict, the poor and their allies can press for fundamental reforms.

Such reforms could extend to a variety of economic policies. Unemployed men are usually turned away from "home relief" offices, even in jurisdictions where they are legally eligible for aid. If they confine themselves to protests and rallies they won't get much, if anything. But if they organize to demand legal benefits, local costs will mount sharply, and that may focus national attention on the need for a program of full employment. Similarly, when low-wage earners organize to get the supplementary welfare benefits to which they are entitled in many places,

a new force for higher minimum wages will be felt. If recipient groups (and lawyers) can prevent Southern welfare departments from dropping thousands of families at cotton-chopping time, so that they may be exploited in the fields, pressure to review agricultural policies may mount. And the breakdown of welfare's archaic procedures may help draw attention to the need for a simplified, federally administered guaranteed income for those who should not work (e.g., mothers with small children) or cannot work (e.g., the disabled or those made temporarily unemployed through recession, automation or plant relocation).

Will current organizing strategies produce the massive benefits which are the movement's chief source of leverage for reform? The answer is mixed. Thus far, organizing has mainly concentrated on processing individual complaints. This method is useful in building core groups, but it cannot be employed to reach large numbers, for it requires virtually boundless manpower and patience. Organizing by this method requires that grievance committees of recipient groups first study the complex manuals which specify entitlements. But in many places officials refuse to release these manuals; to get them, recipients must go to court or find sympathetic investigators who will steal copies. Furthermore, the welfare system can forget, stall, harass and intimidate. It can correct an error one month and repeat it the next. It can resist interference on a case-by-case basis in dozens of ways.

Part of the answer to these problems is to make recipients themselves more effective plaintiffs by informing them of their rights. Simplified manuals, prepared by social workers and lawyers, are now available in about twelve Northern cities and in several Southern states. A broad distribution of such documents will go a long way toward overcoming the ignorance of entitlements by which recipients are now victimized. But had labor confined itself to negotiating for individual workers, it would have obtained little more than minor concessions from management. It took the economic power of the strike to bring about more substantial reforms. Unless welfare groups do more than adjust individual grievances and hold rallies, they too will obtain only minor concessions. These token concessions will weaken the movement by creating a momentary sense of victory, leaving untouched the real sources of poverty: unemployment and low wage levels, agricultural subsidies which enrich large landholders and drive small farmers and rural workers into the urban ghettos, and the lack of a guaranteed income to protect people against a variety of misfortunes.

A more efficient strategy to increase participation, and also to build toward a crisis in the welfare system, focuses on some common deprivation that affects many people and involves much money. The minimum-standards campaign in New York City is the best example, but even there the potential has hardly been tapped, for only about 5 per cent of the city's 650,000 recipients have so far been reached by the movement. In each jurisdiction, organizers need to study local rules to determine whether a given category of benefits is being regularly withheld, and then must mount mass campaigns to unlock these benefits. Such campaigns bring organizers into contact with a good many people, and people into contact with a good

deal of money. A fair proportion of those helped maintain an affiliation with core organizing groups; some become formal members, others stand by to support mass meetings and demonstrations.

The movement's full impact will be felt when it turns to recruiting eligible persons to the welfare ranks. The reservoir is enormous, since only about half of those now eligible are on the rolls. Philadelphia groups are planning to station members in welfare centers to offer help to applicants who are rejected. (In Philadelphia, as in many other places, the department turns down half of all who apply, and lawyers estimate that half of these rejections are illegal.)

The recruitment potential is suggested by the experience of an anti-poverty agency in Baltimore. Having opened a new office in a ghetto area, agency staff members set out to do "case-finding" for their services by knocking on doors. In the process, they uncovered hundreds of poverty-stricken people whom they routinely referred to welfare, with the result that the AFDC rolls in the neighborhood doubled. When interviewed by news-

paper men, the director of the Maryland state board of social welfare insisted: "It's not our responsibility to inform people of their entitlements." This is precisely government's responsibility, but it will not meet that obligation. An energetic recruitment campaign will have at least the same effect in other areas, and a public crisis will result.

Some participants in the movement (and some of its supporters) are offended by talk of creating a "crisis." What they fail to see is that the system has already been subverted by its continuous accommodation to powerful groups arrayed against the poor and the minorities in the local community. Consequently, recipients are victimized by the discrepancy between the statutes governing the system, which are bad enough, and day-to-day rules and practices, which are far worse. The purpose of a recipients' movement is not to subvert government any further but to reveal how other political forces have already succeeded in subverting it, and then to press for major economic reforms. The legitimacy of disrupting a system that is already so corrupt is unassailable.

BRITISH LABOUR

FROM DEFEAT TO DISASTER

THOMAS J. SPINNER, Jr.

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London

The tiny smile which began to play about the mouth of Edward Heath after the Conservative Party won back a Glasgow seat from Labour in early March has now become the gloating smirk of a potential Prime Minister. For Labour went from defeat to disaster during the week (April 10 to 14) of elections for county councils throughout the country. Wilson has consistently reminded his party of the way in which he has been personally responsible for the return to national power in 1964, and for the decisive mandate of March, 1966. But just over a year later the Labour Party received a massive rebuff from the voters. The Prime Minister's own constituency—Huyton in Lancashire—returned two Conservatives to replace two Labour members. A slight swing against the government in power at this stage of a Parliament is to be expected, but nothing of this dimension.

The most important result was in London where the Conservatives scored what can only be called a fantastic sweep. It should be remembered that the Labour Party had controlled the old London County Council (LCC) from 1934 until 1963. In that year the Conservatives, despairing of ever winning control, and also employing an argument about the need for larger areas of local government, set up the Greater London Council (GLC). They added a number of wealthy suburbs to the LCC area with the expectation that this would give them control of the new council. At that time their optimism was mis-

placed. The tide against the Conservatives was so great in early 1964, following Macmillan's resignation and the Profumo scandal, that the Labour Party won the first GLC election with sixty-four seats to the Conservatives' thirty-six. The Liberal and minor parties failed to win a single seat.

The GLC provides the London citizen with a governing body between his borough councilor and his Member of Parliament. It handles such matters as housing, traffic control and education. Labour's guidance of the old LCC led to many progressive social policies and had been a great source of pride to the labour movement. While local issues may often be of importance to these county elections, it is clear that this was not the case in Lon-



Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth
"At Last—Something in Common"

don this time. The Wilson government was being served a decisive vote of no confidence from the electorate. The turn-out in London was just over 40 per cent which is low, of course, but just about what it was in 1964. A swing of about 12 per cent turned the previous Labour ascendancy of 64 to 36 into a Conservative landslide of 82 to 18. Many Labour voters stayed home, while the Conservatives brought out their supporters and, at the same time, gained the support of a number of people who had voted Labour in 1964 and 1966. Any hope that a progressive budget might stem the Conservative tide was dispelled by Callaghan's lackluster performance two days before the GLC election, when he once again demonstrated how un-Socialist a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer can be.

Unfortunately this means that the Tories will now push ahead with their typically selfish schemes in London—and in the other areas which they won—to sell Council Housing to the tenants, despite the shortages which still exist, and impede the development of comprehensive schooling. Labour even lost control of the Inner London Education Authority which the most wildly optimistic Conservative had not dared to think possible. While Heath and the Conservatives are jubilant, they know that this victory has come much too early in the

life of the present Parliament. Elections for a new Parliament are not legally required until March of 1971 and in all likelihood they will be held some time in 1970. This means that if Labour should decide on elections in the fall of 1970, the Conservatives would have to defend their massive victory in these county elections just prior to a general election. It is unlikely that they would be able to hold all their gains, for Labour would long since have started to introduce policies designed to win a national election. So his recent big triumph carries certain built-in warnings for Heath.

As for Labour, its only consolation from this debacle will come if Harold Wilson and his cabinet sit down and reread their party platforms of 1964 and 1966. In an attempt to win over more of the middle class, and to please the business community, they have succeeded in alienating the working class, the trade unions, the intellectuals and the Socialist militants. The Wilson government has been conservative and orthodox in its economic policies of "squeeze" and "freeze." These deflationary policies have nothing to do with socialism and the creation of a society in which social justice has been achieved for every citizen. As one Socialist put it in a pub: "Bloody traitors! They care more for Johnson and the bankers than for their own people."

George Wallace: 'Running for God'

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Mr. Sherrill, The Nation's Washington correspondent, is on a political tour of the South.

Montgomery

As long as George Wallace is dispensing what one critic called his "benign hatefulness" within the boundaries of Alabama, the 150-pound anarchist shows many talents, and they are all his own. But in national politics he can be taken semi-seriously only while he has the support of two props, both borrowed from the weaknesses of others.

First, there is the strange reluctance of the federal executive to enforce laws and of federal judges to protect the dignity of their courts. For most of Wallace's term as governor, he was under an injunction not to interfere with school integration; although he daily violated the injunction and was in contempt of court, federal judges who were asked to punish him steadfastly refused to do so. Now Wallace's wife is again flouting the courts and, to the extent that the Wallaces get by with this, his image will be artificially enlarged. Crush him as Orval Faubus was crushed at Little Rock, and his career will never again seriously seep past the boundaries of Alabama.

His second prop comes from the sentimental forgetfulness of the national press. Wallace's three-state campaign in 1964 was seen by most reporters as the most toxic kind of racism. They weren't fooled by the magnolia deodorant. But sometimes the national press now seems to be getting tolerant of scented bigotry. Typical of this dangerous shift is Tom Wicker's report in the April

Harper's, in which he apologized for Wallace ("what he has really 'stood up' for is the age-old streak of 'practicality' and earthy common sense in mankind") and, for bad measure, threw in an empirically unsound psychoanalysis of that element of society which has heretofore given its heart to him ("... it is not so blatant a thing as racism, or even violence, but the old basic natural instincts of self-preservation, survival of the fittest, kill or be killed, that George Corley Wallace Jr. appeals to in practical men...").

And who are the "practical men" who eagerly anticipate Wallace's Presidential campaign? Gerald L. K. Smith has alerted his followers across the nation to begin petitioning to put Wallace on the ballot. Klan czar Shelton, one of Wallace's confidants, has said: "We made him Governor and we must make him President." The imperial wizard of the Interstate Klans (Maryland and Virginia) has wired Wallace his "100 per cent support."

If top political writers fail to see a racist as a racist, Wallace's image will be cleaned off enough for him to become a potent national political figure. Remove his props in the press and Washington officialdom, however, and Wallace will very likely fall flat. If his campaign for the Presidency flounders, he will be in trouble at home; much of his popularity in Alabama is based on his being a successful nettle to Yankee politicians. On the other hand, if troubles spring up first at home from other causes—as now seems possible—the base for his national campaign will be weakened. The necessity of a perfect interplay of success both at home and "out yonder" probably de-

mands more luck than even Wallace is able to muster.

Out yonder, the political fields are already bright with Wallace's dandelions: the Conservative Party of Alabama, the Constitution Party of Florida, the American Party of Georgia, the Independence Party of Illinois, the American Constitution Party of Iowa, as yet untitled but organized activities in Kansas and Massachusetts, the American Party of Michigan, the American Conservative Party of Missouri, the New Jersey Conservative Party, the New York Conservative Party, the Constitutional Party of Pennsylvania, the Conservative Party of Texas, the Virginia Conservative Party (which, by the way, considered Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson sellouts to the liberals), the Conservative Party of Washington and a new untitled movement in Wyoming.

Wallace's success with the more orthodox politicians of the South is much more iffy. Even Governor Maddox of Georgia [see Sherrill: "Strange Decorum of Lester Maddox," *The Nation*, May 1], strangely fickle, has announced that he doesn't like third parties. When Wallace heard about this, he told a group of Alabama political underlings that Maddox "doesn't have much character," and when Maddox heard about that he said Wallace was just sore "because he doesn't have me in his pocket"; and when Wallace heard about that he said something that can't be repeated here. It was a typical experience for Wallace at Presidential campaigning time. Politicians who court him at other times flee him then. He has been saying the same thing for three years, and what he says is meanly shallow.

To illustrate specifically, I quote a recent conversation I had with Wallace. It was a drop-in affair; this is one advantage Wallace has over just about every other major politician on the scene: he's accessible, amiable in argument, and loves to gab. I dropped in on him at the capitol at 5 P.M., without appointment, and he invited me in for three hours of rapid-fire talk and chain smoking (cigars). Because he routinely curses liberal newspapers and magazines, some local newsmen doubted that he would talk to me at all, which shows they don't know their governor *de facto* very well; in his strange journalistic pantheon, *The Nation* is viewed as no more liberal than the *Birmingham News* and the *Alabama Journal*, although these latter are about as liberal as the *Chicago Tribune*. "Let's go across the hall and talk," he said. "Maybe I can persuade you differently."

So we plunged in, and what we came up with is something that with only minor variations and expansions the nation is going to hear, again and again, during the coming months. Wallace seldom varies his tune.

Q. William J. Simmons, executive director of the Citizens Councils of America, said recently that he was discouraged because you still haven't formally declared your candidacy. Are you definitely going to run for President?

A. Absolutely.

Q. You'll get most of your support from the right wing, I suppose. Why don't you dissociate yourself from the kooks if you want to be taken seriously?

A. Well, Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson got support from the *Daily Worker*. Why didn't they disavow that?

Q. They would have, if anybody had asked them. I'm asking you about the Klan.

A. Well, I'm not going to say anything about it. I made my statement about the Klan in 1958.

Q. But four years later you had taken the Klan's side and the Klan was out nailing up your campaign posters. The Klan has been for you ever since.

A. I don't know who hammers up my posters, but I appreciate all the help I can get. Some of the people out soliciting help for us aren't authorized to do it, but I'm not criticizing them. I will determine the issues and the platform and the way we run our campaign; they won't. We've got some of the finest folks in the country writing us letters encouraging us, legislators in a great number of states, people in local Democrat and Republican committees telling us they will vote for us no matter what ticket we run on; bankers, businessmen, officials—not high up, you know—in local labor unions. [Selma's ex-Sheriff Jim Clark, arch reactionary Kent Courtney, and anti-Semite Gerald L. K. Smith are among those helping Wallace. His campaign manager, Bill Jones, told me later: "We'd refuse Gus Hall's support in a minute, but it isn't that easy with Shelton's support." He was speaking of Klan leader Robert Shelton.]

Q. On July 14, 1964, in Little Rock, you said you were definitely a candidate and that you had no plans to get out of the race. But five days later you withdrew. Is there a chance you will again withdraw at the last minute?

A. I am definitely going to run as a Presidential candidate.

Q. And you really think you can win?

A. Yessir, I could win the Presidency. I got 34 per cent of the vote in Wisconsin. That was three years ago. A lot has happened since then to show the people I'm not what the newspapers said I was. All you got to have to win is a plurality. Abe Lincoln only got 40 per cent of the vote. Go to Detroit and Youngstown and Los Angeles—ask them who they're going to vote for. Ask the taxi drivers and the policemen.

Q. It was widely believed that oil billionaire H. L. Hunt bankrolled your primary campaigns in 1964. Will he help you in 1968?

A. Mr. Hunt didn't contribute in any of the three-state primary campaigns. We will accept money from anybody that wants to help us. Of course, we wouldn't accept money from gangsters or subversives. You know how Mr. Hunt is. He went to the Southern Governors' Conference and wanted to meet everybody and pass out leaflets. That's what he gives politicians—leaflets, not money. I'm not making fun of him. But he didn't give us money. [Nevertheless, they are friends. HLH watched Johnson's inauguration from Wallace's suite. When Wallace addressed the Jaycees in Dallas, HLH accompanied him to the airport and talked with him at length before Wallace departed. They get together whenever possible.]

Q. There were many rumors of wealthy right wingers supporting you in 1964. Where did you get your money?

A. We got \$396,000 from voluntary contributions: a road block at Americus, Ga., a radio program in Texas,

that sort of thing. Just little friends everywhere. We paid the state of Alabama \$7,000 for some phone calls. We were going to pay for the use of the state airplane, but the legislature passed a resolution forgiving that debt. So we took the \$10,000 we were going to use for that and gave it to a private school. [Statements filed in Baltimore circuit court showed Wallace spent \$90,000 in Maryland. The Indianapolis Times estimated the Wallace fund in Indiana at \$50,000. If he spent as much in Wisconsin as in Maryland and Indiana together, that still would leave \$100,000 unaccounted for. One rumor of 1964 was that Wallace was profiting nicely as a candidate.]

Q. What private school?

A. I forget the name. I don't recall.

Q. Was it the private school set up to beat desegregation in Tuskegee?

A. Yes, that was it.

Q. There was a rumor in 1964 that Roger Milliken, the South Carolina Republican mill owner, bought you out of the Presidential campaign. There was a rumor that he paid you \$25,000 to get out so Goldwater would have a straight shoot at the South.

A. I don't even know Milliken. What's his name? Milliken? No. I don't even know him. Let me take that back. I've shaken so many thousands of hands, if he came through that door right there, I might know him. Goldwater didn't even know I was going to get out. A lot of my friends complained that I was splitting the conservatives. That's not going to bother me next time. [The idea that he could be bought off troubled him. He kept gnawing at it.] To take money to get out, that would indicate I was in the campaign to make money. Hell, if I wanted to make money, I could make plenty as governor.

Q. You've had nothing but racial troubles in Alabama. What are you going to suggest, as a Presidential candidate, to cure the nation's racial problems?

A. The first thing we've got to do to get rid of racial trouble is get rid of hypocrisy. The liberal says the nigger should be integrated, and then the liberal Congressman sends his kids to a private school. Harold Howe [U.S. Commissioner of Education] sends his kids to a private school. It makes the niggers wonder. In Madison, Wis., a woman come up to me and said it was awful the way niggers are treated. She said she knew a nigger with a college diploma running an elevator in that town. I told her if she would give me his name and address I would get him a job in a nigger college in Alabama. This is a state where a nigger can aspire to be a college president, but he can't in New York City.

My wife received 40 per cent of the nigger vote. She carried the nigger vote in Selma. These niggers know I want them to get educated. The only thing that stands between economic integration and the Alabama nigger is an education, and I want him to get it. The niggers are coming out of these trade schools and going to work for \$40 a day, or at least \$100 a week. I have them tell me, "Governor, we're for you because you educated us." I built eight trade schools just for niggers. They're segregated in a way, but if you want to go out there and enroll, they'll enroll you. A nigger woman cooking in a café

called me back to the kitchen to thank me for the free textbooks her kids are getting.

Q. If education is all that stands between the Negro and economic integration, and if Alabama has so many good trade schools and junior colleges for Negroes, why are there no Negro secretaries and no Negro bookkeepers and other office help working here in the capitol?

A. We have more Negro employees in Alabama state government than in California and New York put together. [Yes, he did say "Negro"—the word sometimes passes his lips.] I forget the exact figure in those states, but I'm sure we have more. We have 8,000 Negro teachers, and their average pay check—because they're better educated than the white teachers—is higher than the whites'.

Q. You're talking only about teachers. Why aren't some of these well-trained Negroes working here in the capitol building? I don't see any.

A. Well, you say they should be hired, and then when I tell you we have hired them, you say they should be hired here. That's the way with you liberals. You want to tell people not only who to hire but where to hire them.

Q. Something must be wrong with your system of befriending the Negroes, since Alabama Negroes show one of the highest rates of venereal disease, illiteracy and poverty.

A. You have to understand their problem historically.

Q. All right, so you will campaign for more education for Negroes. What else?

A. The second thing you've got to do is give more protection. The Negroes want more "police-es" [this is Wallace's "Negroizing" of the plural for police], too. They hide under the beds in Harlem during those riots. They want strict law enforcement. The courts wouldn't let us limit the number of marchers in the Selma march, so 40,000 marchers came into this town of 140,000. But the courts let them limit the number of marchers in Chicago. There's a town of 5 or 6 million but they limited the march to 500. That's where the marchers need protection, in the North, not down here. That's where lots of police protection is necessary just for living.

If a white man poked, pinched and fiddled with a nigger woman on the street here, he'd get the hell knocked out of him by a policeman. Same if a nigger man did that to a white woman. We know how to live together down here. You can walk through the nigger section without fear. A nigger can walk through the white section. We've got good law enforcement in Alabama. [This was the day after the third church burning in a week in Lowndes County.] The intellectual morons think people should be forced to mingle. That's not the way to get along with each other. I don't think the niggers are inferior, but integration just doesn't work out. There have been twelve stabbings in schools in Alabama where the races are mixed.

I'm not just against the government telling you you've got to sell your home to a nigger. I would be just as much against the government telling you you can't sell your home to a nigger. I'm against the government telling you anything about selling your home. Manufacturers who move in here tell me: "We've got to hire some nig-

gers, you know, Governor," and I say, "I don't care if you hire 100 per cent niggers. I think you should hire whoever you want to hire. That's your business, not the government's." If a local school board wanted to integrate, I wouldn't like it, I would be against it, but I wouldn't try to stop it. [This was about a week before he wrote the speech for Lurleen in which she implied that the state might seize forceably any school that was integrated to make it resume its segregated ways. About forty of 118 school districts in Alabama have complied with HEW guidelines voluntarily.] I'm not against a local school doing anything it wants, what I'm against is the intellectual morons trying to force their preferences on other people. I'm for what will work, not for theorizin', and we have found that segregation works best. All this theorizin' has got Cleveland and Detroit and New York in a lot of trouble.

Q. Why are you down on the "intellectual morons," as you call them? Why are you down on the intellectuals?

A. They're always trying to get their theorizin' forced on people. They think everything that HEW wants it should get, and I don't think HEW is any smarter than the people of Alabama. The intellectual morons in New York wanted to recognize Castro, and I used to tell the folks during my campaign: "Those intellectual morons couldn't see Castro was a Communist, but you people with just common sense could see that just by looking at his picture, just by instincts." The instincts of a common-sense Alabamian is better than the brains of a New York intellectual moron.

Q. Your distaste for intellectuals, does that mean you didn't do very well in college?

A. I made average grades.

Q. Do you read much? What do you read?

A. (After a long pause.) I read mostly magazines but I read some books.

Q. What books do you read?

A. Well, I even read *Das Kapital* once, but I couldn't understand it. Can you? [Three years ago in Baltimore he was asked a similar question; his head snapped back as though he were dodging a punch and he answered: "That question is 'bout to get me. Course I read Socrates, Plato and Aristotle and all those folks. And Machiavelli."] I like to read books like *Lee's Lieutenants*. I like books about the Civil War best, about people dying for a cause, brave men, North and South.

Q. Brave people like the protesters who came South and got knocked in the head by Al Lingo's policemen?

A. No, they got more protection here than they would have got in the North, and besides they wanted to be hurt to embarrass the South. Northern politicians are always complaining because we don't give protection down here. Hell, Martin Luther King can come to Alabama without protection, but when I go to Boston they have to lead me through tunnels for protection.

Couple of years ago, Governor Dempsey of Connecticut wired me criticizing, and they were about to tear down New Haven around his ears right then. Pat Brown wired me that they knew how to live together out there—Nigger-Americans, Spanish-Americans, Polish-Americans,

Italian-Americans, French-Americans and all sorts of hyphenated Americans—and while I was reading his wire, the niggers was burning down Watts. A lot of people told me I should wire him back, "I told you so," but I don't believe in making political capital out of that sort of thing. A reporter asked me if it didn't please me to see Brown's troubles, and I said it certainly did not please me to have that sort of thing happen. Governor Egan of Alaska wired me and said I should stop causing all the racial trouble and I drafted a wire saying he must have caused the Alaska earthquake with all his loud talk, but I didn't send it. I don't like to stoop to that level.

Q. What has President Johnson failed to do that you would have done if you were President?

A. If I was President, I would have the Justice Department grab them by the long hair—these intellectual morons, these professors, these students tearing up their draft cards, raising money and blood for the Vietcong—and have them charged with treason, have them tried and put away. I'm not talking about the men who write we shouldn't be over there or dissenters in Congress. I'm talking about those who actually help the enemy. We're at war. It doesn't matter whether Johnson had the legal right to send the troops over there.

Q. You didn't like it when President Kennedy sent the National Guard to Tuscaloosa to throw you out of the schoolhouse door. In fact, you thought Kennedy was acting illegally and you have said so a thousand times. If you are on the side of the soldiers in Vietnam, whether or not the President was legally correct in sending them there, why weren't you on the side of the soldiers and what they were doing at Tuscaloosa, whether Kennedy was legally right or not?

A. That was different. I didn't have to be on the soldiers' side. They were on my side. As [Deputy Attorney General Nicholas] Katzenbach walked by them, some of the soldiers called him a dirty bastard and a sonofabitch. They said: "Why don't you get out of here, you dirty bastard," and things like that. I think if Katzenbach and his crowd had laid a hand on me, the soldiers and the troopers there, well, they just wouldn't have allowed it. I know that General Graham, we didn't see eye to eye in all things, but I think he would have asked to be relieved before he would have ordered the troops to lay a hand on me. The Birmingham papers reported he said: "It is my duty to take over." Why, hell, everybody knows he said: "It is my sad duty."

Q. Many people say that little episode at the University of Alabama was rehearsed by you and the U. S. Attorney General. Bob Gilchrist [a former Alabama state Senator] said everybody in the legislature knew what script you were going to follow.

A. That scene wasn't worked out beforehand. Robert Kennedy wanted to, but I wouldn't do it. I have a record of our discussion. If he consents to release the record, so will I.

Q. Anyway, you lost that fuss at the University, just as you have lost all your other segregation fusses with the government.

A. I didn't say we could win it. I just said we would call attention to the liberties that are being stolen all over



this country. That's all. That's why I stood in the door.

Q. How do you get along with the President?

A. He's always been very pleasant to me. I've always been treated real nice in Washington. The last time I was up there I sat at a table with Mrs. [Sargent] Shriver and she was kind enough to remember that I had escorted her into the Alabama delegation at the 1956 convention, and they gave her a standing ovation. I was for Kennedy. I have a lot of friends in Washington.

Q. Has Lyndon Johnson encouraged you to get in the race to draw right-wing votes away from the Republicans?

A. My candidacy won't help Johnson. That's where you fellows in the liberal press are all wrong. I carried Gary, Ind. I carried the Southside of Milwaukee. Go to Baltimore and see where I'm popular. I'm popular in the workingman's neighborhoods. I'm popular where they ordinarily would vote Democratic. [It's true he did well in some Democratic redoubts in 1964 but he also carried, for example, solid Republican suburbs near Milwaukee and Madison.]

Q. On my way here I stopped by to see [ex-Governor]

Folsom and he said you and Lyndon are "thick as thieves." He said Johnson stirred up the guidelines issue just before the primaries last year to swing the white voters solidly behind you. And Big Jim isn't the only one in Alabama saying that.

A. You think LBJ got the guidelines to come out at that point to help me? That's ridiculous. You know better than that. He probably didn't know the guidelines were even out.

Q. You aren't saying that Jim Folsom would lie about it, are you? You used to be a Folsom man. In fact, he got you started in big-time politics, didn't he?

A. No, I wasn't for Folsom. I was against him in 1946. But then I got five trade schools through the legislature, and I was thinking about running for Congress, although I would never have run against George Andrews—he is the greatest Congressman, so far as I am concerned, and I stand for everything he does—but I was thinking about it, and I asked Folsom to put one of those schools in my Congressional District in case I ran, and he said he would. I guess I told him I would do anything he wanted, if he would do that. So six or seven years later he decided to run again, and he came to me and said: "You remember what you promised." and I said: "Yes, I said I would give you my support." and he said: "No, you said you would do anything I asked, and I am asking you to be my south Alabama manager." Well, I went to Governor Chauncy Sparks and asked him what I should do, because I didn't want to do it, and he said: "Did you promise?" and I said: "Yes, I guess I did," and he said: "Well, you'd better go ahead and do it then because you can't break your word in politics." So I said to myself: "Well, maybe I can have a good effect on Jim's administration"—that's how I salved my conscience.

Well, so Jim was elected, but then I saw that those who was around him was drinking and stealing, and I got out because I figured they would all wind up in the penitentiary. Course, I don't like to go into that now, because Jim is sick in the head and all that. He supported Lurleen. [Folsom, who ran again for governor in 1966, used an old movie in his primary campaign showing Wallace standing before a crowd yelling: "If it's Folsomism, I'm for Folsomism!" But the Folsom administration had its shady episodes, and Wallace doesn't like to be reminded of how close he was to Folsom at one time.]

Q. Even some of your enemies concede that your administration was fairly honest. Gilchrist said you are too ambitious to be crooked.

A. There may have been some stealing in this administration, but none of it took place in this office. [Attorney General Richmond] Flowers would send over word that he wanted to look at all the books in some office and I would tell the official in that office: "You give him everything he wants—everything—and if he finds something wrong, you're out." I told my cabinet I'm not keeping crooks.

Q. You made quite a to-do over the Supreme Court decision on school prayers. Are you a religious man?

A. My family upbringing was religious. My uncle was ■ Populist and a doctor who treated everyone whether they could pay or not. He was a religious man, a Meth-

odist, who had a prayer session in his office every day. I'm a Methodist too, but not as good a Christian as I want to be. I go to church, but not as regularly as I want to.

Q. You think it might be a Christian gesture not to mistreat Negroes?

A. The Christian thing is to get along with them, and the South does this, although there might be a little paternalism.

Q. The way you've floated bond issues and put the state in debt to build roads and schools, some people in Alabama call you a red-eyed liberal.

A. I'm not a liberal. A liberal is one who used to be against laws infringing on the rights of the individual. Now the liberal wants the government to lay down all sorts of guidelines, telling us to send our kids to this school or that school, not to build that school, to tear down another school. I believe in spending on schools. I believe in teaching niggers a trade to get them so they can support themselves and not be a drag. I believe in spending for aid to dependent children, but we had a campaign in my administration to find out if all those missing daddies was really missing, and we found that a lot of those missing daddies was living in the same town, and we took them to court and made them start supporting their own kids. I believe in good pensions. The average of our Alabama pensioners is 75, and 3 per cent of them are over 90 years old. These people are destitute. We've got to help them. I want to help them. Our average pension payment is \$80 a month, the highest in the Deep South, and I'm not ashamed of it. I'm proud of that. [Former Congressman Carl Elliott claims that the average old-age pension has actually dropped from \$75 to \$72 a month during Wallace's control of the capitol.]

I'm proud to borrow money for highways. We borrowed \$125 million during my administration, and if I had been governor forty years ago I'd have borrowed it forty years ago so we could have had our good highways a lot sooner. You borrow \$100 million to build roads, and you've got to pay a lot of interest, but the land that road goes through increases in value by \$150 million or \$200 million, and we get taxes on that. And it brings in industry. Things spring up all along these new highways, and that means jobs.

Q. You spend a lot of that money to help industries that don't need any help, don't you? And make the poor people pay for the cost of those bonds and high interest?

A. We used \$5 million of one bond issue to build a bridge over the Alabama River because we promised a Canadian paper company we would do it if they came down here, and they came down here, and they are building a \$100 million plant. Of course, they got a tax advantage on that investment. I guess you could call me a Populist. That's probably not a bad definition. One reason these flaming liberals are afraid of me is that I'm not against helping people who need help.

Q. The poor people pay for their own help in this state. You've strapped them with a 4 per cent sales tax, across the board, plus a 2 per cent local sales tax in some cities. You don't tax industry that hard.

A. I'm sorry about the sales tax. I was against it when I was in the legislature. I filibustered against it. But I'm

going to get a bill through this legislature to charge banks interest on state money deposited with them. That'll be a first, and it will bring in \$4 million a year and we'll use that to upgrade our hospital system. We're also going to rebuild the prison system from the ground up. And we're putting in a trade school in the prison big enough to handle the younger inmates who are there because they couldn't earn a living in the first place.

Q. You keep complaining that the press has written insulting things about your personal habits. I haven't read any such accounts. What has been written about you that you don't like?

A. Time magazine said I picked my teeth with a soiled toothpick. Phil Carter of Newsweek said to me: "I'm a good Mississippi boy and I understand you, Governor, so let me travel with you and give you a good story," and I said: "O. K., come along, podnuh; I know you won't write it right, but come along." And I took him in to eat with me, and he wrote in his story that I ate with a sucking sound.

Q. Are you thin-skinned about what is written about you?

A. Oh, no. If I cared what people say about me, I'd have had a heart attack long ago. After I spoke at the National Press Club in Washington they voted not to give me a citation. They gave them to Khrushchev and Castro, but they wouldn't give one to me.

Q. As a matter of fact, in a subtle way, you abuse the press sometimes, don't you?

A. No. I protect the press. Sometime I used to talk about a particular reporter being in the crowd and what his paper or magazine had said about Alabama. I would say: "And here's Esquire"—their reporter had more hair than you ever seen—and I would point him out and say something about him, or about the Los Angeles Times man. After a while, when a little woman with an umbrella came up and threatened the reporters, and some steelworkers said, "Here's the sonsofbitches, let's get 'em," the reporters came to me and said: "Governor, these people are going to harm us if you don't help us"; so thereafter I would tell the crowds: "Now, let's treat these reporters polite and show 'em and the rest of the world that we are just as cultivated and refined as anybody anywhere." [This trick of "protecting" reporters after arousing the crowd against them is something Wallace picked up from Faubus, who often used it in the hot days after Little Rock.]

Wallace asked me to stay for supper, but three hours of ideological bombardment from the Governor's husband is enough for one sitting. Well, that's his line. It is 1964 warmed over on a very low flame. "Niggers" need to be given a trade-school education and then isolated; he believes in local determination, so long as it coincides with the whim of the state's chief executive; he thinks this country is still sending supplies to Cuba; anyone in Washington who disagrees with him is a "pinknik" or "intellectual moron." It just doesn't seem likely that this, as a national platform, will thrill the 40 per cent of the electorate that Wallace is counting on.

Meanwhile, at home the Wallace cult is not as solid

as it might seem. The state Democratic Executive Committee is headed by Robert S. Vance of Birmingham, who is a "national" Democrat. He was elected chairman over Wallace's opposition, and in October Wallace tried to get a majority of the seventy-two members to sign a petition to convene and kick out Vance. This was Wallace's opening move in his latest Presidential bid. But he failed to get a majority to sign; in fact, he got only thirty-two. This was a blow. He may still try to take over the Democratic committee, buying a majority with paving contracts, insurance premiums and appointments to public office.

But if he succeeds, he will meet immediate opposition from forces that are still in a disorganized, guerrilla condition, but ready to organize. The leadership will come from Judge Roy Mayhall of Jasper, the former chairman of the committee, once a Wallace supporter but now a blood enemy. Mayhall swings a great deal of weight among national Democrats of the state. He told *The Nation* that if Wallace takes over the state Democratic Party apparatus, he and a dozen other members of the committee are prepared to reorganize under the title "National Democratic Party" and get on the Alabama ballot under the donkey emblem (the traditional Democratic emblem in that state is the cock). He is convinced that their Democratic organization would be recognized over Wallace's at the national convention and that it would pull one-third of the votes in the primary—sufficient to bruise Wallace's image heavily enough for the whole country to see.

If, on the other hand, Wallace chooses to disregard the executive committee and go the third-party route even in his own state, says Mayhall, this would leave the nationally oriented Democrats in control of the party machinery and the party funds.

Allan Shivers, at one time one of the most powerful politicians in the South, professed to be a Democrat for local purposes but deserted his national leaders in 1952, 1956 and 1960. Today Shivers is completely discredited. "Wallace is following the Shivers line," said Mayhall, "and when things swing, he'll be as dead as Shivers."

At the capitol, Wallace has other problems. The Alabama Highway Department is bankrupt. It is staying in business solely with some funds left over from an old bond issue. When a Highway Department (the most important patronage slush fund at a governor's disposal) operates on bond money, things are in a bad shape. Furthermore, the big city legislators—who, through reapportionment, can finally match the strength of the rural bloc—are determined to get a better cut of the highway money. If one of their plans succeeds, it will mean the end of the farm-to-market program. When those farmers no longer see the fresh asphalt being poured in stringy strips through the backwoods, they are going to be unhappy. More unhappiness will be aroused when Wallace, as he must, pushes up taxes on either gasoline, or registration tags, or trucks—or all of them.

Wallace holds complete control over the legislature in emotional areas like the Negro question, but in economic matters it is another thing. State Sen. Hugh Morrow, a Birmingham banker who heads the powerful

Jefferson County delegation (one-fifth of the Senate, enough to keep a filibuster going till doomsday), says flatly that the urban crowd is willing to do battle with Wallace's country backers. "We're going to be sonof-bitches like *they've* been all these years," he says. "We've been pushed around long enough. Up to reapportionment, they didn't care if we had time to read a bill before they passed it."

In four years of the previous Wallace administration, the Alabama House was such a rubber-stamp affair that only one Wallace bill—an insignificant one, at that—was voted down. Things may be different this time.

The potential of rebellion was seen most dramatically when the legislature gave itself a generous pay raise by overriding a George and Lurleen veto. The legislature also spat back Lurleen's nomination for the directorship of the liquor control board, on a technicality that in the old days could easily have been worked out. And whereas in 1963 Wallace got his highway bond program accepted in two weeks, this time it has taken two months.

Does this kind of recalcitrance mean that the solid Wallace front is cracking at home? Cracking, perhaps; no more than that. But it is causing talk. As a Birmingham newspaper editor put it privately: "Look, this is amazing. Wallace holds all the cards. He owns the speaker in the House and the lieutenant governor in the Senate. For the first time in modern history, the governor controls the committee-naming mechanism in the Senate. Yet, here at the outset of the legislative session he has a full-scale rebellion on his hands! The way things look from the outside, this legislature should be rigged for Wallace. And yet I hear about the governor's floor leader walking up to a small county legislator and saying about the bond program: 'This is the governor's program,' and the small county legislator saying, 'So what?' and walking away. That's very, very interesting."

If Wallace manipulates the legislature into another rubber-stamp session, the victory will be his. But if the cracks begin to widen and his program falls through, the scorn also will be his—not Lurleen's. For after ninety days of the new regime, the pretense of Mrs. Wallace's being called "Governor" except for ceremonial occasions is transparent to even the thickest of Alabamians. For a while a flurry of stories was spun around the question of whether or not she would have anything to say about how things go in the state. The *Wall Street Journal* story of December 1 was typical: "Who will wear the pants in the governor's mansion here? Surprisingly, that's a matter for speculation. At first, nearly everyone here assumed that if Mrs. George Wallace was elected to succeed her husband as governor of Alabama, Mr. Wallace simply would continue in charge. But now that she has been elected, some people aren't so sure." If they still aren't so sure, then they are either blind or very dull. Wallace runs everything; Mrs. Wallace is a ribbon cutter. Alabama newspaper reporters would no more think of querying her on an important governmental issue than they would think of going to one of the capitol custodians. Legislators and lobbyists deal with him altogether. Wallace's office is across the hall from hers, but he still uses the antechamber to the governor's office as if it were his own. He leaves his office and goes through a door on her side of the hall

that allows him to emerge into the governor's antechamber, howdying and shaking hands with all the folks waiting there, just as in the old days.

Bill Jones, Wallace's former press aide and now his Presidential campaign manager, claims that "Wallace never pretended that Mrs. Wallace would act as governor except for ceremonies." As a matter of fact, though it was always stressed during her campaign that he would be her number-one adviser, it was also stressed that she is capable of running the state herself and that he would be busy, much of the time, "running for God," as one Alabama legislator put it.

Things have not turned out that way. Mrs. Wallace is not capable of running the legislature, much less the state. As this becomes increasingly evident to Alabamians, Wallace, not his wife, will have to assume public responsibility for the mistakes of this administration. And as he steps up his Presidential campaign, he will have to relax his hold on state government and the fumbles will become more numerous. Also, if one judges by past Alabama history, the real looting will begin. The two administrations prior to Wallace's coming to power were well larded with crooks; ambition, if nothing else, has kept Wallace clean, but not all the men around him have

shown the same disposition. With him out of the state, they can be expected to start grabbing. Some of them have already tried, but it was promptly quieted. Open scandal is something Alabamians will not forgive. They did not forgive the sins of the Patterson and Folsom administrations. It is not likely that Wallace, for all his present popularity, could survive it either. In the late 1950s, Gov. Marvin Griffin of Georgia was the loudest segregationist in the South, but his administration was also one of the most corrupt. Today, he could not win the lowest office in that state. And the longer a governor is in office, the harder it is to control his grabby followers. Faubus, who set a record in Arkansas for unbroken service as a Southern governor, managed to keep down the scandal until his last months in office, but then things began falling. Sadly, Faubus told Roy Reed of *The New York Times* that the more success a governor has at the ballot box, the more difficulties he has maintaining discipline among the troops. Now this will begin to be Wallace's big problem. And he must lick it, for while no state loves its segregation more than Alabama, most Southerners are not sold on what the great political writer Charles Pou once described as the "if-you-ain't-for-stealing-you-ain't-for-segregation" rationale.

THE PERJURY ROUTINE

IRVING YOUNGER

Mr. Younger is professor of law at New York University School of Law. He was formerly Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

On March 20, in *McCray v. Illinois*, the Supreme Court held that when, on being questioned as to whether there was probable cause to arrest a defendant, a policeman testifies that a "reliable informant" told him that the defendant was committing a crime, the policeman need not name the informant. Justice Stewart, for himself and four other members of the Court, said that "nothing in the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment requires a state court judge in every such hearing to assume the arresting officers are committing perjury."

Why not? Every lawyer who practices in the criminal courts knows that police perjury is commonplace.

The reason is not hard to find. Policemen see themselves as fighting a two-front war—against criminals in the street and against "liberal" rules of law in court. All's fair in this war, including the use of perjury to subvert "liberal" rules of law that might free those who "ought" to be jailed. And even if his lies are exposed in the courtroom, the policeman is as likely to be indicted for perjury by his co-worker, the prosecutor, as he is to be struck down by thunderbolts from an avenging heaven.

It is a peculiarity of our legal system that the police have unique opportunities (and unique temptations) to give false testimony. When the Supreme Court lays down a rule to govern the conduct of the police, the rule does not enforce itself. Some further proceeding, such as the

"probable cause" hearing in *McCray*, is almost always necessary to determine what actually happened. In *Mapp v. Ohio*, for example, the Supreme Court laid down the rule that evidence obtained by the police through an unreasonable search and seizure may not be used in a state criminal prosecution. But before applying the rule to any particular case, a hearing must be held to establish the facts. Then the judge decides whether those facts constitute an unreasonable search and seizure. In *Miranda v. Arizona*, the Court held that a suspect must be fully warned of his right to remain silent and to the assistance of counsel before his statements will be admissible against him. But in any particular case, as under *Mapp*, a hearing must first be held to determine whether the suspect was in fact properly warned. Only if the judge concludes that he was properly warned do his statements come into evidence against him.

Such hearings usually follow a standard pattern. The policemen testify to their version of the circumstances of the search or of the interrogation, always reflecting perfect legality. The defendant testifies to his version, always reflecting egregious illegality. The judge must choose between two statements, and, not surprisingly, he almost always accepts the policeman's word.

The difficulty arises when one stands back from the particular case and looks at a series of cases. It then becomes apparent that policemen are committing perjury at least in some of them, and perhaps in nearly all of them. Narcotics prosecutions in New York City can be so viewed. Before *Mapp*, the policeman typically testified that he stopped the defendant for little or no reason,

searched him, and found narcotics on his person. This had the ring of truth. It was an illegal search (not based upon "probable cause"), but the evidence was admissible because *Mapp* had not yet been decided. Since it made no difference, the policeman testified truthfully. After the decision in *Mapp*, it made a great deal of difference. For the first few months, New York policemen continued to tell the truth about the circumstances of their searches, with the result that evidence was suppressed. Then the police made the great discovery that if the defendant drops the narcotics on the ground, after which the policeman arrests him, then the search is reasonable and the evidence is admissible. Spend a few hours in the New York City Criminal Court nowadays, and you will hear case after case in which a policeman testifies that the defendant dropped the narcotics on the ground, whereupon the policeman arrested him. Usually the very language of the testimony is identical from one case to another.

This is now known among defense lawyers and prosecutors as "dropsy" testimony. The judge has no reason to disbelieve it in any particular case, and of course the judge must decide each case on its own evidence, without regard to the testimony in other cases. Surely, though, not in every case was the defendant unlucky enough to drop his narcotics at the feet of a policeman. It follows that at least in some of these cases the police are lying.

Precisely because a judge is limited to the evidence in the particular case before him, judicial recognition of the problem of police perjury is extremely rare. It happened in 1965, however, in the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. In *Veney v. United States*, the prosecutor offered evidence that each defendant had spontaneously apologized to the victim. Such spontaneous apologies had, six years before, been held admissible despite unlawful delay in arraigning the defendant. Judge J. Skelly Wright, in a concurring opinion, wrote:

For some time now I have been curious and concerned about evidence offered by the Government, appearing again and again in criminal cases, showing that the defendant, at the lineup or other confrontation with the complaining witness, had, while in the presence and custody of the police, "spontaneously and voluntarily" apologized for his misdeed. The word "apologize" would not ordinarily be expected to be in the vocabularies of most of the poorly educated defendants. And even if it were, it seemed more than passing strange, to me at least, that this phenomenon of contrition should assert itself so soon after the offensive act. I began a search to solve the mystery. My efforts were first rewarded by my discovery of the case [in which the court had held spontaneous apologies by defendants admissible despite delay in arraigning them]. . . . Since our ruling in [that case], and, particularly in the more recent past, "spontaneous" apologies by defendants have been offered by the Government and received in evidence in criminal cases with unusual frequency—usually supported by testimony that the apologies were not suggested or inspired by the police. . . . In view of the above, it appears to me that the time is ripe for some soul searching in the prosecutor's office before it offers any more "spontaneous" apologies in evidence.

This year has also seen the beginning of official at-



tempts to cope with the problem of police perjury. In March, 1966, the American Law Institute promulgated a Model Code of Pre-Arrest Procedure, which provides that the police must make a tape recording of their questioning of an arrested person in order "to help eliminate factual disputes concerning what was said." More recently, the 20th police precinct in New York City has begun to tape-record all interviews with suspects.

But there will be no tape recordings on the streets, and perhaps the Supreme Court in *McCray* should not so casually have rejected the idea of a constitutional presumption that policemen commit perjury. There is ample factual basis for the presumption, and the courts, despite their reticence, are no strangers to those facts. Indeed, the dissenters in *McCray* hinted as much when they pointed out that "it is not unknown for the arresting officer to misrepresent his connection with the informer, his knowledge of the informer's reliability, or the information allegedly obtained from the informer."

Far from adopting a presumption of perjury, the *McCray* case almost guarantees wholesale police perjury. When his conduct is challenged as constituting an unreasonable search and seizure, all the policeman need say is that an unnamed "reliable informant" told him that the defendant was committing a crime. Henceforth, every policeman will have a genie-like informer to legalize his master's arrests.

This affronts the dignity of the administration of justice. And since there will now always be an informer to establish "probable cause," hence making all searches and seizures reasonable and all evidence admissible, however obtained, *McCray* marks the end of the short life of *Mapp v. Ohio*.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Tolkien & Hesse: Top of the Pops

ROBERT SKLAR

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Even for those who believe strongly, as I do, that the present-day young generation differs significantly from any that has come before, there are moments when the whole concept of a new and distinctive young generation threatens to collapse into a concoction of advertising acturaries and slick-magazine moralists. These are the moments when their taste in literature—if nothing else—redeems the young. Books are commodities as much as underarm deodorants, but as yet no monopolies limit the brands and no market research has come up with a package sure to sell. You can lead students to books, as any teacher can tell you, but they can't be forced to drink. Reading remains, like dying, a task most people have to do alone. The immense popularity of J. R. R. Tolkien's fantasies and the growing interest in Hermann Hesse's novels are better guides than most to the styles and moods of young people today.

The Tolkien fad began just at the time when young people sensed their own identity as a generation, when SNCC was breaking off from older civil rights groups, and the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley passed on the word: "You can't trust anyone over 30." But Tolkien himself, a retired professor of Anglo-Saxon, was in his 70s when students began to mine nicknames, epithets, slogans, and even complete languages from his books. And Hesse, a German writer born in the Bismarck era, who had been popular among the young before Marconi invented the wireless, had died at 85 in 1962. Neither in poetry, nor in prophecy, nor in any other sphere of imagination or intellect have the young taken so readily to guides and entertainers ancient enough to be their great-grandfathers.

There are enough sociological, psychological and literary hypotheses readily at hand to produce an explanation as scholarly and detailed as Tolkien's genealogies. But let us rest content with a simple truth: Tolkien and Hesse's visions of life accord with the contemporary visions of youth. In the same way, Sal-

inger's *The Catcher in the Rye* and Golding's *Lord of the Flies* mirrored the youthful imagination of the past decade. And now that their popularity belongs to history we can see how blessedly far we have come. *The Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* reflected the fear young people felt in that era of McCarthy and the bomb, their helplessness, their hopelessness. Their tone matched the cynical style of those years, and raised to the level of art the bitter compromises youth managed then to make with such ease. Even the most pessimistic critics of long hair and sexual freedom would not want to return us to that.

One is tempted to add another hypothesis because it reflects a little credit on adults. Parents who panicked after Sputnik may find proof in the popularity of Tolkien and Hesse that our schools have brought about a whole new range of literacy. The best extracurricular reading students could manage fifteen years ago usually reached its peak at *The Fountainhead*. Salinger and Golding at least marked a step up to good writing; with Tolkien and Hesse we have attained an astonishing goal, with implications we have yet to grasp: youngsters reading as their favorites, by their own free choice, great works of literature.

You may not bridle to hear the works of a Nobel Prize winner called great. But what of *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, with its enormous bulk, strange creatures, and stranger scholarly paraphernalia, language grammars, tables of dates, genealogies? I can say only this: initially I was put off by the cults and fetishes which surround it, by the crescendo of praise coming from hands grown gnarled with the beating of drums. But reading it won me over. I found *The Lord of the Rings* a work of immense narrative power that can sweep the unresisting reader up and hold him enthralled for days and weeks as he lives the story through.

Everyone must have heard by now a little of the ringbearer's tale. The ring first appeared in Tolkien's earlier, more simple story, *The Hobbit*, where Bilbo, the plump 3-foot-high creature after whom the book is named, finds it in a mountain cave. The ring makes its

wearer invisible, and Bilbo uses it to good advantage during his adventures with the wizard Gandalf and a band of dwarfs. But by the first book of the trilogy, when the ring is owned by Frodo, Bilbo's nephew and heir, it has been revealed as the One Ring, key

Works of J. R. R. Tolkien

THE HOBBIT, or There and Back Again. Houghton Mifflin Co. 287 pp. \$3.95. Ballantine Books. Paper 95c.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS. 3 Vols: The Fellowship of the Ring. 423 pp. The Two Towers. 352 pp. The Return of the King. Houghton Mifflin Co. 440 pp. \$6 per vol. \$17.50 the set. All available singly in paper: Ballantine Books. 95c each.

THE TOLKIEN READER: The Homecoming of Beorhtnoth Beorht-helm's Son. Tree and Leaf. Farmer Giles of Ham. The Adventures of Tom Bombadil. Ballantine Books. Paper 95c.

TREE AND LEAF. Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. 112 pp. \$4.

FARMER GILES OF HAM. Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. 79 pp. \$3.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM BOMBADIL. Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. 64 pp. \$3.75.

Hermann Hesse in Paperback

SIDDHARTHA. Translated by Hilda Rosner. New Directions. 153 pp. \$1.25.

DEMIAN. The Story of Emil Sinclair's Youth. Translated by Michael Roloff and Michael Lebeck. Bantam Books. 141 pp. 95c.

THE JOURNEY TO THE EAST. Translated by Hilda Rosner. Noonday Press. 118 pp. \$1.25.

MAGISTER LUDI. Translated by Mervyn Savill. Frederick Ungar. 502 pp. \$2.75.

STEPPENWOLF. Translated by Basil Creighton. Rinehart Editions. 218 pp. \$1.65.

to supreme power over all Middle Earth. Evil Sauron had forged the ring. In his first bid for power, when his forces were defeated, he had lost it. But in his desolate land, Mordor, he prepares for a new attempt to conquer Middle Earth. With the ring he would be invincible; and though his opponents possess the ring it does them little good, for its powers work only for evil.

The one way to defeat Sauron is to destroy the ring, and the only way to destroy it is to throw it into the Crack of Doom, the fiery cauldron at the heart of Mordor where it was forged. This is the appalling task Frodo undertakes, with a small company of hobbits, men, an elf, a dwarf, and Gandalf the wizard. What happens to them on their journeys is the story Tolkien tells in *The Lord of the Rings*, with a vigor of language, a complexity of history and character and, above all, a pace and drive of action, adventure and excitement that make the reader feel he sits at the feet of an ancient bard.

Tolkien's trilogy indeed resembles the Anglo-Saxon chronicles he studied as a scholar. *The Lord of the Rings* is a work of art but it is also history—even if invented history—and it bears comparison to works of Gibbon or Parkman more readily than it does to other novels. The great historians are equally artists and builders of worlds. Gibbon's Rome and Parkman's French America are worlds as strange and distant from our own as Tolkien's Middle Earth. On the level of great historical narrative it matters little whether the events described can be absolutely verified; what matters far more is the historian's attitude toward his world and his treatment of it.

As a work of history *The Lord of the Rings* is distinctly Spenglerian in tone. Tolkien has created a historical world with a comprehensive erudition and a philosophical audacity few historians since Spengler have been able to match—and with a sense of tragic destiny nearly equal to Spengler's.

For at its core *The Lord of the Rings* is the story of civilization's decline. Good may finally triumph over evil, but good is never unalloyed—in men or in hobbits or in cultures. The Third Age of Middle Earth, which the trilogy brings to a close, was founded on the powers of lesser rings, rings for dwarfs, elves and men. But the One Ring rules them all. Were Sauron to recover the ring he could only subjugate Middle Earth; when Frodo succeeds in destroying it the other rings must lose their power, too. Frodo and his company know from

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the start, whether they should succeed or fail, that ■ 3,000-year era is doomed to end.

In many ways the Third Age had been ■ time of peace and beauty. Yet Tolkien's historical panorama is too vast to allow mourning over the passing of an age. The elves had "attempted nothing new, living in memory of the past." The dwarfs selfishly hoarded their treasures. Their time now was passed, and they were fated to depart, leaving Middle Earth to men.

For the hobbits, too, time in Middle Earth is drawing to an end. But these little people, with their provincial narrowness, their agelong inconsequence, their simple love of beer and pipe smoking, provide the moral center and the humor of Tolkien's trilogy, and the deep recognition young people feel when they read it. Ignored and underrated by others; hedonistic and isolationist by choice—suddenly ■ handful of them, Frodo and Samwise, Pippin and Merry, are chosen; or choose themselves. Their moment on the great stage of history has come: to act, to dare, to be brave, to endure hardship, risk their lives, and lose forever their comfort and anonymity. This challenge, and their response, is the true moral drama in *The Lord of the Rings*.

If young people identify more with the hobbits than with the warriors and kings of men in Tolkien's tale, surely one reason—though of course Tolkien could not have envisioned such a remarkable coincidence—lies in the resemblance of the hobbits' situation to their own. Many in the present generation of American youth see themselves as just such a chosen band, called upon to leave behind a way of life equally as self-serving and as oblivious to social truths.

This represents in part a vast metaphor for coming of age—*The Lord of the Rings* provides a most dramatic and mythic analogy for the rite of passage to maturity. But it also suggests a distinctive attitude toward the present. Young people are not so saddened by the Third Age's passing, perhaps because they envision the present as a time when another outmoded era is being left behind—an era when humans are as selfish as dwarfs and as self-satisfied as elves. Like the hobbit band, they can rise above the limitations of their own society and thus prepare themselves to inherit the future.

Above all, what matters is the act of choosing to take part, of participating in company with others. This is a significant distinguishing feature of the pres-

ent generation of youth—not to take refuge in private life, or in institutions, or in dogmas but to become involved in life. This impulse finds expression just as much among hippies or dropouts or acid heads—drugs too are an aspect of the desire to tune in on life, not to retreat from it—as it does in more conventional forms of political or social action. And the hobbits perfectly reflect their concern, not with the power of kings or knights or presidents or generals but with the power that resides in simple lives and everyday people.

The fantasy and imagination and other-worldliness of Tolkien's work are all important, but what is most important is not that it serves as an escape, or leads to contemplation, or makes for livelier dreams but that it provides a paradigm for action. It asks not who you are, or your pedigree, or your past associations but simply states: this is the task; are you willing to carry it through?

None of the enormous enthusiasm for Tolkien has spilled over onto other fantasy writers or into science fiction. Rather, the young have taken up the novels of Hermann Hesse, where fantasy plays a role strikingly similar to Tolkien's; instead of dreams or separation, fantasy provides new mysteries for our normal state of consciousness and creates new possibilities in the quotidian world.

The most unusual aspect of Tolkien's popularity is his complete unconcern with the traditional and conventional issues of adolescence, particularly that ontological stumper, "who am I?" In the trilogy, characters may change their names and identities several times over, but they are the last ones to stew over it. They know who they are and what they must do, and if they use disguises or pseudonyms it is simply part of the job. Young people do not miss the usual questions in Tolkien because the immediacy of action cancels out all Hamlet-like musings on the self. But in Hesse's novels they find contemplation and a goodly share of action, too.

Hesse's recent popularity rests primarily on one work, *Siddhartha*. Any seeker of self who has looked into Zen or Oriental mysticism is likely to have read it. A paperback edition of *Demian* came out last fall and was boosted to immediate success in no little part by its romantically evocative, mystical cover drawing (artist unidentified). *Steppenwolf* and *Magister Ludi*, the two novels which established Hesse's literary reputation, are also available in inexpensive editions, as well as *The Journey to the East*; so far, though, Hesse appeals to

the young through *Siddhartha* and *Demian*.

Siddhartha and *Demian*, like *The Lord of the Rings*, are quest books. But their quests turn far away from the battlefields of Middle Earth, the deserts and mountain peaks of Mordor, turn and tunnel deep down into "the innermost, the Self." Why Hesse, one may ask, among so many competing versions of peering at the looking glass? Precisely because wherever one ends when the search is done, whatever dark tunnels and winding corridors have been traversed, there, at the end, Hesse provides a door into the world.

Siddhartha is a simple story, told in the limpid prose of an oral tale. A handsome boy, son of wealthy Brahmins, Siddhartha is yet unhappy. In his religion and his social position he cannot find the True, the Eternal. "One must find the source within one's own Self," he thinks, "one must possess it." He wants to overcome the Self and find the mystery deep within. Self-denial provides no solution, either. He must discover his Self by bringing it to life in the world. However, the moment comes when he is as satiated by life in the world as he was by self-denial. He leaves all behind, and again wanders, seeking. In the end, Siddhartha concludes that "love is the most important thing in the world. It may be important to great thinkers to examine the world, to explain and despise it. But I think it is only important to love the world, not to despise it, not for us to hate each other, but to be able to regard the world and ourselves and all beings with love, admiration, and respect."

Demian appeared in 1919, three years before *Siddhartha*. While the story of *Siddhartha* is a parable for all individual and historical ages, a resolution for Hesse of the active and the contemplative life, of seeking and of knowing, the earlier story of the German youth is ■ work intensely involved with a particular generation and a particular time, resolved not so much by art as by the intervention of catastrophe.

Hesse had been a pacifist during the First World War and had spent the war years in Switzerland. Reviled by his own countrymen, he suffered through the breakup of his marriage and the breakdown of his health. It was a time of personal crisis, a crisis of loyalty and identity we call adolescence, though in an independent, questioning life it may occur several times. *Demian* is the product of that crisis, a novel for and about German youth. Published under a pseudonym, it became a great success. Its author was then 42 years old.

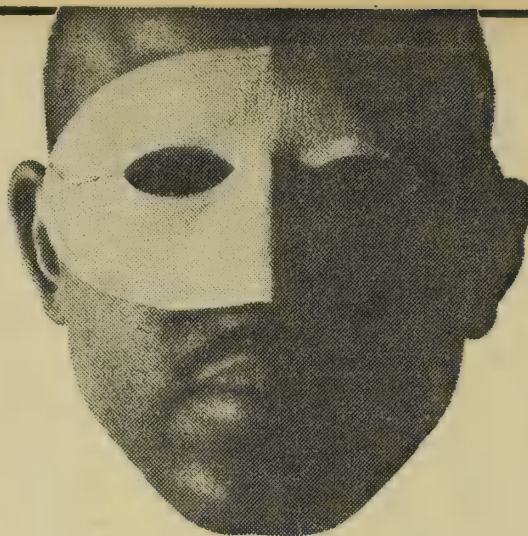
Demian is "the story of Emil Sinclair's youth." Narrating his own story, Sinclair describes how his conventional middle-class youth fell apart when he told a boastful lie and left himself open to blackmail and humiliation by an evil youth, Kromer. But he is unexpectedly rescued by Max Demian, an older boy who lives mysteriously with his widowed mother. Sinclair first notices Demian when he takes Cain's side in a Biblical discussion. Later Demian talks to Sinclair about persons who bear the mark of Cain on their foreheads.

Those who wear the sign of Cain, like Tolkien's Fellowship of the Ring, are a chosen band. "We represented the will of Nature to something new, to the individualism of the future," says Sinclair, while "the others sought to perpetuate the status quo." Humanity was not something to be maintained and protected; it "was a distant goal toward which all men were moving, whose image no one knew, whose laws were nowhere written down." *Demian* ends with the World War, marking an end to the old, and a new beginning.

Hesse's Freudian and Jungian symbolism is clangorous and ultimately opaque. His treatment of the war is equivocal enough to be acceptable both to those who loved it and those who deplored it—a secret of the book's widespread success. Nevertheless, in the prologue to *Demian*, Hesse sharply outlined his own nonviolent humanism. If men truly knew the value of a living human being, he wrote, they would not shoot one another wholesale. We must love all, good or bad, Siddhartha says; all-pervading love surely will create more good than bad.

To the question, "who am I?" *Demian* and *Siddhartha* say: you must look only within your innermost self, but you will find an answer only in the midst of life. To many of the young this is precisely the answer fashioned by their own call, their desire for personal authenticity, separate from, yet expressed through, common action. Each of the chosen chooses himself; the whole is exactly the sum of its parts.

For those young people who heed this call, who seek their selves in the world, word of Tolkien's trilogy and Hesse's novels is passed from mouth to ear. *The Lord of the Rings*, *Siddhartha*, and now *Demian* have become their guides, their expression, their pleasure. Delight in Tolkien and Hesse signifies a new delight in human mysteries, in life's possibilities, in the power of will and the pleasures of imagination. Life imitates art; may the taste of the young, and our luck, hold.



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SANDRA HOCHMAN

Miss Hochman's most recent book of poems is *The Vaudeville Marriage* (Viking). An earlier book, *Manhattan Pastures* (Yale), won the Yale Younger Poets Award in 1963.

The title of Marianne Moore's most recent book of poems, *Tell Me, Tell Me*, is characteristically humble and, at the same time, ironic. Humble, because she is always complaining that she has much to learn about poetry as in "The Mind, Intractable Thing" which ends "craft with which I don't know how to deal." Ironic because, after all, she has so much to tell us, to teach us about her own magical craftsmanship. In "Granite and Steel," which bears the subtitle of the book, Miss Moore defines the Brooklyn Bridge for us as a "path amid the stars" and later as a "romantic passage-way"; then, finally, as an "actuality." This progression from the florid to the sparse is equally ironic. The usual pro-

cedure in modern verse is to lead us from reality to a visionary ending. Miss Moore reverses this procedure. But for her the "actual" is always the "extraordinary." Like the bridge itself, all of her poems have structural possibilities. They are written in a speech that is often as terse and ordinary and strong as granite or steel. Yet these poems have a light and airy feeling—a dimension of grace. They lead us from the confused disorder of our world into a new space of order.

The art of Marianne Moore is not just the valuable art of observation. She is magical. Her poems do have riddles. They can irk us. But they finally carry us forward by the strength of language and, in her own words, the poet's "burning desire to be explicit." Nothing is wasted. All is transformed.

Tell Me, Tell Me includes prose as well as poetry. The prose is didactic and instructive. It is almost as if the unanswerable question is always about the creation of poetry itself. Why does one write poetry? Of what value is this art? Marianne Moore answers these questions by quoting questions. The "quote" becomes her own. She rescues it from obscurity and turns the quote itself into a form of poetry. She writes:

When John Freeman asked Lord
Birkett (the
British judge), "Why did you leave
your father's
business, to study law?" he said, "I
think it was
the fascination of using words in a
way that would
be effective"—true indication of
indigenous talent.

To "be effective" is not only the aim of this poet—it is also her achievement. For Marianne Moore all things are suitable and enchanting subjects for her poems. It is the same sentiment that Kenneth Burke applied to himself: "all things are grist for my mill including my mill." Miss Moore writes about Dr. Fang, Yul Brynner, *The Harvard Advocate*, Bach, Jerome S. Shipman's comment concerning academic appointments for artists, Mickey Mantle and a score of other people and things with an easy authority for linking unlike things with detail, conversation and humor. In her Notes and Acknowledgments—which reads like a prolonged Marianne Moore poem and is, indeed, just that—she cites her sources with pride:

A book on the Brooklyn Bridge: Fact
& Symbol, by Alan Trachtenberg,
Lu Chi's Wen Fu,
A book on Leonardo da Vinci by Sir
Kenneth Clark,

The Diary Of Helena Morley,
translated by Elizabeth Bishop
Saint Valentine
A Late Fifteenth Century Tapestry
Post-game baseball broadcasts

to list (and jumble) just a few books, saints, and other things that have served as inspirations. We meet in her poems a crow called Pluto—and we can never forget him. We learn about Subject, Predicate, Object, and we cannot forget our lesson. Nor can we forget that it is an endless curiosity which illuminates everything she, the poet and divine-observer, chooses to point out to us.

These poems depend strongly on music. Miss Moore not only writes about musical things and musical people and places (there are sprinklings of musical names—Carnegie Hall, Gillels, Isaac Stern, the Symphonia Hungarica—all find a place in her poems) but, more than that, the poems gather their strength from a music of their own. The triumph of Marianne Moore is her agility with lines and rhythms so that she writes what is seemingly conversational or natural verse but is actually controlling her diction and stanza in a wizardly, secretive way. There is clarity in each line:

O magnifico

wizard in words—poet, was it, as
Alfredo Panzini defined you?

Weren't you refracting just now
on my eye's half-closed triptych
the image, enhanced, of a glen—
"the foxglove festoon as sere leaves
fell"

on the sand-pale dark byroad, one leaf
adrift
from the thin-twigged persimmon;
again,

a bird—Arizona
caught-up-with, uncatchable cuckoo
after two hours pursuit, zigzagging
road-runner, stenciled in black
stripes, all over the tail
windmilling up to defy me?

Here, we have a master who can turn a breath into a world of sound that's musical and perfectly orchestrated. In the final poem of the book—which illuminates the collection with its special sound and radiance—Miss Moore fashions a poem out of a hymn to the sun that is intricate and amazingly unlike her previous work.

Like that other poet—John Donne—whose music was fierce and echoes even now in our ears to tell of the wonder of the Elizabethan tongue—Miss Moore pursues perfection. She has glorified the musical possibilities locked within our common speech; and in her exaltation of ordinary things, from the inert to the energetic and enchanted, she tells us something new about where we can go in the realm of sight and language.

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Whether because of the pressure of time or of weariness, the daily reviewers are capable of various kinds of injustice. In the case of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's production of Brecht's *Galileo* the reviewers have conceded that it was the organization's best production to date. Even if they had declared it to be the only one of their productions adequate to the material, it would be a slight to Brecht's play of which almost nothing was said. *Galileo* is one of the very few truly fine dramatic works of the past thirty years.

Written between 1938-39, it is a play of classic stature and ever increasing relevance. When it was first produced as part of ANTA's Experimental Season in New York in a revised version (1947), all but one of the daily reviewers treated it with indifference, if not with open disdain. There was some suspicion of Brecht on various counts: the play was "Marxist," it was rather "cold" and, though Brecht himself had supervised the production, it was somewhat drab. Hardly anyone referred to the play's nobility, the subtlety of its simplicity, the force of its idea.

Now once again we hear it spoken of as an "intellectual" play. For many theatregoers this spells anathema. One might as readily speak of the Parthenon or of the fugues in Bach's *Well Tempered Clavichord* as "intellectual" (not that Brecht occupies so exalted a level but the comparison makes clear the misunderstanding in the use of the word).

The play's central figure is a scientist. He is, if you like, its "anti-hero." He may be called that because he vilifies himself for having recanted his doctrine in terror and for having too late come to realize that scientific truth is not an absolute value. "I take it," Galileo says, "the interest of science is to ease human existence. If you give way to coercion, science can be crippled, and your new machines may simply suggest new drudgeries. Should you then, in time, discover all there is to be discovered your progress must become a progress away from the bulk of humanity. The gulf might even grow so wide that the sound of your cheering at some new achievement would be echoed by a universal cry of horror."

This is only part of the play's "message." But at the moment what I wish to emphasize is that calling a play "intellectual" for most of us implies that it is without "emotion." In his day, Shaw gave vent to a comic exasperation at the

fact that we make dramatic heroes only out of hysterical kids like Romeo and Juliet and neurotic maniacs like Tristan and Isolde, never of men like Newton or Darwin!

This was something more than a joke. For when we speak of "emotion" in the theatre we mean visceral disturbance, passion, pathos or just tear-jerking. But there are many kinds of emotion: the grandeur of a conception may inspire the most elevated feeling, as may also the majesty of the mountain or the sea, a courageous act, the recognition of beautiful craftsmanship, the splendor of an abstract design, or what once was called "significant form."

For all its earthiness and humor—the language of the original German is simpler and more robust than the translation—*Galileo* has a dignity, a loftiness, a purity which moves the spirit: heart and mind in unity. This quality is evident in speech after speech, in scene after scene.

Take the point at which the Little Monk, in humble compassion for his hard-worked peasant parents, speaks of the need for consolation which the Faith provides, and Galileo's deeply felt, lucid and brilliant answer which ends: "I can see their divine patience, but where is their divine fury?" Consider too the scene in which the liberal and knowledgeable Pope, the naked man before he is attired in his ceremonial robes, refuses to acquiesce in the threat of torture against Galileo requested by the Cardinal Inquisitor. When finally he stands in full ecclesiastic raiment he pronounces his papal decision. "It is clearly understood: he is not to be tortured. At the very most he may be shown the instruments," to which the Inquisitor replies: "That will be adequate, Your Holiness. Mr. Galileo understands machinery." The eye instructs the mind as to the meaning.

The play is a dramatic paradigm of an idea and the trials it encounters in piercing the inertia and resistance of habit, tradition and interests of established institutions. In the scene in which Galileo is hailed as a "Bible killer," the play shows the distortion of every idea by ordinary folk who seize on its most vulgar aspect. Brecht regarded skepticism, since it counsels caution and therefore balance, as a key to wisdom. His play therefore warns us that any new idea isolated from the broadest human concerns involves us in a new danger.

No word is wasted in the play; no moment is without its contribution to the total effect. The incidental figures (priests and prelates, students, merchants, aristocrats and beggars) are col-

orful without caricature. A sense of humankind in its most familiar traits informs every character. Galileo—here Brecht drew on several phases of his own nature—is shown as "foxy," opportunistic, given to creature comforts, gluttony, the ordinary man's sensuality, and the canny playfulness often found in men of common origin. All this is enacted against the pageantry of the Renaissance, all the more impressive because of the restraint with which Brecht employs it.

The last observation is based in part on the memory of the great production by the Berliner Ensemble, in which the scenic atmosphere was conveyed through the deeply glowing bronze which enclosed the entire proceedings. A muted opulence must also exist in the text itself, for when I reviewed the earlier New York production—in which Charles Laughton played Galileo—I complained of its barren asceticism. What I thought the play required was a masculine and severe sumptuousness.

The production at the Lincoln Center (directed by John Hirsch, designed by Robin Wagner) aims at and achieves a little of the necessary magnificence. But

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I shall try not to belabor the production with my recollection of the Berlin presentation. (No theatre organization in our country, England or France commands the resources in time, money and extraordinary care of the Berliner Ensemble.) In general, the present production is respectable in its intelligence and devotion to the text. This despite the uncoordinated jumble of the carnival procession, much more tellingly managed in Herbert Blau's Actors' Workshop production in San Francisco.

For those interested in "comparative theatre," a paradox may be discerned in the fact that the acting in the Brecht production was much closer to simple realism than the one at Lincoln Center. The Brecht production contained more individual detail and personal savor. Brecht's actors were quieter, more like real folk unconscious of both their roles in history or on a public platform. The small parts at Lincoln Center are all decently done, but they tend to become "block" figures rather than particularized persons.

The sharpest contrast—I speak of style not of ability—is manifest in Anthony Quayle's Galileo. He speaks with admirable conviction in fine voice. Without rant he is more elocutionary than his Brechtian counterpart. As a result the character's speeches sound more like

"propaganda" than they do in Berlin. There, Galileo speaks in a tone of the most intimate, man-to-man common sense. Quayle's Galileo is a convincing spokesman for genius; the other Galileo is as unassuming as some little man who might prove to be Einstein! Everything he says and thinks (together with his relish for food) appears ingrained in his entire being. Quayle comes close to this Galileo—in any case never pompous or stuffy—in the last scene where he shows Galileo in his old age and partial blindness. All in all, an honorable performance.

Spring Records 1

BENJAMIN BORETZ

HANDEL: Organ Concerti (complete). Edward Müller, organ; Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, August Wenzinger, cond. Archiv SKL 917/21. Twelve Concerti Grossi, Op. 6. Chamber Orchestra, Alexander Schneider, cond.

TCHAIKOWSKY: Four Suites for Orchestra. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. Mercury SR3 9018.

RACHMANINOFF: Twenty-Four Preludes for piano (complete). Constance Keene, piano. Philips PHC 2-006.

Handel, Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff: a less than immediately obvious chain of historical association, perhaps, but all three were major compositional figures whose work is interesting less for the great profundity or originality of its compositional discoveries than for the sheer élan of its compositional virtuosity, which projects a quality analogous to that of the mechanical virtuosity and control of performers like Horowitz, Heifetz, or, indeed, Rachmaninoff himself. In Handel, particularly, one finds an extraordinary immediacy of transmission through a presentational surface that is always precisely configured to provide maximum transparency for a constant flow of brilliant local ideas of contour, sonority and continuity without the interposition of irrelevant complexities. His mastery in this regard is perhaps most impressively evident in purely instrumental works, where the sense of an "idea" must be generated entirely from musical components, without the assistance of verbal-context associations. And of this literature, the Op. 6 Concerti Grossi for strings are perhaps the most inventive, especially in the creation of striking rhythmic and pitch profiles with a minimum of activity. The present recording, however, is too dis-

figured by "interpretive" eccentricity and gratuitous mannerisms to serve as coherent representation of the pieces; of earlier recordings, Hermann Scherchen's on Westminster is the most perceptive I have heard. The organ concertos, taken as a whole, are rather less inexhaustible in their variety and ingenuity; but individual movements and concertos that project special and interesting qualities are evident throughout in the admirable and probably definitive performances on the Archiv set.

The Tchaikowsky orchestral Suites also appear as their composer's purest exploration of sheer compositional facility, free of imputations of symphonic profundity, choreographic pictorialism, or operatic theatrics. The resultant variety of orchestral skills—especially in the domains of rhythmic-accentual subtleties and sonorous particularity—were probably predictable from Tchaikowsky's other work, but the wide-ranging exploration of ideas of texture and continuity is unique in his output, from the "fugal" movement in the First Suite, whose elaborate "contrapuntal" texture is followed immediately by an extended passage for solo clarinet, to the remarkably experimental "Jeu de sons" that opens the Second Suite, to the "neoclassicism" of the Mozart paraphrases and arrangements that constitute the Fourth Suite. To be sure, nothing in the Suites achieves the intensity of articulative or sonorous or rhythmic particularity that appear in sections of the late Tchaikowsky symphonies, but they sustain such a high level of interest throughout that it seems incomprehensible—though characteristically symptomatic—that this is their first complete recording. Dorati's performance is literal but accurate,

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

"Honor . . ." began the wolf
"Excuse me, please," said the sheep
"I hear the shepherd."

"If sheep had honor"
Said a lean and red-eyed wolf
"I would respect them."

"Our honor's at stake!"
Cried the leader of the pack
"The sheep have snubbed us!"

Sheep have the notion
That honor is a concept
Invented by wolves.

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and the New Philharmonia's playing is as good as the old.

In works like the twenty-four piano preludes (rather than in his often unfortunately pretentious symphonies and choral works), Rachmaninoff appears as the traditional counterpart to Stravinsky in somewhat the sense that Strauss's music is a traditional (tonal) analogue of Schoenberg's. The brilliance of rhythm and accent in some of these preludes, carried out against a sonorous and articulative background only minimally extended from the late 19th century, rather than with Stravinsky's radical reshaping and refocusing of those realms, nevertheless approaches qualities that one associates with Stravinsky piano literature. The prelude in E minor, Op. 32, No. 4, is especially interesting from this point of view. The complete recording of the preludes in the present Philips album is a welcome event, particularly since Constance Keene's performances sustain an unusual level of brilliance and coherence throughout.

BACH: St. John Passion. Peter Pears, Elizabeth Harwood, Helen Watts, Alexander Young, Hervey Alan, David Ward, vocal soloists; Choir of Kings College, Cambridge. Philomusica Orchestra of London; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG 5270-2.

This musically acceptable performance is seriously marred by the misguided procedure of using an English translation of the text. The words are of no particular interest except as a succession of linguistic sonorities that becomes embedded within and articulated by the sonorous structure of the musical context. But in any translation this essential aspect is sacrificed for a trivial comprehensibility (a point that one wishes would end all the "opera-in-English" agitation, whose possible success raises fearful specters of future acoustical incongruities). In other respects, the playing and singing are responsibly coherent, if not distinguished—it is another "choralistic" performance of the kind discussed here frequently, but does avoid the pitfall of dwelling on choral sonority and detail to the sacrifice of continuity-shape, even though the latter is somewhat perfunctorily projected through an almost exclusive reliance on brisk unfolding.

MONTEVERDI: *Vespro della Beata Vergine* (1610). Soloists, Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg. Concentus Musicus. Vienna; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9501-02-A.

The Monteverdi Vespers of 1610 was sacred music of unprecedented richness,

in the direct aftermath of the brilliant sonority and continuity discoveries of the *Orfeo* of 1607. In particular, the Vespers is full of vocal-instrumental *concertato* ingenuities that represented the fundamental dimension-expanding discovery in the work of Gabrieli and Monteverdi whereby—in contradistinction to the one-to-one relation of presentational surface and interior structure of earlier music—different parts have intersecting functions, and single parts have multiple functions in determining the sense of each event. In the Vespers, this is combined with a fluency and inventiveness in the *stile antico* choral technique that makes this a dimension of a varied tex-

tural succession rather than, as previously, the invariant textural language of an entire work—and, in fact, of all music.

The performance, which includes the Gregorian antiphons appropriate to the service involved, is far superior to either the old Oiseau-Lyre recording of the "modernized" Leo Schrade edition of the work, or the grimly out-of-tune playing of old instruments on the "authentic" Archiv recording of the "*Sonata Sopra Sancta Maria*" section. Here, the original instruments and dimensions are maintained, but are controlled with an adequacy approximating performances on "modern" instruments. Interpretively,

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things are mostly rather straightforward and unparticularized, but this is vastly preferable to the ill-considered "expressivity" of most Monteverdi performances in concert or on recordings.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde*. James King, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, vocal soloists. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, cond. London OM 36005/ OS 26005.

A remarkably mature and sophisticated performance of what is perhaps Mahler's most completely realized large-scale work, if it is not his most exploratory, problematic or original one. The substitution of a baritone voice for the specified contralto, while traditionally acceptable, does appear to upset at least the long-range timbral balance of the work, and probably the sonorous balance within the individual numbers. Otherwise, Bernstein's control is relevant and rational, and results in a nicely tight articulation of multiple detail (rather than the crude "one big line" assertions of many of his earlier Mahler performances), and a concurrent intensification of interest. The orchestra, too, is superior in refinement and balance to others with which Bernstein has recorded, and the recorded sound much less exaggerated than is Columbia's custom, all of which seems to me to have conjoined to produce Mr. Bernstein's most valuable recording thus far.

MOZART: *Così fan Tutte*. Teresa Stich-Randall, Graziella Sciutti, Ira Ma-

ianiuk, Waldemar Kmentt, Walter Berry, Dezsö Ernster, vocal soloists. Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Symphony; Rudolf Moralt, cond. Philips PHC 3-005 (stereo version "Electronically Reprocessed").

Don Giovanni. Nicolai Ghiaurov, Claire Watson, Nicolai Gedda, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Mirella Freni, vocal soloists. New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) DL 3700.

Die Entführung aus dem Serail. Erika Köth, Fritz Wunderlich, Kurt Böhme, vocal soloists. Bavarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Eugen Jochum, cond. *Bastien und Bastienne*. Adele Stolte, Peter Schreier, Theo Adam, soloists. Berlin Chamber Orchestra; Helmut Koch, cond. DGG 139 213/15.

Così fan Tutte represents a degree and kind of sophistication that had never existed in music—and probably not in any other domain—before. It presents a musical analogue of cool, Wilde-like, verbal and associational wit far beyond that of its own libretto, in which every flick of an inflection becomes dramatically elaborating detail. *Così* is, unmistakably, the purest manifestation in Mozart's work of music-theatrical craft, the purest construction of dramatic contours in musical terms, especially through sonority (primarily in vocal-ensemble terms) and rhythm (particularly in terms of patterns of unfolding in solo and ensemble passages). The refinement of this approach generates such remarkable ideas as the modulating inflection of timbral sonorities as the content of an event, without pitch change—an idea that Wagner was supposed to have discovered in the *Rheingold* prelude. And the adjustment of all this is so precise that, while it obviously rewards more stunningly than most other operas a really superb performance, its contextual functions seem to project almost better without any interpretive overlay—certainly better than with an inappropriate one. This is evident in the present performance, resurrected from an out-of-print release, which proceeds considerably but without much distinction, and yet projects a sense of the work's qualities that is superior in many respects to the far more obviously "performed" Angel recording under Karl Böhm. Individually, Teresa Stich-Randall's early singing is a vivid reminder of how painful a deterioration was evident in her recent Metropolitan appearances, and Walter Berry asserts a Bert Lahr buffoonery that is devastatingly inappropriate. Mr. Moralt stays out of the score's way, which suffices.

Don Giovanni, of all operas, was

given a paradigmatic recorded performance under maximally adverse conditions by the late Hans Rosbaud (available in a Vox Box), whose sense of the music-theatrical rhythm of sound and sense is a paradigm for operatic performance altogether. This recording by Klemperer will provide no such model; it is a performance of a very special kind, illuminating a special aspect of the work that, however unsuitable to theatrical performances of this or any other opera, is still a remarkable experience. In particular, Klemperer develops an extraordinarily "Wagnerian" approach to the work's continuity, developing an auditory analogue to the flow of chronological time against which the very different time-flows of the context are counterpointed. He achieves this by maximizing the work's continuousness, eliding all the customary rhythmic abruptness that conventionally "push" articulation, so that aria-recitative boundaries are melted, and accentual bumps become subtle differences in time-quantity. (Listen, if to nothing else, to Elvira's cross-accented entrance in "*Ah, chi mi dice mai*.") The perceptual result is a sense of continuity as a frictionless medium in which the music-dramatic succession unfolds with its own, internally generated articulation. And this is accomplished through an extraordinary resourcefulness in orchestral and ensemble technique; instrumental and vocal attacks are breathtakingly subtle, transitions and contrasts are made precisely and in unison without ever producing unmodulated accentuations, and the blending and projecting of orchestral and vocal sonorities as highly individual qualities is even more resourceful than Rosbaud's. Moreover, despite journalistic complaint, the tempos are not actually slower than is customary; one suspects that this impression results from the unpushed continuity of the performance. The vocalists make no individually brilliant impressions, but that itself is precisely appropriate to this most curious and fascinating production.

The early *Die Entführung* is mainly valuable as an index of how truly remarkable the depth of Mozart's mature works was, and of the incredible extent of his growth in his last years, after a long career as a facile and inventive practitioner giving no particular promise of deep originality or complexity. *Die Entführung* has its moments, but they make even more vivid the realization of what the level and abundance of "moments" in, particularly, *The Magic Flute*, signify. *Bastien und Bastienne* is skillful juvenilia, unremarkable except for the composer's age.

ART

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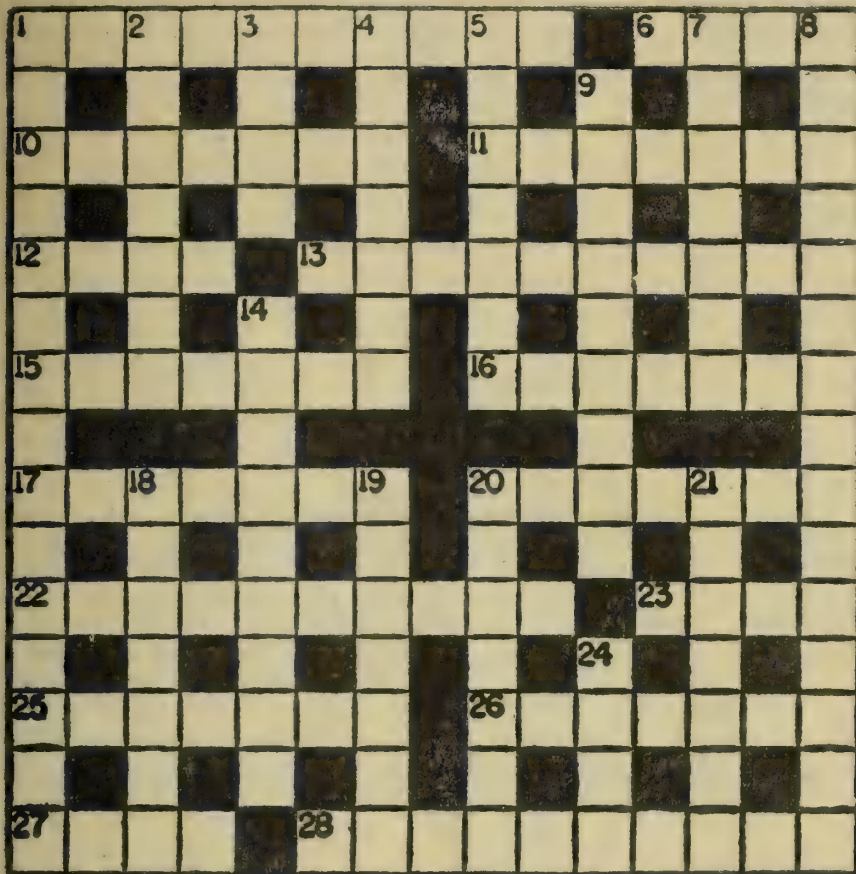
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1200

FRANK W. LEWIS



Puzzle Fans: See box at right.

ACROSS:

- 1 Capital "A" is a bad, bad combination! (5, 5)
- 6 Pack traveling point to point. (4)
- 10 Suggesting a pneumatic jack that helped out Berlin. (3, 4)
- 11 One with a consuming interest might. (7)
- 12 Proving there's at least one Red in our country. (4)
- 13 Shaker—but not necessarily a convincing one. (4-6)
- 15 In such condition. ■ ring might or might not be likely. (7)
- 16 Light and portable, possibly. (7)
- 17 Certainly not dressers in high fashion. (7)
- 20 Where they were responsible for order in the capital, despite the connotation of luxurious dissipation. (7)
- 22 Is the busy Woman's Club Hospitality Committee Chairman frequently so effusive? (10)
- 23 Wrap-around considered unsuitable in social gatherings? (4)
- 25 Concerned with a leaning towards the pragmatic side, certainly. (7)
- 26 The English take a cow to 3 down for it. (7)
- 27 The reason that some people drink? (4)
- 28 False scent, or the one that made a certain detective famous? (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Novel way of stating a ban on weapons? (1, 8, 2, 4)

- 2 Casting mild imprecations on woman's work? (7)
- 3 The landing place might be accidental.
- 4 Tweedledum and Tweedledee would have, had not their resolution been broken. (7)
- 5 A fair number typical of troubadours?
- 7 With sewers, one might have called for good foot-work. (7)
- 8 Lost in the desert, might one suffer from it? (5, 2, 3, 5)
- 9 Those who keep things in service? (9)
- 14 A coming or going into what might describe the pursuit of a well-known delldweller? (9)
- 18 Dropped your smokes in the drink? This might alleviate your suffering. (3, 4)
- 19 Time for mild exercise. (7)
- 20 Able to work as a star? (7)
- 21 The eruption of the sun into this is a case at point, if unestablished. (7)
- 24 Cut up and rolled, looking for the most favorable spots. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1199

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Never-never Land; 10 Rounder; 11 Start up; 13 and 12 Flame throwers; 15 Larch; 17 Tabulates; 19 Portrayal; 21 Yearn; 23 Outgo; 27 Evening; 28 Dithers; 29 Sets; 30 Playthings. DOWN: 1 Norm; 2 Voucher; 3 and 24 across Radio-activity; 4 Earnestly; 5 Eases; 7 Attract; 8 Depressing; 9 Manfully; 14 Slip covers; 16 Harmonic; 18 Belatedly; 20 Retreat; 22 Actaeon; 24 Angel; 25 Vetch; 26 Isis.

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You are invited once again to meet our puzzle maker, Frank Lewis. *The Nation* will hold a buffet supper on the evening of Thursday, June 1, from 6 o'clock on, at the Harvard Club, 27 West 44 Street. All devotees of Mr. Lewis will be welcome guests. Please let us know as soon as possible if you intend to come. Write or call *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 10014. Telephone 242-8400.

ONE MAN'S VIEW

Martin Luther King, Jr.

salutes

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*Address, Los Angeles
on February 25, 1967

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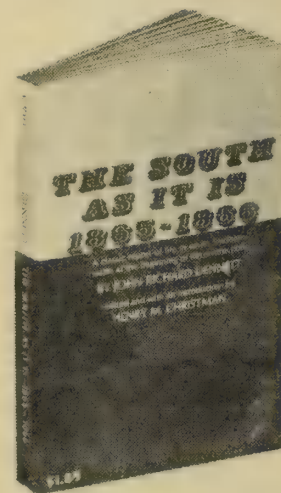
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LETTERS

our boys in Vietnam

Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIR: My state's Sen. George Smathers has now joined the crusade of Administration voices aimed at stifling protest of its Vietnamese War policy and to pave the way for a much greater expansion of the war. The Senator says that every war protest is "a slap in the face" to our fighting men. Perhaps.

But this statement of the Senator's misses the point. As one who has long protested our war policy in Vietnam, I must say that the point of our protest is to save the lives of our fighting men, not to spare their feelings. . . .

We shall continue to say to the present Administration (including Senator Smathers), "drive the war machine with care, the life you save may be someone else's."

Reynolds Moody
Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)

methadone

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Methadone, says Anthony Prisendorf ["New York's Dope Nostrum," *The Nation*, Apr. 17], is "a long-lasting synthetic substitute for heroin." It is not.

My authority for this contradictory statement is none other than Dr. Marie Nyswander who describes her pioneering Methadone Maintenance Research Project in *Hospital Practice* (April, 1967) a new, authoritative monthly for "staff and community physicians." Methadone, Dr. Nyswander says, acts by "blockading the narcotic effects of heroin." It frees the addict of drug hunger without producing the "high" (euphoria) of heroin and without requiring constantly increased dosage. Methadone is therefore not a substitute for heroin but is an agent that interrupts the vicious cycle of heroin addiction. . . .

Daniel S. Gillmor

New York City

DEAR SIR: In his *New Yorker* profile of Dr. Nyswander, Nat Hentoff says, "a long-acting synthetic narcotic called methadone is substituted for heroin." Dr. Nyswander's associates at Manhattan General Hospital, with whom I checked after reading Mr. Gillmor's letter, assure me that this is the definition customarily used. "The non-euphoric aspect is usually left out," one told me, "because it's obvious that we're not using something that will make people 'high.'"

Anthony Prisendorf

no strings

Toronto, Can.

DEAR SIR: C. W. Gonick states in "Canada Fights Its Orbit" [*The Nation*, Apr. 17] that my book, *Foreign Ownership of Canadian Industry*, was financed by the Ford Foundation, and he implies that the funds were granted because of a priori acceptance on my part of the necessity for continentalism. Gonick presumably got his information on the grant from the acknowledgment in the preface to my book. Why did he fail to point out that aid from two Canadian foundations and three Canadian universities was also acknowledged in the preface? Had he bothered to ask me he would have discovered that all of the considerable research costs and about 90 per cent of the salary support involved in my study were from sources in Canada. . . . At the time the Ford Foundation award was made in 1962, I had not announced any of the conclusions of my study, nor was the underlying statistical work completed until some time later.

A. E. Safarian

EDITORIALS

War on the Third Front

If the country were united in its support of the Vietnamese War—to the extent say, of its support of World War II—it would not have been necessary for President Johnson to take the unprecedented step of bringing General Westmoreland back to the States on a bareface propaganda mission. That the General carried out his assignment, from the standpoint of immediate results, not to be denied. His looks, his ribbons (six bars high) and the *mystique* of the uniform proved irresistible—as long as he was on stage. He was applauded at the Waldorf-Astoria by the newspaper publishers, at the joint session of Congress by the legislators and, of course, in his home state of South Carolina. At the Waldorf he made the faux pas of accusing critics of the Administration of being unpatriotic; he dropped this charge before his Washington appearance. This attack, which Westmoreland, unlike the President, made forthrightly, must have aroused some misgivings among the press lords, but did not prevent both *Time* and *Newsweek* from featuring him in the same pose on their covers, hand upraised in salute and smiling at the Congressional ovation, while behind him Vice President Humphrey and Speaker McCormack solemnly applaud.

But then the magic wore off. Just as in the shooting war, escalation breeds escalation, and an excessive sales campaign of the Westmoreland type brings unintended results:

(1) In Mark Twain's phrase, the staging was "too palpable." In a democracy, men in uniform, however resplendent, are expected to fight a war, not justify it. General Westmoreland's aim had been to inform the country, he would have accepted the invitation of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to appear before it and answer questions. His schedule, it is said, did not permit this session of give-and-take.

(2) This slighting of the Senate, which has become standard procedure during the Johnson Administration, offended not only Fulbright, Church, Gruening, McGovern, McCarthy, Kennedy and other oppositionists, but perturbed Senators of varying views. Thruston Morton, a dead-center Republican and supporter of the Administration's Vietnamese policy, spoke angrily of "verbal overkill" and asserted that more and more people were beginning to think that Westmoreland was there to stir debate rather than to illuminate the problems the country faces. Senator Percy complained of the bombing of the MIG bases which Westmoreland had applauded. The most intense flak came from Sen. Mark Hatfield, also a Republican, who accused the Administration of "political blackmail" and "vicious attempts" to "gag the voices of opposition by impugning their patriotism."

(3) The Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, general secretary

retary of the 400-million-member World Council of Churches, raised another of those questions that General Westmoreland was not eager to answer. "... when the swamps of the Mekong Delta are filled up with dead Vietnamese," said Dr. Blake, "and when the flower of our youth lies dead with them, what victory will have been won?" Such a question no general has ever answered. Again on the political side, the Senate Republican Policy Committee's "white paper," which so perturbed Senator Dirksen, set the stage for a future assault on the Johnson Administration's policy in Vietnam.

(4) Walter Lippmann pointed out that there had never been a need to rally the American people to a war in which they believed. The reason for the current doubts and apathy is that this is a misbegotten war, militarily as well as morally, and no amount of sophistry, with whatever stage trappings, can change the fact.

The President's subsequent speech, defending the right to dissent while still saying, in effect, that the dissenters risk killing American soldiers, shows that the effort to stampede the opposition fell flat. The most absurd proposition of all, in which Mr. Johnson was joined by Hubert Humphrey, is that the Administration is being abused, that its right of rejoinder is in jeopardy. Both the President and the Vice President verge on logorrhea in their ceaseless defense of the war. The press and the networks cooperate with them to the fullest extent. Every facility is at their disposal and they have taken maximum advantage of every means. But none of it avails, and they ascribe their failure to every cause but the real one—that this is the wrong war, in the wrong place, for the wrong reason.

In its nature, it is a political war, and it will never be won—neither militarily with the additional 150,000 men Westmoreland is now demanding, nor by any degree of propaganda bludgeoning at home. That is the lesson of the General's visit. Whatever advantage the Administration gained will be swamped by the troubles to come.

Message to Mao

Jack Bell has covered Washington for the Associated Press since 1937 and long since has established himself as an astute observer and commentator. His book, *The Johnson Treatment* (Harper & Row, 1965), contains a prescient forecast of the troubles which the personality of Lyndon Baines Johnson was to bring on the United States and the world. The political mentality of Johnson, or any other American President, is by no means the sole determinant in the affairs of nations, but Bell's account leaves little doubt that the accession to the Presidency of a politician of Johnson's temperament was one of the more malign accidents of fate.

In October, 1964, less than a year after Kennedy's assassination, the Chinese exploded their first nuclear device. In a telecast, Johnson discussed this event and

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the almost simultaneous dismissal of Nikita Khrushchev. Bell contends that on this occasion Johnson made it clear that he intended to be a "strong President," making foreign policy on his own and "without interference from critics in Congress." Shunning consultation with Senators who had been his colleagues and whose competence in foreign affairs far exceeded his own, Johnson announced: "The nations which do not seek nuclear weapons can be sure that if they need our strong support against some threat of nuclear blackmail, they will have it." Thus India, Pakistan and Japan, in particular, were put on notice that the United States expected them to stand up against any future Chinese nuclear threat; in return, they could expect shelter under the U.S. nuclear umbrella.

An aspect of this commitment which Bell does not mention is that it was bound to reproduce in China's neighbors the same doubts that had long tormented our allies in NATO. Would the United States expose its homeland to the perils of an ICBM exchange with a China that had become a major nuclear power, over an issue which in itself had only local Asian significance? Would an American President in the seventies honor the commitment made by President Johnson in the sixties?

Misgivings on this score would be allayed in considerable measure if Johnson maintained, and bequeathed to his successor, a hard line against the Chinese Reds and their allies. Johnson has not failed to give such assurance. He has carried out the hard line in defiance not only of the Chinese but of Congressional critics and all who dissented from his policy of massive military intervention in Southeast Asia.

While protesting his ardent desire for peace, Johnson has seized every opportunity to widen and intensify the war against Vietnam—and China. His actions leave no doubt that his objective is total victory over the Vietnamese, and the abject humiliation of the Chinese. His snare has been to give the North Vietnamese one chance after another to come to the conference table, provided they came as the Japanese came to the *Missouri* at the end of World War II. Every time the enemy has refused, he has been treated to a bigger dose of bombing and burning. The message will not be lost on the National Liberation Front, the North Vietnamese, the Chinese and, incidentally, the Russians.

But the basic problem is not solved. In Bell's view, Johnson is acting to "neutralize" the threat to world peace posed by Mao Tse-tung and his "equally paranoid" associates. But the threat is not being neutralized, it is being exacerbated. The Mao faction, which was on the verge of eclipse when Johnson decided on a major war in Southeast Asia, is now well on the way to purging the anti-Mao moderates. The only manner in which Johnson can actually "neutralize" the Chinese nuclear threat is to bomb the Chinese nuclear plants at the first pretext afforded by the Vietnamese War. This may well be his purpose. If so, it may prove to be only a temporary solu-

tion, unless he can "neutralize" 700 million Chinese in the aftermath.

"As he marched down the corridors of the years ahead of him," Jack Bell writes, "it would be Lyndon Baines Johnson's destiny to preside over a peaceful reorganization of the world's power structure, or over the dissolution of civilization." If the President has any design for the former, it is obscured by the U.S. bombings. The more likely outcome is the "dissolution of civilization."

Science Versus Spectaculars

Sir Bernard Lovell is professor of radio astronomy at the University of Manchester and director of the famed Jodrell Bank Observatory. He is also one of the most thoughtful of scientists, as he proved once more in an interview with David Perlman, the science correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* (April 24). The two central problems of astronomy, Sir Bernard pointed out, are to understand our solar system, a tiny speck in the universe, and to grasp the universe as a whole—if man can ever encompass it in its totality. From the standpoint of science the solar system is no more than a local environment, while the great questions center around the origin, nature and dynamics of the universe. Yet astronomical science is starved, while billions are spent annually on attempts to land men on the moon. This is the space version of anthropocentricity.

Sir Bernard, and the equally famous theoretical astronomer Fred Hoyle, deplore the lack of large telescopes, both optical and radio; Hoyle points out that this scarcity is especially handicapping in the Southern Hemisphere, which offers sites superior for some purposes to those available in Europe and North America. The cost range of major installations of this kind is \$10 million to \$20 million apiece, or just about what our National Aeronautics and Space Agency spends in a single day. Double this amount to include the parallel expenditure of the Soviet space efforts, and the shabby treatment accorded to astronomical science in both countries becomes evident. It is true that last year NASA sent up an orbiting astronomical observatory at a cost of about \$60 million, but the telescope failed to work and not a single observation was obtained. Astronomers are generally agreed that in the foreseeable future earth-based telescopes will continue to be the principal source of information about the universe; in this instance, the funds which might have bought three 200-inch optical telescopes were wasted.

Sir Bernard does not decry the valuable results that space exploration has yielded in the sun-moon-earth environment. We know far more about the emanations from the sun, the radiation bands girdling the earth, and the surface of the moon than we did before the era of man-made satellites. He gives more credit to the United States than to the Soviet Union in this respect, and inde-

our lead in instrumentation and electronics, and their utilization in space, should offset some of the criticism that is now being heaped on NASA and its contractors. But the fact remains that the bulk of the available funds, in both the Soviet Union and the United States, is going into a contest of money and might based, in Sir Bernard's words, "on extraneous political and military requirements." In the perspective of history, it will not make the slightest difference whether a man lands on the moon in 1969 or 1972, or whether he wears a Russian or an American uniform. What will be of significance is the further accumulation of knowledge of the kind that Galileo and Newton, Kepler and Einstein contributed when men only dreamed of venturing into space.

Salisbury in '68

Not that they deserve it, but the establishmentarians who control the distribution of Pulitzer Prizes may get a chance to redeem themselves for having withheld the award that the journalism jury so properly, indeed—almost inevitably—bestowed on Harrison E. Salisbury. It happens that his series from North Vietnam was published in *The New York Times* from late in December, 1966, until well into January, 1967; it is thus as eligible for consideration in 1968 as it was in 1967. The *Times* should certainly resubmit the material, and the press of the country, supporting one of its most distinguished members, should demand in advance that this time there be no tampering with the jury's decision.

This sort of thing has happened before, and in broader perspective candidates for the various professional Pulitzer juries should in future refuse to serve if their decisions are to be subject to bureaucratic review. It is absurd to submit a man's work to a jury of his peers, only to have their opinion cast out by men who know little and care less about professional criteria, but who are set trembling by every draft in this windy nation.

The Judge and the Agitator

When the domestic history of the cold war is written—if it ever is—a section should be reserved for the depressing story of the way in which federal judges who presided with exceptional severity at successful Smith Act prosecutions and similar cases were uniformly promoted, just as the prosecutors, in these same cases, were with equal uniformity rewarded with judicial appointments. To underscore the pattern, future historians should then tell the story of what happened to Delbert E. Metzger, who died April 24 in Honolulu. Once the danger of invasion had passed, Judge Metzger decided that martial law, which had been in effect in the islands since December 7, 1941, should be lifted and he so ruled on March 31, 1944. The military disagreed but Judge Metzger did not hesitate to impose a \$5,000 fine against

General Richardson, who had refused to honor a writ of *habeas corpus* based on the ruling.

Prior to statehood, federal judges in the islands were appointed not for life but for specific terms. Judge Metzger's term had expired on September 28, 1951, and—as punishment for his defiance of the military—he had not been reappointed although he continued to serve. But the delicate position in which he found himself did not deter him from reducing the bail of seven Smith Act defendants from \$75,000 each—demanded by the U. S. District Attorney—to \$5,000 each. In reducing the bail, Judge Metzger said he had always understood that bail was not intended as a form of punishment. The ruling was promptly denounced as "outrageous" by Senator O'Mahoney, who then chaired the committee having jurisdiction of island affairs, by Senator McCarran of the Judiciary Committee, and by J. Howard McGrath who was then Attorney General. This imposing trio went further and made it quite clear that Judge Metzger would not be reappointed. But so much support flowed to him—the Hawaiian Bar Association gave him an overwhelming endorsement—that President Truman felt it expedient to wait until the protest had abated before announcing that Metzger would not be reappointed (see editorials in *The Nation* September 15, 1951, and December 29, 1951).

At a later date, Judge Metzger wrote two articles for *The Nation* that should be required reading for future historians of the domestic cold war: "No Longer a Judge: An Ex-Jurist Tells Why," July 18, 1953; and "Duty of the Lawyer: Defense of Heresy," May 1, 1954, in which he wrote: "Let us not permit the silencing of the courageous few who speak out against oppression. Let us rather join them to drive back into history this new age of the informer and the demagogue and restore our great legal tradition."

Aldino Felicani, who died in Boston the same week as Judge Metzger, was an Italian immigrant who came to this country in 1914 and settled in Cleveland where he edited an anarchist journal. Later he moved to Boston and joined the staff of *La Notizia*, an Italian-language newspaper. On the day following the arrests of Sacco and Vanzetti on May 5, 1920, Felicani founded the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee and served as its treasurer from then until 1931. During this period he edited *L'Agitazione*, an Italian-language publication devoted to news about the case, which circulated throughout the world and was translated into many languages. He also edited, with Mary Donovan and Gardner Jackson, the official bulletin of the defense committee. A notably honest man, Felicani was as devoted to his principles as Judge Metzger was to his and, in some respects, the principles were the same. When the test came for him as it did for Judge Metzger, Aldino Felicani, an anarchist and a pacifist, exhibited a devotion to the safeguards of individual freedom that should have shamed (but didn't) the bench and bar of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Background to Labor's Showdown

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States (Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.

Detroit

The storms engulfing the major collective bargaining issues of 1967 provide a suitable backdrop for, and in part explain, the determination of Walter P. Reuther, the Auto Workers' union president, to challenge the domination of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, over the American trade union movement. Current turbulence in the trucking, railroad, rubber and auto industries is at a pitch unprecedented since the early post-World War II strike wave. It seems a long time ago and yet it was just last year that so-called labor experts and government officials were arguing that unions should restrict their demands for wage gains to the guideline rule of 3.2 per cent annually. Today, participants in the major negotiations are puzzled how to mollify the rank and file with gains approaching 5 to 6 per cent.

Signs of the new mood in labor's ranks, which began to appear in the 1966 wage settlements, abound everywhere. Just a few weeks ago white-collar workers carried out a successful radio and television strike on a national scale. Symbolic of the new feelings in America was the sight of Hugh Downs, a popular TV personality, walking a picket line which prominent national figures like David Brinkley and Walter Cronkite respected as members of the striking union. A recent Harris poll reported that 77 per cent of the American public supported labor's right to strike. And the frustrations and escalations, as well as the inflationary impact of the war in Vietnam, have stirred uneasy feelings everywhere in American society, including the collective bargaining front.

It is probable that only some form of compulsory arbitration dictated by Congressional pressure or legislation will prevent a nation-wide railroad strike. The unions had voted to go out on April 13, but special legislation delayed the strike to May 3 and then to June 19. Settlement must be attempted in the face of mounting rank-and-file pressure against accepting a 5 per cent increase.

Three of the four major rubber companies in the United States have been shut down by a national strike; the new union leadership, backed by the UAW, is determined to win far more substantial gains than the rubber companies had assumed would be enough to bring labor peace. Latest returns from the vote of the Teamsters indicate that the rank and file may reject the recently negotiated nation-wide agreement. In Chicago, a strike by a segment of the drivers has provoked an area-wide lockout, thereby indicating that the trucking industry does not yet grasp the effects of its recent nation-wide lockout during contract negotiations. It exploded dissatisfaction about the modest gains achieved in national negotiations into a flaming revolt.

James Hoffa's home local 299 in Detroit rejected the pact, and that was a serious setback to Frank Fitzsimmons, acting president of the union and chief negotiator in Hoffa's absence. It is difficult, if not impossible, to convince the Teamsters' rank and file that they would not have gotten more "if Jimmy had been there." Now the monolithic leadership pattern is broken up, and settling problems in the trucking industry will be a far more complex undertaking.

The economic prosperity, high profits and inflationary pressures behind the upsurge within the trade unions will be felt with particular force when contract negotiations come up in September between the UAW and General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. The persistent skilled-trades unrest in the auto industry constitutes a potential threat and a challenge which Reuther skillfully utilized at a national skilled-trades meeting and the special UAW convention in April.

Seldom has the union movement seen as impressive a demonstration of solidarity as the 1.5-million-member UAW displayed. Reuther received a free hand in bargaining for a variety of demands with the industry and in pursuing the UAW's strained relations with the AFL-CIO. The convention's 3,000 delegates were reminders to the auto industry of the calculations it will have to make in arriving at the price of labor peace in this rich industry which has never had to use the argument that it could not afford to pay the package demanded by the union.

The UAW convention also provided Reuther with a national forum to outline a devastating indictment of the leadership of George Meany and his docile majority of the AFL-CIO council. Not since John L. Lewis excoriated William Green and the AFL council in the 1930s has a major union leader delivered such a commentary on his colleagues in labor's hierarchy. The standing ovation given Reuther at the conclusion of his philippic suggests that the UAW's secondary leaders did not need much convincing. But important as Reuther's analysis of the AFL-CIO may be, the significant event for him in the next few months will be the outcome of the 1967 auto negotiations.

Because the auto industry is the most profitable in our economy, because there is a skilled-trades shortage and the economic outlook for the latter half of 1967 is bullish, conditions are favorable for Reuther to obtain the greatest gains of any contract in the past decade. It is by his role as a successful union negotiator that he expects to attract many secondary and higher officials to his way of thinking about the general problems of the union movement. Although many commentators felt that Reuther was losing his touch when the Mansfield (Ohio) local went on a wildcat strike and almost shut down the General Motors empire, the fact is that the incident gave Reuther an opportunity to solidify the union ranks behind his leadership and to show the industry, if it needed an example, what tactics the UAW could employ to win substantial

gains. For General Motors, of course, the wildcat strike wasn't an unhappy event either since it enabled the company to reduce excessive car inventories without unpleasant layoffs.

An interesting piece of strategy has already been outlined in the talk about a possible auto shutdown this fall. Reuther pointed out that if there were any strike against GM it would be selective, because GM supplies parts to other car, truck and farm implements makers. In the national interest, the UAW would also avoid striking any GM plant involved in defense production. "I take the position that, if we protect defense production, no one can make a national emergency out of the fact that somebody driving a 1967 Cadillac is in an emergency situation because he can't get his 1968 Cadillac for a few months."

Industry's reaction to Reuther's views was reported in *The Wall Street Journal*:

By coincidence, James Roche, president of GM, called for "equitable agreements peacefully arrived at" in a Janesville, Wis., speech shortly after Mr. Reuther's convention comments. Mr. Roche said that the economy would be hurt by auto strikes next fall but that a peaceful settlement "could do wonders in strengthening public confidence in the future. It would be a breath of fresh air—a powerful and positive stimulus toward the scale of economic progress which we need to maintain this nation's leadership against growing and impressive foreign competition."

Asked afterward about Mr. Reuther's selective-strike comments, Mr. Roche said that even a selective strike would close down GM and he cited recent walkouts at GM's Mansfield, O., parts plant as an example (it turned off most of GM's auto production for several days).

Although everyone in Detroit labor circles predicts a fall strike, the flexible approach which Reuther adopted at the special convention has given both management and labor far more elbow room in seeking an amicable agreement this summer. Reuther has dropped the idea of placing blue-collar workers on salary as a high priority item; instead, the UAW's three main goals are substantial pay increases, guaranteed annual income for all workers and elimination of the 43c-an-hour differential between United States and Canadian auto wages.

Until that special April convention of the UAW, many union leaders misjudged the significance of the decision by Reuther and his colleagues to resign from all posts in the AFL-CIO.

The UAW decision to have its officers resign from their posts in the AFL-CIO does not mean that the UAW is running from a fight. To run away from a fight on program, policy and principle would be incompatible with the whole tradition and history of the UAW. We are choosing rather to make the fight for sound programs, policies and principles in the broad arena of the whole labor movement and not within the narrow, private and exclusive structure of the AFL-CIO.

So states the policy letter that the UAW mailed, along with floods of other material, to broad sections of the union leadership in America.



Walter P. Reuther

In brief form, the UAW indictment of the AFL-CIO hierarchy is as follows: (a) the AFL-CIO as a federation has failed to do the job for which it was created; (b) the AFL-CIO has become stagnant; (c) it has too much of a banker's mentality; (d) it drags its feet on the civil rights struggle, and (e) its stature in society is damaged, with only Madison Avenue hucksters rating lower in popular dislike. Those are just the main points Reuther made in his lengthy indictment which the UAW delegates cheered.

Once the September bargaining is over, the UAW leadership will seek a meeting with the AFL-CIO council to hammer home this bill of particulars and to propose radical reforms in the parent body. Besides the ordinary trade union programs like coordinated organizing drives, a new feature will be introduced. The UAW is proposing that the AFL-CIO create a Public Review Board similar to the one functioning in the auto union—an independent body given power to reverse union decisions taken against rank and filers (in many cases dissenters). This would replace the so-called Ethical Practices Code and Committee of the AFL-CIO, whose functioning has been on a par with the surroundings in which its provisions were accepted. "We adopted them in the Roulette Room of the Monte Carlo Hotel in Miami Beach," Reuther pointed out. One can scarcely imagine the painters, carpenters or operating engineers unions accepting anything even resembling a Supreme Court available to critics.

Unless there is a far greater spirit of adjustment on the part of George Meany than any current evidence suggests, there is little chance of avoiding a complete split between the UAW and the AFL-CIO. In almost every phase of union activity, as well as public and international work, the Meany forces, while retaining total con-

trol of the federation, have lost ground and progressively isolated themselves from new streams of social forces stirring in the country.

In the area of civil rights, the Meany group is busy defending the dismal record of the building trades; while the UAW begins a campaign to organize the poor in the ghettos, and keeps close liaison with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., including a new development wherein King and Joseph Rauh, Jr., UAW counsel in Washington, have announced a new group seeking international peace.

Reports from abroad, confirmed by visiting foreign trade unionists, indicate that the recent disclosure of ties between the CIA and some AFL-CIO unions has further damaged Meany's already low reputation in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Victor Reuther's bitter allegations of CIA connections were substantiated by the exposés, even though the AFL-CIO and George Meany have denied the charges.

Early in April the UAW won a significant victory over the hard-line policies of Meany when five high-level Russian union leaders were brought to this country with the approval of the State Department to meet with UAW leaders—a visit that had been blocked last June because of the objections of Meany and Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO international affairs director. Because the UAW has not been tarred with the CIA brush, and because of its

criticism of Meany's hard policy in Vietnam, it is presently enjoying a close rapport with most leaders of the West European trade union movement, and its world auto workers' councils seem likely to become a permanent organization. This provides Reuther with an independent base for international activities. The two most important and largest unions in America, the Teamsters and the Auto Workers, whose membership consists of about 20 per cent of the entire union membership in the country, are now independent of the influence and direction of George Meany. That makes him something less than the spokesman for American labor he has always assumed himself to be.

By the time the next AFL-CIO convention takes place in December, the main events on the collective bargaining program will be over, the arguments and the debates about UAW's criticisms of the AFL-CIO will have engaged the entire union movement, and the gestures of conciliation or repudiation will have made their effect. Almost the only thing certain now about that year-end gathering is that the UAW isn't going to accept the American Legion type of convention that was staged two years ago in San Francisco, with the self-praise and iron grip of George Meany dominating the proceedings. In that sense, the days of the AFL-CIO as the strong arm of the *status quo* in America are numbered.

GOVERNOR KIRK'S PRIVATE EYES

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many important articles for The Nation.

Miami

Gov. Claude Roy Kirk, Jr., of Florida, is a tall, beefy, big-business type with a mentality to match. His political and social convictions are of the sort that have sent witch hunters storming up and down the country in recent years, spotting Communists under every throw rug. But last fall Claude Kirk—sometimes called, not without reason, "Kissing Claude," and more recently dubbed by the Florida press "Governor à Go-Go"—discovered a menace better than communism. Crime. Mounting a white purity charger, Claude Kirk rode hard in the lists, and a grass-roots revulsion against crime made him the state's first Republican governor since Reconstruction.

The event was significant far beyond the borders of Florida, for signs multiply that large segments of the American electorate are becoming fed up with crime and are ready to take matters into their own hands. The mood of the vigilante threatens to become the mood of the nation.

In Detroit in early January, some 200 grocers, victimized by a series of holdups, banded together for instruction in the use of firearms—and since then they have gunned down five stick-up men. West Side Chicago merchants formed their own protection groups to prevent the looting of their stores during the blizzards of late

January. In Dallas, sporting-goods stores have been practically denuded of a choice item, a .25 caliber pistol that takes up about the same space as a king-sized pack of cigarettes, and fits neatly into a purse.

The greatest outbreak of crime-busting passion occurred, however, in Orlando, Fla. The city was rocked last fall by a series of rapes in beauty parlors, motels and apartments, some taking place practically on the street at high noon. Hand-gun sales promptly zoomed to 200 and 300 a week, and soon startled policemen on patrol were being approached by pistol-packing mamas who wanted to know how to load and fire their newly acquired artillery. Fearing that these armed amateurs might blow off their own heads or hands, the police set up a free instructional course in the proper use of firearms. They anticipated an attendance of about 150 women, but 2,400 stormed the classroom.

Such are some of the manifestations of a mood that seems to be sweeping the nation, and astute politicians, with Governor Kirk in the van, may be expected to heed that old American cry, DO SOMETHING QUICK. The form this action takes will be all-important. Governor Kirk's solution has been to go outside the established agencies of the law and hire George A. Wackenhut's army of private detectives for a much ballyhooed "crusade" to root out crime in Florida. Other governors of right-wing persuasion have been toying with similar ideas. Gov. Ronald Reagan has wondered out loud about the possibility of setting up a private crime-fighting foundation,

and Gov. Lester Maddox has commented that he hopes to "uphold the moral status" of Georgians by getting private citizens involved in a campaign against crime.

There is in all this a curious and dangerous ambivalence on the part of a long indifferent American public toward the problem that now so concerns it. The reality of a criminal underworld whose income in billions of dollars dwarfs that of the Detroit motor industry has been pointed out many times—and Americans, on the whole, couldn't care less. They have still wanted to play the numbers, bet on the horses with the bookie, borrow money from the loan shark, get their fix from the narcotics pusher, or pick up a phone and obtain the obliging services of a call girl—all indulgences that pour fantastic billions into the treasury of organized crime.

Now, at a ludicrously late hour, with the evils of an undermined law and ethic boiling out in overt, individual assault, a lot of Americans are becoming piously horrified at the ogreish aspects of their society.

The dangers implicit in using devious means for laudable purposes, the hazards inseparable from putting the power of the law into hands not accountable to any structure of law, do not disturb the suddenly panicked. What happens and what may be expected to happen is most vividly demonstrated in Florida, where the new "Governor à Go-Go," to the heady sound of public applause, has by-passed all the legally constituted agencies of law enforcement and organized his own private constabulary.

The general election of 1966, which in effect turned Florida into a two-party state, was marked by the spectacle of knights swapping horses in the middle of the joust. At the start, Robert King High, the Mayor of Miami, campaigned furiously for the Democratic nomination so mistakenly believed to be tantamount to election. An underdog, High made a big issue of crime and corruption; evidently touching a responsive chord, he became his party's designee. Then, apparently believing he could coast, he muted the issue in the general election campaign. Kirk picked up the fallen banner, and rode with it into the Governor's mansion in Tallahassee.

Kirk was a get-rich-quick product of Florida's booming economy. He had founded an insurance company in Jacksonville, amassed a personal fortune, and then gone into the brokerage business, purchasing a Florida partnership in Hayden Stone. Politically, he had been conspicuous for his right-wing leanings. He and Wackenhut, a one-time FBI employee, joined forces for an unsuccessful 1964 campaign to unseat Sen. Spessard L. Holland, a mild-mannered Democrat of quite conservative persuasion. They barnstormed the state, accusing Holland of being "ultra-liberal," but Florida voters knew better. In 1966, Wackenhut and Kirk again joined forces, backing Barry Goldwater for President.

Wackenhut, now the Governor's private eye, is a powerfully built man, about 6 feet tall, with the bulk of a professional wrestler, steel-trap lips and a cleft, granite-looking chin. When he sweeps into one of the numerous Wackenhut offices on a whirlwind meet-the-boys tour, he crushes hands right and left in his powerful grip, exudes inspirational phrases, and departs after delivering

to each loyal employee a disabling thwack across the shoulders. Wackenhut keeps in the kind of trim that enables him to stage such boisterous performances by eschewing smoking and drinking and running a mile every other night.

"He thinks with his muscles," a former aide says of Wackenhut, but there can be little question of his astuteness where the main chance is concerned. He spent just three years in the FBI, not as an investigator but as a physical education instructor. Nevertheless, when he left the bureau in 1954, he parlayed the image of FBI super-sleuth into a private detective business that is now the third largest in the nation, ranked right behind Pinkerton and Burns. This spectacular growth is attributable to just one factor—Wackenhut's way with federal contracts.

The early years were hard. When Wackenhut set up his private-eye business in the Miami area, he had three ex-FBI men for partners, but they dropped out one by one and Wackenhut struggled along, sometimes on an income of no more than \$9,000 a year. Then, in 1960, he mined the mother lode. In that year, the law firm of Sen. George A. Smathers, a conservative Florida Democrat, wangled a way around the law for the benefit of the Wackenhut pocketbook. Federal bureaus are forbidden by statute from hiring private detective agencies, but Smathers' firm neatly solved this difficulty by splitting the Wackenhut Corporation like the amoeba—one part for investigation; a second, housed in a subsidiary corporation, for guard and security duties.

Once this Smathers legerdemain had been performed, federal agencies seemed to become fascinated by the previously little-known Wackenhut Corporation. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission and other federal enclaves poured millions of dollars into Wackenhut's lap to protect them from subversion and intrusion. A public peek at the size of this bonanza was furnished in April, 1966, when blocs of the privately held Wackenhut stock were placed on the market. The prospectus showed that Wackenhut had done \$17,755,514 worth of business in 1965. About 95 per cent of sales came from guard activities, and 38 per cent of total sales derived from direct contracts with the federal government or subcontracts for the protection of government installations. From this public offering of stock, Wackenhut cleaned up an estimated \$1.3 million in capital gains—and still retained ironclad voting control over his corporation.

Such was the state of Wackenhut affairs when, on January 3, 1967, Governor Kirk announced that he was going to conduct his own war on crime. The battle was also to be privately financed, Kirk's big-business friends and associates pledging hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was to be masterminded by the Governor's good friend, George R. Wackenhut. Even as the news broke, a significant detail emphasized the close rapport between the new Governor and his chosen investigator. One of the less publicized biographical details of the Florida gubernatorial campaign had been the fact that Kirk had been twice divorced by his first wife, who had uncharitably accused him of gallivanting with others throughout the course of their two marriages. Even many knowledgeable Florida voters had not been aware of the

Kirk divorces and their background, and virtually none suspected that he had already picked his wife's successor, a blonde German-born divorcee, Erika Mattfeld, then in the process of being liberated from a wealthy Brazilian. So it came as something of a shock when, in the midst of the first controversy over the new Governor's private war on crime, it was disclosed that he and blonde Erika were off on a little pre-honeymoon cruise, with Wackenhut for chaperone, on Wackenhut's yacht, aptly named the *Security Risk*.

The Kirk-Wackenhut design for a crime crusade that would by-pass established agencies of the law caused instant alarm. Democrats in Florida feared that the Governor's political enemies, not the underworld moguls who have infested the state for decades, would be the prime targets of the new private police force; and far beyond the borders of Florida, other Democratic leaders viewed with alarm. Sen. Edward V. Long (D., Mo.) declared in a speech made in Boston: "This is the way the Gestapo and the secret police operate." And Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) lashed out in Congress on February 23 at "the alarming trend in this country toward the use of police state tactics." Citing a number of examples, he denounced especially "the secret, reprehensible tactics" being employed in Florida, and argued that when investigators are given extralegal authority, "then the people given these special, secret powers become a kind of new government all their own."

Governor Kirk counterattacked. Only newspapers and Democratic politicians viewed with alarm, he said: "the people don't have any criticism." Samplings of public opinion indicated he was right; the public in Florida, almost to a man, wanted "something done" about crime.

Playing up to these aroused expectations, Kirk and Wackenhut began an operation that, at least in its opening round, was more farce than menace. Hank Messick, a veteran and dedicated crime reporter, has since given an insider's view of what he has termed "a cruel hoax." Now 44 years old, Messick won his journalistic spurs exposing the underworld in Newport and Covington, Ky. Financed by two \$25,000 grants from the Ford Foundation, he pursued his researches into big-league crime (an endeavor that produced a recent book, *The Silent Syndicate*), then signed a contract with the *Miami Herald* to search out the mob in Florida.

"Wackenhut certainly sold me," Messick says now, with a rueful shake of the head. "I'm convinced he could sell anybody anything. He certainly had me believing that this was going to be the greatest thing that had ever happened."

Disillusionment set in almost at once. When he reported for work right after the New Year, Messick found there was no office for the anti-crime unit and precious few investigators. A small private office just about large enough to accommodate one desk and a telephone was cleared out and, says Messick, "the three or four of us engaged on the project had to stand around waiting turns to use that one line."

Messick thought at first that this was just the inevitable shakedown difficulties any new endeavor would encounter, but time passed and matters failed to im-

prove. Messick couldn't get a secretary. When he and his best undercover man had worked up a memorandum on *bolita* (the big Cuban-oriented numbers game that is the rage in Miami), he would have to hunt around for the loan of a stenographer. She would often be snowed under with other work, and it might be a week before the memo got typed. By that time, the location of the game might have changed. Few new investigators were added to the great crime drive, and all of these were on a rigid forty-hour week. "Can you imagine fighting crime on forty hours a week?" Messick asks.

Wackenhut, he says, had been eager to have him bring down his files containing all the background details he had amassed during the years of his Ford Foundation and *Miami Herald* sleuthings, and Messick says he told Wackenhut in essence: "All right, get me a filing cabinet and I'll bring down my files and you can copy them." But even so he couldn't get a filing cabinet and his files remained at home.

Then, toward the end of January, Governor Kirk announced that he was coming to Miami and would drop in at the Wackenhut headquarters in Coral Gables to inspect his crime-fighting forces. The announcement, Messick says, caused a near panic. A large room was cleared out, desks were moved in, telephones hooked up. Paint was dashed on the walls. "Literally," Messick says, "it hadn't had time to dry; it was still damp in places when the Governor arrived."

Files were urgently needed (especially since Wackenhut had been telling the Governor and the public that the great crime drive was costing \$1,000 a day), and so at last a filing cabinet was procured. Messick brought down some file folders and placed them in the cabinet. "They filled up maybe a third of the cabinet," he recalls. This didn't seem too impressive for a \$1,000-a-day operation, so a second filing cabinet, empty, was moved in alongside the first one, and an iron bar that could be removed only by manipulating a combination lock was placed across the two cabinets as if to insure the safety of their ultra-secret contents.

Kirk arrived. Oblivious of hoax, he gave the boys a short pep talk, the essence of which was that if the bastards didn't impeach him or get him first, they were all going to be in the crime-fighting business for a long time—and they were going to clean up Florida. "These FBI types," Messick says, "stood around afterwards murmuring admiringly, 'My, he's a fine man, isn't he? What a fine man!'"

Things were no better after the Governor's inspection, though by the middle of February the staff had been increased to some eight investigators. "You wouldn't believe some of the types they hired," says an informant who was then connected with the operation. "It would take some of these birds a week to find Flagler Street."

At this point, Messick quit in disgust. "The Governor is hoaxing the public, and Wackenhut is hoaxing the Governor," he said. In the seven weeks he had been with the "Keystone cops," as he called the Wackenhuts, the most notable achievement had been the nailing down of charges against a county superintendent of schools.

The superintendent was Woodrow A. Darden, of Titusville, in Brevard County. The crime drive had just been

announced, Messick recalls, when a telephone call came in from Orlando, tipping the Wackencops, as they are sometimes called, that Darden had in his possession a washing machine and drier purchased with school funds. Today, a Brevard County newspaper, had built the case against Darden. "The information was all there," Messick recalls. "It was just a question of confirming it. The only problem was we didn't have any investigator to send."

Finally, a live body was scrounged up from one of the Wackenhut outposts and dispatched to Orlando. Just how this operative, James White, handled the assignment later became a matter of dispute. Darden and his wife, Jeanette, subsequently filed suit against the Wackenhut Corporation and White, asking damages because White "unlawfully, maliciously, willfully, wantonly and fraudulently" invaded their home without a warrant.

There were suggestive overtones to the case. Darden was not only superintendent of schools in Brevard but also a member of the State Board of Regents, which has jurisdiction over the University of Florida; and Governor Kirk was believed to be eager to wrest control of this board from the Democrats. Therefore, it was important that the charges against Darden be made to stick, but the state's attorney in Brevard, perhaps dubious himself about the manner in which the evidence had been obtained, protested against finding an indictment. At this point, according to Wackenhut sources, Governor Kirk took a hand, storming and raging and demanding Darden's indictment. The indictment was then obtained, and the Governor promptly bounced Darden off the State Board of Regents.

It was the Wackenhuts' first triumph, but what was its significance? "There are a thousand petty situations like this in Florida," Hank Messick says. "But is this really

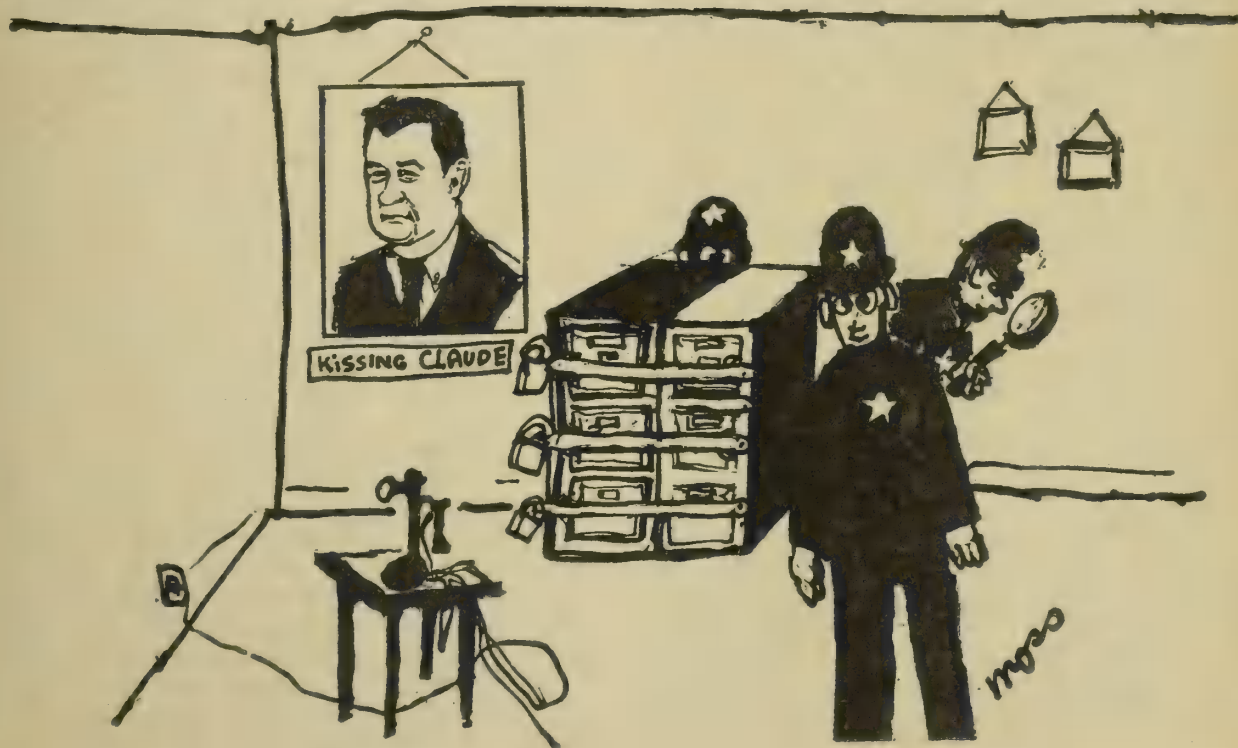
fighting crime?" The question leads to others. Just what is the crime problem in Florida? Just what is needed to combat it?

The simple fact of life is that Florida has been a virtual fief of the syndicate for the last thirty years. No area of the United States, not even Las Vegas, has a greater concentration of hoods in residence, a greater cross-hatching of gangster ties and influence. The New York mob, the Detroit, the Cleveland, the Chicago mobs—all have their stakes here. Florida was the staging point for the great underworld gambling venture in Havana when Batista ran Cuba, and it is now the nerve center for the operation of the new Bahama gambling casinos.

The idea that an army of amateur sleuths can work any overnight miracle against this sort of corruption becomes ludicrous when one considers the massive crime campaign already waged by federal authorities. That endeavor dates back to the earliest days of the regime of Robert F. Kennedy as U. S. Attorney General. Edwin L. Silberling, who headed Kennedy's Organized Crime Group in the Justice Department, kept some forty to fifty experts—Justice Department lawyers, FBI agents, Internal Revenue accountants, customs and narcotics agents—working full time in the Miami area for more than two years. After he left the department, the effort continued. But the results have been minimal.

"This is something that takes a lot of time and a lot of people," says Silberling. "If you go into it with the idea that you are going to get sudden, dramatic results, this is all wrong because you're just not going to get them. The only way is to make an investment, a permanent investment in time and men and money, and then maybe eventually, bit by bit, you'll get somewhere."

The prescription bears scant resemblance to the



Wackenhut crusade that has aroused such widespread public anticipation in Florida. The whole Wackenhut background, the organization's emphasis and skills, make the present endeavor suspect.

Until Governor Kirk picked him to rid Florida of crime, Wackenhut's organization had exhibited little passion about the crime menace but an enormous energy for the ferreting out of possible subversives. Last year, of 4,100 employees scattered in twenty-eight Wackenhut offices in the continental United States, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia, some 3,800 were engaged in guard work and protective services. The overwhelming emphasis was on the amassing of millions of dossiers. The Wackenhut files are said to contain more than 3 million names of intellectual and political mavericks, and the organization during the past winter purchased one of the largest independent collections of such materials extant—a compilation said, among other things, to contain every name that ever found its way into the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Wackenhut boast is that it has at its command more dossiers than any organization in the country outside the FBI.

The right-wing fixation shows in other ways. One Wackenhut director is Ralph E. Davis, of Los Angeles, a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society. Another is Loyd Wright, a former president of the American Bar Association who praised the Birch Society when he ran against liberal Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel in 1962. Wright is on the national strategy committee of another far-Right outfit, the American Security Council, as is another Wackenhut director, Gen. Mark Clark. Still another member of the Wackenhut board is Edward V. Rickenbacker, retired board chairman of Eastern Airlines and a crusader against the income tax and the United Nations.

The taint of fanaticism, which runs like an insidious thread through the Wackenhut record, raises the fear that political opponents and predetermined evildoers may be hounded, regardless of facts and evidence. The great Wackenhut crime drive is still so new that it is impossible to tell to what degree these fears may be justified, but there are some disturbing indications.

One of these dates back to 1957 when Wackenhut made his first stab at a big crime investigation for the May term Dade County grand jury. John Adams Baker, a Miami businessman who was foreman of that jury, says bluntly: "My impressions were that you couldn't have a sorrier investigator."

Baker had served previously on federal grand juries, had been president of the Grand Jury Association, and had been active in getting the state to pass a law permitting grand juries to hire special counsel to advise them—an act that was to play a prominent part in what was about to happen.

Wackenhut had been engaged by the Miami Beach City Council to make a study of crime and police corruption, and Baker asked Wackenhut if the grand jury might have a copy of his report when it was finished. Wackenhut agreed. Baker informed the grand jury and state's attorney Richard Gerstein, who was directing its deliberations, and he invited Gerstein to send a representa-

tive with him to get the report. When Wackenhut learned of this, Baker says, he made "an urgent request" that neither Gerstein nor anyone connected with his office be permitted to see his findings. "This was a bombshell to me," Baker says. "The inference was loud and clear that there was something wrong with the state's attorney's office."

Baker was in the embarrassing position of having to rescind his invitation to Gerstein. When he saw Wackenhut alone, he says, Wackenhut advised him that conditions were terrible; that his Miami Beach probe had opened up important avenues of investigation; that he would pursue these as a special investigator for the grand jury if the jury wished to hire him; and that, if the jury did go ahead, he felt he could assure it sufficient evidence to indict the kingpins of the underworld. But Wackenhut was insistent—"he sat there and he practically had tears in his eyes," Baker says—that Gerstein be kept in the dark, that the grand jury must hire special counsel.

"We were over a barrel," Baker goes on. "We didn't know what to do. Here was this big FBI man, with all the prestige and everything behind him; we couldn't doubt him, and if he was right, we had a tremendously important situation on our hands."

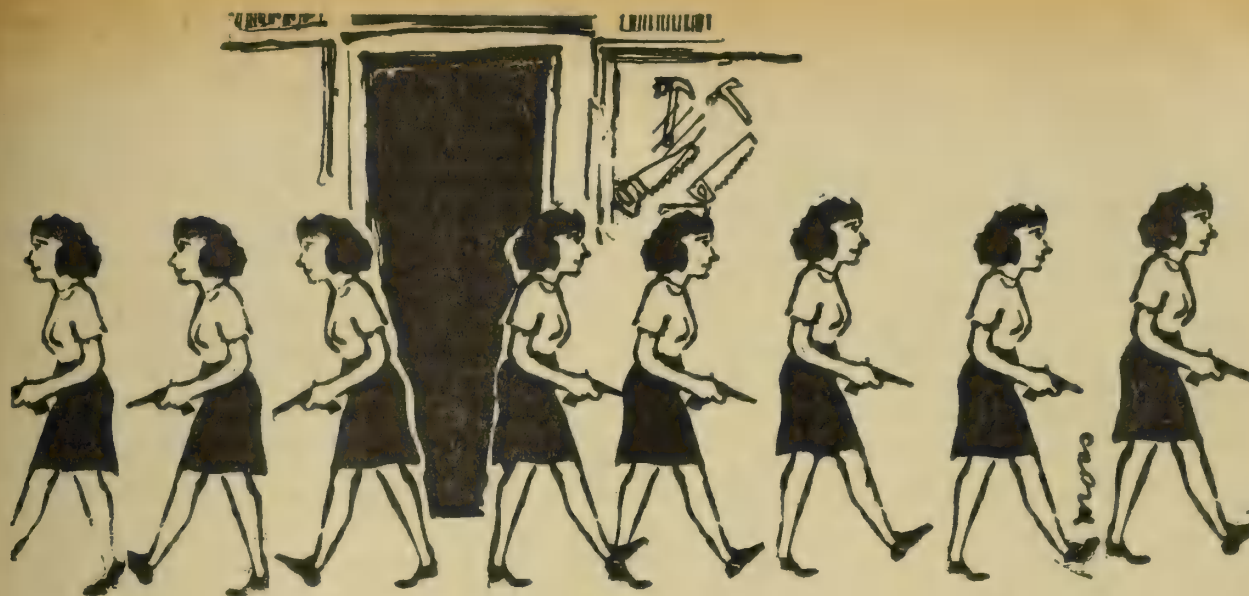
The jury agreed to hire Wackenhut, but hesitated about employing a special counsel. Then, one Sunday night while Baker was sitting at home, his telephone rang, and a lawyer calling from New York introduced himself. He said he had just finished an important case; he understood the grand jury wanted a special counsel; and he was ready to fly back to Miami right away to consult with the jury if it wished.

This was all news to Baker, as the jury hadn't made any such decision, but the lawyer came—and the jury wound up hiring him. "It was completely stupid of us," Baker says now, for the attorney, it turned out, was the private lawyer of Wackenhut. "Nobody could have put themselves more in a strait jacket than we did," Baker continues, "for it is obvious that, if Wackenhut's report turned out to be 95 per cent rumor and comparatively worthless, the last person in the world who might be expected to point out its inadequacies would be Wackenhut's own attorney."

Baker adds: "The next few months were a nightmare to me. I began to wonder: Am I in Dade County? Nazi Berlin? Moscow?"

"Wackenhut would more than once call me up at 2 or 3 A.M. and whisper over the phone: 'Jack, this is George. . . . I'm working on something real hot . . . if you don't see me in the morning, well . . . I can't talk too much now.'"

The result of all this cloak-and-dagger work was that Wackenhut produced a 340-page report for a fee of some \$2,500. "You read a lot of stuff and you saw really big names mentioned, and you thought to yourself, 'my God, this is awful,'" Baker says. "But then you tried to weed out the hearsay from the facts, and they just didn't have a thing to go on. There wasn't one solid fact on which to base an indictment. There wasn't anything in the report that you couldn't have gotten out of the files of Dan Sullivan's Crime Commission or the newspapers. Any reporter could have written it."



Still the Wackenhuts are riding high, and expectations of mighty achievements are undiminished. Many competent observers are impressed by what they call the "gung-ho" spirit of the outfit, a kind of righteous fanaticism in the pursuit of evil in all its forms. So far, this fierce righteousness seems to have been exhibited more against political adversaries than emperors of the mob. A couple of examples illustrate the spirit—and the cause for worry.

At the end of 1966, when the Administration subcommittee of the House of Representatives was engaged in a rush run-down on the affairs of Adam Clayton Powell, the Wackenhuts were employed to check out Powell's payroll. There were 149 names on the list, and Washington was rife with reports that many of these had been cadged off tombstones. So the Wackenhuts were asked to establish two vital points: Did these people actually exist? And had they performed any work for the government?

Almost immediately there was a backfire that disturbed Rep. Wayne L. Hays (D., O.), chairman of the subcommittee. Reading investigators' reports, Hays discovered that the Wackenhuts apparently had been inquiring into the sleeping arrangements of Powell's entourage in Bimini. Shortly afterward, one of the girls on Powell's staff walked into Hays's office, complaining that the Wackenhuts had been questioning her about her age. There are two versions of Hays's reaction. Members of his committee say that he was incensed, bawled the Wackenhuts out, and ordered them to leave Powell's private life alone and to concentrate on the items that mattered. Hays himself now belittles the whole controversy. He acknowledges that he protested, but he says the Wackenhuts explained that the information was "volunteered" by one of Powell's girls who "thought" this was the kind of information the committee wanted.

A similar kind of puritanical nosiness, especially where a political opponent is concerned, was exhibited shortly afterward in Florida. Hank Messick recalls the day when one of his agents came to him with a set of notes on a yellow pad. A tipster had called in some in-

formation about one of the most prominent Florida Democrats, who had gotten himself mixed up with some girls of tarnished virtue during a trip to the Bahamas. Messick was appalled, he says, and went directly to Wackenhut, protesting that the crime unit would be laughed out of Florida if it went chasing every personal peccadillo of this sort. But Wackenhut, according to Messick, was all gung-ho. "We're out to fight crime, all kinds of crime," he quotes Wackenhut as saying.

Other instances reinforce the suspicion that the "crime drive" may be used to cloak other purposes. Florida Secretary of State Thomas B. Adams, a Democrat, has charged bluntly that he and other officials have been trailed by Wackenhut private eyes. Friendly hotel owners have warned him, he says, that the Wackenhuts have asked them to keep a record of his visitors and telephone calls. Richard Gerstein, the state's attorney who was the target of Wackenhut in 1957, remains admittedly one of the major objects of the new crime drive. In all, by early April, sources close to the Wackenhut probe said that 356 investigations had been undertaken—the majority involving public officials.

At least one Republican who had disagreed with Governor Kirk politically has already felt the heat—and, he insists, has paid the penalty. James Gregory, of Fort Lauderdale, a state Senator, states that private detectives began to investigate him before the party primaries in February. They snooped around asking so many questions of his neighbors and political associates, Gregory says, that supporters became suspicious and fell away, and he was defeated for renomination.

The Gregory incident, like the Darden case, is of special significance because both Governor Kirk and Wackenhut have protested that they are not really bypassing established law-enforcement agencies, that they are not really organizing a powerful secret police. They point out that the Wackenhuts have no authority to obtain warrants, to arrest; they can only investigate. The results of their investigations are turned over to properly constituted authorities for action. But as the Darden and

Gregory incidents would indicate, the power to investigate is itself a potent tool.

Just how far the controversial Wackenhut-Kirk crime war will go, how long it will last, remains problematical. The original ballyhoo pictured a huge fund, raised from private sources, and a campaign that would go on indefinitely. Not until March 22, when Governor Kirk met the Democratic-controlled state cabinet, were the cards laid on the table, the list of actual contributions disclosed. It was then learned that all the Governor had in hand was \$8,400—a little more than a week's pay at Wackenhut's rate. Kirk insisted that pledges for some \$150,000 would be made good as soon as Internal Revenue ruled that contributions to the crime drive were tax deductible. In the meantime accounts were indisputably in the red.

The Governor suggested that, in this crisis, the state should undertake the financing. His Democratic op-

ponents, figuratively licking their chops, proclaimed that they would be only too happy to begin financing the drive out of a \$700,000 state contingency fund. Only, of course, in that event, they would insist that the investigators be regular state employees, operating under regularly constituted authority. Governor Kirk retorted that it was *his* crime war and he intended to retain control of it. And in this impasse the matter rested.

A flood of bills has since been introduced in the Florida legislature to create a state crime commission, or a state police force which Florida does not now have, or a state crime-fighting force under the attorney general. Most political observers agree that, out of the stew, will come some kind of state crime effort, if only for the reason that the public is clamoring for action and there are votes to be garnered. But only wild-eyed optimists think that Florida will be suddenly and sweetly purified.

WHY THE CADETS CHEAT

J. ARTHUR HEISE

Mr. Heise, formerly a faculty staff officer at the Air Force Academy, was more recently a guest lecturer at the Free University of West Berlin. He is now a reporter in Buffalo, N. Y.

Colorado Springs

Official investigations are under way for the second time in two years to determine what causes cheating en masse at the U. S. Air Force Academy. Information independently gathered points to shortcomings in the academic program of the newest service academy as the broad and basic cause of this dishonesty. Interviews with more than a dozen past and present faculty members, plus other material assembled since the biggest cheating scandal in U. S. college history occurred at the Academy in 1965, single out two aspects of the academic program as having produced an atmosphere conducive to cheating.

First, "teaching by the numbers" in many of the academic courses turns instructors into "human teaching machines." Because of this centralized system, the faculty enjoys little of the authority and bears few of the responsibilities customary among their civilian colleagues: they work in an atmosphere described in terms ranging from "subservient" to "Machiavellian." The cadets, for their part, try to beat the highly standardized, impersonal system, some apparently by cheating. Second, to create an image of scholarly achievement, the Academy itself has employed practices that set a dubious example for cadets bound by an honor code stating: "We will not lie, or cheat, nor tolerate among us anyone who does."

As a result of the two cheating scandals, 155 budding Air Force careers were cut short when cadets involved were dismissed from the mile-high, 18,000-acre campus hugging the feet of the Rocky Mountains just north of Colorado Springs. In addition to the effect on the lives of the students, the two incidents bear a price tag of more than \$5 million (reckoned from what it costs per year to

educate a cadet). After the 1965 scandal, the Academy's military and athletic programs bore the brunt of the criticisms handed down by an Air Force investigation committee, headed by the late Gen. Thomas D. White, retired Air Force chief of staff. Changes duly made in the military program included the premature transfer of a former commandant of cadets. The athletic program was also revised, and athletes were not as conspicuous in the recent scandal as they had been in 1965.

However, the academic program, which commands three-fourths of the cadets' time (and where the cheating on exams occurred during both episodes) was diagnosed "basically sound" by the White committee, and no major changes have been made. That division of the Academy has been headed by Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, dean of the faculty, for more than ten years. Primarily under his direction, the Air Force Academy has moved several notches away from the very rigid academic system General McDermott experienced as a cadet at West Point. Air Force cadets today can major in a score of academic fields, are given credit for previous college work, can accelerate their studies with enrichment courses, and begin work toward a master's degree while still at the Academy—all changes from the former systems of the other service academies. Cadets have won dozens of scholarships, and the Academy itself boasts that it received accreditation even before graduating its first class in 1959. Nevertheless, many of the regimented and highly centralized teaching methods that prevailed at the older service academies were built into the Air Force Academy's more modern academic program.

Many Air Force Academy faculty members—possibly most—accept the present academic program with little question. Some are deeply troubled, however, and several were willing to talk—on being promised complete anonymity. During the weeks following the 1965 and the recent scandal, more than a dozen of these of

Officers were interviewed at the Academy. About one-third of the interviewed officers are still there; the others have been transferred or have resigned from the Air Force. They included junior and senior officers, combat pilots and service academy graduates, some who had been on the Academy faculty for years, others who were relatively new. They were not a group of young Turks conspiring in dissent: some did not know one another at all, others were barely acquainted. How did these faculty members evaluate the academic program which the White committee report called "basically sound"?

"We are a production line in a factory, rather than an academic institution. This would contribute to an atmosphere of indifference and irresponsibility in which a cheating ring could exist," bluntly stated one officer who had been several years on the faculty. "The program here closely resembles one of indoctrination rather than one which stimulates intellectual curiosity and creative thinking," replied another faculty member.

"When one considers that the individual instructor in many courses does not determine the course he will teach, or the text, or the course outline, or the content of the individual lessons, or the examinations, how does he proceed to teach?" This officer's rhetorical question about the Academy's prescribed courses—most of the curriculum—is silently supported by hundreds of volumes containing copies of the standardized course material, neatly bound in Air Force blue and lining an archival section of the Academy library. Such limitations encourage "that military propensity to avoid responsibility," said a former Academy faculty member, now teaching at a small Eastern college. The standardization of the prescribed courses also demands little independent study from the students, and the well-equipped, 230,000-volume library is little used. Further, the standardization of prescribed courses assures that the cadets will all work along the same predetermined lines, often taking similar tests in different sections of the same course, making cheating possible by passing on information to cadets who have not yet taken the test. It is no surprise then, that it was "mainly in the prescribed courses" that the recent cheating occurred, as General McDermott revealed in an interview. Significantly, only four cadets who confessed to cheating in 1965 were in academic trouble. This year, "only one guy cheated because of academic deficiencies," General McDermott said. Apparently, cadets try to beat the "teaching by the numbers" system, some by cheating to get jump on their classmates.

In 1965, almost fifty cadets cheated with "varying degrees of regularity" for about a year before the incident was reported by a *cadet*. A year later, it was again a *cadet* who reported the cheating. Faculty members obviously knew little of what was happening in their small classes, normally limited to sixteen students. A former Academy officer, today teaching at one of America's most respected universities, commented on the impersonal teaching situation at the Academy:

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of teaching at the Air Force Academy compared to my teaching experiences at civilian institutions was a lack of real student-faculty involvement. This is paradoxical as the Academy makes a big thing in its public relations

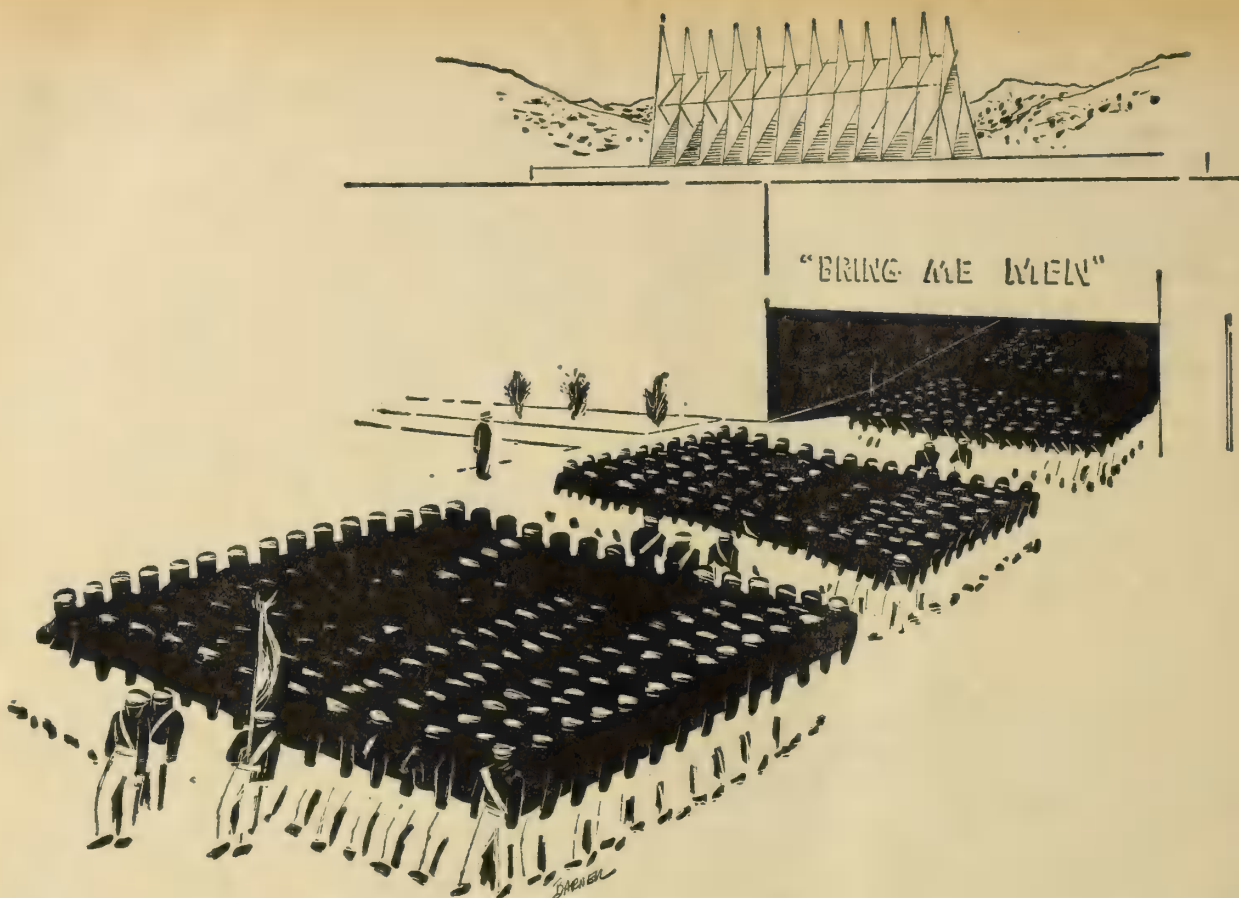
handouts of the highly personalized teaching there. They make invidious comparisons with the diploma mills of large universities where classes may have several hundred students. The basis for this smugness is the sixteen-man syndrome. The fact that sections of each course were to have no more than sixteen cadets by edict was held out and mistaken for close faculty-student relationships. The fact of the matter is that it was enormously difficult to find time when you and the cadet were not in class.

The gap between student and teacher is further widened by the "resectioning" of cadets, who in many courses are shifted once or twice during a semester to different sections of the same course, according to academic performance. As a result, cadets may work under three different instructors in the same course during one term.

Cadets who were interviewed said that they were still being bombarded with a barrage of tests. Estimated one: "You can probably expect between five and ten quizzes a week." To this must be added longer examinations, similar to midterm and final exams at civilian institutions. Discussing the policy of frequent testing, faculty members were concerned that it created "expert test takers," to whom the score is more important than substantive learning. The frequent testing is "designed to make the cadets study," but, said one faculty member, "instead of getting the student interested, instead of challenging him, we force him to do the work. It's an easy substitute for teaching." Tied to the testing is the policy of grading on a curve. It has been changed from "prescribed" to "suggested" since the 1965 scandal. Faculty members still at the Academy indicated that in some departments the change of emphasis has helped, but in others many military officers still read "suggested" in a very detailed faculty regulation as "prescribed." Cadets have frankly admitted to a "beat-the-curve" attitude.

The problem of rank arises within the Academy's all-military, 440-officer faculty. Differences over purely academic matters, faculty members reported, have been settled between officers junior and senior in military rank, but not in academic standing, with "that's an order." Awareness of the rank problem is compounded by inbreeding: one-third of the faculty listed in the current Academy catalogue—including the dean and vice dean—are service academy graduates. One officer, himself a West Point graduate, said during an interview: "They create pressure groups because of the positions many of them hold." He also felt that the "average level of the West Pointer is way below the average level of the college graduate from a civilian school who teaches here.

The attitude of the administration to the faculty accentuates the problems of the academic program. General McDermott clearly stated the administration's position during his first session with the faculty after the White committee found in its report that his academic program was "basically sound." Quoting carefully selected passages from the accrediting manual of the North Central Association of Colleges & Secondary Schools—which accredits the Academy—he suggested that because of its "mission of educating career officers," the Academy had the right, "such as religious organizations" to "define



appropriate limitations of instructional freedom." Further citing from the manual, General McDermott made it clear to faculty members that their role was limited to their "area of . . . scholarship," and left no doubt that determining educational policies was not in that area. "If you can't live with that policy you are free to leave." Standing tall and erect on the stage of the lecture hall, a star embroidered on each epaulet of his uniform, he added: "Let's not push for anarchy. Let's not try to overthrow all policies." Highly praised in public, the all-military faculty learned in a dimly lit 1,000-man lecture hall that afternoon that educational policies were tightly controlled—as attested by a three-ring binder jammed full of faculty directives—and knew that most of them would have to "live with" it, because they could "not get tenure at another university." Reflecting the impact of the General's remarks, one officer said after the meeting: "I left feeling like a punished puppy."

Ironically, the White committee report, then less than a month old, had suggested more "meaningful dialogue" between faculty and administration. Further turning the knife, one faculty member recalled, was the fact that the accrediting manual General McDermott cited called for faculty meetings to be "primarily devoted to the discussion of long-term educational policies, and decisions should be made only after adequate deliberation." In contrast, the current Academy faculty directive on "Monthly Faculty Meetings" describes their primary purpose merely as "bringing to the attention of all faculty members policy decisions affecting the Acad-

emy's academic program." These meetings, supposed to be held monthly, are rarely needed and rarely called.

But the problems of the academic program go beyond the regimented instruction and highly centralized administration. The program exists in an atmosphere where criticism does not fare well, and is supported by practices which, some teachers feel, create an unrealistic setting for students expected to adhere to a strict honor code. Discussing the atmosphere within the faculty, one officer, sitting in his office on the sixth floor of Fairchild Hall, the city-block-long classroom building on the glass, concrete and aluminum campus, described the situation as: "Machiavellian, manipulative. It's administration by divide and conquer." Taking his eyes from one of the bulldozers tearing up the campus for construction of buildings to accommodate expansion of the cadet wing from 2,500 to 4,400 men, he gestured at the telephone on his desk: "You know, if I really have to make an important call, I go to the nearest public telephone." Did he have proof that the phone was tapped? "No, I don't, but the way things are around here, anything is possible."

The word "intimidation" was used. One officer described it as "a feeling that if one says things in class which differ from the mores, policies and morality of the administration, he will be transferred." Even though he had not been threatened personally while still at the Academy, "there was such an atmosphere." Another officer had been so threatened when he disagreed with senior officers over educational policies. After a lengthy hassle, he said, the threat was averted and he was later

routinely reassigned. Other aspects of the Academy's arbitrary personnel policy have not helped to boost faculty morale. For instance, in 1964, a captain on the faculty was jumped in rank to lieutenant colonel without—even for a day—wearing the gold leaves of a major. There was nothing illegal about the promotion, although none like it have been reported from Vietnam nor from the NASA program. By law, several officers can be permanently appointed to the Academy faculty, as was done with the captain in this case. Along with the permanent status goes the rank of lieutenant colonel. What puzzled many faculty members—especially those in the rank of major—is exactly how officers are selected for such choice appointments.

Other practices in the relationship between the faculty and its administration may have helped to create an atmosphere less than perfect for an honor code. For instance, visitors ranging from foreign heads of state to private tourists descend upon the Academy regularly; among them are hundreds of educators who are frequently briefed by faculty members on the academic program.

At one time such briefings included a series of slides to make various points. One of these showed that an incoming class of cadets ranked fourteenth on a standardized aptitude test, bettered only by such schools as Columbia, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, etc. Subsequent slides contained graphs indicating that cadets, after four years at the Academy and on the basis of another standardized test, were now second among more than 200 schools. The inference was impressive: when the cadets came to the Academy they ranked fourteenth after Yale, Princeton, etc. After four years they had moved up to second place in such distinguished company. However, in the first comparison, the schools were identified by name. In the second they were not, and according to a list obtained from an Academy office in 1965, there was no Yale, Cornell, Princeton, etc., among them.

Tricky statistics recur in the Academy's self-evaluation. After the 1965 cheating incident there were questions as to whether the academic program applied too much pressure, thus forcing some cadets to cheat. The Academy had been boasting of the heavy load the cadets carried. The Academy catalogue published before the 1965 episode proclaimed that "188 semester hours [are] included in the four-year prescribed curriculum . . . at least 35 hours greater" than required by most engineering schools and "60 hours above that of a liberal arts school." Very quietly, in fact classified "For Official Use Only," a lengthy memorandum from General McDermott was circulated after the 1965 scandal to dispel any idea that the heavy course load may have led to cheating. The memo bluntly admitted that there was "something misleading about the figure of 188 semester hours we advertise as the prescribed cadet load," because it contained physical education and military training courses, some conducted during the summer, and because the Academy's program is spread over a longer academic year than other schools use. Therefore, "comparisons of this kind are valid, if at all, only if they are made on a weekly basis." Under these ground rules, the

most surprising statement in the lengthy memo claimed that cadets "carry a lighter weekly work load than their counterparts paying their own way and working toward a B.S. degree in the college of engineering at the University of Wisconsin," used as an example. Citing only *academic* credit hours in comparisons with other schools—rather than all semester hours as was the case before 1965—recent Academy catalogues reflect the new emphasis: ". . . five to ten more academic semester hours than most engineering schools and about 15 hours above . . . liberal arts schools." But the *total* required cadet work load, according to the catalogues, has not changed. They took 188 semester hours before the 1965 scandal and still do.

Other examples of academic image building set what faculty members fear are poor precedents for the cadets. Officers in one academic department—not among those interviewed—who were studying for their doctorates under Air Force auspices, but taking more time than was deemed necessary, received letters from their department, containing a "very unofficial comment." Urging the officers that, "barring acts of God or other calamities," they should get their degrees in the extra year granted them, the identical letters stated: "In fact, if it comes to this, a less than excellent dissertation would be the better choice" than taking more time. The officer who told of this nudging added: "It seems the most important thing is getting the Ph.D. into the [Academy] catalogue."

According to that catalogue, the dean of the faculty has an "LL.D., St. Louis University." Official news releases for several years have said: "He holds a master's degree from the oldest university, Harvard, and a Doctor of Laws degree from St. Louis University, the oldest university west of the Mississippi." Result: One prominent newspaper in a story about the recent scandal said General McDermott ". . . has a master's degree from Harvard and a doctorate from St. Louis University." None of these sources indicated whether the latter degree was earned or honorary. Asked about it, the General acknowledged that it was honorary.

Summarizing the image-building efforts at the Air Force Academy, one faculty officer said: "The motto of the Academy seems to be public relations *über alles*." One naturally asks what effect this emphasis on questionable symbols of academic success may have on cadets, especially since they work under the pressure of a heavy academic program, whose accent is on the score rather than on substantive learning. It results in a "corner-cutting attitude about academics," said one officer with regret, noting the "extremely high caliber" of the incoming cadets. "We are so delighted to get this sort of student and to be able to help him that we will do anything within our ability to see this type of cadet realize his full potential." In the prescribed courses, he said, with their many restrictions on the teacher, and multitude of standardized procedures, that is difficult to achieve. In the Academy's enrichment and graduate courses—with fewer or none of the restrictive measures such as the "suggested" curve or resectioning—it is possible, because these courses, "in part, instill the idea in the boys that education is more than finding short cuts."

Primarily, faculty members emphasized the need for

more freedom—authority as well as responsibility—in the prescribed courses. They wanted to get away from the emphasis on “looking good, no matter what the cost.” They were eager to drop the idea, as one officer put it, that the “counterpart to having a spotless shoeshine, a clean uniform and clean underwear is the score on the test, no matter how.” They realized a better faculty would be needed to reach these goals. Judged by degrees alone, the Air Force Academy—with about one-fifth of the faculty holding doctorates—is superior to either of its sister service academies. However, after several years on the Academy faculty, one officer expressed a concern shared by others: “Those [faculty members] who cared most for the students, felt most strongly about the Academy and cared most for education, were those most likely to leave. It appeared that those who cared the least about these matters were most willing to stay because they were willing to surrender their responsibilities to others.” Another officer added: “Unfortunately, although we have moved away from West Point, we are only halfway to where we must be if we are to realize our intellectual ambitions. And I’m afraid this halfway point combines the worst of both the military and intellectual worlds. Unless we are willing to pay the price of creating an intellectual environment, namely tolerating independence instead of conducting a headlong pursuit of the symbols of academic success, our aspirations . . . to produce the kind of officer demanded by the Air Force of the future, a man for whom intellectual skills will be equal or greater in importance than the traditional military skills . . . will remain unrealized.”

The Academy’s Board of Visitors—its most important supervisory body, composed of members of Congress, educators and military experts who report to the President—in brief annual visits to the campus has discerned little or nothing of what ails the Air Force Academy. Rep. Burt L. Talcott of California—who has a son who went to the Academy—has been the only member of

a Board of Visitors to note that something may be wrong with the academic program. His comments, appended to the 1965 report as a dissenting opinion, matched many of the views of faculty officers interviewed. Only one other member of the 1965 board, Sen. Gordon Allott of Colorado, concurred with Representative Talcott’s observations. Since the recent scandal, some present board members have become very critical in private. One said that the dean of the faculty is guilty of “horrible misdirection of emphasis at the Academy.”

After the 1965 scandal, General McDermott told the faculty “a society where moral fibers are weakening,” and where respect for “law and honor and morality is decaying” was responsible for the cheating. Urging tighter security for testing material, he quoted: “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.” He also asked that everything he said “stay in the Academy family,” because “we do not want members of Congress to interfere with this thing.” After the second scandal, faculty members reported, he again cited the Lord’s Prayer at a meeting with cadets and faculty and the term “mortal sin” was mentioned in connection with cheating. The recent scandal, a high-ranking Academy administration source said, is largely due to press criticism of the honor code’s toleration clause after the 1965 scandal. Unwilling to be named while investigations are continuing, he noted that forty-three of the forty-six cadets involved in the recent incident were freshmen in 1965. He maintained that the newspapers had impressed on these young men that reporting a fellow cadet who cheated was “tattling.”

Testifying before Congress about the 1965 cheating incident, Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, father of the nuclear submarine, Annapolis graduate and frequent critic of service academies, presented a less esoteric view: “Pious platitudes about honor and leadership constantly emanate from the service academies. These have led to a situation not unlike a game of cops and robbers where the aim of the student is somehow to find ways to beat the system.”

THE ROAD TO TRADE

**HAROLD J. BERMAN
and JOHN R. GARSON**

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Now that the consular treaty with the Soviet Union has been ratified, one of the next important steps in the improvement of our relations with Russia and the Communist countries of Eastern Europe is to enact the East-West Trade Relations Act, first proposed by the Administration in 1966.

The immediate effect of the Act would be to permit the President to abolish discriminatory import restrictions on the products of various Communist countries, in the context of bilateral commercial agreements designed (in

the language of the proposed Trade Relations Act) to “provide a framework helpful to private United States firms conducting business relations with Communist state trading agencies.”

The Administration does not need permission from Congress to enter into commercial agreements with any country. However, in order to make it possible for the countries which would be affected by the proposed Act to sell their goods in the United States, and in order to induce concessions from them favorable to American exporters, the President needs Congressional authority to overcome the effect of existing legislation, under which duties three or four times higher than normal are imposed on imports from certain Communist countries. Also the proposed Act would permit the President to eliminate the existing Congressional prohibition against

the importation of several kinds of furs and skins from the Soviet Union.

By imposing unusually high tariffs on imports from Communist countries we are not only denying American importers and consumers the opportunity to purchase various products on favorable terms but we are also restricting the opportunity of those countries to acquire foreign exchange needed to purchase our goods. The principal beneficiaries of our discriminatory practices are not, as might be supposed, competing American industries but exporters of similar goods (e.g., watches, cars, cameras, manganese, textiles and a host of other products) in non-Communist countries.

With respect to furs and skins, the existing restriction is simply vested-interest legislation, adopted in 1951 in the shadow of the Korean War. Congress at that time banned the importation from the Soviet Union and Communist China of ermine, fox, kolinsky, marten, mink, muskrat and weasel furs and skins. We can and do continue to import other Soviet furs, among them sable, which are not on the proscribed list.

Congress did not require the withdrawal of most-favored-nation treatment from Yugoslavia and Poland, so the proposed Act does not affect our trade relations with those two countries. Also the Act would expressly exclude East Germany, as well as the Communist countries of Asia. The term "East," in the Act, thus refers to the Soviet Union, Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Albania.

It is anticipated that, on being granted most-favored-nation treatment by us, the affected Communist countries would make reciprocal concessions. Normally, in international trade, most-favored-nation treatment by one side is bargained for most-favored-nation treatment by the other. However, the reciprocal reduction of customs duties by a country whose entire trade is conducted by state agencies does not necessarily assure exporters in the other country of a greater opportunity to sell their goods. In a state-trading country, decisions to import are not substantially influenced by customs duties, which are in any event paid by one state agency (the import corporation) to another (the treasury). The proposed East-West Trade Relations Act, therefore, seeks more significant concessions.

In particular, it lists as "matters of mutual interest" that may be covered in the commercial agreements various types of obstacles encountered by Americans seeking to do business with Communist state trading agencies. These include, but are not restricted to:

(1) Satisfactory arrangements for the protection of industrial rights and processes.

(2) Satisfactory arrangements for the settlement of commercial differences and disputes.

(3) Arrangements for establishment or expansion of United States trade and tourist promotion offices, for facilitation of such efforts as the trade promotion activities of United States commercial officers, participating in trade fairs and exhibits, the sending of trade missions, and for facilitation of entry and travel of commercial representatives as necessary.

(4) Most-favored-nation treatment with respect to duties or other restrictions on the imports of the products of the United States, and other arrangements that may

secure market access and assure fair treatment for products of the United States.

(5) Satisfactory arrangements covering other matters affecting relations between the United States and the country concerned, such as the settlement of financial and property claims and the improvement of consular relations.

The Act thus implicitly accepts the idea that reciprocal most-favored-nation treatment in trade agreements with Communist countries should take the form of a series of particularized nondiscrimination or "fair treatment" provisions relating to specific areas of trade relations, and it adds to this the possibility of obtaining special commitments of a concrete nature. In particular, the United States will be concerned to obtain better arrangements for the protection of industrial rights and processes and to reach understandings with respect to the settlement of commercial differences and disputes.

The Soviet Union and the Communist nations of Eastern Europe have not yet provided the same kind of protection to patented inventions as is assured by the United States and other industrial states of the West. In recent years, a relatively large number of American (and West European) firms have filed patent applications in Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and the Soviet Union—usually in connection with a licensing agreement for the use or application of Western industrial technology. While most of the East European patent statutes and that of the Soviet Union state that the granting of a patent gives the right to the exclusive use of the invention industrially and commercially throughout the country—and provide that the owner of a patent is entitled to a negotiated royalty income for its use—the lack of means to enforce such rights may destroy their force and effect. For example, the Soviet Union will not permit the inspection of production facilities and does not provide ways to prevent unauthorized firms from manufacturing and utilizing the patented invention.

Thus in entering into licensing agreements for patents or for unpatentable know-how and other information, the American (or West European) supplier has no guarantee that the importing firm will not make the information available to other state enterprises or, indeed, to other Communist countries. Although some American firms have admitted that the royalties charged for processes, patents, data and know-how (often capitalized in a lump sum) include an amount allocable to the risk of unauthorized disclosure, most firms cannot charge enough to protect themselves completely against this contingency, and must rely to some extent on the apparent willingness of the East European nations to adopt the accepted commercial practices of the West. Intergovernmental negotiations between the United States and individual Communist countries would provide an opportunity to bargain the range and scope of the devices by which American firms can be protected against technological piracy and other intrusions on their proprietary rights.

Bilateral negotiations between the United States and the individual Communist countries will also provide a forum for negotiating superior procedures for the settle-

ment of commercial disputes between American firms and the state trading organizations. As a practical matter, international trade contracts usually provide for the arbitration of differences and disputes, but in the case of East-West trade each side is often suspicious of arbitration boards in the other's forum. They may both accept the principle of arbitration in a third country, but even then the selection of the arbitral board and its members can be perplexing. One form of arbitration which could be discussed in intergovernmental negotiations is that of mixed tribunals consisting of citizens appointed from both countries. The Italians and Soviets now have such a tribunal.

In addition to solving these and other problems, it may be supposed that regular government-to-government negotiations would lead to commitments by Communist countries to purchase particular American products, and commitments by the United States Government to issue export licenses for these products. There is already a certain precedent for this in our trade negotiations with Rumania in 1964, when the Rumanian delegation gave our government a "shopping list" of products it wished to purchase, and our government indicated which items it would be willing to license for export. Other countries which do business with Communist countries generally establish bilateral trade agreements containing programs of exchanges of particular goods in particular quantities over a period of years. We may be able to adapt some aspects of this type of arrangement to our own needs and circumstances.

In any event, we can no longer afford to be smug about our trade practices with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. In 1965, Western Europe exported \$4 billion worth of goods to Communist countries, while the United States sold them a grand total of \$139 million. Our policy reminds one of the traditional Chinese form of revenge: committing suicide on one's enemy's doorstep.

The diversion of potential American trade to other non-Communist countries has been one of the principal motivating factors in the present re-evaluation of our East-West Trade Policy. Another factor is the Administration's declared policy of "widening constructive relations with the countries of Eastern Europe and the USSR." But a third factor, conflicting with the first two, is the belief that trade can be used as a flexible foreign policy instrument and, more particularly, as a means of weaning selected Communist countries from the Soviet sphere of influence.

Our government has often explained its limited trade concessions to Poland in 1957 and 1960, and to Rumania in 1964, as part of its larger effort to diminish the homogeneity of the "Soviet bloc." Conversely, as recently as October, 1966, trade controls on East Germany were tightened relative to the other countries of Eastern Europe to demonstrate our continued hostility to the government of that country.

It is regrettable that the Miller Report (the 1965 report by twelve prominent representatives of business, labor and the academic community, selected by the President, which provided the rationale for the proposed East-West Trade Relations Act) concludes that "the case

for expanding peaceful trade comes down to the proposition that we can use trade to influence the internal evolution and external behavior of Communist countries." It is also regrettable that the Miller Report suggests (and the proposed Act adopted the suggestion) that the kind of most-favored-nation treatment granted to Communist countries should differ from that granted to "free-world" countries. Most-favored-nation treatment will be granted to Communist countries only for the duration of the trade agreement of which it is a part and will be subject to periodic review. By creating this second-class kind of most-favored-nation treatment—especially when Poland and Yugoslavia have already been extended the first-class variety—the Miller Report and the proposed Act may have indulged in some unnecessary political mischief. No other nation in the world has thought to create such grades of most-favored-nation treatment.

Normalization of our trade relations with Communist countries—even if inspired by mistaken political assumptions—will help to overcome the widespread American myth that our exports constitute a kind of foreign aid program. If we were to repeat Great Britain's experience with the Soviet Union, we should find that the Communist countries are not in a position to take as much of our exports as we might like, and that they, at least, are fully aware that a sale is not a gift, that imports must eventually be paid for out of the proceeds of exports, and that in general satisfactory trade relations are a matter of mutual advantage.

Above all, commercial agreements with Communist countries, negotiated on the basis of mutual advantage, can help to prove to them that their own long-range interests are linked with the stability and integrity of the international economic and legal order, which in turn is an essential part of healthy political relations. If we may take the liberty of quoting what one of us has written elsewhere:

In the 1920's and 1930's one of the principal charges leveled against the Soviet leaders was that they had withdrawn from the world economy, that their foreign trade system was inherently restrictive and discriminatory, and that their goal was self-sufficiency. In the 1950's and 1960's, the Soviet leaders have come out of their shell, have abandoned their earlier tendency toward economic isolationism, and have sought to establish firmer ties with the West. It is strange indeed that they should now be able to charge the United States with subverting economics to politics, with refusal to trade, and with discriminatory trade practices.

This applies, of course, with added force to the other Communist countries of Europe, which are, in fact, Western countries, and which now are openly striving to lessen their economic dependence upon the Soviet Union and upon one another. The Communist countries can no longer afford to view trade as a political weapon for isolating themselves from the "capitalist camp," and by the same token we can no longer afford to use trade as a political weapon for containing or dispersing communism. The proposed East-West Trade Relations Act is a belated recognition of these historic facts, but at least it provides an opportunity to create legal and commercial institutions that reflect their significance.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Art of Human Use

THE NEW BRUTALISM: Ethic or Aesthetic? By Reyner Banham. Reinhold Publishing Corp. 196 pp. Illustrated. \$15.

WHO DESIGNS AMERICA?: The American Civilization Conference at Princeton. Edited by Laurence B. Holland. Doubleday & Co. 357 pp. Paper \$1.45.

ARCHITECTS ON ARCHITECTURE: New Directions in America. By Paul Heyer. Walker and Co. 415 pp. Illustrated. \$17.50.

AMERICAN BUILDING: The Historical Forces That Shaped It. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. By James Marston Fitch. Houghton Mifflin Co. 350 pp. Illustrated. \$12.50.

NATHAN SILVER

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Reyner Banham's new book is about the work of some good English architects who wrestled with ideas about what they were doing in the fifties and sixties, while American architects at the same time were mostly wrestling with appearances. Peter and Alison Smithson come in for the closest examination, though many working in England (including me) would argue about the importance of their leadership on the front lines of architectural theory. The subtitle—*Ethic or Aesthetic?*—is meant to indicate the Smithsons' concern with values as well as with forms, and also Dr. Banham's own misgivings about the clearly stylistic inference of *New Brutalism*. Yet Brutalism is, in ethic at least, largely classic Functionalism; it is a new term invented by some who forget what the old one meant. This is a gossipy book for insiders, but even inside gossip can be inaccurate, and the Smithsons recently blasted it with a long criticism of its historical detail in the *British Architects' Journal*. In the article, the Smithsons continued to insist on their aesthetic brand name "Brutalism." They concluded, "those who still cannot see what Brutalism is about should consider this: the E type Jaguar, the jeep, the *Deux Chevaux* and the DS 19 are all Brutalist cars." Get it? No?

I have the impression that Dr. Ban-

ham can hardly wait to drop the whole subject and move on to what he calls *une architecture autre*, another art-historical label and category. As he briefly states it, this would be the extremely radical—so he thinks—view that architecture ought to abandon "composition, symmetry, order [?] module, proportion . . . even the idea of structure and space—or rather, it ought to abandon the idea that the prime function of an architect is to employ structure and make spaces." I agree with most of this, and I'll return to the idea of this counter-Renaissance attack in a moment; but I'd better say at once that the Resistance Movement is already digging in, and its *Maquis* bear no relation to some Flash Gordon architectural technologists that Banham now fancies.

The 1964 Princeton conference recorded in the engrossing *Who Designs America?* bogs down in controversy about what Functionalism is supposed to mean. Humphry Osmond, an otherwise admirably informed psychiatrist, says the idea of function

is indeed very mysterious. When my exploration of it started I came to the conclusion that I didn't understand it at all. As I understand it originally the idea was—and I'd like to be corrected here—that if you looked at the building you'd see why it stood up.

A designer asks, "is there anything wrong with the idea that beauty is part of the function of what an architect or designer does?" Then Morton White, professor of philosophy at Harvard, thinks that the bold quality of the Functionalism of Sullivan and Wright lay in their "narrow goal" of "architectural utility." Since the four books I am reviewing here are primarily about a current crisis in understanding of Functionalism—its informing principle in architecture and design; and on what principles, if different ones, architects should now rely—I made myself check back to the source, as we were once taught it in theory lectures at architectural school.

My old notes say that the classical origin of Functionalism as an approach to beauty is found in a disputation between Socrates and Aristippus, recorded in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, where Socrates at length called a dung basket beautiful and a golden shield

ugly, if the one was well made for its special work and the other badly. On architecture, Socrates was succinct: "The house in which the owner can find a pleasant retreat at all seasons and can store his belongings safely is presumably at once the pleasantest and most beautiful." This disputation was the basis for a theory of art that endured. Elements of the ideas of Socrates later appeared in the theories of Horatio Greenough, Louis Sullivan, Walter Gropius and a thousand others, and these ideas came to be called Functionalism. Included were the notions that there need be only one explanation for all beauty of whatever occurrence; that according to this explanation, beauty is relative; and that what a thing called beautiful is relative to are the things for which it is useful. (Even painting and sculpture could be judged in terms of use, because their uses—said Socrates—were to express character and the activities of the soul.)

Exactly what is the problem lately with Functionalism? It was not meant to be another name for expediency. It is supposed to be an immutable idea about the nature of art. Yet even Professor White of Harvard Philosophy puts a limiting construction on what we at Columbia Architecture believed was a philosophically complete idea. And Banham, Osmond and White aren't the only ones. Despite all the vulgar talk about "functional architecture" since Bauhaus days, since (even earlier) *The Ladies' Home Journal* discovered Wright in 1907, Functionalism doesn't seem to have thrived.

For instance, I take it as a Socratic corollary that *all* things must be beautiful if they can be judged as having satisfied the conditions of their use. But Louis Kahn, one of Paul Heyer's heroes in *Architects on Architecture* (whose newspaper plant in Pennsylvania is, I think, beautiful), is quoted in this wise: "All buildings do not belong to Architecture. A work of architecture is presented as an offering to Architecture and to its Treasury of spaces." Kahn believes that in architecture there are elevated and base works. Also the architectural profession (on presumably similar theoretical grounds) claims that a twentieth of all building, which is the proportion that architects are now responsible for, represents all the "significant" building. Only these buildings

which are "offered" are going to make our "Treasury."

So who designs America, indeed? On the one hand (the one that's nineteen times bigger) there are developers, engineering departments, real estate companies, package builders, local contractors. I don't think I can bring myself to try to describe their aesthetic theories, but they are certainly the people who are engaged in building the increasingly man-made world which is described by 4 pages of exponential curves in *Who Designs America?* On the other hand we have the architects. They aren't really smug about their low productivity, are they? What new approach are they offering against the onrushing, living crisis in building and design? This is what some of them are saying in *Architects on Architecture*:

"[I am not a] narrow functionalist; you cannot consider function without producing a good plan, and I put a great deal of emphasis on abstract beauty in a plan." (Ralph Rapson.) "I approach environmental considerations in two ways: the pure, aesthetic approach, which is only theoretical, and the traditional craft approach. . . . In the arts, self-expression generally comes first." (Paolo Soleri.) "I like to think of architecture as an individual creative expression." (Edward D. Stone.) "Purpose is not necessary to make a building beautiful . . . sooner or later we will fit our buildings so that they can

be used . . . where form comes from I don't know, but it has nothing at all to do with the functional or sociological aspects of architecture." (Philip Johnson.) "Some architects in the United States are searching for beauty, but I am not one of them" (says John M. Johansen; and Paul Heyer helpfully concludes, "His search is for character").

Heyer is no deep thinker and no great writer, and his choice of pictures makes a most unsatisfactory presentation of these architects' work. But in fact, I am not claiming that all the work of those I have quoted is divorced from use objectives. However, the forty-odd architects he presents imply our forty best (he passes up Shadrach Woods, William Conklin, Louis Sauer, Romaldo Giurgola, Peter and Claude Sampton, Serge Chermayeff and a dozen first-rate firms), and at least half of Heyer's virtuosos are saying what Alexander Jackson Downing, an American landscape architect, wrote in 1849: "The Beautiful is, intrinsically, something quite different from the Useful. It appeals to a wholly different part of our nature; it requires another portion of our being to receive and enjoy it." Downing, mentioned by Prof. John W. Ward in *Who Designs America?*, was a sort of Functionalist in distress. He was one of the first American writers on art to express doubts about mere necessity, even while up against the realities of his practice. The

beauty of human use, including human ideals, didn't seem artistic enough to him. And so our architecture has been going, virtually ever since.

I may as well come out in the open. What bothers me is not really that American architects are planting flowers but not corn. The trouble is that we seem to be willing to side-step enormous new challenges of growth and change. Artistic intuition and self-expression just aren't good enough, aren't really *creative* enough, to take account of the exciting possibilities of the future. Since in a short time all of us will be living our lives almost entirely within man-made environments, architects have to enlarge the scope of their intentions out of sheer necessity. Like Banham, I think that architecture is on the threshold of its first new beginning since Brunelleschi and Alberti; though I don't see it as a "style," nor does it rely on technological visual aids in principle. Banham's hip prototypes—the "Endless House," Buckminster Fuller, highway Baroque, plug-in cities—aren't pertinent to this new beginning in architecture; they are not to the point at all. Instead of fixing on these pretty preconceptions, we ought to be keeping our choices open by considering that the radical new beginning needs to be based on what many architects seem to have temporarily forgotten: the sensibility of use.

A new beginning has been falsely claimed many times before, most especially for the Vienna-Chicago-Dessau modern movement, which I think was not a beginning but an end—as it turned out, it was the last attempt at a purely visual symbolization of architectural form. The change has been held off for a long time by Le Corbusier, the greatest artist of form in architecture since Palladio; and through the visual prejudice of architectural historians. The signs have been clear for only about fifteen or twenty years, but I now think they are definite.

One sign was Professor Fitch's classic *American Building* of 1947, which insisted on discussing not the Architectural Treasury but all kinds of building; and not so much in terms of "historical forces," as the book is subtitled in its timely reissue, but in the principles of actual human experience. He ends his newly revised and expanded book (significantly, to be followed by a second volume on "environmental forces") by saying: "It is now apparent that the external limitations which held historic architecture, so to say, 'in shape' are no longer operative. They have disappeared forever and must be replaced

THE PARALYTIC

*I have waited now ten years
to hear this pool speak through my tears.
Legs bent under me,
my neck a hangman's noose, I cannot see
but what the inside of my eyes watches
of the brain's flood. I am a golden face
beneath an iron mask. There is a case
to be made for me: ten years on this
pallet; each time the angel hissed
through the surface some rich man
knocked me over and stepped, rotten in the can,
puce-lipped, into the green water
and stepped out pure as any rabbi's virgin daughter.
I stay a wreck on the water's edge;
nose running, face agape and no pledge
from the priest to move me up one place
closer to the edge. That bastard takes money for the race
into the pool—a change of pallet to the right
or left and when the angel coughs upon the light
he who was quickest with the gold falls
splashing to his cure. I'll jump the gun some day,
swallow the burley pollen of the pool and rise up
like a fern from moss, lithe, reposed, floating, erect and cool.*

NED O'GORMAN

by a new internally generated discipline. This discipline can only derive from the most scrupulous re-examination of man and his relation to his environment; and this examination must fully utilize both the norms and the substance of modern scientific knowledge."

Also in the past fifteen or twenty years, an increasing number of architects have begun systematically to seek information from the social sciences. These may not be most of Paul Heyer's "leading" ones, but perhaps they are more reliable leaders. Joseph Esherick, a 52-year-old architect who teaches and works in Berkeley, is one of the most promising points of origin for an architectural new beginning. He collaborated on the recently built University of California School of Environmental Design, and did a house (the Bermak house) that seems to have insight into the future.

Heyer fortunately interviewed him. Esherick says that "beauty is a consequential thing," and he is gripped by "the very ambiguity of the social science problem, and I take design to be a social science problem; its wooliness, its vagueness, all of these elements of the

problem are in fact elements of life itself."

To adopt a social science attitude means to move beyond the old role of the architect as virtuoso artist. Is this traumatic leap into the future going to be worth it? I would expect a radically Functionalist architecture to create eventually an environment where one is in a balanced normal state, free of formal instruction except in terms of use-situations or potential use-situations. The best of this architecture would be that which defines, with high sensibility, normality without uniformity (because the human normal state is not uniform), and formality without deformity (meaning inappropriate exaggeration). The result of this would be art, in the old Socratic sense; not the post-Renaissance "art of beautiful buildings" but the radical re-discovery of architecture as the art of human use. This also suggests that architecture may leave the uncomfortable formal or technological annex where it has been placed by some aestheticians, and take its rightful place again in the center of the existential situation—as it was thought of when it was once called Mother of the Arts.

A Pot of Message

THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE: An Inventory of Effects. By Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore. Random House. 157 pp. \$10.95.

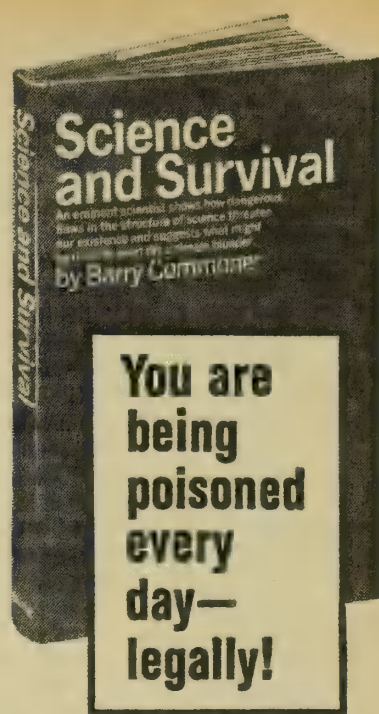
NEIL COMPTON

Mr. Compton is chairman of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He writes frequently on contemporary culture and the popular arts.

The medium is the *what*? Please do not adjust your (psychological) set. This is no misprint but Marshall McLuhan's latest gnomic utterance, orchestrated with graphics by Quentin Fiore in a book "co-ordinated" (whatever that may mean) by Jerome Agel. Those who, like me, have been hoping that McLuhan would return to the iconographic mode of his brilliant proto-pop picture book *The Mechanical Bride* (1951) now have their wish. However, they should brace themselves. The prophet of Total Change has learned, like his favorite hero, the sailor in Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom," how to remain contemplative at the heart of the flux. The man who rebuffed the mass-produced and stereotyped enticements of *The Mechanical Bride* now joyfully surrenders to the polymorphous perversities of her electronic progeny.

The medium is the message because it works us over completely. The media are "so pervasive in their personal, political, economic, aesthetic, psychological, moral, ethical and social consequences that they leave no part of us untouched, unaffected and unaltered." This book is a "collide-oscope of interfaced situations" designed to chart the "worldpool of information" which swirls around us. Now that "all the world's a sage" most schools are obsolete, and such archaic educational fumblers as mom and dad must either retire gracefully from the scene or submit themselves to brainwashing by their offspring who understand instinctively the electric drama which involves everyone alive today. (Old McLuhan hands will note that the master has lost neither his apocalyptic manner nor his proclivity for outrageous puns.)

There is not much in *The Medium is the Message* that will be new to those who know their *Understanding Media* (1964). In a way, the new book seems to be an attempt to translate the linear prose of its predecessor into a sort of post-alphabetic, non-syntactical language more appropriate to a vision which trumpets the end of the Gutenberg era.



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Whatever the case, it is a crazy, exhilarating, imaginative piece of book making. On the very first page a bizarre and oddly disturbing image establishes a mood which is expertly sustained throughout the volume—a raw egg, its yolk trademarked by a new no-contact, no-pressure printing technique, stares unwinkingly up from a plate. What can be the message of *this* medium?

After that, I was easy game for the bewildering variety of devices used by Fiore to complement McLuhan's assault on conventional sensibilities—the passages, printed upside down, back to front (like Leonardo's notebooks) or white on black; the dramatic variations in pictorial and typographical scale from page to page; and the enigmatic illustrations. A stagecoach reflected in a rear-view mirror? This shows how "we march backwards into the future [and] suburbia lives imaginatively in Bonanzaland." A close-up of a pair of crossed meshstockinged legs, and the photo of a girl whose navel peeks through the O in a large vertical LOVE down the front of her dress? Symbols of the disturbing consequences of brushing information against information. A *quattrocento* painting of an urban scene? Characteristic of the detached, non-involved nature of renaissance art ("a piazza for everything, and everything in its piazza"). Two blank pages? Symbolic of the way in which environments invisibly distort our apprehension of reality.

The counterpoint between word and image makes *The Medium is the Massage* a more engaging work than *Understanding Media*. In spite of the brilliant *aperçus* which illuminated almost every chapter of the earlier book, it was written in incredibly graceless prose for a literary scholar who believes that eloquence is the mark of a truly educated man. The need for economy dictated by the alternation of picture and text in the present work probably imposed a healthy discipline on the author's naturally discursive imagination.

Nevertheless, *The Medium is the Massage*, which is probably going to be a great popular success, reawakens some of the doubts and fears aroused by McLuhan's rocketing fame after the publication of *Understanding Media*. Surely the rise of instantaneous circuitry does not oblige us to take McLuhan on his own terms as an instant philosopher whose views on every conceivable subject need not be supported by any argument more substantial than a pun or half a syllogism. He needs to be approached in a more critical spirit than the extremes of adulation and blank incomprehension with which his work

has usually been greeted. He himself is remarkably unself-critical (perhaps identifying introspection with the kind of "fixed, unchangeable point of view" which he abhors), and is never at a loss for an explanation of any phenomenon about which he may be asked. (Admittedly, he has told interviewers that he doesn't believe everything he says.)

The main distorting element in McLuhan's thought is his hatred for the individualistic, detached, fragmented, visual bias of Western culture in the Gutenberg era (see *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, 1962). The strength of this emotion is so great that he tends to write as though the eye were the cause of all the ills that bedevil the world. He approves of television, though, and is therefore forced to argue that it is not a visual medium but haptic or tactile because the shifting mosaic mesh of the television image is totally different from the sharply defined, mechanically repeated pictures projected on a cinema.

Such absurdities aside, McLuhan's unexpressed bias invariably leads him to scoff at attempts to exercise independent judgment or control of media content. Because "societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which they communicate than by the content of the communication," he derides politicians who try to cam-

paign "on the issues," reformers who worry about the intellectual level of television programs, and teachers who are upset because Johnny can't read. He seems to confuse the very real problems posed by the media with the millennium—and embraces the new "global village culture" with hardly a qualm about the notorious intellectual illiberality of village life, whether global or otherwise.

Like most millenarians, he tends to disparage the uncomfortable present in favor of the beatific future. He often writes as though the living moment were unreal, and only the future actual. How much trust dare we repose in the humane concern of a man who, in a discussion of recent educational trends, can write that "Vietnam, as the content of the teach-in, is a very small and perhaps misleading Red Herring. It really has little to do with the teach-in, as such, anymore than with the dropout." I should be hard put to decide what is most repellent in that flip statement—the apparent indifference to human suffering, the sinister implications of the capital letters in the red-herring image, or the attempt to deprive the students' moral concern of any real validity. We can all learn a lot from McLuhan, but I for one will cop out with the dropouts if his pop utopia ever comes to pass.

The Middle-Age Blues

FIVE YEARS: Thoughts During a Useless Time. By Paul Goodman. Introduction by Harold Rosenberg. Brussel & Brussel. 257 pp. \$5.

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time (University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought (Prentice-Hall).

In these notebooks Paul Goodman talks to himself in the *ad hominem* way in which we find him elsewhere talking to the rest of us, and he does so because during the years 1955-60, he had, he says, "no one else to write for or talk to." These were Eisenhower years, though that aspect of this "useless time" is not in the foreground. The times, it is true, were useless because Goodman, the social thinker who became famous in 1960 with the publication of *Growing Up Absurd*, wasn't being used; but they were grievously useless because he was

painfully aware of his age, his "ugliness," his failure as a writer (no one would publish his novel, *Empire City*), and his dispossession from paradise—"his only world" that "wouldn't come across."

These years from age 45 to 50 were disheartening, but no less so, it seems, than those that followed. The 53-year-old "tired man" of *Making Do* is being used (up) and has advanced a rung on Plato's ladder, but he has not yet found the satisfactions of self and world that constitute his paradise; he makes do because he doesn't make out. In this novel of the breakdown of a private community where friends use one another as resources, Goodman, who uses himself in art in the direct way of the contemporary confessional poets, speaks of his erotic nature and progress on the ladder of love. Though his Eros has turned now to "the institutions and the customs of the city"—who can doubt his love affair with his city?—he has not quite gone beyond the lower rung where one is attracted to "the beautiful bodies he sees." Much of *Making Do* con-

cerns, and celebrates, this erotic attachment, and *Five Years* is dominated by the need for it. One might characterize these notebooks by saying that they concern a man of the streets whose failures to satisfy his homosexual hunger test his theory that "satisfaction is the necessary ground for the full exercise of power." As Goodman says of the beautiful bodies in *Making Do*, "I had certainly been wondrously attracted to them, though with indifferent success in ever getting to touch them." For one whose mental life was so dependent on the physical, it was a very bad time.

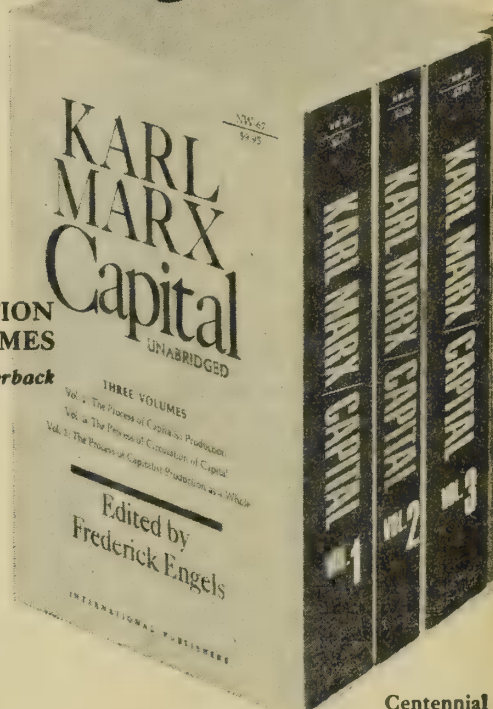
There is more than this in the notebooks but not very much thematically that is new to Goodman's readers. Their importance is of another kind: they give us a more intimate feeling of the author's way of being in the world. ("It is not hard," Goodman rightly says, "to reconstruct the man in the city who had these thoughts.") They also deepen our awareness of the filiation of such disparate forms as the novels *Empire City* and *Making Do* (with *Five Years*, these provide a personal and social history of Goodman's times); the poems (especially the "Sentences and Prayers" of *The Lordly Hudson*); social treatises like *Growing Up Absurd* and *Communitas*, and the psychological manual *Gestalt Therapy*. In them we find a Utopian who is much of the time hopelessly sad, a writer old-fashioned enough to have a heroic humanist ambition, and (like many thinkers who respect man's relation to nature and history) a profound conservative. Students may admire Goodman because he makes good in the very system he attacks, but he sees himself otherwise: "Probably my chief use is that I carefully preserve the conventional structure for the young and prove that one can maintain some vitality and honor within it. This gives them the possibility of having a past, which they have come to doubt."

The notebooks confirm Goodman's intense sense of a sustaining past and his joy in its human victories. They also present a thinker whose thought, however much advanced it seems, goes back to the generation of World War I, whose unfinished revolution he has undertaken to complete. Goodman is a literary radical (the term is Randolph Bourne's), an artist with a sociological imagination and open devotion to community—in our time a rare and valuable kind of intellectual. The reader of *Compulsory Mis-Education* and *The Community of Scholars* will recognize the debt to John Dewey's theories of progressive education and perhaps the

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similarity in aim to Bourne's *Education and Living*. For Goodman is a pragmatist who acquired, along with the method of pragmatism, the democratic vision of its pioneers; like them he seeks by means of "practical proposals" (alternative ideas worthy to be tested) "the society of justice and the culture of paradise." "The reader will see," he says in *Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals*, "that . . . I prefer the language of pragmatism and . . . an organism/environment psychology of novelty, excitement, and growth. The existing is prior to hopes and plans; and the 'Right Method' is to find in the existing the occasion that has future, freedom to act."

This describes Goodman's essential approach but not the criticism of functions that he has employed along with it. "Let us," he says in *Communitas*, "subject the function itself to a formal critique. Is the *function* good? Bona fide? Is it worthwhile? Is it worthy of a man to do that? What are the consequences? Is it compatible with other, basic, human functions?" The candor and daring of such questions are aspects of the advanced style of Goodman's thought, and they are most effective,

at least to those who agree with Santayana that "it is essential to the validity of a moral maxim that it should be framed in the interest of natural impulses."

There are no idle thoughts in these notebooks, and if there were, Goodman has put them to work by structuring them, taking them from their original disorder, and placing them in loose categories: "Psychology," "Art," "Method," "God," etc. Structure is the sin of his

didacticism ("me who structure everything") or perhaps the result of an unconscious wish to make the useless time more worth while than it appeared. It may even account for the failure of this religious man, who implores and relies on the Creator Spirit, to reach the highest rung of the ladder of love: "I was frozen on the ladder. . . . There was a risk that I was afraid to take. I did not trust to let the nature of things be. . . ."

ART / Maurice Grosser

Mr. Grosser, artist and writer, is the author of *The Critic's Eye* (Bobbs-Merrill).

Tunis

The Tunisian national museum, the Bardo, lies outside the gates of Tunis on the road to Bizerte. It occupies the harem wing of a 19th-century palace, a commodious and undistinguished building set beside the present house of parliament in a park full of trees, Roman statuary, and Spahis on guard in their flowing, burnt-vermilion uniforms. The collection, begun by the French in the 1880s, was acquired entirely in Tunisia. There are Punic remains, Arabo-Muslim ceramics, Roman sculpture, a celebrated shipment of Hellenistic marbles and bronzes recovered from a sunken galley, and the largest and finest assembly of Roman mosaics in the world. A selection of all this will be going to America this summer under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, to remain two years and to be exhibited in museums around the country.

Tunis and its suburbs occupy the site of what was once Carthage, a city larger even than Rome and Rome's greatest maritime enemy. Conquered and taken over by the republic, the territory Carthage had dominated became, under the name of Africa, the richest of the Roman provinces. It was filled, from its mountainous north to the deserts in the south, with cities, farms, villas—a tranquil and prosperous backwater, importing its art and fashions from the capital, building its towns and houses on Italian models, and decorating them with the commonplaces of mythology that appear throughout the Roman world. The Carthaginian culture that Rome destroyed was certainly less stereotyped, if one can judge by the two remarkable Punic terra cottas discovered on Cape Bon: one of a woman nursing a child who, with her broad, round face and placid, earthy grin, might be Juliet's

nurse herself; the other, a lion-headed goddess, wears the sweetly malicious smile of an all too understanding maiden aunt.

Only in their portrait heads did the Romans exhibit any comparable interest in human characterization. Everywhere else they patronized a neutral and decorative classicism. How busy must have been the workshops that supplied them, turning out production lines of copies, some good and some indifferent, of the great masterpieces—Phidean Venuses, athletes after Scopas, Apollos with lizards, Hercules with club by the dozens—to be distributed from one end to the other of the Roman world; whole Iliads and Odysseys in stone, like those the hero of the *Satyricon* found in the millionaire Tremalchio's palace. From such a workshop must have come the columns and urns recovered from a galley sunk off Mahdia, and perhaps some of the marble statues found there as well.

The sponge fishermen who first saw the columns lying on the sandy bottom thought they were cannons. This was in 1907. The wreck lay at 17 fathoms, which is deep for diving, even today, and it took five years to salvage it. There were some sixty columns with capitals, intended for the construction of a villa: marble and bronze statues; the fragments of eight huge marble garden urns with friezes of Satyrs and Bacchantes; along with the bronze fittings and other remains of a set of those luxurious and uncomfortable dining-room couches, to our eyes the most puzzling feature of Roman upper-class living. The marble objects are all badly and oddly eroded. The parts exposed to sea water are bored and pitted by mollusks; the parts protected by the sand they lie in have preserved an almost shocking newness, capitals and urns still showing the workmen's chisel marks. The fragile volutes of the capitals are not entirely disengaged from the block and were probably intended to

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be finished in place. Two of the urns have the same friezes as two similar urns, one in the Louvre and one in Pisa. Handsome as they are, all eight are undoubtedly mass-produced copies of what must have been famous originals.

The bronzes are less conventional pieces; in fact, so little conventional that since the wreck is thought to have taken place in 81 B.C., it is conceivable that some of them might come from Sulla's sack of Athens in 86. The best of all the pieces, one of the very finest Greek bronzes in existence, is that rarest of all objects, a Greek original: it bears the signature of the third-century sculptor, Boethos Calchidionios. It is a boundary marker of the type known as a Hermes, a rectangular column topped with a bearded, archaic head coiffed with formal curls and elegant, stiff folds of ribbon. There is a larger bronze of a child with wings, an Argon, presumed to be by the same sculptor but in a softer and quite dissimilar style, along with a number of small Hellenistic figures of highest quality, notably a pursuing Satyr, a Hermes in the role of herald and three dancing dwarfs, amiably comic and quite unclassical.

The museum displays a great deal of sculpture besides this; almost every Tunisian village is a Roman site. The best pieces are probably importations, since the local work, to judge from the capitals and columns of standing ruins, seems cruder in design and execution than similar work in Greece, Italy or Sicily. The unique treasure here is the mosaics. Just as Roman wall painting can be seen only at Naples, only in the Bardo is there such a collection of Roman mosaics. Remembering the Byzantine style of the mosaics of Ravenna or St. Mark's in Venice, one is inclined to think of mosaic as wall decoration, executed in fragile tesserae of glazed ceramic and bright bits of brilliant colored glass and glass inset with gold. The Roman mosaics, on the other hand, are composed of small pieces of rock in natural colors—earth reds, tawny yellows, sage greens, dusty blues, whites and blacks, along with an occasional brighter bit of tough ceramic, all set in the most impervious cement—as hard as iron, and made to last forever as floor or pavement. One of the displays here is the ground plan of a house excavated in Uthina, the plan made up of photographs of the actual mosaics found in place: a central court surrounded by some twenty or thirty rooms of varying sizes, each with its mosaic pavement, each one beautiful, each different, and all perfectly preserved. Some of the mosaics, and quite fine ones, are

set in the floor of the Bardo as pavements to be walked on. And why not? There are so many of them—hundreds here on display, more in the museum's reserves, in the museum at Sousse, on the original sites, in Roman towns not yet excavated or even identified.

It is supposed that the art came here from Antioch and Alexandria, arriving at the end of the first century of our epoch, and continuing to flourish through the fourth. The oldest of the mosaics have mythological subjects. The composition is invariably well designed, the decorative details, borders and garlands beautifully executed. The drawing of the figures and faces is sometimes extremely skillful, sometimes much less so, as would happen in work done after cartoons imported from the capital and copied by local artisans with varying degrees of skill. Toward the end of the second century, local subjects begin to appear. The earliest of these, from Oudna, exhibits a country house surrounded by trees, pheasants and geese. Little by little, the mythological subjects make way for local ones. There are hunts with dogs and horses, a company of bears, racing scenes from the hippodrome, and even the portrait of a favorite driver with his four horses. There are seas with fish and fishermen, water birds and boats. A pavement from Médenine depicts all types of embarkations, each with its Greek or Latin name attached. In fact, it is principally from these African mosaics that we derive our ideas of Roman ships and shipping. Another mosaic from El Djem divides into rectangles, each containing a still life—a basket of bread, a bird in cage, two red mullets. One dating from the end of the fourth century describes the estate of a certain Lord Julius. In the center is his baronial castle flanked by towers. Below in one corner is the lord himself receiving accounts from his steward, in the other his lady being handed a necklace by her maid. Around are scenes of olive picking, hunting, harvesting, a guest arriving—all the concomitants of country life.

After the fourth century, both execution and design become less skillful and the subject matter exclusively Christian—principally church decoration and mortuary inscriptions, portraits of the deceased inscribed with pious sentiments, and intended rather as wall decoration than as pavement. And here begins to appear the glass and ceramic technique characteristic of Byzantine work.

It would be difficult to consider any of these mosaics, Roman, African or Paleo-Christian, as great works of art. None, for example, has the grace of

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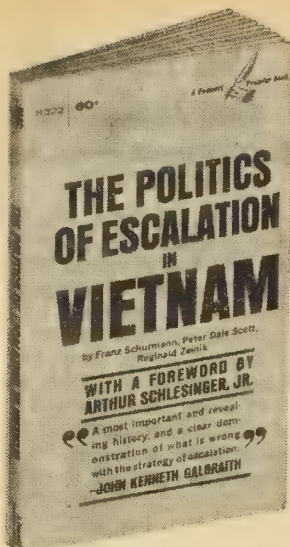
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the mosaic in small, sea-worn pebbles, showing Aphrodite on a leopard and found in Alexander's Macedonian capital, Pella; nor is there any of the virtuosity, of the, so to speak, fine brushwork, of the mosaics in Naples which depict the warring Greeks and Persians; nor of the psychological insight and compositional complexity of the mosaic at St. Vitale in Ravenna portraying Justinian and his court. This material in Tunis is a decorator's art, and a provincial version at that. Just the same, its richness of color, the stiff skill of its delineations and, above all, its decorative invention and the endless variety of its ornamental devices are a delight. Even more gratifying is the charming aspect it presents of Roman life in a peaceful province. The American traveling collection will be well worth seeing,

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Stage Company (HSC) is a small resident professional theatre located in a refurbished warehouse just off the main street of Hartford, Conn.; *The Servant of Two Masters* by Carlo Goldoni was the hit of the Venetian theatre season of 1743. I had two good reasons for not going to see the production of the latter recently mounted by the former: the last HSC production I had seen had been a labored, ponderous, smirking version of a Victorian melodrama; and the last time I had seen *The Servant of Two Masters* (just a week previously, in a clumsily acted production by the professional company of the McCarter Theatre at Princeton), I was moved to wonder why any modern American company would bother with it.

Sighing lovers, bumbling servants, far-fetched coincidences, all the conventional paraphernalia of classical comedy, are less in demand nowadays than they were in Goldoni's time—especially when, as in this case, they are adorned with no poetry and very little wit. Unless it has suffered severely in all three of the translations I have encountered, the play is a piece of good-hearted, simple-minded fooling, heavily dependent upon the comic resources of its executants. It is firmly rooted, moreover, in the *Commedia dell'Arte* tradition, about which American actors know even less than they know about most kinds of theatre. (This was almost pathetically obvious at Princeton.)

But I went to Hartford all the same

(it was on my way to Boston, and I had a free night), and saw their *Servant of Two Masters*. It turned out to be, in its modest and cheerful fashion, something of a revelation. The Hartford performers were not highly experienced, specially skilled actor-acrobats, like the troupe for which *The Servant* was written, but Paul Weidner, the director and translator for the Hartford production, found a kind of life in Goldoni's old farce that American actors can project.

He realized that the *commedia* was fundamentally a popular art form. Its natural habitat was the streets, where traveling companies, most of them grubby and second-rate, would set up a stage and do their stuff before a noisy, rowdy, macaroni-and-garlic crowd. Mr. Weidner's production used Goldoni's play as a means of evoking the vigorous, exuberant life of the Italian streets which, it is implied, has not changed very much over the last 200 years.

As you came into the theatre, the thrust stage was bare except for a large rubber-tired cart, piled high with junk and surmounted by a crate of live chickens. At about 8:15, a couple of *ragazzi*, looking like the laborers and loafers you see in working-class neighborhoods of Italy today, appeared and started to unload the cart; one of them chewed bubble gum, making popping noises as he worked. As they arranged the stage for the performance, other men and women drifted in: they were the actors. Some of them called "*Bon giorno*" to the house. One girl was wearing a mini-skirt; another, whose breasts were practically jumping out of a scoop-necked blouse, offered her small dog to be petted by members of the audience. Tinny music started coming out of a loud-speaker: *Santa Lucia*, mandolin selections and Verdi.

The actors drifted off again to put on their costumes. To beguile the time, one of the scene-shifters did some second-rate acrobatics, first stopping to tuck in his shirt, and yelling "bravo!" for himself whenever he brought off some simple feat. Actors drifted on again; there were arguments; a fight broke out and was quelled; and by not too long after 8:30 an attractive scruffy aggregation—contemporary Italian traveling players (or so we are willing to believe) was ready to present *The Servant of Two Masters*.

It was all a gimmick, of course, and by no means an original one, but yielded more fun before the play proper began than some productions manage in an entire evening. Furthermore, it provided a context within which both actors and audience could relax and be comfort-

SUMMER TELEGRAM: A PAINTING

*Is a good way to be happy
while eating breakfast—cabin
on the left spouts green puff
of smoke into yellow sky;
sun is all face and hands;*

funny tree

*on right grows coral shrimp
instead of leaves—
that's a tree worth watching!*

STEVEN OSTERLUND

able with each other and with Goldoni's play, which through all the goings-on was never, so far as I could tell, distorted or demeaned.

The performance itself was in keeping with what went before: earthy and energetic, with little time wasted on subtleties, and no precious powdered-wiggery. A porter, underpaid, makes the "Va fongui!" sign, fist to inside of elbow, as he walks off; a servant steals a half-eaten apple; traveling players understand about hunger.

Goldoni's script demands to be elaborated with a great deal of business, and Weidner supplied it, drawing upon the traditional *lazzi* (sight-gags) of the *commedia*, and upon the immemorial repertory of pratfalls, kicks and other kinds of mayhem that unite Aristophanes with Tom and Jerry.

Truffaldino, the eponymous servant who causes so much confusion, was played by Macon McCalman, a veteran of ten seasons at the Front Street Theatre in Memphis. Much of the more elaborate business fell to him: it was he who became so hungry that he killed an invisible fly, cooked it over a match, and ate it (this is very traditional); it was he who got his face pushed into a bowl of pudding, from which it emerged covered with goo (this, of course, is even more traditional). McCalman was as funny as he needed to be, and had an agreeable, easygoing, country-boy quality. The evening's one really brilliant performance, however, was given by Henry Thomas as Pantalone, the father of one of the lovers. Thomas provided a conventional old-man characterization, raised to a hilarious pitch by sheer comic virtuosity.

But the production succeeded as an ensemble effort. All the actors appeared to be functioning on the same easy, informal, happy wave length. The initial convention was never forgotten. Caley Summers' costumes were just the kind of gaudy but dubious 18th-century outfits that a hand-to-mouth company in Italy today might improvise: one of the

lovers, for instance, wore a scarlet 18th-century coat over a brown T-shirt and green corduroy pants. The set changes featured the same seedy *ragazzi* who began the evening. Even Weidner's translation was flavored with a combination of operatic and ice-cream Italian: "Piano, piano, momento, signor," "Me misericordia!" "Buon dio!" "Si," "Bella," "Prego," "Scusi," "Molto honorato," "Maledetto!" "Assassino!"

The atmosphere was maintained right through the happy ending, when all the confusions are cleared up and all the lovers reunited, to the waltzing finale and curtain call (to the tune of the *Brindisi* from *Traviata*). By presenting to us the idealized image of a sunny, expansive style of life, at the opposite pole from our tight bourgeois ways, the production serves, I think, a purpose beyond simple merrymaking. It is about time that somebody besides the hippies reminded us of what we miss by being good, busy, success-oriented Americans.

I ought to admit that Weidner, the man behind all this, is an old acquaintance of mine, though I have hardly seen him in the past few years. I acted in his thesis production at the Yale School of

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Drama; I was pretty bad, and he had no idea of what to do about me. Since then, he appears to have become a better director, and nowadays he has better actors working for him.

All prejudices aside, however, I tend to get tired of the uninspired semi-competence that prevails in most of the regional theatres. The general attitude often seems to be: "This is a classic, whether we like it or not; let's get it on somehow." Weidner has gone beyond that and done some genuinely creative work. His production concept, moreover, is not merely a frivolous Bright Idea, designed to aggrandize the director at the expense of the play; it is a spritely and responsible notion that takes into account the script, the actors and the audience, and justifies itself in relation to all three.

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FILMS/Robert Hatch

Back about the time of Richardson's *Tom Jones*, British films began coming to us with an exceedingly high polish in them. The shine of what seems to be the highest luster plastic finish lends a brighter than life smartness to such proceedings and makes all the lovingly placed objects look "interesting." This is acceptable enough; it accords with the pop and camp glossiness of the art galleries, the fluorescent bang of the mini-skirt generation. But when all that attention is paid to surface, it becomes particularly important that something should be going on down in the interior—as was the case, for example, with *Blow Up*, a film very much in the current British idiom, though made by Antonioni.

Sad little lyrics about the human condition won't justify the expensive look of the showcase, and that is the trouble with *Accident*, which Harold Pinter wrote and Joseph Losey directed from some novel that must surely have skidded rapidly to the remainder table. The picture glows with visual ravishments, as though Oxford and London had been converted into one huge film set, with hidden lights warming up the texture of centuries for the filtered lenses, and with every foot of the way as filled with ingenious amusements as a roadside gift shop. But all this is in behalf of a story that in its general statement is a platitude—middle-aged professors stand in some peril of becoming emotionally involved with their female students—and which one hopes in vain will take on some life-giving particularity. There is occasional good dialogue (Pinter) and the cast is fashion-page handsome (Dirk Bogarde, Jacqueline Sassard and Michael York in particular). But the spectacle of a pair of rivalrous dons dangerously tiring themselves over a bit of narcissistic fluff is too miserably commonplace to be animated by lavish décor and cunning photography. Nor is it given much point by a fortuitous motor fatality, even when the accident is employed as a rousing opener, with everything else occurring as flashback.

And I could not quite kid myself that I was watching dextrous academics, for all the gowns and sherry and Gothic towers. Bogarde and Stanley Baker are vivid actors, but a thing they are incapable of suggesting is intellectual enterprise. They behave throughout as though an amatory flare-up had complicated their plans to rob a bank. York, as an undergraduate who, if he hadn't died in a ditch, would clearly have caught the girl when the dons had wearied of tossing her about, at least handles a

cricket bat with authority. However if I hadn't been told he was playing a young aristocrat, I would have supposed him a strayed teddy boy. *Accident* falls into the trap of setting up a problem about which it finds nothing to say. But how it shines!

Carlos Saura's *The Hunt* was made in Spain and has been shown there, apparently with no official retaliation. Its implicit statement is that men who in their youth killed Loyalists for Franco ever after have murder in their hearts—and murder will out. It must still take some courage to say this in Spain today, and the impact of the film on its countrymen should have been considerable.

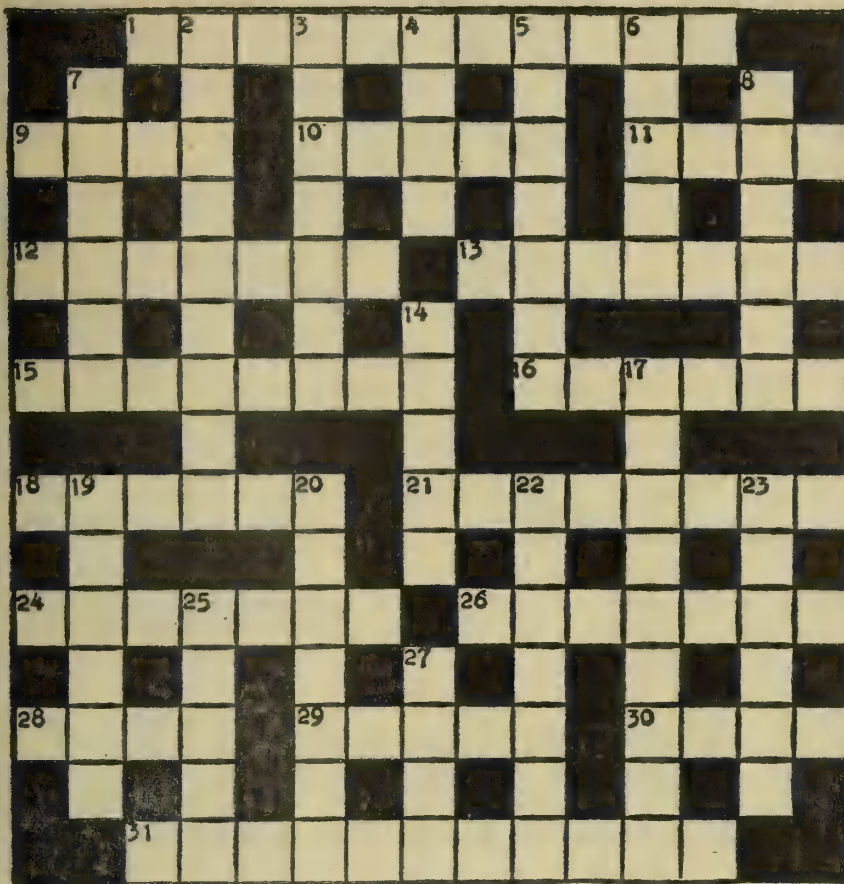
But despite the historical allusions and despite the obvious military parallels of much of the action, this generalization is more effective as a political challenge than as the presupposition for a work of fiction. It is certainly possible that the three protagonists of the film carry the sickness of homicide in their blood, but it is at least as likely that the immediate situation produces the slaughter. And that situation seems quite rigidly manipulated to produce an exercise in implacable grimness.

In any case, I felt from the start that these men were behaving in obedience to the script rather than according to logic or their own inclinations. One of them is a rich bully, another is a nervously exhausted bankrupt, the third is a cynical toady. They go off rabbit hunting in a brutal scorpion valley where years before they had hunted men. The rabbit slaughter is repulsive and pointless, but the old men fire away in a mood of pumped-up virility, though with no pleasure and little interest, and only the young nephew of one of them is repelled by the avalanche of broken fur rolling down the hillocks. As they shoot, they drink brandy under the violent sun, and as they drink they begin to taunt one another. It is not long before the men are as dead as the rabbits.

The fault in such a picture as *The Hunt* is that it depresses to no purpose. It is in the nature of evidence for a coroner's jury, a meticulous description of what happened. But why we should care that it happened does not emerge from the imposed misery. Carlos Saura is a young director with a very strong command of the medium and he has chosen in his first picture to make a bold statement to his countrymen. But he has also allowed his purpose to outweigh his art, and the picture has not exported well.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1201

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Polling places? (6, 5)
- 9, 10 and 11 What might be spent in asylum is immemorial. (4, 3, 2, 4)
- 12 Little enough given to 9 without direction for the character! (4, 3)
- 13 Bill might get it in the journey. (7)
- 15 Might one be buried in it? Note the contents of what presumably only gangsters were buried in! (8)
- 16 Such linen wasn't worn about the neck. (6)
- 18 This way for 13! (6)
- 21 Where the steersmen are in regions of conflict. (8)
- 24 One has been told to 7, to do it. (7)
- 26 Certainly not the price of amateur activity to 7, proportionately. (7)
- 28 See 25 down
- 29 One might think it pertains to Troy, but the region is more local. (5)
- 30 Had an obligation to poetry, by the sound of it. (4)
- 31 It might convey what an outclassed fighter seems to suffer. (7, 4)

DOWN:

- 2 A false eye can let burning light out of it. (9)
- 3 A flat statement "you'll feel better taking it"? (7)
- 4 The party you're invited to on this page is becoming an annual one. Does that sound correct? (4)

- 5 The pianist is not quite so loud in the middle passage as the subject of Offenbach might dictate. (7)
- 6 Asks for information in the matter of footwear? (5)
- 7 Great in the west, when cut up. (6)
- 8 An animal objects to be thrown by it! (6)
- 14 and 27 down Jewelry the malevolent do into the bottom of 17. (9)
- 17 Cut out the childish fancy! (5, 4)
- 19 In the mouth, in the purse, or on the head? (6)
- 20 A disguised place is not ordinary for it. (7)
- 22 Fodder given the horse might require light now and then. (7)
- 23 One who makes fancy material or rag. (6)
- 25 and 28 across Her lace is too wild to be made by a 23. (5, 4)
- 27 See 14 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1200

ACROSS: 1 Addis Ababa; 6 Stow; 10 Air lift; 11 Overeat; 12 Eric; 13 Glad-hander; 15 Engaged; 16 Lantern; 17 Lowboys; 20 Corinth; 22 Outpouring; 23 Snub; 25 Realist; 26 Primula; 27 Sake; 28 Chesterton. DOWN: 1 A Farewell to Arms; 2 Darning; 3 Slip; 4 Battled; 5 Blondel; 7 Treadle; 8 Water on the brain; 9 Retainers; 14 Agnomic; 18 Wet pack; 19 Stretch; 20 Canopus; 21 Nonsuit; 24 Dice.

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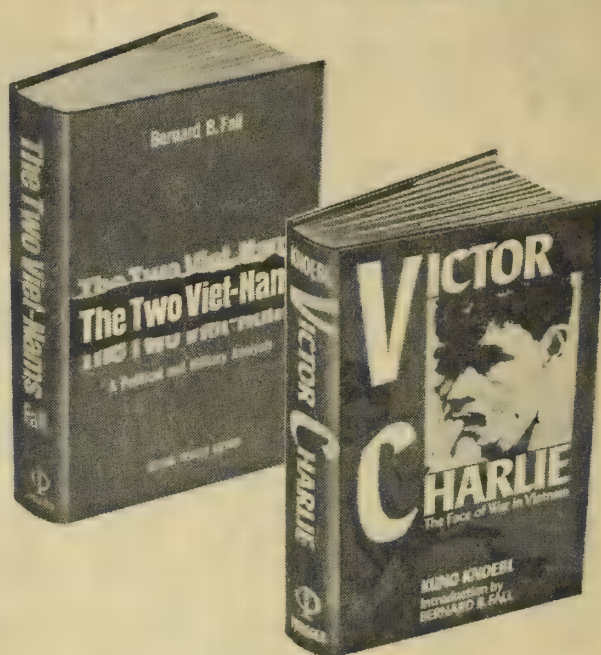
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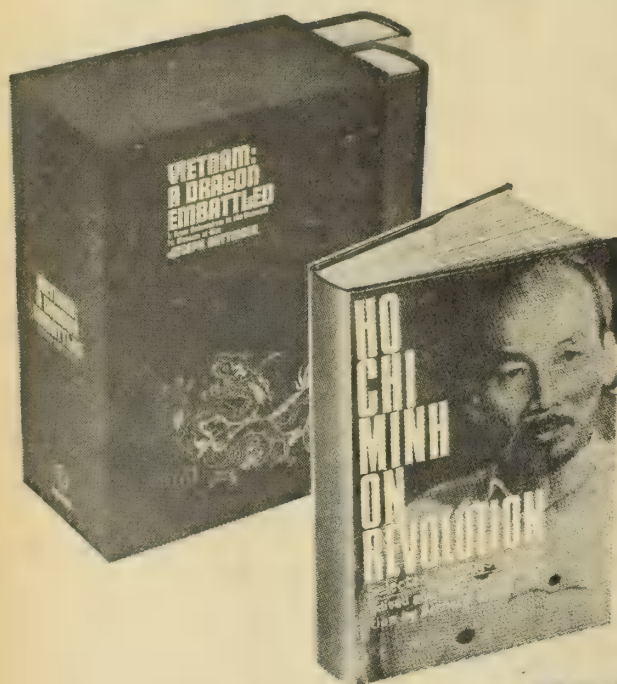
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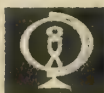
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LETTERS

time to appeal

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Paul Good's otherwise excellent article, "Laying Freedom On The Line" [*The Nation*, Mar. 20] contains one misleading statement which should be called to the attention of potential draft protesters. The U.S. Court of Appeals has not, as Mr. Good asserts, ruled out a Selective Service Law regulation that a draftee must appeal his classification within ten days of receiving notice. The author apparently is referring to the recent decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in *U.S. v. Gearey* which held that after a registrant receives an order to report for induction, he may have a conscientious objector claim considered if he makes a showing that his conscientious objector status did not crystallize in his mind until after receipt of the induction order. The decision of the court in no way affected the regulation requiring notice of appeal or request for a personal appearance within ten days of the mailing of a new classification. Local boards continue to enforce the regulation quite literally, and any registrant who fails to appeal a new classification within the ten-day period may find himself in a precarious position.

William G. Smith

Canadian nationalism

Regina, Sask.

DEAR SIR: C. W. Gonick's thoughtful analysis of the current Canadian debate over U.S. control of Canada's economy ["Canada Fights Its Orbit," *The Nation*, Apr. 17] fairly describes a situation that has aroused deep feelings among many Canadians. A recent public opinion poll conducted by the *Toronto Star* showed that 60 per cent of Canadians interviewed agreed that foreign control of Canadian industry endangers the country's political independence, and more than two-thirds felt the Canadian Government should act to reduce foreign control. . . . But Professor Gonick suggests that Canada is without "an effective vehicle for Canadian nationalism." Such an opinion must ignore the role of the New Democratic Party in vigorously advocating the cause of Canadian economic and political independence. The NDP has in fact become Canada's only effective vehicle for nationalism, although the Liberal Party from time to time renders lip service to the concept. . . .

William Deverell, Special Asst.
Office of the Leader of the Opposition

youth in Cicero

Cicero, Ill.

DEAR SIR: The Mar. 27 issue of *The Nation* published "The Siege of Cicero" by Bruce J. Oudes. As a high school student and non-homeowner, I feel less inclined to be subjective in my view of the race situation in Cicero and, therefore, support the thesis of Mr. Oudes that Cicero, my community, is characterized by such extreme racial bigotry that eventually it will become a black ghetto. Although I feel his general thesis is correct, it seems quite evident that many of his statements have been contrived from hearsay or from biased literature. Being a teenager, I must attack his statement concerning the adolescents of Cicero whom he dared to generalize and to classify as "youths who wore their hair long before anyone ever heard of the Beatles and who proudly waved Nazi posters during the CORE march." Was it in an attempt to impress his viewpoint that Mr. Oudes overlooked the merit of Cicero youths? The Human Relations Club, for example which, by the way, exceeds the membership quota of five which was emphasized in the article, travels to

(Continued on page 660)

EDITORIALS

The GOP White Paper

According to reports from Washington, the policy report that sought to prepare the Republican Party for a strong dissent on Vietnam in 1968 has been laid to rest. Senator Dirksen, the minority leader, says the report was not discussed at the weekly lunch meeting of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, for whose edification it was prepared. In this matter Senator Dirksen is in accord with President Johnson, who must regard the document with equal aversion. The situation is not without irony: an analysis prepared by Republicans for Republicans, with formidable potential for a Republican victory in 1968, is viewed with the same distaste by the Republican leadership as by the President whose continuance in office it threatens.

Senator Dirksen is not alone in his rejection of the White Paper. Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel, regarded as a member of the moderate wing of the party and up for re-election in 1968, also would like to see the report forgotten as soon as possible. "The issue before us now," he says, "is not the origin of our involvement in the conflict but bringing it to a conclusion honorably, and, hopefully, peacefully." He counsels against trying to gain possession of the White House in 1968 at the cost of Republican support of the "system of collective security against Communist expansion in Asia." He does not seem to realize—or at least does not choose to say publicly—that the only way to end the war may be for the Republicans to win in 1968, and the only chance they have to win is by precisely the kind of cogent analysis the White Paper represents.

The genesis of the report is significant. It was not the work of senior, superannuated politicians. It was prepared by a group of staff people in the offices of a number of Senators, who began with no particular bias or restraint on their thinking. They did something inherently dangerous to established doctrine—they looked at the facts, then drew the inescapable conclusions.

Private reaction to the White Paper is quite different from the pooh-poohing of the Republican high command. Several hawkish Senators have said that while they did not necessarily agree (it would be difficult to agree and remain in the hawk camp), they found it impressive and "quite interesting" to have the pattern of the facts set forth in this fashion. The report will continue to influence Republican and Democratic thought, no matter how summarily it is dismissed in public utterances. It has also served an important purpose: it reveals the width of the split in the Republican Party on the issue of Vietnam—a split which parallels that among the Democrats and which promises to play a major role in the 1968 campaigning. It is difficult to see how Senators on one side of the aisle will be able to maintain an intransigent partisan attitude.

toward colleagues on the other side with whom they agree on the issue of Vietnam, nor how the hawks will maintain a brotherly accord with doves in their own party. By all indications, despite all efforts to relegate it to the background, Vietnam will dominate the campaign.

This tendency is already clearly in evidence. In the editorial "Speaking Out" (May 8) we forecast that Sen. George McGovern would gain, not lose, through his remarkable speech of April 25, which followed similar utterances at the Nation Institute Conference in Los Angeles on February 25. The Washington *Evening Star* of May 2 reports that McGovern's mail is averaging 1,000 letters a day and running 60 to 1 in favor of his position. Of course, people who are opposed to U.S. policy in Asia would write in greater volume after the kind of speech McGovern made; nevertheless, the ratio is an indication of what is going on in the minds of a great many voters. "I don't see how any Republican can touch [McGovern] after that speech," one Congressional staff member commented, which is precisely the point made in the editorial.

To the same effect, Sen. George D. Aiken, dean of Senate Republicans and second ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, said on May 2 he had become convinced that "the present Administration cannot achieve an honorable peace in Vietnam." With a polite obeisance to his good intentions, Aiken said that the President "predicates peace on the capitulation of the enemy, and that solution seems far in the distance, if at all." Senator Hatfield agreed with Senator Aiken that "this Administration does not have the capacity to conduct negotiations." And Sen. J. W. Fulbright, a Democrat, remarked that the GOP White Paper was the first break in the clouds he had seen in a long time. "If my committee staff had put it out," he added, "all hell would have broken loose."

Bipartisanship in foreign affairs is generally conceived as blind support of any warlike policy that a President of either party chooses to initiate. It can also be conceived as an agreement, despite party allegiances, among politicians who foresee the dire consequences of a mistaken policy so initiated, and pressed in defiance of statesman-like prudence. As the Vietnamese War drags on, to America's discomfiture and disgrace, this type of bipartisanship is coming to the fore.

Our Tragedy in Greece

In "The Deadlock in Greece — Elections or Coup?" (*The Nation*, March 27, 1967) Stephen Rousseas related the activities of CIA agents, suspected or known to be such, in the tense situation then existing in Greece. In the July, 1965, crisis one of the suspected agents had returned to Athens after service with the State Department's Middle East desk, reported to be rife with CIA people. Both the CIA and the Pentagon, Rousseas wrote, continued to play important and often decisive roles in Greek

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politics. Evidence is presently lacking that the CIA engineered the current seizure of power by a reactionary army junta, but the situation was surely one in which it would have been happy to lend a hand.

Even if this is an exceptional instance and the CIA proves to be completely innocent, the affair exposes the futility of American policy in that part of the world—and elsewhere. The danger of a Communist take-over in Greece was the occasion for the promulgation of the Truman Doctrine and armed intervention by the United States, with British and other Western support. The Communist movement was suppressed, and this success set the pattern for anti-Communist U.S. action on a world-wide scale. And the result in Greece is the establishment of the first openly Fascist regime in Europe since Hitler took power in Germany in 1933.

That the Patakos-Papadopoulos-Makarezas colonels' regime is Fascist is, in the light of its actions, hardly open to doubt. A violent usurpation is not necessarily Fascist; there are other forms of dictatorship. But when an army faction seizes power, proceeds to suppress all Left and centrist organizations, abolishes parliamentary institutions, muzzles the press, and promises a radical reorganization of society along rightist lines—that is fascism. The excuse is familiar: the country must be saved from communism, which turns out to be anything and everything that might interfere with the naked exercise of power by the self-appointed saviors. By some mysterious alchemy, also, personal rectitude—as defined by the rulers—will establish social justice and abolish all the evils that have befallen the country under democracy.

The antics of the Greek rulers would be funny if their decrees were not symbols of tyranny, with worse to come. Girls are forbidden to wear miniskirts, the female thigh having been discovered to be related to subversion. Boys must not sport long hair. For the young of both sexes church attendance is to be compulsory. Beards will be tolerated on Greek males, but a bearded tourist must shave so long as he remains in the country, and tourists "clothed in rags or slovenly dress" will not be admitted.

While resistance to the coup has been completely lacking, there is considerable evidence that the conspirators do not know what to do with the power they have seized. Probably without reason (at least for the present), they fear a hostile popular reaction. They banned soccer games and horse racing, apparently on the supposition that any gathering, even of sports fans, might be dangerous. They lifted the ban, then imposed it once more.

For some of the 5,000 or more Greeks who have been put under arrest, the situation is by no means farcical. The Moscow radio broadcast reported late in April that Manolis Glezos, a Communist who was a hero of the resistance against the Nazi occupation, was in imminent danger of death at the hands of the junta. Another possible victim is Andreas Papandreou. He was an American citizen for many years, served in the U.S. Navy in World

War II, and has many friends among American economists. He has been charged with conspiracy to commit high treason. In fact, if the junta represents Greece, he is guilty, since he tried to forestall the coup by ridding the army of the putschists before they could act. The least he can expect now is long imprisonment.

The Johnson Administration must expect new difficulties in the Mediterranean. The junta asserts that Greece is in NATO more firmly than before and demands increased military aid from the United States. If this demand is met, or even if military assistance is maintained at the earlier level, Turkey will clamor for greater arms aid. The Turks suspect, not without reason, that U.S. weapons in the hands of the Greek nationalists may be used against them.

The Johnson Administration has urged moderation on the junta; in particular, it has asked that Andreas Papandreou be spared. But by all indications the new regime will receive recognition. A leftist revolution arouses the implacable hatred of Washington. A rightist take-over may be disapproved initially, but Washington always manages to live with it—quite happily, in the end.

Grudge Fight

Speaking to a group of White House Fellows recently, President Johnson said, "... the most noble outrage against injustice . . . will be only good intentions unless Americans . . . go into the field. . . ." On the very same day he was giving this advice, Mr. Johnson had turned down a request from the Senate Poverty Subcommittee to send emergency food rations to the Mississippi Delta, where hunger is a way of life and where between 40,000 and 60,000 people are expected to be jobless and completely without food by this summer.

The subcommittee had gone "into the field," as Johnson advised the Fellows to do; on a recent trip to Mississippi it had visited the shanties where people live on rice and soybeans and children's bellies are swollen with malnutrition. The subcommittee wrote up its findings, presented them to Johnson, and asked his help in translating them into practical results—just as he recommended.

Not only did Johnson turn down the request; he didn't even send a reply. Why would he respond so coldly when he knows thousands of desperate people are depending on him for relief? Because, simply, he is incapable of rising above personal politics. Look at the subcommittee that made the request: One man he hates (Robert Kennedy); one man he thoroughly dislikes (Edward Kennedy); one man has been a constant nettle to Johnson since the late 1950s (Joseph Clark); and all the others—Jennings Randolph, Gaylord Nelson, Winston Prouty, Jacob Javits and George Murphy—have often opposed him.

Even that old reactionary song-and-dance man, George Murphy, was moved by the suffering he saw in Mississippi; in fact, it was he who first suggested that the sub

committee by-pass the Department of Agriculture and go straight to the President with their petition. Murphy could put aside partisan politics—Robert Kennedy could put aside personal politics—for mercy's sake. But President Johnson could not.

And for the same reason the White House is now opposing a bill sponsored by Javits, Clark, both Kennedys, Randolph, Morse, Nelson and Pell to add \$137.5 million to the anti-poverty budget. Neither Johnson nor any of his aides will even talk about it with Clark, spokesman for the group. But Johnson made his position clear enough by undercutting their bill with one of his own—for only \$75 million, introduced as soon as he heard the Clark bill was going to appear. The lesser figure (aimed only at cooling hot tempers during the summer, whereas the Clark-Kennedy-Javits measure is for a year-round program) will get the Administration's support.

Say what you will about Johnson's forgetting some of his Great Society promises, nobody can ever accuse him of forgetting a grudge.

The Change

Last fall, three soldiers were court-martialed at Fort Dix, N.J., for refusing to go to Vietnam. One received a three-year sentence, the others must serve five years.

A draftee now stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., is bringing suit against the Secretary of Defense to block his assignment to duty in Vietnam. He asserts that the war abridges his rights to due process under the Fifth Amendment and that it violates the UN Charter and various other pacts and proceedings to which the United States is a party, including the Nuremberg judgments.

Another soldier, having been inducted despite a record of militant opposition to the war, is performing his duties but continues to voice his dissent within the Army. He is threatened with court-martial proceedings for "disloyal statements," "subversion," etc.

After twelve years of exemplary service, and while he is up for promotion to major, a captain in the Air Force seeks to resign his commission and says he will go to jail rather than serve in Vietnam. He would have no moral reservations about engaging in combat in a war in which the United States was fighting in its own defense.

A lieutenant is arrested by military police while carrying a picket sign protesting the war.

A captain-doctor is charged with promoting "disloyalty and disaffection among troops." He refuses to instruct aidmen in skills which ostensibly are to be used to help South Vietnamese villagers. He maintains that medical art is becoming "the handmaiden of political objectives."

The heavyweight champion of the world claims a clergyman's exemption, but makes it clear that whatever the outcome in the courts he will refuse to serve. Tom Wicker points out (*The New York Times*, May 2) that this is outright civil disobedience, challenging the right

of the majority to rule, and illustrates "the ultimate danger to a government that outrages a powerful and passionate minority."

Emerging as the leader of a passionate and, one hopes, powerful minority, Martin Luther King encourages young men to oppose the draft.

James Reston, reporting in *The New York Times* (April 26) on a visit to Yale University, finds that Strobe Talbott, chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, and other generally conservative undergraduates, are trying to get university leaders elsewhere in the country to organize "in order to support a policy of nonreligious immunity from service in particular wars."

Other cases could be cited, but where do even these few leave General Westmoreland in his contention that the war is "a single all-pervading confrontation" in which not only the fate of the "free world" hangs in the balance but "the reputation and the very honor of our country is at stake"? The dissenters agree that the honor of our country is at stake, but they feel it is Westmoreland, et al., who are ruining it.

Those who remember two World Wars and Korea can see that a significant change has taken place. Opposition to past wars was motivated by such factors as affection for the old country, religious or pacifist scruples, and reluctance to leave the safety and comfort of civilian life. Never before has there been widespread opposition to a particular war on the ground (whether or not it is so expressed) that it did not meet St. Augustine's definition of a "just" war. Never before have citizens persistently and openly challenged the official explanations of why we must fight. Stemming from the invention of nuclear weapons, a general disillusionment with war as a means of settling disputes has set in; it is now reinforced by abhorrence of a war in which the world's foremost military power is devastating a small, distant country.

Why should any decent person fight in such a war, or counsel others to do so? *Look* (May 2) quotes one of the West German leaders of the neo-Nazi NPD as saying: "What right have you Americans to preach your brand of salvation to us? You are the Nazis of today." There are several holes in this indictment, but it comes from an expert source and contains a shocking component of truth. Called on to support an immoral war, many Americans refuse to respond with the traditional patriotic tropisms. May their numbers increase!

Death of the Widget

The death of the *World Journal Tribune* after a few months of life was entirely predictable. The most vital partner in this three-paper merger, the morning *Herald Tribune*, had expired in last year's 140-day newspaper strike, and what was born in its place was a *mélange* of three different papers that never jelled. The news content reflected the wire-service coverage, fast rewrite, no-

bureau-of-its-own-anywhere skimpiness of the *World-Telegram*; the editorial page mirrored the antediluvian notions of the *Journal-American*; and about all that was discernible of the *Herald Tribune*, which had been an excellent journalistic product, were the columnists—Joseph Alsop, Walter Lippmann, Jimmy Breslin, Red Smith. It was a clutter without a purpose.

In the post-mortems, the unions have taken a beating for intransigence. A lot of this criticism is deserved. Union leaders acted on the conviction that the owners would pay any losses, however staggering. After negotiating a 21 per cent salary hike at the *Daily News*, Bertram A. Powers, head of the Printers' union, announced truculently that the owners of the *World Journal Tribune* could pay or close up. Already incurring losses of \$700,000 a month, they met this ultimatum by closing up.

The union attitude doubtless brought death more quickly, but the plain fact is that the paper wasn't making it. When news content begins to sound like a throwaway, when there is no depth or probing or purpose, there is no dedicated readership; and, without that kind of vital commitment to a paper, advertising shies away. Perhaps this should not have been too surprising, for the Widget, as newsmen called the hybrid, seemed to show the face of the *World-Telegram*. And the *World-Telegram*, under the late Roy Howard, had worked out a fascinating formula for slow death.

It went like this: The ideal circulation is somewhere around 400,000; just keep that and you'll get maximum advertising revenue for minimum production costs. Deliberately, then, you discourage excess circulation, you cut out delivery routes in Harlem and similar unsavory neighborhoods, you refuse to give suburban dealers all the papers they can sell, and you concentrate on developing a "quality" readership to lure those advertisements from Lord & Taylor's and Macy's. This is a business-formula newspaper, and it seems very logical on paper. The trouble with it is that it won't work, because a newspaper isn't a commodity like a pound of cheese.

The history of the *World-Telegram* operation tells the story. After the merger of the *Telegram* and the *World*, circulation zoomed over 600,000, was frittered away to less than 400,000—and in 1950, the *Sun* was bought. Again a circulation of more than 600,000 dried up until the danger point was reached and the transfusion of another merger was needed. Internally, these periods of decay and decline were traumatic. As the downhill slide became dangerous, the formula was unvarying: "tighten up" the news content, reducing the ratio of news to advertising; "tighten up" the news staff by reducing it in numbers and quality—and at the same time raise circulation prices. Virtually the same formula had been tried when the old *World* began to fail; it didn't work then, and hasn't worked since. All that happens is that you produce less and less of a newspaper, more and more of a throwaway, and advertisers flee.

The same telltale signs of panicked retrenchment had been perceptible in the Widget. Even before the abrupt announcement that the paper was folding, there had been firings of personnel, economy cutbacks, deadly tightening and scrimping all along the line. John Hay Whitney, who had gambled millions and made the *Herald Tribune* a joy to read (but unfortunately in the wrong field where the *Times* and the *Daily News* had sewed up the revenue), might have been able to turn the *World Journal Tribune* into a respected and profitable organ—a paper with a goal beyond maintaining "quality" circulation for department store ads. But Whitney's voice did not dominate in the new organization, and the wide-open opportunity in the New York afternoon field, abandoned now to the *Post*, was never seized.

In retrospect, it seems that the *World Journal Tribune's* best chance lay in roaring out of the gate, challenging the world. These are times of ferment. Even the police admit that 125,000 marchers turned out in New York's massive peace demonstration, and most other estimates put the figure around at least 300,000. Those who support silently are probably more numerous than those who commit themselves to march. Could the Widget have made itself the champion of the peace movement? Or could it have given expression to the problems and needs of the burgeoning Negro and Puerto Rican communities, now that so much of the old "quality" readership has gone off to the suburbs? To ask such questions is hardly hindsight. The hybrid, if it was to live down the name of Widget, had to establish its own individuality; it had to do something. It didn't. And it died with hardly a whimper.

FRED J. COOK

Bugging the Press

Critics of the *New York Times* women's page say it "gets too much space, and they particularly oppose the publication of lengthy stories by Charlotte Curtis, a 5-foot, fast-stepping blonde, describing the activities of wealthy wastrels from Palm Beach to New York, at a time when most of America is moving toward the goals of a more egalitarian society." ("The Kingdoms, The Powers, and the Glories of The New York Times" by Gay Talese, *Esquire*, November, 1966.)

"Mrs. Daniel Moran, the former Gregg Sherwood Dodge, decided the orange and white basketball court that passes for her loggia was too small for the two Vizla dogs she keeps in the house, so she had the room rebuilt last fall to accommodate them. 'I had the tile floor put in because the dogs like to lie on something cool,' she said." (A dispatch from Palm Beach by Charlotte Curtis, *The New York Times*, March 2, 1967.)

CONSTANTINE POULOS

TROUBLE IN EGYPT

VERN L. BULLOUGH

Mr. Bullough is a historian who, during a sabbatical leave from San Fernando Valley State College (California), has been studying this year on a Fulbright fellowship in Egypt.

The army colonels, including Gamal Abdel Nasser, who ousted King Farouk on July 26, 1952, had a rather naive understanding of the nature and effect of revolutions. They believed that the only thing preventing Egypt from becoming a thriving and successful country was the corruption of the Farouk regime, which in turn gave control of the country to foreign imperialists and permitted domestic exploitation. Today, some fifteen years after the revolution, they begin to realize that for all the very real progress, Egypt has still not advanced very far.

At first, the economic effects of the revolution were impressive. In its first decade the gross national product rose in real terms at the fairly consistent rate of 6 per cent a year, after almost fifty years of stagnation. Moreover, this growth spread to the lowest reaches of society. The *fellahin* is probably better off today than he has ever been, unemployment has dropped, social services have been expanded, housing for the urban poor erected, and the beggar has almost disappeared from the streets. Nevertheless, the ordinary Egyptian still lives at a very substandard level and economic growth has fallen to less than 3 per cent. It will probably drop still lower this year, making further improvement most difficult.

The greatest political achievement of the revolution was the nationalization of the Suez Canal at the end of 1956, an act which made President Nasser a hero to the Egyptians as well as to most people of the Near East. This was followed by a real breakthrough in Near Eastern politics with the union of Syria and Egypt into the United Arab Republic and the overthrow of the monarchy in Iraq. Since that time, however, the union with Syria has foundered, Egypt has become involved in a Vietnamese type of war in Yemen, Nasser has supported dissident groups in Jordan and Aden, and the Egyptian leader has become an object of fear to many other Arab leaders who believe that he intends to become the dominant figure in a united and revolutionized Arab world.

Internally, while Nasser is still revered as few rulers are or have been in modern times, his power base is still the army. Thus far the revolutionary junta has been unable to build a successful political party dedicated to Socialist reform. The revolution is planned, directed and administered from the top (the army) and there is a decided lack of dedicated party members of the type which have emerged in other revolutionary situations.

The difficulty that Nasser now faces is that all the easy tasks have been done; those remaining are the painful ones that can be carried out only at the cost of considerable antagonism within the country. In a sense, Egypt presents a case study in the difficulties underdeveloped countries experience when they try to overcome their past. Much of the early success of the revolution was at the expense of minorities (Greek, Armenian, Jew-

ish, Italian, Belgian) who were in no position to protest because they were aliens, or at the expense of "imperialist" foreign groups (particularly the English and French). Whenever foreigners left, their places were taken by Egyptian nationals. And the Egyptian opponents of the revolution had so lost contact with their country that their only recourse was to flee.

In its early days, everything seemed to go right for the revolution. When Nasser suffered a setback, as he did in John Foster Dulles' nastily abrupt refusal to build the High Dam at Aswan, he was lucky enough to interest the Soviets in the project. When Israel attacked Egypt, the weakness of Nasser's military machine was obscured by French and English intervention, which allowed the Egyptian army to appear as heroic defenders against the old imperialists.

Various Western powers, either relieved by the departure of the corrupt Farouk or eager to establish their influence in Egypt, also gave aid in the first stages of the revolution. It is not widely recognized by Egyptians (or by outsiders) that much of the financial success in the early years came from the fact that Egypt managed to obtain more foreign aid per head than any other developing nation (except Formosa and South Korea). While American aid has been curtailed drastically in the last few years, the United States has given about \$1.5 billion to the country since 1952. The decline in American aid was at first offset by an increase from Russia, which now has almost equaled the American contribution. Other Soviet bloc countries also contributed as did Western ones, particularly Germany and Italy. Even the Red Chinese chipped in.

This political miracle of aid is now coming to an end and the consequences are already felt. From increasing economic difficulties, Egypt has been forced to renegotiate for deferred payment on \$100 million worth of debt to England, France and Italy. The International Monetary Fund, to which Egypt is also heavily in debt, has urged a devaluation of currency and a drastic cut-back in government spending. Since Nasser has resisted these recommendations, the fund is now making still another survey, in the hope of finding some solution to the present crisis. But drastic attempts to cut down the Egyptian deficit in the past year have already created havoc. Some government factories have slowed to 50 to 70 per cent of capacity from lack of money for imported components and parts; a much needed hospital has delayed opening for more than a year because it cannot buy equipment. On the civilian market, replacement parts are almost unobtainable.

To maintain its earlier growth rate Egypt would need \$150 million a year in hard currency for investment—an amount which now seems impossible to raise except from outside sources. The great Egyptian dollar earners, the cotton crop and the Suez Canal, seem to be almost at maximum earning capacity. While many Western companies would undoubtedly be willing to undertake large investment programs, they would do so only



Gamal Abdel Nasser

if they received considerable cooperation from the government. Ford (and its subsidiary Philco), Coca-Cola and other companies that have in the past had fairly good relations with the Egyptians, found themselves banned because they made contacts with Israel. Fiat, which had an assembly plant in Egypt, closed down more than a year ago because of continued government interference. Even when foreign companies meet all the Egyptian terms for investment, there is no real guarantee that the government will follow through on its agreements.

The greatest obstacle to further development, however, is the rapid expansion in population, now estimated at about 30 million people. Since the annual increase is close to 3 per cent (the theoretical maximum is 4), about 800,000 new citizens are added each year. That rapid increase is making the 6 million acres of arable land in Egypt the most densely populated in the world. Even the fabled richness of the Nile valley soil, which yields three crops a year, cannot support that many people. If medical techniques (still quite backward but better than most underdeveloped countries) continue to improve, Egypt's problems will only get worse.

Much of the present population problem is the fault of the revolutionary junta itself, which torpedoed earlier birth control efforts. Nasser and his fellow colonels at first quite simply believed that all of Egypt's difficulties were due to foreign imperialists and that their socialism (inadequate as it is) would bring an end to any presumed population problem. The 1960 census finally drove home to them that even with the land opened up by the High Dam they would be able in future to feed proportionately fewer of their population than when the dam was started. But the Egyptian Government has still not mounted an effective population control program.

There is also a danger that the revolution will soon lose the more or less passive support of the professional and intellectual groups. While members of this class suffered from the revolution, they were in part compensated by being sent abroad on special missions to other Arab, Islamic, or African countries, where they received high salaries and perquisites. After serving missions of one, two or three years, they were allowed to return with their accumulated savings, their cars and other items difficult to obtain. They gave loyalty to the regime so that they might go forth again. Since Egypt, compared to most other underdeveloped countries, had a large number of trained people, this export of talent made the revolution popular both at home and abroad.

Such excursions are now becoming less frequent, in part because the total number of professionals has been steadily growing, but also because Egypt's relations with many of the other Arab and Islamic governments have deteriorated. The mounting discontent among professional groups was one reason for the growth of the Muslim Brotherhood, an almost reactionary fundamentalist group. To counter this threat, Nasser had to emphasize the Islamic nature of his reform program, both to the detriment of the Copts (Egyptian Christians) and at the expense of some long overdue religious reforms (such as the Ramadan month of inactivity).

Education has often been seen as a cure-all for the problems of underdeveloped areas. The Egyptian revolution promised every Egyptian child the opportunity for an education. While this promise is still a long way from being realized, enough has been accomplished to cause tremendous unforeseen difficulties. What does an underdeveloped country do with all its educated people? This question has become especially acute at the college level, since all college graduates are guaranteed jobs. As it is next to impossible to flunk out students permanently, a flood of college graduates, many of them poorly qualified and without specific training, pours into an overcrowded job market. The solution that has been adopted is to give the graduates jobs in the government, and this has resulted in tremendous overstaffing. A visiting economist recently estimated that in one important government office some sixty-five of the 700 senior employees were capable of doing a first-rate job; the rest were deadwood. The government has lowered the retirement age for some jobs to 55, but still the number of job holders piles up at all levels of society, and new varieties of red tape are continually devised to occupy the surplus bureaucrats.

One obvious step to recover the momentum of the

revolution would be to put less emphasis on the military and more on industrial and agricultural development. Egypt has the largest and best equipped army in the Arab world, some 200,000 to 400,000 men; it costs about one-third of the annual expenditures of the Egyptian Government, approximately \$650 million a year. The justification for the army is the continued existence of Israel, although the Egyptians quite obviously use their army in Yemen and elsewhere. As arms expense mounts, there is real danger that in order to justify the large army, and at the same time obscure domestic difficulties, Nasser might well attack Israel. A first-class military clash with Israel would, according to some experts, ease Nasser off the domestic hook. Whether he won, or whether great-power opposition forced him to retreat, he would come through stronger than ever.

If the Egyptian army can be kept under control, the war in Yemen brought to an end, and some tight financing applied to internal problems, Egypt has a real chance of developing in the next ten years into a major neutralist presence on the world scene. In the long run, Egypt has at least two major potential sources of income, oil and tourism, which might save it, both of which could be implemented by the hydroelectric power from the Aswan Dam. Egyptian oil fields in the Red Sea are beginning to produce in quantity and might bring \$50 million a year in revenues by the end of 1968, although much of this will be used to replace oil formerly imported into Egypt. More important are the possible oil deposits

in the western desert, next to Libya, which might make Egypt a major oil-producing country. Egypt is also a tourist magnet, offering to the historically minded almost unparalleled opportunities for exploration and, for those bent on recreation, almost everything but winter sports. There are also the attractions of the mysterious Near East, and a population where almost anyone can speak at least pidgin English or French. If Egypt's relations with Jordan improve, there is real chance for an Athens, Cairo, Jerusalem tourist circuit to rival Paris and Rome.

However, the road ahead in the next ten years will be difficult. There is a chance that Nasserism will survive by becoming more totalitarian than it now is, withdrawn from the world, supported by an almost paranoid fear of the outside, and that the benefits of the revolution so far achieved will be more and more restricted to the new military ruling class. The other danger is that the country might fall prey to internal dissension; this could lead to chaos that would not easily be overcome. If in spite of these difficulties Egypt manages to keep developing there might be real hope for the rest of the underdeveloped world. If one underdeveloped country suffering from a colonial hangover can make it on the world scene, others might find the resolve and resources to do likewise. If the internal achievements of the Nasser revolution, incomplete as they are, can be extended, copied and adapted elsewhere, there may yet be a future for the masses of Africa and Asia. The world as a whole has a lot to gain if Nasser achieves his Arab third way through peaceful means.

BATTLE LINE OF WELFARE

THE HUNGRY CAN'T WAIT

CHARLES I. SCHOTTLAND

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A great deal of optimism was being expressed a year ago with reference to the nation's poor. Some liberals and civil rights leaders were enthusiastic about those programs of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) that aim to provide real opportunity for poor and disadvantaged groups to pull themselves up by the boot straps. Economists and social welfare workers were pleased by the success of their long efforts to call attention to the plight of the invisible poor in our midst. Large numbers of people felt that we were on the right track, even though existing programs may have had shortcomings and were generally inadequate to make a deep dent in the problem.

Recent events have dampened this initial enthusiasm. The combination of attacks by some members of Congress on the high cost of OEO programs, the criticism of liberals on the minuscule efforts and expenditures, the curtailment of Great Society programs because of the

demands of Vietnam, the recent elections which brought severe critics of OEO and other Great Society programs into public office—these and related events cause increasing concern among those who thought that at least a beginning was being made toward abolition of poverty. Disenchantment with the prospects of a vigorous and effective anti-poverty program has served to stimulate discussion of a "guaranteed minimum income." More and more persons are becoming convinced that the United States has reached an economic development which makes it both feasible and relatively easy to do away with poverty entirely through some such sweeping legislation.

But during the past two years, while discussions of a guaranteed minimum income and anti-poverty programs occupied stage center, little attention was given to the "poorest of the poor." These are the more than 8 million persons on the public relief rolls of state and local welfare departments (not to mention the uncounted others who are eligible for public relief, but who, for one reason or another, do not appear on the rolls; see Cloward and Piven, "The Birth of a Movement": *The Nation*, May 8). They receive funds for food, clothing and shelter, but in most cases, the funds are not enough

to support health and decency. The federal government provides the majority of the funds used for public assistance. Thus, on the one hand, the federal government attempts to assist persons *out* of their distress and *up* from poverty through various anti-poverty programs, while, on the other, it participates with the states in continuing to maintain 8 million public assistance recipients *in* conditions of distress and *in* poverty.

A number of sound and far-reaching proposals are occupying the intellectual and political arenas. The previously mentioned guaranteed minimum income, which would have been considered radical even three or four years ago, has been proposed by Sargent Shriver and by the National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress of the Department of Labor, which included representatives of big business. But while we discuss and debate macro-economic measures to solve the problem of poverty and to guarantee every American a decent standard of living, we tend to forget that millions of poor must be fed, clothed and housed now. There is an unfortunate tendency among some federal officials to depreciate "handout" programs and to emphasize training, community action and more "constructive" approaches. When Congress pays attention to the problem, it is frequently to deplore rising costs, "chiselers," illegitimacy and other problems which frustrate alleged Congressional desires to do something more "constructive."

Public assistance programs represent the recognition by the American people, the Congress, the state legislatures and the executive branches of federal, state and local governments that an affluent society such as the United States cannot permit people to suffer because they lack income through no fault of their own. Some are too old or too young or too disabled to work. Others suffer from handicaps which make it impossible for them to get even a sustaining share of our increasing standard of living and our continued rise in personal income. We recognize a responsibility for such as these. Nevertheless, we can hardly echo the statement made in an official British document that "No man, woman, or child in Britain need for any reason fall below a minimum standard of life." Many of the 8 million persons on relief in the United States do fall below any standard for decency which reasonable people would be willing to set.

To understand how this situation can exist in the United States today, it is necessary to understand how our public relief programs operate. The American colonies inherited the English Poor Laws which established the principle of governmental responsibility for the support of the poor. Associated with this basic principle were three established policies: (1) local responsibility; (2) responsibility of relatives, and (3) residence laws which limited eligibility to persons who were long-time members of the community. Under this Poor Law philosophy, it was the local community in the United States that established departments of charities, and it gave relief in kind (i.e., groceries, clothing, medical care). Generally, the aid was so meager that reports on local practices prior to 1936 reveal that cruel treatment and shameful hardships were the lot of those "on the county."

Adoption of the Social Security Act in 1935 created a

change. The average citizen thinks of the Social Security Act as establishing unemployment insurance, old-age, survivors and disability insurance, and now Medicare. But the Act also established a grant-in-aid program whereby the federal government assigns funds to the states on a matching basis for relief of the needy. A matching formula, weighted at present in favor of low-income states, results in the federal government's paying from 40 to 80 per cent of the total cost. Under this arrangement states have established federal-state programs of Old Age Assistance for the needy over 65; Aid to the Blind; Aid to the Permanently and Totally Disabled; Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC); Medical assistance for medically indigent (MEDICAID).

In addition, states and/or local communities have established a program of "General Assistance" for needy persons who do not meet the eligibility requirements of the federal categories. Of the 8 million on relief, about 8 per cent receive General Assistance.

All of these programs are infinitely superior to those existing prior to the Social Security Act. Federal laws and regulations require that assistance be granted in cash; that recipients have the right to appeal a denial of assistance; that practices must be uniform throughout the state, and that states must provide services to assist in rehabilitation, uniting of families, and a variety of other services in order to qualify for federal reimbursement of 75 per cent of state and local administration costs.

But although the federal government established numerous excellent regulations for the federal-state programs, the most important aspect of the program—the amount of money to be paid to relief recipients—was left for state determination. As a result, states vary in their payments from liberal amounts, which are yet barely enough to support people decently, to payments which are too low to purchase the minimum necessities.

The average payment on Old Age Assistance in the United States is less than \$75 per month, and the average payment per recipient in the AFDC program is approximately \$35 per month. These amounts must take care of rent, food, clothing, utilities, transportation and all other needs of life. When one realizes that many of the recipients of public assistance have little or no other income, the seriousness of the problem can be appreciated.

Old Age Assistance payments reflect a more generous and liberal attitude than payments to recipients of AFDC. Nevertheless, average monthly Old Age Assistance payments in August, 1966, ranged from a high of \$121.34 in New Hampshire to a low of \$39.93 in Mississippi. Even the so-called more affluent states such as Delaware, Arizona, Idaho, Maine, Pennsylvania and Utah, fell below the national average of \$74.02. The spread of payments to those receiving AFDC is even greater. The average monthly payment per recipient in the United States in August, 1966, was \$35.38, with a high of \$51 and a low of \$7.90. Again, some of the affluent states fell substantially below the national average.

About 67 per cent of the 3 million children, receiving care under the AFDC program, live in families where the father is absent. More than 2 million of the children are under 13 years of age, and the median age is 8. These 3 million children are growing up in our rich country, sup-



ported by government programs, at a level which threatens their health and almost certainly deprives them of proper growth and development.

How can anyone justify a resident of, say, Massachusetts paying federal income taxes to be utilized for a grant-in-aid program of public assistance which results in undernourishment, bad housing and poor medical care for recipients of public assistance in other states? Inadequate programs frequently affect the residents of Massachusetts as directly as they do the residents of the state in which the low standards are applied. And even in Massachusetts, which has one of the most liberal public assistance programs, the amounts available to "reliefers" are barely enough to keep body and soul together, and fall below the accepted poverty line.

There is one simple answer to this problem. Both from a practical and a humanitarian point of view, the appropriate solution is compulsory federal standards. Levels of public assistance should be set by the federal government to guarantee recipients sufficient income to purchase the basic food, clothing and shelter vital for decent living and health. No state should be permitted to fall below the minimum standards.

Many persons, more interested in political structure than in people, will raise the specter of States' rights and claim that the state is empowered to keep many of its people at a starvation level if it so wishes. Still others will complain that that is an unfair and cruel way to put the issue and will declare that each state is obliged to establish public assistance programs consistent with its own financial resources. One vital fact is being ignored. The United States has the resources to provide a decent standard of living for all of its citizens. A mechanism to secure that standard for those who cannot achieve it for themselves in the market place has been developed. It is a combination of social insurance and public as-

sistance. A federal standard that will be binding upon all states accepting federal funds is needed in the public assistance arena.

This analysis of the situation is neither radical, revolutionary nor impractical. Federal specifications exist for a variety of grants. States must adhere to standards when they use federal funds for highways. If states request assistance for hospitals under the Hill-Burton Act, they must meet specific qualifications. Public health agencies receiving funds for maternal and child health and crippled children programs must follow federal guidelines. These are only a few of the agencies and programs which insist upon minimum federal standards. Why shouldn't similar federal standards be established for public assistance? State legislatures no longer determine who shall vote; why should they determine who shall eat?

Theoretically, the standards already exist. Regulations of the Welfare Administration of the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare spell out the goals of public assistance and list the items which should be included in individual and family budgets under the various public assistance titles of the Social Security Act. What is needed now is a specification of these items in terms of dollars. And a floor must be set below which no state may fall. It should be at least as high as the current demarcation line of \$3,000 for a family of four.

Major new programs or fantastic expenditures of public funds are not being requested here. Federal standards for reasonable support of the needy will be relatively inexpensive, especially when compared with the tremendous expenditures now involved in social security, anti-poverty and a host of related programs.

In the past six years, I have talked with many persons on public assistance. I have interviewed them in the ghettos of Harlem in New York and of Roxbury in Boston. In these two states, public assistance stand-

ards are relatively high, although still too low. I have also talked to such persons in Texas, Maryland and West Virginia, states where the standards are much lower. It does not take a student of the problem to see what happens when persons do not have enough money to keep body and soul together.

We simply cannot help people out of their poverty, make them self-sufficient and self-respecting, as long as their stomachs are empty. There are states today that have excellent medical programs for public assistance

recipients but such low cash grants that the inevitable result is a large incidence of malnutrition—which of course immediately qualifies the starving person for excellent medical care.

The imposition of a federal standard will not solve the problems overnight, but it will be a step in that direction. It will show that as a nation we do care how the 8 million fare on public assistance, that we do want to establish in America a minimum way of life below which no one shall fall.

THE SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT

BILLION-DOLLAR DILEMMA

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

This is the first of a series of three articles on the supersonic transport. Succeeding articles will deal with several of the technical problems involved in the design, manufacture and operation of the aircraft, and with some broad social and economic problems. Mr. Ruppenthal has been a contributor to The Nation for several years. An active airline pilot for twenty-five years, and an attorney, he is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

With a stroke of the pen in 1963, Juan Trippe declared war on the Boeing 707, the Douglas DC-8, and all other subsonic transports that now fill the air. Placing an order for six Concorde, the chairman of the board of Pan American World Airways relit the fuse on a bomb that had been quiescent since an Anglo-French combination, with the financial backing of their respective governments, announced that they would develop a plane to fly at Mach 2—or twice the speed of sound and appreciably more than twice the speed of presently operating commercial jets.

The first important reaction to Trippe's decision came from the President of the United States. Just one week after Pan American announced the placing of its order, John F. Kennedy authorized a major study of the supersonic transport (SST). And from this there followed a series of revolutionary events, the full effect of which will not be felt for years to come.

The SST will present all of the airlines with gigantic economic problems. In some cases the problems will be so severe that the airlines will forget their pride, together with their touted free-enterprise philosophy, and ask unabashedly for government subsidy. Other airlines will reluctantly merge or sell out; still others may simply go broke.

The revolution will force the Federal Aviation Agency to make new expenditures aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars, and the sheer volume of money required will increase the federal role in all phases of aviation. The government will be called upon to pay for most of the research and development required for the SST itself. It will also be required to develop and install new and complex navigation systems. It will be called upon to

provide funds for new airports, new terminal facilities and for new safety devices. It may be asked to train pilots, to control traffic, to underwrite insurance, and to finance dozens of other ancillary projects. So great will be the demand for federal funds, and so great the government participation in all aspects of the supersonic project, that the aviation industry as a whole will need to develop some remarkable corporate agility if any aspect of private enterprise whatsoever is to be maintained.

The supersonic revolution will have an important impact on the United States in a host of other ways. It will add measurably to the balance of payments controversy; it will be a disquieting influence on living patterns; it will become the center of another controversy with Britain, France and many of the other nations of the world. It may be an important factor in determining whether there shall be continuing boom, widespread land speculation or large-scale unemployment in Los Angeles, Seattle and Hartford. Although the Federal Aviation Agency has indicated that Boeing will receive the prime contract for the air frame, and General Electric will build the engines, component parts will be made by subcontractors. Boeing's decision to subcontract certain systems and components will depend, in part, on its own ability to produce them. If the SST timetable indicates urgency, Boeing will be forced to subcontract large systems because of the shortage of labor and engineering talent in the Seattle area.

Should Johnson assign the program an urgent priority, he might well give Ronald Reagan the biggest boost he could possibly get. Boeing's subcontracting could add new jobs to an already swollen economy in Southern California. It could stimulate the real estate market, bringing higher prices, additional commissions and more sales. Reagan could claim credit for the increased level of business in the state, leaving post-boom problems for another administration to face.

The pending supersonic step in the evolution of aircraft is so large that physicists would term it a quantum jump. This leap through the sound barrier will shatter much of the aircraft industry, several of the airlines and the peace and quiet of much of the world.

Always before in the progress of aviation, measurable

alternatives have been available to the airline industry. When the DC-3 was obsolescent, the manufacturers and the airline industry could make rational decisions concerning the planes that were proposed. A rather simple, basic issue was involved: would the airlines be justified in buying planes that were larger, faster and more productive? Was there a reasonable prospect that increased capital expenditures could be amortized through additional speed, additional lift and related economies? Could the greater capacity be absorbed? What new-plane problems could be anticipated, and what would be the probable cost of their solution? In short, the question was resolved by balancing the costs of designing, building and operating a projected new plane against the revenues that could reasonably be anticipated from improvements in comfort, economy and speed.

Thus the decision to graduate from the DC-3 to the DC-4 was relatively easy to make. While the later plane required a larger capital investment for each ship purchased, it offered considerably lower seat-mile costs. It was a more efficient plane. The same basic factors operated in the decision to drop the DC-4 in favor of the faster, more efficient DC-6 (and its competing plane, the Lockheed Constellation).

In the pre-jet days, the relationship between speed and initial cost was almost linear. Thus an airline could decide whether to increase its investment in aircraft, say, 10 per cent, in order to achieve a 5 per cent increase in speed. But when we enter the supersonic age, the old cost-speed equation will no longer apply. It will become entangled in a variety of complex physical laws and the airline industry will have much more difficult choices to make.

Basic to the problem is the fact that present jets now cruise at speeds slightly less than the speed of sound—usually in the range between Mach .80 and Mach .86. Because of the nature of the turbulence (and other phenomena) associated with flying at and near the speed of Mach 1, it is not practical to think in terms of small increases in speed. And since it is similarly impractical to think in terms of Mach 1.2 or Mach 1.5, the only real question is whether the next generation of jets should cruise at speeds on the order of Mach 2 or Mach 3—that is, at twice or three times the speed of sound.

In 1963 when it was first seriously proposed that the United States taxpayers might underwrite the cost of developing a supersonic transport, it was often stated that the development cost of the aircraft would approximate \$1 billion. After some behind-the-scenes fencing, the SST project was taken from the Federal Aviation Agency and placed in the hands of the Defense Department. Subsequent meetings of the SST study committee were held in secret, and all that transpired is not a matter of public record. However, James P. Mitchell, vice president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who had served on an earlier study committee, indicated in 1964 that the \$1 billion research and development figure was about right. Another member of that committee was reported in *The New York Times* as saying that the development cost would be from \$600 million to \$1.2 billion.

In those days, spokesmen for the Kennedy administra-

tion suggested that the federal government might be willing to finance 75 per cent of the project, but that notion brought forth anguished cries from the aircraft manufacturers. They pointed out that if the industry were to invest all of its profits for a decade, it would still be unable to come up with that amount of cash. There was some public debate and a good bit of private maneuvering. Eventually the government proposed that the taxpayer finance 90 per cent of the preliminary costs (in practice, it would come to higher than this, since the aircraft industry, as long as it was making a profit in other areas, could deduct its 10 per cent share of the R&D costs from gross taxable income). The public was assured at the same time that the SST was certain to be a sound investment and that their tax money would be returned to them—with handsome interest to boot.

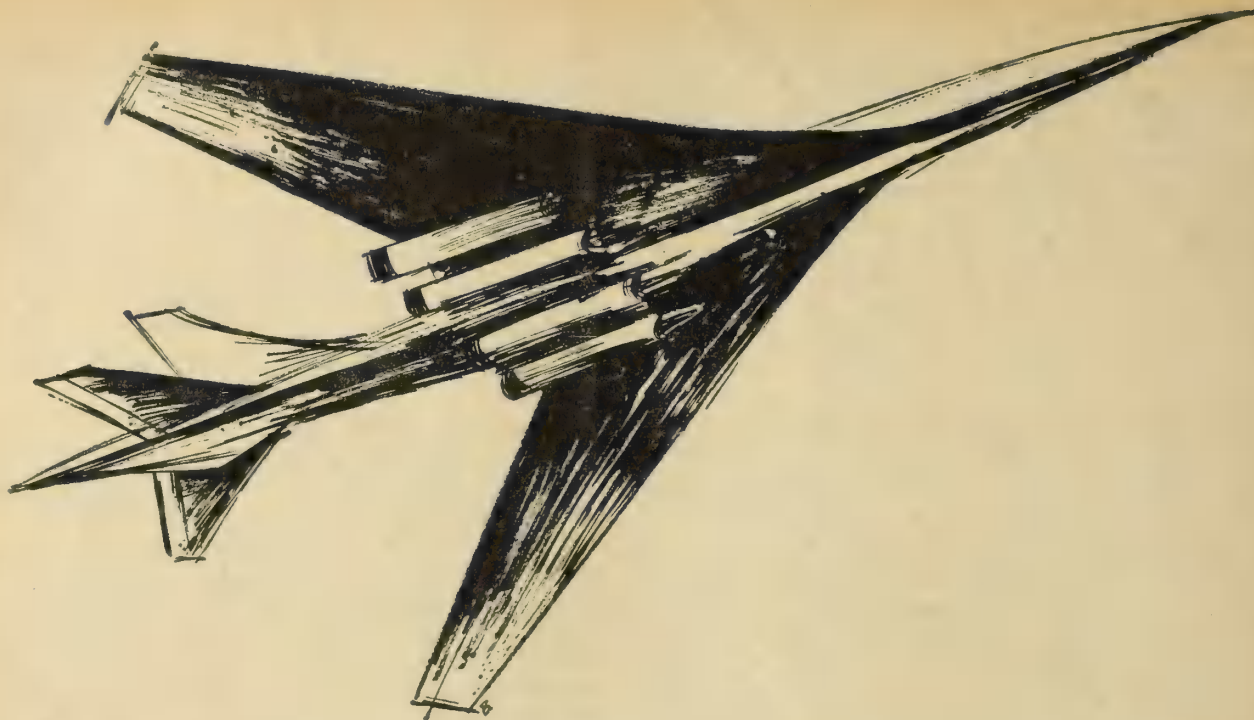
Evidently the financial community is not so sure. Although many investors eagerly seek situations in which a good bit of risk is coupled with quite high returns, no investment banker has yet suggested forming a consortium for the private financing of the supersonic plane. Indeed, one reputable investment banker has stated that without the underpinning of a government guarantee, such securities would have virtually no investment standing.

That judgment is supported by the fact that though development costs of earlier planes were minuscule compared with estimates for the SST, Lockheed was reported to have lost some \$90 million on its executive jet, the Jet Star, in 1966 alone. It lost some \$50 million on the Electra, although it is a very efficient craft and 188 of them were sold. And General Dynamics lost some \$400 million on its 880s and 990s—the only commercial jets that company has yet produced.

Meanwhile the estimate for SST research and development costs has increased. The \$1 billion figure most commonly quoted in 1963 (when the aircraft manufacturers indicated that they could not possibly finance 25 per cent of the costs) was soon doubled. In January, 1967, both *The Wall Street Journal* and the Transportation Association of America were talking of \$4.5 billion. The magnitude of this figure can be appreciated when one considers that it is twice the New York Stock Exchange value of all the shares of Lockheed and Boeing combined. It is eighty times the highest net profit ever reported by any airline in a single year, and something like twenty times Boeing's total corporate debt.

While \$2 billion or \$3 billion or \$4 billion may cover the research and development costs of the project, it will not provide the airlines with planes. And some financial analysts question whether even the \$4 billion R&D figure will really be enough. Government-financed projects are notorious for exceeding their estimates, and projects that venture into new and relatively unknown areas are subject to wider errors of estimate than are projects in more traveled fields.

But suppose, to be very optimistic, that the research and development costs of the supersonic transport can be held to about \$2 billion, as some of its proponents now believe. Under one system of accounting it might be presumed that such costs should be spread over the total time span in which this particular plane may be produced



—say the next ten years. That would mean that each supersonic transport built in the United States over the next decade would be charged with a portion of the costs of research and development. If, for instance, only 100 such transports were built, each of them would be charged with \$20 million in research costs, in addition to the cost of manufacturing each plane. If 1,000 planes could be sold, the R&D costs assigned to each plane would be but \$2 million. This means that to set a realistic price on the planes, one must know not only the probable cost of manufacture and the total cost of research and development but also the number of planes likely to be sold.

There is considerable variation of opinion about the potential market. One aircraft executive estimated that some 900 SSTs could be sold by 1985, but other estimates are much more pessimistic. An important—and as yet undecided—factor is whether or not supersonic flights will be permitted over land. If they are restricted to over-water routes, the market for the plane will be sharply reduced. Another aircraft executive indicated on a C.B.S. broadcast that if the plane were restricted to over-water routes, the market would be reduced to some 585 craft. That would almost double the amount of research and development costs to be allocated to each plane and, of course, there is no guarantee that even this estimate of the market is correct.

It is worth noting that the aircraft industry has on occasion been too enthusiastic in its sales forecasts and too conservative in its cost estimates. Probably the most spectacular example of this wishful tendency was demonstrated by General Dynamics. According to an article in *Fortune*, the company produced its 880 jets in the face of its own studies indicating that the market was too small to return a profit. The result was a staggering loss, a change of management and near bankruptcy.

Even the majestic Douglas Aircraft Company, once undisputed world leader in the field of transport aircraft, has had its problems. Although Douglas had a respectable backlog of orders for its DC-8 and DC-9 jets, the company recently faced severe financial problems, and there were alarming indications that it might be unable to make good on its delivery commitments to the armed forces without a substantial infusion of government money. For a time it appeared that it might be necessary for the government, in effect, to co-sign Douglas' note at the bank. Only the rescue operations performed by McDonnell Aircraft made that government guarantee unnecessary.

But that crisis made an effective point: once the government has invested billions of taxpayers' money in a given project, it is not likely to pull out merely because preliminary cost estimates were too low. Someone in Congress will always raise the cry that since so much money already has been invested, additional funds must be spent.

It is true that SST advocates forecast that the taxpayers will recover the funds invested on the research and development of the supersonic transport. Some propose that these costs be charged directly against the planes, the tag to be set accordingly. Others feel that since the cost of manufacture will in itself be exceedingly high, it might not be prudent to increase the selling price of each aircraft by such a substantial amount. Too high a price would surely shrink the total market for the planes and thus make them even more difficult to sell. These people would prefer that the government recover its research and development expenditures through a monthly royalty charged against the operations of the planes.

But slice it as you will, there is no doubt that the taxpayers would bear the financial risks of the project. They will be called upon to pick up the tab if the market estimates are overly optimistic, if an airline is unable to

make its royalty payments, or if the aircraft manufacturer falls upon evil days. That is the history of government guarantees in almost every field of endeavor.

While a monthly royalty device for recouping the taxpayers' investment has certain appeal (after all, much of the U.S. economy is based on the idea of buy now, pay later), it raises the problem of the value of money itself. If the taxpayers invest a dollar in a project today, it cannot be fairly said that they have made a sound investment if but a single dollar is returned to them a decade hence. If that same dollar were deposited in a reputable savings and loan association, it would double in a decade. And if it were prudently invested in the electronics industry, the chemical industry—or, indeed, in airline stocks—there is a high probability that its value would be a good bit more.

Their economic studies challenged by a number of economists (allegedly including some from the Bureau of the Budget), most SST proponents will no longer say precisely how the taxpayers will be repaid. Recent statements indicate that the repayment may not be in dollars channeled directly from the project into the treasury, but that much of the repayment may come indirectly because the project will stimulate employment, and increased employment will increase the flow of income tax dollars.

Of course this economic argument is not new. It was made by Lord Keynes a good many years ago when he pointed out that government spending could stimulate economic activity. The real question to be decided is which vehicles for government spending are most efficient in this respect, and there is reason to believe that other government-financed projects could be used at least equally well to stimulate economic activity and thus the flow of tax dollars.

The magnitude of the cost of the SST program comes into better perspective when one considers costs from the viewpoint of the carriers. Just twenty-five years ago an airline could buy a DC-3 for \$125,000; today, a single spare engine for a subsonic jet costs at least twice that amount. With the advent of the jet age less than a decade ago, the airlines fell under severe financial pressure. So great were the problems surrounding the introduction of the jets that it was not at all certain that several of the major airlines could afford the price. Virtually every one of the major European carriers incurred substantial losses. In more than one instance the prospect of recovering the losses was so slim that they were simply written off by the government that was the principal (or sole) stockholder in the line.

In the United States the financial picture was so bleak that four major airlines—American, Eastern, Pan American and TWA—publicly announced merger plans. Almost every other U.S. airline made serious merger studies, although many of these activities were never revealed to the press. It was not until the general level of business activity rose to new heights that the U.S. airlines moved out of real danger. Had the business boom been delayed for another year or two, several airlines would have ceased to exist—at least in their present form.

The stakes will be much higher, and the ante far

greater, when the airlines begin to play the supersonic game. At the present time it is estimated that a single supersonic plane may cost on the order of \$45 million. This is just a little less than the entire after-tax profits that any airline has ever reported in its most profitable year. Of course airline revenues have been increasing at a rapid rate and are still rising. But even if the present growth rate continues, gigantic problems must be surmounted before an airline can equip itself with a fleet of supersonic transports. Any major U.S. airline will have to dedicate its entire net profits for at least a decade to the purchase of supersonic transports, unless profit margins can be improved, the tax burden reduced, or substantial funds made available from other sources. If total airline earnings are dedicated to SST purchases, the stockholders may become restive and complain that they have been starved of dividends in order to provide the public with an exceedingly fast ride.

While the financing problems for the major airlines will be severe when the supersonic transports begin to arrive, they will seem trivial by comparison with what the smaller U.S. carriers will face. Consider an aggressive, highly profitable trunk line like Continental. Its growth rate has been spectacular, its profits increasing at a prodigious rate. But in the most profitable year in all its history, its after-tax profits were on the order of \$10 million—about one-fourth the probable cost of a single supersonic transport.

Most of these smaller carriers compete with at least one of the Big Four over important route segments. If the big carriers do indeed operate supersonic transports over the highly competitive routes, the middle-sized subsonic carriers may well be left standing at the post. If the proponents of the SST are correct in their assumption that the public will flock to the faster planes, those lines that do not have an extensive route structure, or the requisite financial resources to purchase supersonic equipment, will have severe competitive problems the like of which they have not yet experienced.

For survival they may attempt to merge with other troubled carriers. Failing in that attempt, they may be swallowed up by the lines that have routes suitable for supersonic operations. If they do not merge and are not swallowed up, their financial situation may become so precarious that they will begin to exist on government subsidy, or simply turn up their toes and go bankrupt.

The local service carriers, too, may well be caught up in the blast of the supersonic jet. Consider the affluent passenger who alights in Seattle from his two-hour cross-country flight from New York. Will he be content to spend a like amount of time getting from Seattle to his destination airport near Pocatello, Boise or Spokane? And how will the local service carriers respond?

While all of the effects upon the airlines themselves cannot be forecast completely at this time, it is safe to predict that because of the sheer magnitude of the dollars involved, the advent of the supersonic transport will inevitably result in a much smaller number of airlines in the United States, and much greater concentration in the industry.

As for the aircraft manufacturers, the forecast is even more bleak. If the supersonic transport should be com-

mercially successful, it may well drive from the skies the slower, subsonic jets—and their manufacturers. The result would be even greater attrition in the ranks of the commercial plane producers, whose death rate has already been substantial. Now gone from the ranks of commercial aircraft builders are such once familiar names as Martin and Convair (General Dynamics). Douglas has had its problems, and it is not at all certain that relatively affluent Lockheed will attempt to build another commercial plane.

This tendency toward concentration would certainly be increased with the advent of a supersonic transport that is successful in an economic sense. It could even be that but one or two large aircraft complexes would remain: the prime contractors who design and manufacture the aircraft together with their respective (client) subcontractors. If a completely successful supersonic transport

is actually built, there may be little demand for competing, subsonic planes.

The utility of the supersonic transport is indeed a two-edged sword: if the plane is suitable for a relatively small number of airline routes and can operate only from a limited number of airports, it may be an economic disaster for the manufacturers and for the taxpayers who put up most of the money. On the other hand, if the manufacturers are able to come up with a versatile craft, capable of operating quietly and efficiently over a large number of airline routes, and able to satisfy the demands of a large portion of the traveling and shipping public, then its effect may be to destroy much of the value of presently operating subsonic aircraft and to create another set of problems for the airlines and for their financial backers who hold substantial mortgages on the aircraft that are presently flying.

SDS: PROTEST IS NOT ENOUGH

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Mr. Blumenthal, who graduates from Harvard this spring, has been editorial chairman of The Harvard Crimson and a reporter for The Washington Post.

Members of Students for a Democratic Society marched last month in the Spring Mobilization, and cheered faithfully when Stokely Carmichael denounced the "cruel and senseless" war in Vietnam. But they demonstrated without the high expectations and hopes of past protests. SDS did not participate in organizing the march, refused initially to endorse it, and finally came to support it only ten days before it was scheduled to occur. Both the mood of the marchers and the attitude of their organization reflected a significant shift of strategy within SDS.

In building a movement for radical social change, SDS is turning from the tactics of protest and confrontation—marches, pickets and sit-ins—to those of organization and resistance. Although the students will continue to utilize dramatic, "one-shot" incidents of protest to attract publicity and membership, they are shifting, as national vice president, Carl Davidson, puts it, "to dig in for the long haul, to become full-time, radical, sustained, relevant." Marches, says a Chicago SDSer, "are just not enough. They won't stop this war. More important, they won't stop the military-industrial complex, the powerful institutions that decide the fate of people in this country. . . . We must do more than marching."

The shift in tactics is an attempt to extend the organization's appeal to new constituencies beyond the campus. While SDS has always aimed at inspiring a "broad-based" movement, it is now consciously appealing to adults, particularly among both the middle and working classes, and planning to increase such activities in the future. In organizing these groups, SDS is endeavoring to develop an "ideology"—a more systematic theory of social change for the American power structure.

The new approach signifies the beginning of a third

stage in the development of the New Left organization. At the beginning, following its break with the parent League for Industrial Democracy, SDS stressed community organizing among people excluded from the system; mainly Negroes and poor whites. Members opened a Community Union Project in Newark, financed by the United Auto Workers, and built similar Economic Research and Action projects (ERAP) in other cities. Since 1965, however, SDS has concentrated almost entirely on students, and its main issues have been the war in Vietnam, the draft and "student power." During this second stage, it has endeavored, primarily by protest and confrontation, to organize new chapters on campuses throughout the country.

The organization has grown in the past two years from 1,200 national members in thirty chapters to more than 6,000 in 227 chapters. There are now, in addition to these national members, about 30,000 chapter members, who participate in the activities of local groups but do not pay national dues. The organization employs a national staff of ten in Chicago, with nine traveling organizers (soon to be increased to thirty-nine) in the field. But most of the new chapters were organized by local student radicals without help from the parent organization. "They write us and say they've got this chapter and ask to be recognized," says national chapter correspondent, John Veneziale. "Sometimes they wait for months before contacting us—there are probably a lot we still don't know about." Membership is now growing most rapidly in smaller institutions, state teachers' colleges and junior colleges, particularly in the Midwest.

With the tactics of direct action—picketing, campus recruitment by war-oriented corporations or sitting-in against university social rules—SDS has appealed to a vague sense of alienation among students, without defining a radical ideology. Unlike the old Left, which spent much energy on theory and analysis, SDS has been purposely anti-ideological, even anti-intellectual. Mem-

bers have tried, as national secretary, Greg Calvert, puts it, to "build a movement out of people's guts." Rejecting the dogmatism of the old Socialist and Communist parties, they have stretched their ideological tent to include anyone feeling the frustration and anomie of "dehumanizing" modern society.

Their evolving ideology, such as it is, focuses on the inability of the individual to make meaningful decisions in society. Individuals, according to the SDS analysis, are deprived of power over their own lives by a corporate elite which manipulates human beings economically and politically. The few who own the means of production, in alliance with the military, control all aspects of society. Their crass materialistic values reduce human beings to "consumers of things." This depersonalization, combined with the separation of most people from power, produces a sense of apathy and resignation.

In place of this structure of decision making, SDS proposes "participatory democracy"—a decentralized system without real leaders in which every man would have an equal voice. It strongly rejects the contention of liberals that reform can be achieved through established parliamentary institutions. Numbers of supporters—or votes—do not count for political strength, since "representative" bodies only disguise manipulation by the industrial-military elite. Thus, the so-called "new middle"—a group of student leaders who recently wrote President Johnson expressing "responsible" doubts about the war—fails to recognize that the Vietnamese conflict is only one manifestation of a corrupt structure, and that it will be followed by other imperialist ventures unless the system is radically altered. SDS members spurn coalitions with such liberal groups, fearing that their radicalism will be diluted.

The reliance on action—confrontation and protest—rather than ideology has enabled SDS in the middle phase of its development to include a wide variety of personalities and interests. The organization can claim as members blue-collar militants of the Progressive Labor Party, as well as three-piece-suit liberals from ADA. There are anarchist hippies, humanists, Communists and an increasing number of former members of Young Americans for Freedom, a libertarian laissez-faire capitalist group. About 85 per cent of the membership, according to Davidson, serves merely as "shock troops." These are younger members, usually in the "long-hair Bobby Dylan syndrome," who turn out for demonstrations but do not go beyond gut reactions to a systematic critique of society. Davidson classifies the remaining 15 per cent in two groups: the "super-intellectuals" and the "organizers." The intellectuals, mainly graduate students, dominate the discussions. The organizers are full-time, professional radicals.

And yet, despite the apparent success of their past approach in augmenting this diverse membership, many SDSers now believe that the organization must develop a longer-range strategy. The tactics of confrontation have gained headlines but have not altered government policies. Most members regard anti-war activity with a mounting sense of frustration and impotence. They often begin speeches with the disclaimer: "Well, probably nothing we can do now will prevent escalation. . . ." And many fear

that the radical commitments of the membership will wane unless it comes to view short-run setbacks in a longer-range "critical radical perspective." If the shock troops do not understand tactics in terms of a consistent and systematic radical analysis, they will eventually desert the movement.

The intellectuals worry that most members of SDS have yet to shed the bourgeois outlook and prejudices of their middle-class upbringing. "In fact, most students hold a kind of dogged career-oriented conception of their lives which would do their parents proud," observed Paul Potter, a past SDS president, and Hal Benenson, of the Harvard chapter, in a recent paper on the "critical radical perspective." Despite the radical rhetoric and slogans, "there is very little comprehension of what the words that are slung around mean either as descriptions of the society or as prescriptions for action." Most SDSers, they observed, still accept the notion that "getting a majority of people to vote for something creates a force for change"; that the United States will eliminate poverty without radically changing, and that the country cannot lose the war in Vietnam if it employs its superior military power. "In a very real way," they note, "rhetoric without content breeds the politics of despair and nihilism. The slogans we use acutely heighten our sense of distance and radical alienation . . . the failure of these slogans to specify any content also heightens our sense of desperateness and impotence."

The weakness of SDS ideology not only imperils the commitment of students, the intellectuals believe, but also prevents the organization from making a meaningful appeal to adults and thus filling the hole created by the departing parties of the Left. The collapse of the adult Left during the 1950s, they argue, has left radicals without a meaningful political organization. Neither the present Communist Party nor the Progressive Labor Party (Maoist) comprehends the real needs and problems of modern Americans. Communism is no longer radical: it aims to get power through the electoral process—in other words, working within the system—and supports liberal measures such as Social Security and Medicare. Progressive Labor, on the other hand, fails to fit radical ideology to the American experience: it misunderstands the mentality of the working class, relies on puritanical cadre-like organization, secrecy and dictatorial leadership. Neither the revisionists (CP) nor the Maoists (PL) accept truly democratic methods of decision making internally, and both groups have grubby, materialistic values. But in order to build a movement among adults who are repelled by the old Left and alienated from present society, SDS must develop an entirely new ideology. It must show these adults how their personal sense of alienation relates to the overall structure of decision making. "To reach these people," says Calvert, "we must involve them on the basic level of their own lives."

The need for ideology when shifting to noncampus activity was discussed at a meeting of the National Council of SDS in Cambridge during the first week of April. At the last national meeting in December, almost all the workshops preceding the official sessions had dealt with issues and problems of campus organization. In April,

only one ("Curriculum Reform") concerned the university; the rest dealt with subjects like "Labor Strategy," "Middle-Class Community Organizing" and "Organizing Professions." Only eight delegates showed up for the curriculum workshop and most felt—as at least three stated explicitly—that the university would be "the last place to change." They believed that the educational system, as Paul Millman of Antioch said, "is as necessary to the power structure as any other part of society, and just as tightly controlled by the elite." Benenson and Potter warned against "separatism among students, and against student power activity" which "has had the effect of isolating the campus movement in some ways." The impulse to develop a new ideology was reflected in the decision to bring the Radical Education Project (REP) to Chicago and place it under the control of the national office. REP is the formal publishing and theoretical organ of SDS—one member calls it the radical equivalent of the RAND Corporation—and was set up in Ann Arbor as a semi-autonomous unit, for tax purposes, in 1966.

At the council workshops, Cambridge chapter members described projects in organizing unions among local hospital workers. Kim Moody of New York discussed his attempts to radicalize the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees by working within Local 1412. A representative of the American Friends Service Committee talked about radicalizing technicians in Cambridge corporations: "They feel they aren't allowed to work on the most significant kinds of problems. . . . You talk about Vietnam and start a kind of systems analysis of social objectives." Other delegates discussed attempts to organize middle-class neighborhoods in Boston against the war.

The new constituencies to which SDS now hopes to appeal are unlike those it worked with in its organizing activities during the first stage of the movement—they are primarily people involved in the system, rather than those frozen out of it. SDS must speak. Carl Davidson argues, primarily to the working class and "new working class," while continuing to recognize the problems of the underclass (the poor, disabled and chronically unemployed). The traditional working class, comprising skilled as well as unskilled blue-collar labor, has always been a source of political power for radical movements. But the number of people in this class is declining relative to the new working class—white-collar technicians, scientists, teachers and others who work at the bottom rungs of huge corporate bureaucracies. And these "new" workers, Davidson says, are the "most exploited" people in the entire system. Though well trained and imaginative, they have little or no control over the work they are assigned, and therefore no outlet for creative expression. They are dominated, along with the underclass and working class, by the three other groups: the middle class (petty bourgeois owners of small business), the subruling class (politicians, corporation and university presidents) and the ruling class (owners of the means of production).

Discussion at the national convention indicated that there are important disagreements within SDS on this new approach. The effort to develop an ideology and push

off-campus is supported by the national staff and most of the older chapters in Boston, Berkeley, New York and Ann Arbor. But many newer members believe that SDS should remain primarily a student organization, engaged for the most part in the tactics of confrontation. In the areas where membership is growing most rapidly, students have had little or no previous experience with radical ideas or political organizing. Many of these chapters are located in rural areas, away from urban centers of the working and underclasses. "There has always been this split between those who see SDS as primarily a student organization and those who see it as the main party of the Left," says Lee Webb, a past national secretary, "and now it's coming more and more into the open."

The split, moreover, is only one of a series of problems that SDS intellectuals say the organization must solve when shifting tactics and developing an ideology. First, aside from differences resulting from age, SDS is likely to reveal genuine political differences among its members as it attempts to define more clearly a program for social change. Second, assuming SDS can develop a radical movement among adults, it must decide whether to absorb them into the present organization or split them off into a "Movement for a Democratic Society." In either case, students will risk domination by the older radicals. Third, there may be very serious limits to the application of participatory democracy to larger memberships. At the national council meeting, SDS members from the newer chapters complained that the participatory democracy of the session was "not even as democratic as most forms of representative democracy." The proceedings, complained Craig Livingston, of Rutgers Law School, were "dominated by an elite meeting in committee and bringing proposals before the body." The larger the number of participants, the more difficult consensus decision making becomes. Fourth, SDS lacks the money to support a substantial organizing drive. It now operates with a budget of \$80,000 a year—one-tenth that of the National Student Association.

In addition to these internal problems, SDS will raise substantial conflicts of ideology in appealing simultaneously to the two exploited classes it seeks to organize. If past projects in labor union organizing are any guide, SDS will organize the working class around bread and butter issues—steady jobs, higher wages and better working conditions. It will urge laborers to join unions and gain power over their employers as a means to increases in material welfare and higher standards of consumption. The power it urges the new working class to achieve will depend on very different values. The enemy will be the same corporate elite and the exploitive bureaucratic structure, but decisions will relate much more to the quality of life and work, and power will be exercised in accordance with an ethic that consciously rejects the goals of higher consumption and materialistic satisfaction. Radical change, in this case, will not only replace the present owners of the means of production but will challenge the entire ethic which makes such ownership worth while. For SDSers reject the "crass materialism" of present society—the values, as Greg Calvert notes, that "transform people into consumers of things." They reject the statistical economic indices of the government—employment

rates, gross national product, etc.—as true measures of the quality of life. The “main and transcending” concern of society, Tom Hayden has written, “must be the unfolding and refinement of the moral, aesthetic and logical capacities of men in a manner that creates genuine independence.” Whatever the meaning of that goal for the individual man, it surely will not be equivalent automatically to a house in the country and a two-car garage. Yet these higher standards of consumption appear to be the present goal of the new working class—and, even more strongly, of the working class.

How can SDS use these values to organize the working class and, at the same time, re-educate the middle class out of them? SDS organizers argue that after the working class reaches a decent standard of living and

gains control over the means of production, laborers will see the futility of unlimited material aspiration and acquire a “revolutionary consciousness.” But such predictions cannot be proved, and the fact is that many of the “new” workers who have reached decent levels of consumption aspire vigorously to the middle-class style of life. There remains, then, the problem of how to alter the values of teachers and technicians who have been indoctrinated by the system. It is possible that alienation about assignments on the job, and discontent about the Vietnamese War may be translated into an understanding of the faults of the entire system. But it is questionable whether such “knowledge” can lead to a genuine commitment to radical change among individuals who are already career oriented, who have settled down with a wife, children and mortgage after long years of train-



ing, and who are at the beginning of the income trajectory. The least successful SDS projects so far, as SDS intellectuals are aware, have been those dealing with the middle class.

There are serious problems, furthermore, with the system of decision making which SDS would urge both classes to substitute for the present one. Participatory democracy, critics argue, is a vague and utopian notion that could never provide a workable system of government for society on a mass scale. In reply, SDSers allude to control by workers in cooperative factories, and to town meetings. But aside from the question of practicability, the notion has serious weaknesses even in theory. For it appears to depend on an underlying consensus in values and interests that runs directly against the pluralism and freedom which SDSers value so highly. The student radicals believe that meetings should produce a unanimity of viewpoint; yet they also prize a rebellious, strong-willed individualism and independence of mind. It is not surprising, then, that Carl Davidson says that "in most places the basis for participatory democracy just doesn't exist." "In many ways," observes a paper reprinted by SDS, "the procedural safeguards of a parliamentary system insure the rights of the dissenter and promote the idea of speaking to educate (rather than sway) much better than a 'sense of the meeting' system."

The issues of how to change values and accommodate different interests within society lead student radicals to the question of how they as individuals can be *in*, but not *of*, an authoritarian world—how they can function as citizens and job holders in a society of corporate elitism (thereby contributing to it economically) and yet remain radicals. Some deny the possibility: "I don't think that you can move out and take those jobs and adopt a bourgeois life style and still be part of the movement," says Greg Calvert. "So far as I'm concerned there is no radical movement among adults today." Others believe that it can be accomplished, and contend that the movement must produce radical professionals, not just professional radicals. SDS, they argue, must foster a commitment to radicalism among teachers, scientists and lawyers who will continue working for social change after they begin their careers, as well as among the full-time community organizers who devote their lives to the movement. In assessing the value of a particular tactic, they weigh heavily its psychological effect on the individuals who participate. Arguing, for example, in favor of massive civil disobedience if the United States invades North Vietnam, Paul Potter says: "It has been shown that the experience of going to jail changes people . . . changes their perceptions of themselves and their perception of the system."

Every member thus faces on a personal level the dilemma which the organization must face as a whole: how to be politically effective yet morally consistent—avoid manipulation and compromise, but still maintain effective communication with others. It is a dilemma that has always plagued radical movements, but it is particularly trying for one that takes spiritual goodness as a political imperative. The tension often turns SDSers away from the frustrating task of developing a long-range strategy,

back to the only measure of tactics that appears genuine and spontaneous: the "gut reaction." "We don't want to put together some big blueprint for the future," says Carl Davidson. "Now wouldn't it be presumptuous for anyone, with all the hang-ups people have, to say what the future ought to be?" SDS intellectuals understand these problems, and are working desperately to find solutions. But at the moment, the organization remains truly leaderless, leaving each member to express his commitment as he sees fit. The latest button which SDSers wear to announce their resistance to the draft sums it up: "Not with my life you don't."

LETTERS (Continued from page 642)

underprivileged schools where they tutor the students on a student-to-student basis. Another example is the Student Volunteer Service. The volunteers journey, every two weeks, to the Chicago State Mental Hospital with their gifts and toys and good intentions in order to give of themselves some time and effort and, through games, songs and conversation, offer to the patients outlets for escape from their lonely worlds of unreality. Overpowered by his strong emotions, Mr. Oudes abandoned a possibly correct view and succumbed to obvious trick techniques.

Christina Bytautas

General Hester

Davidson, N. C.

DEAR SIR: Your honor roll of military "plain talkers" in your Apr. 17 editorial should have included Gen. Hugh B. Hester, U. S. Army (Ret.). General Hester has consistently and frequently written and spoken against our insane policy in Vietnam and before that against the cold war that sowed the seeds of which Vietnam is the harvest. For this great service to the welfare of his country, General Hester has received mostly criticism and calumny; journals like *The Nation* should miss no opportunity to give him the praise and recognition he has earned.

E. F. Patterson

misread violence

Larchmont, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: Elmer Bendiner's remark ["America Absurd," *The Nation*, Apr. 3] that New York Bowery thugs organized as ferocious gangs became a fifth column for the Confederacy is a simplistic misreading of Civil War history. The long-unemployed and impoverished immigrants—mainly Irish—were unwilling to surrender their newly found jobs and opportunity for a better life, in order to be drafted. The iniquitous Civil War draft, with paid substitutes, etc., favored the rich. There was also fear that the liberated slaves would come North and depress wages. To call these draft riots a "ghastly lynching spree" is as inadequate as summarizing Watts as a looting rampage. Much more was involved.

Moses Cammer

Alvin Johnson

New York City

DEAR SIR: A collection is being made of the articles and letters, both personal and official, of Dr. Alvin Johnson, President Emeritus of The New School for Social Research. Will anyone possessing such material kindly send it to Mrs. Agnes deLima, c/o The New School for Social Research, 66 West 12 Street, New York, N. Y. 10011.

Agnes deLima

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Absurdity of the Jewish Condition'

THE JEWS OF SILENCE: A Personal Report on Soviet Jewry. By Elie Wiesel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 143 pp. \$4.95.

THE LIBERATION OF THE JEW. By Albert Memmi. The Orion Press. 303 pp. \$4.95.

DAVID JORAVSKY

Mr. Joravsky teaches history at Northwestern University. He is the author of *Soviet Marxism and Natural Science* (Columbia University Press).

Elie Wiesel and Albert Memmi are both professional Jews, which is another way of saying that Jewishness is a very elusive quality. It can hardly be identified with Judaism, the Jewish religion. Wiesel breathes holy fire; Memmi douses it with observed fact. Here is Memmi:

We don't believe in all that any more? The modern Jew, even with his televised rabbis, does not seriously hope for a marvelous saviour who will lead him out of his wretchedness? No longer claims his election by God for an exceptional destiny? No longer claims a glorious mission, other than that of remaining faithful to a vague kind of morality? So be it; then let us dare to draw the proper conclusion: *Judaism, as a doctrine, survives as a series of ambiguities.*

Wiesel wants to believe the opposite, but he cannot:

I am still waiting to see tens of thousands of Jews singing and dancing in Times Square or the Place de l'Etoile as they danced here, in the heart of Moscow, on the night of Simchat Torah.

He concludes that only Soviet Jews hold to the true faith, because only they are isolated and oppressed:

Only they—because they have yet to give up the dream—only they still look for the coming of the Messiah, despite the unbearable pain that accompanies the birth of redemption. Only they—because they have suffered more than all the rest and are worthier than all the rest of the blessing of peace and salvation. Only they—because they have remained alone.

Wiesel is too agitated to be a reliable reporter, and the faith he attributes to Soviet Jews may seem rather Christian, but let us not get too involved. The obvious point is that Jews tend to lose

their distinctive character in "privileged countries where the word Jew is not a mark of shame." They get to be like everyone else, only they go to church on Saturday. Even Wiesel is tempted by the dream of liberty, equality, fraternity. He wants to "force Moscow to accept Russian Jews as citizens with equal rights," that is, to end the isolation and persecution that sustain the old faith.

In any case, the historical fact is clear. The Enlightenment and the democratic revolutions have undermined the belief of Jews that they are chosen to hold a spiritual fortress against gentile assault until the true Messiah comes. The overwhelming majority of Jews leave the besieged life as soon as the gentiles offer a way out. They prefer peace in their own time, on almost any terms the gentiles offer. Memmi calls this "self-rejection." He doesn't bother with superficial things like beards, clothes or diet. He goes straight to such fundamentals as name, language, characteristic ideas and national allegiance. In all these essentials Jews come close to complete "self-rejection," but hold back at the very end, indulging in curiously ambiguous or whimsical acts of "self-acceptance"—like changing the name from Silverstein to Silvers, or arguing that Jewishness is an advantage because it is a burden. (Memmi quotes Freud giving that secularized relic of the belief that the Jews are God's elect.)

An ultimate contrariness—"negativity" is Memmi's term—seems to be the essence of Jewishness in our age of pallid religion and inflamed nationalisms. Ilya Ehrenburg, an irreligious Russian-speaking believer in Leninism, caused a minor sensation in the USSR by making a point of his Jewishness in his recent *Memoirs*. He is Jewish, he explains, in defiance of the anti-Semites. According to Memmi such efforts at "self-acceptance" are more honorable than efforts at total "self-rejection," but any reaction to the Jewish problem, defiance or flight, or the usual mixture of both, is a reaction to anti-Semitism. Whether we see the Jewish problem this way or that, or refuse to see it altogether, we are accomplices of the anti-Semites. They have made the world we all must live in, gentile, Jew and chameleon.

According to Memmi, Jewishness is

not just a state of mind. It is also an objective condition, part of the facts of life. Like Sartre, he sees it as a peculiar case of the relationship between oppressors and oppressed. The oppressed cannot avoid some measure of shame and self-hatred, some desire to reject themselves and be like their oppressors:

A few years ago a well-known writer coined an ambiguous formula, which for that very reason had immense success: "We must assume ourselves," people repeated with self-delighted daring. "We must assume our condition." Can one really accept oneself as a Jew? Can one really accept oneself as a proletarian or as a Negro? Really, this was a simple matter of not knowing the meaning of misery!

Memmi exaggerates—that will be the instant reaction of most people in "the privileged countries," which goes to show that these countries have been good to the Jews in recent years. Of course, there is a tinge of anti-Semitism in that last statement, for it implies that Jews are alien guests who may be treated well or poorly by the native gentiles. Shall we therefore ignore the fact that many Jews feel that way?

Upper-class gentiles might almost be defined as people who have a special gift for feeling that they belong, and belong on top, wherever they happen to settle or conquer. Until the French Revolution Jews could almost be defined as people with a special gift for feeling homeless and insecure, nervously grateful to the powerful gentiles who treated them well. Since the French Revolution there have been many proud, rebellious Jews, who spurn the old role of royal wards and seek their liberation in alliance with the Left. Memmi applauds such people, and takes it for granted that Jews must take their stand with the Left. But he insists that the old-fashioned Jews have a point: In the last analysis gentiles cannot be trusted; they can take back the tolerant welcome granted by their forefathers.

That is the starting point of Zionism, and Memmi goes on to the logical conclusion, in his book though not in his life:

The Jew must be liberated from oppression, and Jewish culture must be liberated from religion. This double

EMBROIDERY AT BAYEUX

Men fought with axes, panting, nose to nose.

Women with pretty stitches pictured those.

The severed head lies beaming, "I'm a rose!"

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

liberation can be found in the same course of action—the fight for Israel. . . . It is our only way out, our only real card, and our last historical chance.

It is too easy to ridicule Memmi—he does it himself in order to prove the absurdity of the Jewish condition. He tells us that he is a professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, married to a blonde, Catholic Frenchwoman; he seems almost ashamed that the marriage has lasted. His heart is in Israel, but the rest of him stays in Paris, painting pictures of himself as the typical Jew, the utterly displaced person. (This is his fourth book on the subject.)

The oddest part is that the pictures are convincing. Memmi is an utterly displaced person. He was born and raised in Tunisia, where his forefathers had lived "since the Phoenicians." But Memmi could not feel at home. His native language was a Jewish version of Arabic, his people a despised minority within a majority that was itself despised by the French newcomers. He sympathized with the Arabs, struggling to regain their homeland from the French, but he adopted the language and culture of the French.

The Socialist and Communist Jews of Tunisia joined the Arab struggle for independence, only to find themselves, as the goal was reached, "eliminated quietly and radically, from every responsible post in their respective parties." And Memmi points to Soviet mistreatment of the Jews as evidence, similar to the Tunisian case, that "the revolution" cannot keep its promise of liberation and fraternity for Jew and gentile alike:

We are insistently asked not to accuse this [Soviet] government of intentional anti-Semitism; granted. But what follows is even worse: it has become, in spite of itself, objectively anti-Semitic, as if by some internal fatality.

Memmi offers little evidence to support this assertion, and some of what he does offer is seriously wrong. "I will never be able to rid myself of a terrible doubt: would the Red Army have stood immobile at the gates of the Warsaw ghetto if it had not contained Jews alone?" The fact is that Catholic Poles were passive while Nazi Germans killed Jews in the Warsaw ghetto. The Red

Army reached the Vistula more than a year later, and sat there while, across the river, Nazi Germans killed Catholic Poles. The terrible doubt, if we get the facts straight, was Yeats's in 1919:

*The night can sweat with terror
before*

We pieced our thoughts into philosophy,

And planned to bring the world under a rule,

Who are but weasels fighting in a hole.

Neither of the authors provides much evidence of Soviet anti-Semitism. On a hasty tour of Soviet synagogues, which is hardly the way to get a representative sample of Soviet Jewry, Wiesel was stricken with anger and despair. He is angry at the invisible "they" who oppress religious Jews; he is in despair over the comfortable Jews of the "privileged countries," who are indifferent, he believes, to the fate of their brethren keeping the true faith in a hostile Soviet world. He never makes clear just what he wants us to do beyond protesting, which everybody does already, or dancing in Times Square on Simchat Torah.

His tone is shrill, his testimony is slight, and some of it is wrong. For example, it is not true that Jews alone retain Stalinist fears of associating with foreigners, or timidly evade sensitive topics when they do find themselves talking with a stranger from the West. On one most serious matter Wiesel makes a most serious accusation without anything like adequate evidence. He grants that the analogy often drawn between Nazi and Soviet treatment of the Jews is "illogical, unfair, and unreal," but he contributes to that widespread mistake when he pictures the Ukraine as seething with the kind of murderous anti-Semitism that produced the famous massacre at Babi Yar. "Babi Yar is Kiev," he exclaims. "It is the entire Ukraine. And that is all one needs to see there."

Soviet mistreatment of the Jews is a fact, or rather a disorderly set of inconsistent facts, that reveal little truth to hasty observers. The most reliable, continuing study of the facts is provided by the periodical *Jews in Eastern Europe* (published by European Jewish Publications, Ltd., 31 Percy St., London,

W. 1.). Their information, drawn mainly from the Soviet press, reveals that the mistreatment of Jews follows three patterns.

The Jewish religion is treated more harshly than any other except for those that are legally banned—Jehovah's Witnesses, the *Khlysty* (Flagellants is the literal translation, but Holy Rollers would be closer to the truth) and other sects.

Secular Yiddish culture, originally fostered by Stalin as Commissar of Nationalities and brutally extinguished by Stalin in his last years, has been denied equality with other minority cultures in the post-Stalin years.

In everyday life discrimination against Jews is widespread, a situation most dramatically evident in the "economic" trials publicized under Khrushchev.

The first and second patterns are efforts to force assimilation, which is self-contradictory, like forcing patriotism, but is not always self-defeating. The third pattern is an utterly inconsistent effort to mark the Jew and exclude him. The characteristic reaction of Soviet Jews—if one may generalize intuitively from fragments of information—is more anger than fear, more determination to win equal rights and dignity within the Soviet system than psychological rejection of it. I am here venturing onto very shaky ground, for one thing that the Soviet authorities will not allow is full, frank, public discussion of problems that they wish to consider completely solved. Thus the Jewish problem becomes part of the intellectuals' struggle for the right to discuss forbidden issues.

This is not one of the most sensitive issues, like the one-party system or the suppression of the Hungarian rising. It is a punishable crime to question those things. It was a bold but legitimate act of political defiance for Yevtushenko and the editors of *Literary Gazette* to publish his poem on Babi Yar. The audiences that beg him to recite the poem are not only expressing their solidarity with the Jews, and demanding that the government live up to its proclaimed ideals; they are also engaging, with enormous relish, in one of the few acts of political defiance that the regime will tolerate.

If they ever get to the point where the Jewish question can be extensively discussed with some measure of frankness—as, for example, economic problems are now being discussed—the result may well be more interesting than Memmi's effort to be Jewish at the same time that he is French and secular and Tunisian and a displaced existentialist.

There has been a slight hint of what might emerge in such a discussion: a

few Polish writers have argued the Jewish question in terms of the rival merits of nationalism and "universal humanism." The defender of the Jews argued that it is good for a nation to shelter friendly universal people, who help one overcome narrow-mindedness. A Soviet discussion might turn up such a viewpoint, but it is more likely to become

a general review of the Bolshevik dream of a multi-national state. That was probably a utopian dream to begin with—where is the great power that is not cemented by nationalist ideology?—and I am probably utopian to hope that Soviet bosses will ever allow meaningful discussion of their original dreams. But I do hope it.

Massacre of the Innocents

DEATH IN ROME. By Robert Katz. The Macmillan Co. 334 pp. \$6.95.

RAPHAEL ROTHSTEIN

Mr. Rothstein is on the staff of the New York Times News Service, and has written for newspapers in Australia and Israel.

In 1963 a play by a young German writer shocked the world by accusing the late Pope Pius XII of remaining silent in the face of some of the worst crimes ever committed by man. Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* specifically charged the Holy Father with refusing to protest the murder of millions of Jews in Nazi death camps.

Productions of *The Deputy* stirred controversy in Italy, Germany, France, England, the United States and Israel. Everywhere the play was produced in '63, '64 and '65 there were extreme and violent reactions. In Singen, West Germany, the mayor tried to prevent a performance by cutting off the theatre's electric power; in Rome a private performance was banned; in Paris there were mob riots on opening night; for weeks, New York police were stationed outside the theatre where *The Deputy* was playing to protect actors and audience from angry pickets; and in Tel Aviv, Habimah, the National Theatre of Israel, resisted pressure from the Foreign Ministry to cancel its plans for a Hebrew version of the Hochhuth work.

Hochhuth's play was followed by a flood of articles and books on the question of the late Pope's attitude toward the Nazis. Some, such as Saul Friedlander's *Pius XII and the Third Reich*, condemn the Vatican for failing to help the Jews during the Nazi holocaust. Others, such as *Three Popes and the Jews*, a work by Israeli diplomat Pinhas Lapide, defend Pius XII as the savior of over 800,000 Jewish lives.

Now Robert Katz, the 34-year-old American-Jewish author of *Death in Rome*, has joined the great polemic in a work describing the massacre of 335 Italians in the Ardeatine caves. In March, 1944, sixteen partisans belonging to the

Patriotic Actions Groups, the Communist faction of the Italian Resistance National Liberation Committee, ambushed a column of 156 S.S. police on the Via Rasella in the center of Nazi-occupied Rome.

News of the attack reached Nazi military and diplomatic officials from Rome to Berlin within minutes. Enraged, Hitler immediately ordered that the whole area around the Via Rasella be blown up and that thirty to fifty Roman citizens be shot for every one of the thirty Germans killed. At the same time, Himmler, unaware of Hitler's order, demanded the deportation of the entire male population of Rome.

According to the author, Consul Eitel

Mollhausen, head of the Nazi diplomatic mission in Rome, and Col. Eugen Dollmann, the highest political representative of the S.S. in Rome, opposed the harsh military reprisals ordered by their superiors. They were convinced that the partisans had planned the attack to provoke revenge and thus intensify the hatred the Italians felt for the occupiers, as well as increase the popularity of the Resistance.

Katz describes how Dollmann drove to the Vatican a few hours after the partisan attack to seek the Pope's support for his plan to reverse the reprisal orders. He met with Pius' personal liaison between the Vatican and the Occupation forces, Father Pankratius Pfeiffer, the German Abbot General of the Order of the Salvatorians. Dollmann told Pfeiffer, known as Padre Pancrazio, that an extreme reprisal was being planned in response to the Via Rasella action. Pancrazio, according to Katz, agreed to ask the Pope to intervene and attempt to prevent or lessen the severity of the Nazis' planned revenge. The S.S. officer and Pancrazio were to contact each other on the following day, March 24, when they would have word from their respective superiors.

Katz relies heavily on interviews with Dollmann in Munich, where the former

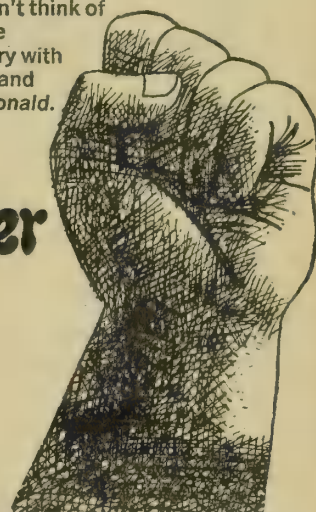
His life was The Revolution

Victor Serge agitated for revolution and fought in upheavals across the face of Europe. He helped to found the ruling Soviet Comintern, but was expelled from Russia in 1936 for his unorthodox communism. He died eleven years later in Mexico City, stateless and destitute. His writing was his only legacy, and his largely autobiographical novel, now published in English for the first time, is both a literary and historical landmark. "I can't think of anyone else who has written about the revolutionary movement in this century with Serge's combination of moral insight and intellectual richness."—Dwight Macdonald.

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S.S. leader, now 66, lives in quiet retirement on a pension from the Bonn government. Dollmann gave Katz a copy of a manuscript of memoirs in which he recounts his visit with Pancrazio at the Vatican. Dollmann was convinced that if the Pope, working through channels he had used to communicate with the Occupation forces many times before, could win even a delay, the S.S. head and Mollhausen might be able to avert the impending tragedy.

While Dollmann was waiting for word from Pancrazio, Hitler's headquarters and the Nazis in Rome reached agreement on a compromise for the reprisal—ten Romans were to be shot for each dead German, and within twenty-four hours. During the night of March 23 and the next day, the Roman Gestapo rounded up men and boys from several jails, including seventy Jews who had already been arrested and were awaiting deportation. The victims ranged in age from 14 to 75 and represented every social class. Most were Catholic and the group included one priest.

Twenty-four hours after the Via Rasella attack, 335 Italians were taken by the Gestapo to abandoned caves in the Via Ardeatine on the Appian Way near the Christian catacombs. They were shot one by one. Nazi engineers placed charges of TNT around the caves and blew up the entrances, hoping to seal their contents forever. On that same afternoon the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, published a front-page statement appealing to all Romans to refrain from violence "... which would only provoke more severe reprisals giving rise to an infinite series of painful episodes. . . ."

"The man who drafted this statement," Katz charges, "must have been one of the few inside the Vatican who knew that the murders were taking place." He believes that Pius knew of the reprisals "reasonably" well in advance of the Ardeatine crime and had an established contact with the Nazis. "Pius," he explains, "working quietly through German channels, without having to break his well-known silence on other questions, could have won, at the minimum, a 24 hour stay of the mass executions. Failing that, he could have spoken out, not as Pope, but as the Bishop of Rome. There was no need to sacrifice or compromise his principle of silence. This was not a 'Jewish question.' This was a question of the extermination of his own Catholic children."

What were Pius' reasons for silence? Katz thinks that the Pontiff, fearing a popular insurrection and the

establishment of a radical left-wing power in Rome, chose to do nothing lest the Vatican City State be destroyed in retaliation for his involvement with fascism. The Pope was opposed to the Roman Resistance and was already in the midst of negotiations to provide for the orderly transfer of power in Rome from the Germans to the Allies.

Katz was living in Rome in March, 1964, and working as a writer for the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization when he observed the twentieth anniversary of the massacre which is known in Italy simply as *Le Fosse Ardeatine*. Fascinated by the conflicting accounts of the incidents in the Via Rasella and the Via Ardeatine, Katz began his study. For over two years, he consulted a mass of documents, memoirs and war-crimes trials records, contained in archives in several countries. In seeking to piece together a coherent account of the 1944 attack and reprisal

he corresponded with Rolf Hochhuth, traveled twice to Munich to interview Dollmann, and even met with the partisans of the Via Rasella. In May, 1965, he went to the Vatican to seek information on the behavior of the Pope. As directed, he submitted his questions in written form, and despite a promise that they would be answered within forty-eight hours, he has never received a reply.

Inevitably there have been attacks on his book. Katz insists that he has documentary proof to substantiate his claims. An unidentified high-ranking Vatican official called his book a "vicious lie." Katz has responded by reiterating his charge that the Pope did nothing to save 335 Italians killed by the Germans. He said recently: "If that is a lie then what is the truth? Did he try to save them? If so, where is the evidence? And why has the Vatican kept it a secret for over 20 years?"

Reform or Revolution?

THE LIMITS OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper & Row. 148 pp. \$4.95.

JAMES O'CONNOR

Mr. O'Connor is a member of the Economics Department of San Jose State College.

Robert Heilbroner is best known as a writer with a certain knack for making economic science and economic history intelligible to the general public. *The Worldly Philosophers* and *The Making of Economic Society*, in particular, are widely used in introductory economics courses and have even found a place on the bookshelves of the good suburban burghers. It is doubtful whether Mr. Heilbroner's latest book will find such a ready market. The least of the reason is that *The Limits of American Capitalism* consists of two rather slight essays which at times seem to have been written at cross-purposes. More important, the book is bound to be somewhat mysterious to the average reader because the author cannot seem to make up his mind whether he is a reformer or revolutionary.

A large part of the first essay, "Capitalism in America," recalls the Heilbroner of yore, the lucid expositor of the research of other economists and historians. His purpose is to discover whether big business exercises more or less power today than in the past. His method is to describe the structure of

contemporary capitalism—a task which he performs admirably—and to analyze the relation between big capital and other groups in the economy. The overwhelming impression which Heilbroner conveys is the gigantism of the dominant corporations. Less than one-twentieth of the economy's business firms conduct 75 per cent of the nation's business. In the industrial field, one-tenth of 1 per cent of all corporations account for one-third of total production. Of the top 500 industrial corporations, the biggest fifty do as much business as the remaining 450 firms.

The giant corporations press on relentlessly. Thanks to mergers and, more important, internal expansion, the largest 100 manufacturing corporations increased their share of total value added in manufacturing from 23 per cent in 1947 to 30 per cent in 1958. Meanwhile, fewer and fewer of the biggest companies drop by the wayside; of the fifty largest companies in 1909, only seventeen remained on the commanding heights of the economy in 1964. Owing to economic prosperity and the evolution of a live-and-let-live attitude on the part of the corporate oligarchy, however, the great majority of the largest enterprises in 1948 retain their dominant position today.

Who controls the great enterprises which preside over the economic destiny of the most affluent of the advanced capitalist countries? More than most

students of the modern corporation, Heilbroner is aware of the theoretical and empirical weaknesses of the Berle-Means thesis of the separation of ownership from management: "Among the 150 super-corporations, there are perhaps as many as 1,500 or 2,000 operational top managers, but as few as 200 to 300 families own blocks of stock that ultimately control these corporations." The hallmark of the ideology of the corporate elite is "cautiousness" and a "blatant discrepancy between preachment and reality." Owing their career posts to wealth, influence, ability and long experience in administration, engineering or science, half socialized in college and half believing the democratic rhetoric, the corporate oligarchy preaches its "responsibilities" to labor, consumers and suppliers, as well as to stockholders, and practices one form or another of profit maximization. Nevertheless, Heilbroner is confident that the "big business directorate is trying to make its peace with the realities of the twentieth century."

When the author abandons description for analysis, he begins to lose control of his materials. He loses sight of the plain fact which he himself has helped to establish—namely, that the corporate elite is largely responsible for the "realities of the twentieth century." The form and substance of government regulation of capital or, more accurately, the self-regulation of the corporations, modes of labor relations and styles of collective bargaining, and many aspects of social legislation—all these and more reflect the needs of the corporations and monopoly capitalism, and in sum constitute the system of corporate liberalism which has been analyzed and exposed so brilliantly by William A. Williams, Gabriel Kolko, Martin Sklar, James Weinstein and others. This failure of perspective and vision—the failure to recognize that in no significant sense is the state independent of the needs and demands of the corporate oligarchy—largely invalidates the core of the first essay—Heilbroner's analysis of the power of big business in the United States political economy. His theory of power is a simplified version of the interest group theory developed in recent decades by political sociologists and political scientists of "liberal" persuasion. One quotation will at once convey the flavor of his style and reveal the assumptions which underlie his subsequent analysis: "Anyone who has read Robert Engler's *Politics of Oil*, or who has followed the course of efforts to write a stronger Pure Food and Drug Act, or to require admonitory labeling

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*The man was thrown clear,
Yet the experts say
To stay in the car is best.
To tap an undercurrent of
Feeling, something I turn away
From, fearful, certain
It will end but not knowing
How it will end.
The dreams have a childish
Beauty. Fireplaces, planes,
Tractors to clear the roads.*

HARVEY SHAPIRO

of cigarettes, or who has probed into the operations of the FCC and the FPC, or notes the parade of business chieftains into the White House, knows that big business continues to exercise a very important influence on the formulation and administration of the nation's policies, including not least those policies that are supposed to regulate business itself."

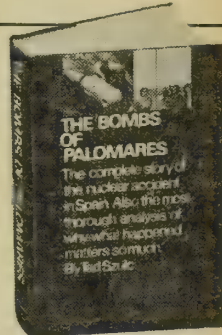
Heilbroner is less concerned to demonstrate the power of big business, however, than to argue that business is no longer in political ascendancy. He locates a modicum of real power, and enormous potential power, in the new nonbusiness elites. The "semi-independent" military bureaucracy, the government administrators and the professional experts, according to the author, may hold the true reins of power. The fantastic expansion of the government's research budget "reflects not only the explosive growth of technical expertise . . . but its virtual pre-emption by non-business sectors." There is a national "consensus" in relation to the "problems" of defense, economic stability and growth, civil rights, urban renewal, education, unemployment and mass transport; and the day-to-day guidance of federal, as well as other government and many private, programs in these areas is largely in the hands of the new elite. Especially in the military sphere, the role of business, including even the largest corporations, is "essentially one of jockeying for favor rather than initiating policy."

But the truth of the matter is that the "semi-independent" military bureaucracy is harnessed to a foreign policy based squarely on the interests of a handful of giant corporations which make the great mass of foreign investments and appropriate the great mass of profits from foreign economic relations. The military bureaucracy indeed purchases the greater share of the economy's research and development, but Heilbroner

neglects to add that nearly all R and D is performed in private industrial labs and increasingly is geared to private profit. To be sure, Heilbroner clearly states that "whatever sentiments that the new elites may hold, they are not anti-business," and that the corporations' "legitimacy is now virtually complete, its acceptance without exception," but he fails to understand that this means that government administrators and professional experts could not conceivably have any interests other than those of business and the capitalist system.

From this angle it is easy to see where Heilbroner goes wrong when he attempts to deepen his thesis. He points to protective labor legislation and the general acceptance of organized labor as indicative of the waning power of business; in fact, the dependence of organized labor on a government which is necessarily pro-business is a sign of a crippling weakness—as the present state of the unions eloquently testifies. He cites Fair Trade laws and the strengthening of anti-trust legislation as evidence of the new strength of small capital vis-à-vis big business; in point of fact, protective legislation is a form of holding action, a proof of weakness. What is more, small business is increasingly becoming partly or wholly dependent on big busi-

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The Bombs of Palomares
by Tad Szulc

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ness. Heilbroner further maintains that small business' historic anti-big-business attitude has "largely been dissipated." But what is the right-wing Republican movement, stripped of its rhetoric and slogans, other than a weak thrust by small capital and small-town business interests at the power of the giant corporations and the ethic of corporate liberalism? The struggle within the capitalist class takes many different forms and is conducted in many different ways. It is only when he examines the relationship between big business and the consumer that Heilbroner does not lose his footing. Although the public-b damned attitude has been replaced by a seeming deference to consumer

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sovereignty. Heilbroner understands that the corporations shape consumer tastes and preferences in the interest of profits.

The second essay, called "The Limits of American Capitalism," gives the book its title and compounds the basic error committed in the first. There is no disagreeing with Heilbroner that the "limits" of capitalism are "those boundaries of change that would so alter the functional base of society, or the structure of privilege built on that base, as to displace [the] given social order by a new one." These boundaries constitute the system of production for profit, not production for use; private ownership of the means of production and communication (thus ruling out the use of communications as an agency of enlightenment rather than of sales and propaganda); and the concentration of wealth. Turning the problem around, what of capitalism's possibilities? In a nutshell, the author believes that the distribution of income can be corrected at the bottom, but not at the top; that the volume and, to a degree, the character, of production can be controlled, but that the basic commercial character of capitalism cannot be changed; that it is possible to make an accommodation with the noncapitalist world, but impossible to expect noncapitalist countries to adopt capitalism.

The agency of change, or historic subject, is the nonbusiness elite. The new elites will be in charge of abolishing poverty and unemployment and other remedial symptoms of monopoly capitalism. Sooner or later, they will reach the limits of capitalism and somehow overcome them; capitalism will first realize its possibilities of reform, and then it will be superseded by some other, unnamed, system. What are the dynamic social processes, the historic forces, which Heilbroner confidently charts? Much of his case rests on an analogy with the development of capitalism out of the womb of feudalism: "Just as the insertion of cash exchanges into the fine structure of feudalism ultimately made obsolete the functional mechanism of a manorial society, so the insinuation of science and technology into the interstices of business enterprise promises to outmode the fundamental working arrangements of capitalism."

Science and technology sustain and hurry along capitalism, but by that fact a more organized social form is required. But it is not just a matter of a need for more control and organization: from the ideological standpoint, Heilbroner anticipates the "conquest of the capitalist imagination by science and sci-

entific technology." Increasingly, the new elites will divorce their goals from the society to which they now owe allegiance. At the moment, the elites moving into positions of power at the expense of business executives have no vision to offer society nor any goal other than capitalism. But Heilbroner is apparently convinced that they "may well some day develop an independent orientation, and formulate a program for American society that transcends the limits imposed by the present system." The aim of the new elites will be the primacy of scientific discovery as the central purpose of society.

Already there are certain manifestations of the promise of organized knowledge and scientific technology "to outmode the fundamental working arrangements of capitalism." Heilbroner cites the tendency toward administrative and bureaucratic, or non-market, control of the economy; man increasingly shapes, rather than is shaped by, his economic environment. He also refers to the more or less steady rise of per capita income which "gradually brings to an end the condition of material need as an effective stimulus for human behavior," together with the related phenomenon of increased leisure due to the advance of labor productivity. The new leisure signifies a need for more administration and planning, while the weakening of material or economic incentives suggests the urgency of developing new incentive systems.

Heilbroner has unquestionably gotten hold of certain possibilities inherent in United States capitalism, but a step-by-step critical review reveals major gaps and flaws in his analysis. First, the analogy with feudalism is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it fails to go far enough. There is no denying that the growth of markets, the rise in agricultural productivity and the accumulation of merchant capital, which eventually financed industrialization, undermined and subverted the feudal economy. But the capitalist social revolution did not by itself resolve the struggle for state power; a series of political upheavals and revolutions was required before the bourgeoisie was fully in control of the state. One looks in vain in *The Limits of American Capitalism* for the slightest hint of how the requisite future political changes will come about in the United States.

Second, the author is absolutely right to argue that the developing science and technology cry out for new organized social forms. But he is apparently blind to the fact that these social

forms—state capitalism and corporate liberalism—are already well established. Far from undermining the present economic system in those countries with a large and powerful middle class, state capitalism has given the economic system a new lease on life. Man—that is, the corporate oligarchy and its hirelings—does indeed employ state power to control the economy.

The new elites control the economy in the name of private profit. The essence of capitalist rationality today is the use of science and technology for wasteful and destructive goals. Certain technologies are suppressed and others are perverted because technology itself has to be harnessed to private profit. This is necessarily true as long as investment and accumulation are private matters; capitalism cannot survive without constant expansion and accumulation, and accumulation without profits is a flat impossibility. This is the real limit of American capitalism.

In this context, it is readily understandable that the new elites who use scientific rationality for humanly irrational ends are simply not fit to formulate and develop a program which looks to satisfy human needs and wants. The fact that a man is a scientist or expert neither solves the problem of ends nor makes the man any more human or reasonable than a day laborer. This is particularly true in the United States where the scientific elites are largely bought and paid for by the corporate oligarchy in its role as businessman, foundation head or government official. Does Heilbroner really expect a discredited and corrupted elite to lead a revolution against itself?

Probably not, because he begs the question with the statement that there does not "seem to be much point in attempting to foresee by what precise stratagems the elites in the future may assert their claims." It is a weak defense of his position to refer to historical experience which "discourages us from attempting to prophesy the manner of demise of the social order to be superseded." And it is a strange position for an articulate observer-member of the new elite, a man who presumably will be the historic subject—especially one of the rare men who comprehend fully that the real problem is the struggle for the human use of science. "This is the struggle for the very distant future," the author writes in his final sentence, "which must be begun, nonetheless, today." Please, Mr. Heilbroner, whom do we fight, where and how, and on whose terms?

TELEVISION / John Horn

Controversy, which used to strike terror at the networks, is now a common television commodity. I cite examples from a recent week.

The Smothers Brothers struck a blow against the Vietnamese War when they appeared as guests on the Joey Bishop show. The comedians exhibited a Mother's Day card bearing the message, "Another Mother For Peace." They dead-panned the information that it was natural for mothers to want peace as they provided the card supplier's address.

Later in the week George Jessel, the perennial bridegroom, showed up on the Merv Griffin show with a new fiancée, and in the course of a personal, emotional defense of President Johnson and the Administration's Vietnamese policy, expressed the wish that Marines would beat up long-haired beatniks who protest that policy.

Before the week was out, F. Lee Bailey, the celebrated counselor at law, was retrying the case of Dr. Carl Copolino, who had been found guilty of murdering his wife, before Joey Bishop, Johnny Carson and their late-night television audiences. Having failed to persuade a Florida jury to what he considers proper evaluation of testimony on chemical findings in the corpse, Bailey was attempting to bring a nationwide jury around to his view—without the inconveniences or confusion of hearing the witnesses themselves or having the prosecution's case also presented.

The remarkable thing about these instances is that they all occurred on entertainment programs. Remarkable, but these days not at all unusual. Fun-and-game shows now provide the only television area where contention is to be found.

Nor is the entertainment invasion of the socio-political domain related to the careers of California's Sen. George Murphy and Gov. Ronald Reagan. Television entertainers, with the possible exception of David Susskind, have no political ambitions. But they do recognize a void when they see one. The void in this case is created by television's principle and practice in news and public affairs.

The definition of news is traditional, hard, what happened yesterday or today. Comment is confined to occasional mild utterances by Eric Sevareid or Howard K. Smith. Fred W. Friendly confessed, when he induced Walter Lippmann to appear on C.B.S., that it

was sad commentary that television had to import opinion.

And public-affairs documentaries, with very rare exceptions, have become commercial and pallid, like most network television. In the past, an occasional documentary, notably some of Friendly's, stirred the public. But increasingly the sixty-minute reality shows—e.g., series like *Saga of Western Man*, *Great Explorations*, *The World of Animals*—are as non-contemporary, unchallenging and salable as their entertainment relatives, the situation comedies.

With news limited to headlines of the day and documentaries to marketable subjects, television has no real place for interpretation and analysis of the issues out of which controversy is made. Even if appetite for dissent and dispute could be shown to exist, television news bureaus do not control, and have little influence on, the operation of the networks, which have been organized to peddle national entertainment, which is profitable, rather than national problems, which are not.

However, while the news and public

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affairs departments are self-censored—because of lack of air time or incentives—relative freedom and flexibility do exist in entertainment, an area considered harmless. Thus, when a subject has been long suppressed in the consensus society, it becomes fair game for the mass-media sensation traffickers who, like peddlers of French postcards, exploit curiosity without satisfying it. In the interest of titillation they win reputations for "boldness" by violating taboos, prodding sacred cows, and mentioning the unmentionable.

The daring subjects for our middle-ground society are those touching extremes—Birchites or Black Muslims, hippies or homosexuals, Playboy bunnies or nuns, mod fashions or topless waitresses, alcoholics or drug addicts, hawks or doves. Such topics constitute the tired, semi-informed routine of most talk on our entertainment shows.

Perceptive opportunists with a sense of black humor—TV hosts Alan Burke, Joe Pyne, Susskind—have long mined the rich vein. A mixture of sensation, vitriol and laughs will always attract a large audience. The maestros of other entertainment talk shows—Bishop, Carson, Griffin—are not far behind the sensation leaders, although normally they're not as extreme in their pursuit of extremism.

The situation is absurd and typically American: matters too important to be discussed seriously are made fun of and exploited for profit. Correction may be possible, but it will not be easy. The industry is dogged by self-deception. George R. Graham, Jr., president of N.B.C. Enterprises, recently called American radio and television audiences the best informed in the world. A contradictory survey, conducted for C.B.S. by Opinion Research Corporation, indicated that the general public has a low understanding and knowledge of current events. No correlation was seen with another survey, by Roper Research Associates, which named television the public's major source of news.

Proper alternatives to Messrs. Smothers, Jessel and Bailey might be documentaries about private propaganda on public air waves, about pacifism, unpopular versus popular wars, the right to dissent, the use of force in suppressing dissent, the suitability of trial by public opinion. But shoot, they wouldn't be much fun, would they?

It is not evident that commercial television wants the American public well informed. Not only is there little profit in it but the tease-and-tickle market of the entertainers would be ruined.

Spring Records 2 / BENJAMIN BORETT

SIBELIUS: The Seven Symphonies. The Japanese Philharmonic; Akeo Watanabe, cond. Epic SC 6057/BSC 157.

Symphony No. 5 in E-Flat major, Op. 82. Symphony No. 7 in C major, Op. 105. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Loren Maazel, cond. London CM 9488/CS 6488.

Perhaps not quite the seven deadliest symphonies ever composed, Sibelius' nevertheless consist mainly of the maximally gradual unfolding of ideas that begin unprepossessingly and grow to full proclamatory triviality. Those reputed to be more "original"—particularly the Fourth—are so primarily because the vocabulary in which their ideas are formulated is borrowed from a more "modern" literature; they are intrinsically no less obvious nor any less monodimensionally developed. Within these (admittedly severe) imaginative limitations the symphonies are, however, competently composed. What is odd is that they have attracted such serious attention in the form of extravagant praise and equally vehement damnation. This, I believe, must stem primarily from the ideological *partis pris* by the asserters (the reminiscent surface of the works seems to have been a rallying point for the belligerently nostalgic, and a convenient target for the mindlessly *avant-garde*); at any rate, nothing I can hear in the works themselves seems provocative of vehemence of any sort. Of the recordings, the Japan Philharmonic's performances are merely straightforward; the considerably greater finesse of Maazel and the Vienna Philharmonic gives the Fifth and Seventh at least an orchestral brilliance that seems virtually superimposed on Sibelius' rather flat-footed orchestration, but which makes the experience a little more interesting.

DVORAK: Symphonies Nos. 7, 8, 9. The Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6055/BSC 155.

These works have long awaited recorded performances of an interpretive depth and executive refinement at the level of their compositional ingenuity and profundity. This is an important release, therefore, even if its accomplishment is primarily in the domain of executive finesse, which thus leaves the interpretive burden still on the perceptivity of the listener. But such perceptivity is at least made possible by the superiority of

the playing, and the very absence of the usual simplistic excesses that overwhelm Dvorak's delicate sonorous and textural balances is an interpretive virtue in itself.

MILHAUD: *Le Boeuf sur le toit*. Satie: *Parade*. Auric: *Overture*. Françaix: *Concertino*. London Symphony Orchestra; Antal Dorati, cond. Mercury MG50435/SR90435.

The pop-music articulative surface through which the very complicated ideas of Stravinsky's *Histoire du Soldat* are perceived seems to have misled a number of French composers in the twenties to equate such an "anti-serious"—and hence functionally transparent—exterior with a genuinely anti-serious triviality of interior. Out of this enthusiasm they composed music that was in fact "pop" (and thus utterly antithetic to the compositional dead-seriousness of Stravinsky's work), consisting mainly of arrangements or simulations of strings of popular and folk tunes whose half-"classical" veneer left them rather less scintillating than the purer instances of the genre. The ingenuities among the works in the present album are restricted to the Milhaud *Boeuf sur le toit*; but they are rather thinner even here than in other Milhaud works of the period, especially *La Création du monde* and *L'Homme et son désir*, both of which manifest a compositional involvement with their popular elements far beyond anything in *le Boeuf*. The Satie is characteristic in the musical featurelessness that permits inexhaustible imputations of cleverness, and the other works are routine *jeux du Conservatoire*. Dorati's inflexible performances, too, miss whatever last chances remain to salvage a little *joie*.

BYRD: Mass in Three Parts. Mass in Four Parts. Argo ZRG 5362. Mass for five voices. Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis from The Great Service. Ave Verum Corpus. Argo ZRG 5226. All with the Choir of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; David Willcocks, cond.

Within the (from our *a posteriori* point of view) severe limitations of 16th-century music-structural resources—particularly the minimal number of functional dimensions and the homogeneous invariance of the presentational surface—the achievement by a few composers of a strong sense of individual event-contour, and of wide articulative variety

within a multi-sectional work seems truly remarkable. Among composers of sacred vocal music, Dufay, Ockeghem, Isaac, Josquin, Lassus and Byrd are awesome for their capacities in this domain; and Byrd's special quality, notable in all the present works but especially in the five-voice mass and the motet Ave Verum Corpus, is the astonishing range of continuity—and articulation-images, all of which project sharply individual identities out of drastically simple and minimally embellished materials. The present works are full of ideas of this kind, and perhaps, for the listener unaccustomed to the earlier, minuscule distinction-range, the simplicity and compactness of Byrd's profiles and textures make them more immediately discernible, and might ultimately help to make the more elliptical differentia in—progressively—Josquin, Lassus, Isaac and Ockeghem become evident. The performance is transparent, well-tuned and coordinated, if perhaps a little too uniformly "sensitive" in the face of Byrd's frequently broad-stroked articulation.

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Lemon Drops; For Harry; for tape alone; Hamm: Canto for soprano, speaker and chamber ensemble; Hiller: *Machine Music*, for piano, percussion and tape; Martirano: *Underworld*. Ensemble from the University of Illinois; Jack McKenzie and David Gilbert, conds. Heliodor HS 25047.

An important album for its representation of music composed at one of the most important American university centers of new-musical activity, far too rarely available otherwise either in recordings or performances locally. The representation is particularly valuable for the evidence it gives of the real diversity of approach and result among "advanced" American composers, and within the domain of the electronic medium; in particular, all these works manifest a fundamentally theatrical approach, compared with the contextualism that characterizes the work of the Eastern composers, even where gestural or theatrical surfaces appear, as in Carter, Wolpe or Wuorinen. Of the Illinois composers, Salvatore Martirano is perhaps best known in New York from his earlier days and frequent performances of his work here. From the beginning, his work manifested a particular interest in a supercharged heightening of verbal qualities superimposed on a basically traditional twelve-tone, specifically Bergian, foundation. The furthest previous extension of this was in his instrumental-choral *O O O O That Shakespeherian Rag*, performed in Town Hall several years ago and recorded on CRI. But *Underworld* car-

ries the pure theatrical-verbal-gestural quality much further, to the point where it no longer articulates or is articulated by the pitch-durational-timbral-textural substructures, but explodes them into elements of theatrical unfolding. Lejaren Hiller has long been one of the important technological innovators in the development of electronic and computer resources, which he has used not only in the usual way as performance media but also for various kinds of mechanical simulations of compositional processes, through which most of his recent works have been generated. Kenneth Gaburo's music has always presented a rather strenuously gestural surface, with a particular predilection for internally immobile sonority blocks at instrumental and vocal extremes, a Varèsian quality that translates with particular felicity into the tape-studio medium. Herbert Brün's work is more directly Darmstadtian, and Charles Hamm's reflects the amalgamation of a remarkable diversity of compositional interests.

NEW MUSIC FROM BRITAIN: Peter Maxwell Davies: *Leopardi Fragments*. Alexander Goehr: *Two Choruses*. Richard Rodney Bennett: *Calendar*. Malcolm Williamson: *Symphony for Voices*. Melos Ensemble; John Carewe, cond. Angel (S) 36387.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC: Don Banks: Trio for horn, violin and piano. Richard Rodney Bennett: Trio for flute, clarinet and oboe. Phyllis Tate: Sonata for clarinet and cello. Iain Hamilton: *Sonata Notturna* for horn and piano. Members of the Melos Ensemble. Argo ZRG 5475.

The works of Davies, Goehr and Hamilton deserve serious attention; among European, and even British, composers they manifest a highly uncharacteristic insistence on the primary significance of a clear and cognitive pitch-durational-relational structure as the compositional center out of which surface qualities arise, rather than merely using these components in generalized configurations to produce images of gestural activity, as elsewhere. The result in their work is a depth of musical identity notably absent from the more obviously spectacular works of their Continental colleagues. Davies in particular reveals a striking originality in the invention and integration of sonorities and continuities within such contexts of coherent unfolding, while Goehr's work has the kind of polish and solidity one associates with much less pre-middle-generation composers; the present choruses

are interesting for their ideas about choral sonority, particularly in the exploration of variant groupings of voices and of the range of accentual possibilities available in a purely vocal-ensemble context. Hamilton's sonata projects a sense of a sound and successional quality for each segment, involving interesting ideas about tempo changes in the course of a phraseological unit that suggests a relation to the work of Carter. Some of the interrelations and exchanges between horn and piano are also quite ingenious. The Melos Ensemble has long been the most accomplished extra-American chamber ensemble for contemporary music (the recording of the Schoenberg Op. 29 Suite has been particularly distinguished evidence of this) and—although in the absence of scores it is impossible to determine definitively—their playing here seems exemplary.

BEETHOVEN: Violin Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin; The New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36369.

This performance unfolds with that almost beatless continuity that characterized Fürtwängler's conducting. It is, in fact, the most Fürtwängler-like performance by Klemperer I have heard, in which the semblance appears to arise out of an idea about creating a full-orchestral articulative analogue to the solo violin's super-legato, to counterpoise the super-demarcation of the opening drumbeats that become a succession of fourfold, one-note reiterations through the first movement. Menuhin, too, is evidently still possessed of unusual violinistic capacities, and is capable also of a genuine conceptual collaboration in the projection of this rather special idea of the Concerto; the total legato achieved in the unfolding of the slow movement is perhaps the most remarkable result of its realization.

Other recent releases of special interest:

WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde*. Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Christa Ludwig, Martti Talvela, Eberhard Wächter. Bayreuth Festival Company; Karl Böhm, cond. DGG 139 221/25.

Die Walküre. Birgit Nilsson, Regina Crespin, Christa Ludwig, James King, Hans Hotter, Gottlob Frick; Vienna Philharmonic; Georg Solti, cond. London A 4509/OSA 1509.

WUORINEN: Piano Variations (see *The Nation*, May 4 1964). Martirano: *Cocktail Music*. Burge: *Eclipse II*. David Burge, piano. Advance FGR 3.

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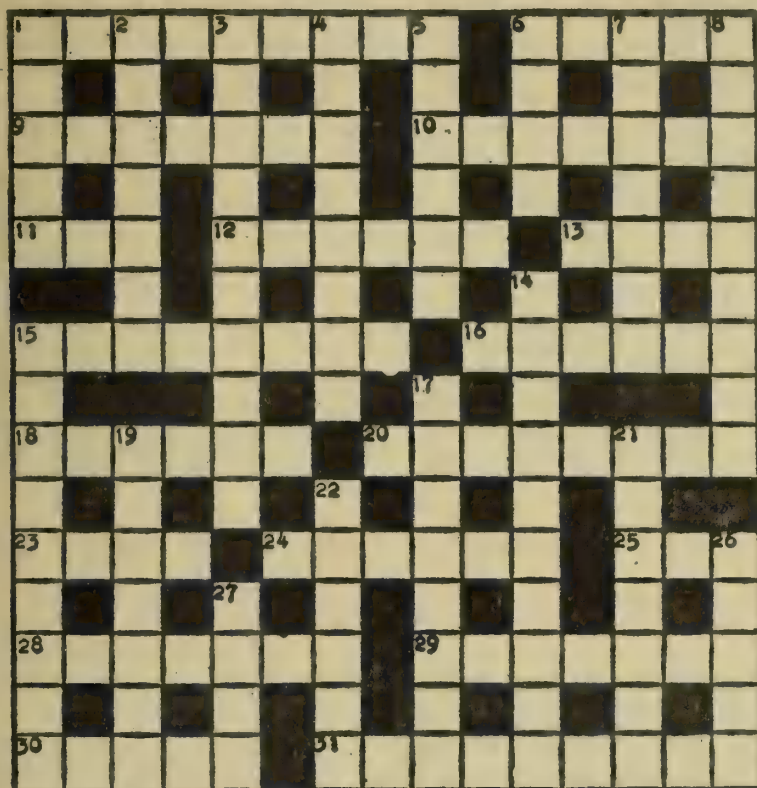
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1202

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 One might get furious, if I'm to use up the difference. (9)
- 6 God's hand in the Recessional? (5)
- 9 Conducted around one who has debts decreased. (7)
- 10 Also in a rip-roaring time it has material significance. (7)
- 11, 12 and 13 International beauty contest winners in New York a few years ago? (3, 6, 4)
- 15 Said to be confused in the rackets with rejects. (8)
- 16 Might record your views in place of the council. (6)
- 18 They seem to be unhappy with what used to start at the turn of a hand. (6)
- 20 When one isn't occupied? (4, 4)
- 23 See 5 down
- 24 Rather gaudy, like amber at times? (6)
- 25 See 5 down
- 28 One thousand in 10 is changed to another thousand by the conductor. (7)
- 29 Character possibly favored by illumination at one time. (7)
- 30 Wilde's character in a vulgar sense—quite a bird, that is. (5)
- 31 Made straight for one end of the line, if it loses direction. (9)

DOWN:

- 1 A tiny version of such as Britain self-proclaimed to be tenanted. (5)
- 2 Dusts for some of those interned for duration around a communist uprising. (7)

- 3 One object of the tackle is to find reversions to type. (10)
- 4 Ranking officers might be. (8)
- 5, 23 and 25 across D'Artagnan had it good! (Points to a person's being with it!) (13)
- 6 Constellation load would be a hundred too much. (4)
- 7 Served at the June 1st puzzler's party? (You'll pardon the flourish!) (7)
- 8 Carey gets into trouble in the water, possibly on top of a big meal. (5, 4)
- 14 Grain types, as one might speak of late deserved merit. (10)
- 15 Behave like a rotter? (9)
- 17 Using iron this way may be important.
- 19 Weeper for Willie? (7)
- 21 Certainly not a good inch around the cube, identified with Wales. (3, 4)
- 22 Actor, musician, and athlete. (6)
- 26 Picketed, possibly, but showed some signs of being shocked by it. (5)
- 27 Did Jolson always seem to be down on one? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1201

ACROSS: 1 Barber shops; 9, 10 and 11 Time out of mind; 12 Tiny Tim; 13 Passage; 15 Cerement; 16 Napery; 18 Access; 21 Cockpits; 24 Conquer; 26 Prorate; 29 Iliac; 30 Owed; 31 Endless belt. DOWN: 2 Acetylene; 3 Bromide; 4 Rite; 5 Hofmann; 6 Pumps; 7 Divide; 8 Onager; 14 and 27 Stickpins; 17 Paper doll; 19 Crowns; 20 Special; 22 Corncob; 23 Tatter; 25 and 28 Queen Anne.

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"SELECTED POEMS" of George Flynn (Villiers of London \$2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound."—James Turner. Available in U.S. from the author at 544-82 St., Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

THE BLUE OF DECODING THE HUMANS by Bibi Beebi, 116 pp., price \$3.00. Popular Non-Newtonian, etc., physics, astronomy, culturology, philosophy. The Inventist, P. O. Box 17039, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.

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NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

alienation's symbol

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIR: Employing vague rumors and a relatively short interview, Robert Sherrill comes to the conclusion that Wallace is not a potent national figure and could not conceivably do well in the 1968 elections ["George Wallace: 'Running for God,'" *The Nation*, May 8].

Wallace is a representative symbol for alienated groups in our society. The frustrated remnants of the self-proclaimed superior classes in the South cling desperately to this last hope for their redemption. Unskilled white workers, fearing the Negroes and other minorities with whom they now must compete on identical levels, manifest their fears in support of someone (anyone!) who feeds their discontent with hope. Large industrialists and frustrated self-proclaimed aristocrats seek a man for the Presidency who would oppose the liberal trends and methods of dealing with a divergent population.

It is with these groups that Wallace aligns himself, and as seemingly unimportant as the gentleman from Alabama is to Mr. Sherrill, he is an ominously imposing figure. . . .

L. P. Matheis

'Poets on Poetry'

Peekskill, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: I will comment on only one aspect of your issue, "Poets on Poetry" [*The Nation*, Apr. 24]. Shouldn't it have been called "White Poets on White Poetry"? Not one black poet is mentioned in any way. I must add that *The Nation* is no exception to the general exclusion of black poets by white critics and anthologists.

Walter Lowenfels

New York City

DEAR SIR: I liked the poetry issue, especially Louis Simpson's piece which I think I'll have mimeographed and given to my advanced students. And I liked Robert Bly's piece.

Leonard Kriegel

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR SIR: You deserve credit for doing an issue on poetry. . . . Paul Zweig's review of Lowell raised important questions about a major talent with a specificity that was at once persuasive and suggestive. . . . Other articles were good. . . like Louis Simpson's lively essay, about which, nevertheless, I have some gripes. First, Simpson's derision of New Criticism is as ill informed as it is gratuitous. The New Critics have attacked W. C. Williams in precisely the terms employed by Simpson. Second, as even Simpson seems to think, the "vatic poets" are mostly bad, and I don't for a moment see why we should look forward to hip Blake or unbuttoned Whitman. Third, though I share Simpson's admiration for Voznesensky, I don't see why he ends a prognosis for American poetry with the work of a mature talent in a wholly different tradition. . . . Your issue contained several good poems, most notably the Vallejo sonnet, which was a real discovery. . . .

Charles Thomas Samuels

New York City

DEAR SIR: My letter published in the May 8 *Nation* was cut in such a way that it seemed to confirm Louis Simpson's portrayal of me as a writer who has done nothing to protest the war in Vietnam and ridicules the attempts of others to do so, which is why I wrote the letter in the first place. The last paragraph of my original letter was as follows: "It should be evident from the foregoing that I was not 'sneering at the conscience of other poets' but

(Continued on page 692)

EDITORIALS

A Better Job for McNamara

"The Enemy—Exploring the Sources of Foreign Policy" is a thought-provoking article in the spring issue of *Columbia University Forum*. The author, Tom J. Farer, an assistant professor of law at Columbia and formerly special assistant to the general counsel of the Defense Department, inquires why we automatically fight revolutionary movements abroad.

Farer's presentation by-passes the vital need of the U.S. economy which the cold war filled after World War II—and still fills in such outbursts of shooting as in Vietnam. The concomitant arms race, supplemented later by space exploration, secured the economy against depression, and in the guise of resistance to Communist aggression enabled the corporate, political and military leaders to suppress (sufficiently for their purposes) the very freedoms which the cold war was supposed to defend. At the same time, the enormous productive capacity of the capitalist economy enabled it to make substantial contributions to the recovery of the nations that chose to side with us, and to keep the population at home content enough so that (except lately for a section of the Negro proletariat) they did not start on a dangerous comparison between what there was, and what might be.

Farer is preoccupied, however, not with the virtues of the cold war from the standpoint of its beneficiaries, large and small, but with its costs and perils. Why, he asks, have these moral disasters and diplomatic adversities failed so far to produce a single significant apostate from the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, despite the presence of some intellectuals not vulnerable to charges of complaisance? Part of the answer, he suggests, may be "the lack in our government of a tradition of resignation on openly stated grounds of principle, a lack which is in large measure a function of the unusual indifference, bordering on contempt, of our Establishment to dissent premised on moral scruples."

This indifference, of course, is a necessary component of the cold war. But as long as it is not total, Farer's question is pertinent, the more so when we contrast the void in moral dissent among those who possess power with the intensity of dissent among some of those who lack power—for instance, a large section of the academic community—and further, when we compare this void with the tradition of principled dissent in British politics. There, a minister who has had his fill of moral degradation resigns. His letter of resignation is often revealing and politically influential. Having unbosomed himself, he resumes his seat in Parliament, stays in the doghouse for a while, and perhaps lives longer politically than the government whose immorality forced him to quit.

In American politics no one has dissented in this way for many years. Henry Wallace did (and look what it

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got him); Adlai Stevenson did not (and look what that got him). But that is history, for which our Establishment has, for the most part, the same contempt that it has for principle. Is there any present candidate who might inaugurate such a practice in American politics?

Only one name comes to mind: Robert S. McNamara. What an explosion he could set off! What an explosion he *should* set off! He is intelligent and patriotic. He has tamed the services, so far as anyone can in wartime. Now he differs from the Joint Chiefs of Staff on practically every issue, from the bombing of North Vietnam to the value of an anti-missile missile. His situation is becoming embarrassing, as in his attempt to reconcile his opposition of early April to bombing the MIG bases with his awkward justification, three weeks later, of the selfsame bombings.

By all indications, the Vietnamese War will drag on. Cured of his optimism of a few years ago, McNamara must see the futility of waiting for victory before quitting. If he finally gets out on some hypocritical pretext—health or family poverty—he will be missing the opportunity of a lifetime to serve his country, to which he owes much, rather than a President to whom he owes nothing.

Prologue

U Thant's warning that the initial phase of World War III is being fought in Vietnam has been brushed off by the Johnson Administration. Folly is thus piled on folly. Diplomatically, U Thant has the pulse of the world at his finger tips. He is probably better informed than President Johnson, he is certainly better able to gauge future Chinese reaction, and as a neutral he can afford to be objective.

No great war has burst on the world without warning. World War I was preceded by the Balkan War of 1912 and the clash of the Great Powers in the Algeiras incident. The Spanish Civil War (1936-39) was the prelude to World War II. The premonitory rumblings were unheeded, and they are being neglected once more.

The Vietnamese War drags on interminably, the omens of culminating disaster multiply. Every day's newspaper adds to the list:

¶ We announce that an Air Force F-105 Thunderchief may have inadvertently flown into Red China territory after being damaged in aerial combat.

¶ Soviet ships sideswipe U.S. destroyers in the confined waters of the Sea of Japan. This is a warning in the language of military powers, before worse collisions take place. It follows earlier warnings by the Soviets of a step-up in military activity on their part.

¶ The Soviets introduce portable 140 mm. rocket launchers—light, efficient and cheap. These weapons were first used in the North around February 27; about May 11 they were brought close to Saigon.

¶ British merchant seamen in Hong Kong say that while

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their vessel was in Haiphong they saw ■ Red Chinese ship fire at U.S. aircraft on April 23.

¶ The military take over the "other war" in Vietnam. Civilian officials are reported to be appalled, but the reason given is that the South Vietnamese government troops could not hold "pacified" areas.

¶ The American correspondent Simon Malley, obtaining ■ Chinese visa as a UN correspondent for *Jeune Afrique*, reports on an interview with Chou En-lai. China would intervene, Chou says, if the North Vietnamese request "volunteers," or if U.S. land forces invade North Vietnam, or if the Soviets and the Americans cooperate in a "sell-out" of Hanoi. In short, the Chinese will not tolerate an American victory in Southeast Asia. Chou denies there was an interview—which may mean that he now feels the threat should have been harsher.

¶ Senators like John Sherman Cooper and Thruston B. Morton, who are not easily alarmed, urge de-escalation.

¶ As another warning to the West, the Chinese mount violent demonstrations against "British imperialism" in Hong Kong.

An ominous note running through all these events is that the American public, and even members of Congress, do not know what is going on until some overt incident occurs. The destroyer clash in the Sea of Japan is a striking example. How many Americans knew that our naval vessels, in cooperation with those of Japan, were engaged in maneuvers near Vladivostok and North Korea, and that our naval vessels occasionally sail into the Sea of Okhotsk to the north, which except for its mouth, is entirely within the Siberian land mass?

"Overshadowing all," says Senator Cooper, "is the dread possibility that the matching of power by power will lead relentlessly to a third world war. It is to prevent such a confrontation which would foreclose the chance for negotiations . . . that I ask our government, acting in the full confidence that arises from strength, to confine and restrain our bombing—if bomb it must—to infiltration routes near the Demilitarized Zone. . . ." Cooper concurs, in effect, with U Thant's warning. The next favorable occasion for some show of flexibility on the U.S. side is the Buddha's birthday celebration on May 23. As the *Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette* says, the world situation is screaming for a courageous peace act. There may not be another chance.

The Civilian Count

The status of the Congress is certainly in some eclipse in this era of the Great Texan, but even so a Senator is not someone to be brushed lightly aside. When one of them makes it plain that he intends to be possessed of a particular bit of information, he can usually find out what he wants to know.

It may, however, take some persistence and a good deal of staff terrier work, and Sen. Edward Kennedy is

accordingly to be commended for having placed before the public some credibly derived figures on the war casualties occurring among civilian South Vietnamese. Senator Kennedy's total is 100,000 a year, and rising. He derives it by estimating that the 50,000 civilians which the United States Mission in Saigon expects to treat for war-related injuries in government hospitals this year cannot possibly be more than 50 per cent of the number wounded. According to the Senator's investigation, it takes on the average thirty-six hours for civilians to reach a medical center; obviously, many never attempt the journey and many die on the way. Many are dead on the spot.

The Administration does not care for the Kennedy figures and offers others of its own, hoping to involve everyone in a numbers game which will divert attention from the central fact that we are wounding and killing a great many civilians in Vietnam, and that each month we wound and kill more than suffered at our hands the month before. Plans are under way to build three hospitals in the war-torn country exclusively for civilian casualties. Plane and helicopter lifts are being advocated to bring the victims to these centers, and sundry blandishments are being employed to gather more doctors into the civilian program from the United States and from the non-Communist world at large.

These efforts are exemplary in themselves, and help to improve our image: kill we must in the interest of a better world for the Vietnamese, but we kill with reluctance, with compunction. Those we only partially kill we will patch together again—insofar as we can induce doctors to practice their craft under conditions of such inadequate supplies and facilities as to caricature the concept of healing.

Officialdom notes that there are always civilian casualties in wartime and agrees that a guerrilla war (which our enemy, lacking aircraft and heavy armament, insists upon fighting) produces peculiarly high death and injury ratios among the women, children and indigenous elderly. All we are trying to do is to kill Vietnamese who disagree with us, but accidents will happen. Much credit is due Senator Kennedy for giving us some notion of how these accidents are adding up on the tape of history.

The Doctors' Dilemma

A real crisis calls forth deep loyalties which are scarcely perceived, or are taken for granted, in less troubled times. The trial of Dr. Howard Brett Levy is a case in point. Dr. Levy, one may surmise, would rather be known as a physician than as a captain in the Army, but he is a captain, and as a captain he is being tried at Fort Jackson, S.C., for willful refusal to obey an order. The order sounds harmless enough: to teach dermatology—Levy's specialty—to Green Beret medical aidmen who were about to be shipped to Vietnam. Levy would surely not be averse to such teaching if it were entirely a matter of

healing, but he takes his Hippocratic obligations seriously. The aidmen are also trained to fight, therefore he will not teach them medicine. As a physician, he feels that he owes an overriding loyalty to his profession, and that this takes precedence over his loyalty to his country in a conflict like that now raging in Vietnam.

At Levy's court-martial another captain, Ivan Mauer, was called as a government witness. He could not have given much comfort to the prosecution. Mauer had replaced Levy as chief of the dermatology clinic at the Fort Jackson hospital, and he said that he likewise would refuse to obey the order that had got Levy into trouble. The training of the Green Beret aidmen in dermatology is now in the hands of a civilian doctor who, presumably, is not plagued by the conflicts of the two captains.

In the San Francisco Bay Area, 121 medical students from Stanford and the University of California Medical Center have signed petitions declaring that they will refuse to serve with the armed forces in Vietnam, if and when they are drafted. This might be dismissed as a premature warning and an exhibition of youthful idealism that will be dissipated by mature wisdom, but the position of these young men is supported in varying degree by some 100 faculty members at the two institutions. This movement appears to be gaining momentum elsewhere in the country: an additional 133 signatures have been collected at twenty-three other medical schools, Harvard, Yale and Albert Einstein among them.

"Of course," says Arthur B. Zelman, one of the West Coast objectors, "I'd never refuse to care for a wounded soldier. What I object to is treating patients selectively in the military context. We all really want to save lives and the only way to do it is to refuse to go to Vietnam. In that way, perhaps the Administration will have some second thoughts about the war."

This Administration has ever had but one thought; nevertheless, a large-scale assertion of the right of doctors to refuse military service might cause it to ponder a little before the next escalation.

NASA and the Media

Until January 27, 1967, the National Aeronautics and Space Agency was the showpiece of the Johnson Administration, as it had been of the Kennedy administration. The public impression, fostered less by the agency itself than by the press, was that NASA, unlike any other engineering organization from the time of the Caesars to 'date, could do no wrong. With its contractors, it had performed miracles, bringing the United States in a few years from a position of inferiority in space to invincible leadership. It was widely believed—and for this notion NASA was as responsible as its admirers — that the American team would sweep on to a triumphant landing on the moon in 1969, perhaps even in 1968. And the astronauts would come back alive to enjoy the plaudits of

friendly and neutral nations, and the discomfiture of our enemies.

Technological hubris is no more immune than any other kind from the tragic disclosure of fallibility. When the three astronauts perished on the pad in a fire that no one had foreseen, under operating conditions that gave them not the slightest chance of escape, the illusion built up over the years vanished in a few seconds. The fact that some remarkable engineering had gone into the Mercury and Gemini flights was forgotten. Also forgotten was the responsibility of those on the outside who had fed the myth when they should have been skeptical.

The way in which the heroic image was created and maintained tells a great deal about what is called, with appropriate genuflection, the American Way. In part it was the product of the idiot variety of patriotism, but in larger part it was a matter of money. NASA received its \$5 billion every year with a minimum of Congressional inquiry, and became in effect an ever-flowing pork barrel for the aerospace industry. Who wanted to get tough with NASA when it was providing all those jobs and all that prosperity for the great corporations that it was supposed to keep at arm's length? According to *Business Week* (April 15), the United States can still probably get its first team of astronauts to the moon for \$22.8 billion. A sum like that creates an enormous reservoir of good will. To a large extent the aerospace industry press, which was in the best position to know what was going on and to find fault when indicated, chose instead to cheer.

With such an example, it is not hard to understand the attitude of the broadcasters, who simply made an entertainment piece out of the moon project, on a par with soap operas and Westerns, but with more of a kick and at less expense. The astronauts were used to sell beer, razor blades and detergents, and *Life* bought their memoirs. When the three perished on the pad, the magazine paused only a few weeks before canceling the contract. The boys weren't entertaining any more.

With some outstanding exceptions, the newspapers also fell short. Had it not been for a few tough-minded journalists like William Hines of the *Washington Star* (who did a piece for *The Nation*: "NASA: The Image Misfires," April 24), we might know even less of the NASA story. It is even possible that without such gadflies the report of the board of inquiry would not have been as severe and thorough as it was.

In his first appearances after the investigation began, NASA Administrator James E. Webb gave an impression of candor, but later he took refuge in such early-NASA devices as parading astronauts before the camera, and he aroused outright distrust by his defense of the choice of North American Aviation as the prime Apollo contractor. At first he testified that North American was the first choice of the NASA source-evaluation board. Three weeks later he acknowledged that the Martin Company had been preferred by the technical people. There

is nothing to indicate that Martin would have done better than North American, but Webb's conflicting stories do not inspire confidence. Nor do his antecedents—his earlier connections with the late Sen. Robert S. Kerr, for example—make him an ideal leader for the balance of the Apollo program.

Worse than anything Webb has done in the past is his commitment to land on the moon before 1970. He seems oblivious to the pleas of responsible scientists and journalists to abandon a fixed deadline and allow future experience to set the pace. Rep. William F. Ryan's suggestion that a high-level Presidential commission be established to review NASA's work, and the schedule to be followed, seems very much in order.

An Insufficiency of Frankness

The latest disclosures about how the CIA bankrolled the Congress for Cultural Freedom—which in turn bankrolled *Encounter*, the Anglo-American monthly—have precipitated a heavy and extensive fallout. Stephen Spender has resigned as a contributing editor of *Encounter*, on the ground that he had been kept in total darkness about the covert CIA connection. Frank Kermode, the co-editor, has also resigned. "I was always assured," he writes, "that there was no truth in the allegations about the CIA funds. On several occasions I gave false assurances about the facts on which I had been led astray." Irving Kristol, a former co-editor, deposes that he, too, was innocent of any knowledge about CIA largess during his stay with the magazine.

Melvin Lasky, the present editor, is, of course, in a somewhat different position. He was one of the three founders of the Congress for Cultural Freedom (Arthur Koestler and Michael Josselson were the others), with funds provided by David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers Union (at least that was the *immediate* source of the initial funds). Mr. Lasky, faced with the

flak the disclosures have given off, now concedes that he may have been "insufficiently frank" in briefing his colleagues about the relationship with the CIA.

Indeed, a lack of frankness colors every aspect of what *The Observer* has called "The Encounter Affair." Michael Josselson, who apparently will stay on as executive director of the Congress, admits that he was placed in a position of having to deceive "the people I most respected, admired and liked, and who gave me their trust wholeheartedly." Last year, when *The Nation* (May 16, 1966) commented on the fact—well known even then, although apparently not to the editors of *Encounter*—that the magazine for some years had been indirectly financed by the CIA, we were promptly taken to task by Stephen Spender, Melvin Lasky and Irving Kristol in a letter published in our issue of June 13, 1966, which strongly implied (though on close reading it did not actually charge) that our editorial was defamatory. The tone of the letter was belligerent and threatening.

At the same time, we also received, and published, a similar protestation of innocence and virtue from the Congress for Cultural Freedom, signed by Denis de Rougemont, as chairman of the Executive Committee, and formally attested—no doubt for added emphasis—by Nicholas Nabokov. But to date we have received no letters apologizing for the attempt to mislead us. This pervading insufficiency of frankness tends, as the Congress itself now concedes, "to poison the wells of intellectual discourse." Examining the acrimony which the Braden disclosures in *The Saturday Evening Post* precipitated, we strongly sympathize with Mr. Spender who points out that the revelations of past CIA support have created "a tangle in which one doesn't know what the past is." Perhaps it never happened. Perhaps Tom Braden, who set up the "front" program for the CIA, is mistaken in saying that he named one agent for the Congress and another to edit *Encounter*. Perhaps it was all a multimillion-dollar misunderstanding.

THE TIME-LIFE CAPER

BRAZIL'S YANKEE NETWORK

ERNEST BLUM

Mr. Blum is a New York financial writer now living and working in Latin America.

For almost two years, Time-Life, Inc., has been the chief target in Brazil of an increasingly vehement protest against the presence of U.S. money and influence in key sectors of the Brazilian press. The legal basis for the indignation rests on Brazil's constitution, which—in both the 1946 and 1967 versions—strictly forbids foreign ownership, even partial ownership, of the nation's communications media. Despite this clear prohibition, Time-Life

has since 1962 pumped more than \$6 million into Rio de Janeiro's leading television station, TV Globo, which is associated with Rio's leading newspaper, *O Globo*. Upon receiving this flood of Time-Life dollars, TV Globo suddenly embarked on an expansionary course, buying up TV and radio stations in the key industrial city of Sao Paulo and in the politically brittle Northeast.

With an eye to further growth, TV Globo has pending applications to set up a thirty-six-station TV and radio chain extending to all the major cities of Brazil and covering 95 per cent of the population. The expansionary program was termed by the head of a Presidential

investigating commission "an imminent danger of the propagation throughout the entire country . . . of the domain of Time-Life."

The facts in this affair were uncovered by two investigating panels—one congressional, the other Presidential—formed after an insistent chorus of accusations had begun to arouse and shock public opinion. The investigating commissions, in the middle of last year, disclosed contracts by Time-Life of transparent hanky-panky (such terms have been plastered all over the Brazilian press) that provided an epidemic of embarrassed head shaking even among the American business colony here.

Forbidden to acquire ownership of Brazilian news media, Time-Life went into the "real estate" business and acquired on January 15, 1965, ownership of the premises of TV Globo. It became thus not an owner of TV Globo but the station's "landlord," renting the premises to the new "tenant." However, the distinction between Time-Life as landlord and Time-Life as owner becomes altogether academic in view of another provision of the contracts, which gives Time-Life no less than 45 per cent of the net profits of the station (this is called "rental"). Since another contract gives Time-Life 3 per cent of TV Globo's gross receipts, the "landlord" could conceivably make more from the station than the "tenant." (TV Globo is also obliged to pay 55 per cent of the upkeep.)

But these arrangements by no means exhaust the revelations that the Brazilian public has been treated to in the past months. Besides outlawing foreign ownership of the press, the constitution provides that management of news media "shall fall exclusively to Brazilians." But still another contract between Time-Life and TV Globo calls for placing a Time-Life executive in TV Globo, "with qualifications equivalent to those of a manager of a TV station." This contract—dating back to July 24, 1962, and called, somewhat euphemistically, an agreement of "technical assistance"—also provides for sending another Time-Life executive into the station to be "responsible for accounting and financing." (After the arrival of the Time-Life executives, TV Globo's Brazilian station manager resigned.)

The congressional committee investigating the deal unanimously condemned it as illegal, labeling Time-Life "the silent partner." The panel said: "The contracts violate the constitutional precepts because they mask the corporate link between Time-Life and TV Globo in a formal sense, but present the hidden components of an unmistakable corporate link."

The Brazilian federal agency responsible for licensing radio and TV stations, CONTEL, ruled that the contracts violate "the letter and spirit" of the constitution and gave TV Globo ninety days to "clean up" the situation. Contrary to CONTEL's regulations, TV Globo never submitted the agreements for CONTEL's approval. When CONTEL demanded to see them, after the publicity furor, the station's owner, Roberto Marinho, submitted copies that were so illegible from erasures that CONTEL promptly returned them. The agency was not to get clear copies until months later.

The 1965 "rental" agreement actually superseded an earlier agreement signed at the time of the 1962 "technical assistance" agreement (TV Globo was then in

the planning stage). That agreement, called a "joint participation," expressly labeled Time-Life's then 30 per cent interest in the station a "foreign investment." Apparently the 1965 "landlord" contract was designed to circumvent possible allegations of a Time-Life proprietorship.

Marinho, the owner of the nationally distributed *O Globo* and an operator whose other "deals" have won him notoriety, received \$1.5 million from Time-Life in 1962 under the "joint-participation," according to testimony before the investigating panels.

The head of the Bank of Brazil has disclosed that,



starting in 1965 and up until May, 1966, a new influx of money exceeded \$4.5 million. Of these funds, \$980,000 is designated as Time-Life's payment for purchase of TV Globo's building; the remainder is promissory notes negotiated by Marinho (no date being set for repayment) and which he has called "loans."

When the money began to arrive in 1965, TV Globo acquired a chain of two TV and five radio stations located in the key states of Sao Paulo (one of the TV stations is the city of Sao Paulo's important TV Paulista) and Pernambuco, in the Northeast. Marinho admitted before the Presidential investigating panel: "I applied part of the sums sent by Time-Life on TV Paulista. . . ." As recently as last November Marinho acquired the second of Rio's four 50 kilowatt radio stations, thus adding Radio Mundial to Radio Globo.

Brazilians—and many Americans—are asking themselves what exactly Time-Life has in mind. Does it intend, in some delusion of grandeur, to "help" the State Department and the United States Information Agency in getting Uncle Sam's message across? In fact, that may be just what Time-Life has in mind.

Julio de Mesquita Filho, the publisher of *O Estado de Sao Paulo*, a conservative paper of a prestige comparable to that of *The New York Times* in the United States, has revealed that shortly before Time-Life con-



summed the TV Globo deal in 1962, representatives of the American organization approached him with a similar offer. The reason for the proposed undertaking, it was explained, was the need to set up propaganda bulwarks against the immediate threat of Castroism in Latin America. The Brazilian publisher rejected the offer and explained to the Time-Life emissaries that Brazil did not require U.S. occupation of its communications media in order to combat communism.

However, Time-Life's infiltration of *O Globo* is not the only example of American influence in the Brazilian press; the initial scandal has now proliferated to the point of raising the issue of Brazil's right to—and imperative need for—a press independent of powerful foreign concerns having a vested interest in public opinion.

As in other developing countries, vast sectors of Brazil's economy are almost totally dominated by foreign corporations. While in many respects the presence of foreign firms is an asset to the economy, the interests of the foreign corporations and the national interests of Brazil do not always coincide. Furthermore, Brazil is unquestionably the key country of Latin America, and is emerging with international interests divergent from those of the United States.

In these circumstances, Brazilians are zealous to guard their communications channels from foreign control. As the congressional panel investigating the Time-Life affair put it: "National public opinion is not a manufactured product imported from abroad; we want to forge our own public opinion with our own forces." Yet in spite of these obvious considerations, one learns in Brazil how formidable are the attacks upon a nationally independent press.

Among the most notable of them has been the case of the "grupo Visao." This organization, founded by and corporately linked to Vision, Inc., with headquarters in New York, for fourteen years published the major weekly news magazine in Brazil—*Visao* (patterned after *Time*). This magazine, the only one of its kind in the country, was reporting on Brazilian affairs, editorializing on politics and economics, subtly taking sides on the whole spectrum of issues in Brazilian life, while linked to a New York corporation.

In 1965, "grupo Visao" launched a series of high-powered trade magazines—*Dirigente Industrial* (Industrial Manager), *Dirigente Rural* (Agricultural Manager), *Dirigente Constructor* (Construction Manager)—aimed at the full range of Brazil's top managerial class. They are subsidized by foreign corporations—with up to 60 per cent of the advertisements—and are distributed free to a controlled circulation list, an innovation which has competing trade magazines crying "foul play."

Late last year, apparently as a result of the Time-Life revelations, the corporate links between Vision, Inc., of New York, and *Visao* were ostensibly severed; the magazine moved its offices and started publishing separately from the *Dirigente* group. The latter, however, are still believed to be linked to New York.

Also in the magazine field, Editora Abril, one of Brazil's two top magazine chains, has been repeatedly accused of links with Time-Life. This mammoth publisher with nineteen different magazines, is headed by a former Time-Life employee, Victor Civita—an Italian-born ex-U.S. citizen, now a naturalized Brazilian. What appears suspect about Senhor Civita is not only his former Time-Life connections but the fact that in 1951, when he emigrated to Brazil, his brother, Cezar, emigrated to Argentina—to found a similar Editora Abril in Buenos Aires. There the firm's flag magazine, *Panorama*, carries the name Time-Life on its masthead.

In radio, informed Brazilians looked on with dismay last year as the important twenty-nine-station radio chain, "Rede Piratininga," based in Sao Paulo, was taken over by the Brazilian associate of the World Wide Missionary Educational Foundation of West Monroe, La. Purchase price: \$1.5 million.

Stricter enforcement of the law would eliminate some of the more flagrant press abuses, but a more basic and knottier problem would remain—that posed by the foreign advertiser.

The dominance of foreign advertising in the Brazilian press can be appreciated merely by leafing through any major magazine: the big international corporations have all the 1-page and multi-page ads. Moreover, this advertising is placed by American advertising agencies: the

two biggest agencies in Brazil are J. Walter Thompson and McCann-Erickson. Four American agencies in Brazil (there are eight) handle an estimated 37 per cent of all agency billings in the country. It would be naive to suppose that this formidable foreign advertising apparatus does not exercise an implicit, and sometimes explicit, editorial influence.

The Spanish-language edition of one major Brazilian magazine, *O Cruzeiro*, was prospering with a circulation of 420,000 when *Life* decided to put its own Spanish-language edition into the field. Upon the appearance of the Spanish *Life*, the American corporations doing business in Latin America—the advertising backstay of *O Cruzeiro*—dropped the Brazilian publication and swung behind *Life*.

O Cruzeiro is published by Diarios Associados, whose twenty-three newspapers, seventeen radio stations, and thirteen TV stations make it the biggest press chain in Latin America. The founder is the venerable journalist and magnate, Assis Chateaubriand, and managing director is Joao Calmon, a congressman who is an important force in the government's ARENA coalition (he also heads Brazil's national trade association of radio and TV stations, ABERT).

When these two gentlemen—having a score to settle with Time-Life—heard the 1965 deal with TV Globo denounced by then-Governor Carlos Lacerda, they hit the war path. (Carlos Lacerda had gotten wind of the deal inadvertently: the presence in TV Globo of a mysterious Cuban “agent” was denounced to his security police. When arrested, the “agent” turned out to be Alberto Hernandez Cata, a Cuban refugee and \$20,000-a-year Time-Life executive who, under questioning, spilled the beans about the deal.)

Chateaubriand, in the middle of 1965, led off with what was to become an unrelenting campaign against Time-Life, TV Globo, *O Globo*, and their owner, Marinho. Then early in 1966, Joao Calmon, in his capacity as head of ABERT, spoke repeatedly over his radio and television chain, each time sensationally revealing some newly discovered facet of the deal. Calmon branded the inflow of Time-Life funds a “little sea” of dollars, an effective pun on Marinho's name, which means “little sea.” Backing the Calmon initiatives, the major newspapers, radio and TV stations of Sao Paulo—led by *O Estado de Sao Paulo*—issued a joint “Manifesto to the Nation,” calling on the congress, the President and federal officials to act.

The only note of support for TV Globo came from two members of the three-man Presidential investigating panel, who glossed over the deal, although recommending that in the future “standards be adopted to avoid such close ties between national and foreign entities.” But the two members took at face value Time-Life's pose as a Brazilian “real estate” operator, deciding that the agreement “adopted a modality which has been frequent in commercial renting.” The third member, and chairman of this panel, however, has submitted the most vehement denunciation of the deal to come from any official source, calling Time-Life “incontestably the principal figure in the business.”

The Brazilian congress, following up a unanimous

denunciation of the deal by its own investigating committee, inserted into the new press law in February the same strictures on foreign ownership or control contained in the constitution. In pointed reference to the Time-Life affair, the congress outlawed “any type of contract of ‘technical assistance’ with foreign entities allowing these entities, under any pretext whatsoever, to have a direct or indirect participation in management of journalistic enterprises.”

When the President failed to veto these provisions, the game seemed over for Time-Life. This feeling was reinforced on February 16, after President Castello Branco denied TV Globo's appeal against CONTEL's eleven-point condemnation of the contracts. But for the previous twenty months, the President had shown a singular lack of urgency in the matter—a detachment explained no doubt by the fact that *O Globo* is the most ardent press champion of “the Revolution,” and such support is hard to come by these days.

As they say in Brazil, “You think three times before defying *O Globo*,” and the President's time to think thrice came on March 3, when he handed *O Globo*'s appeal to his attorney general. The attorney general, in a burst of legal activity, digested the thousands of pages of testimony in the case within five days—a “time record.” commented *O Estado de Sao Paulo*—and on March 8 handed his opinion to the President: the deal was legal. Thereupon, on March 1, only twenty-four hours before leaving office, President Castello Branco ordered CONTEL to re-examine the matter.

The President left another bequest before departing. To the press law's (and the constitution's) strictures against foreign ownership of the press, the President decreed the following amendment: “Excluded from the provisions are scientific, technical, cultural and artistic publications.” Since anything, even comic books, could come under one of the four rubrics, the provisions banning foreigners in the press would pack as much punch as a wet tea biscuit. *O Estado de Sao Paulo* commented that the amendment seemed specifically aimed as a sop to Editora Abril, its nineteen publications being “scientific, technical, cultural and artistic.” The provision would also allow Vision, Inc., of New York, to continue with its *Dirigente* magazines.

With this challenge from the outgoing President, the controversy has flared again to the boiling point. The Diarios Associados has stepped up its campaign (*O Cruzeiro* recently carried an article on Roberto Marinho by Carlos Lacerda, somewhat indelicately entitled, “The Al Capone of the Press”), while in March the formidable *O Estado* published a series of four major editorials blasting the Castello Branco actions and outlining the areas of foreign infiltration in the press. The whole business is now in the lap of President Costa e Silva.

Whatever the new President's action, Time-Life might like to pull out anyway—what with all the unpleasantness—but there's that money held by Roberto Marinho. Should Costa e Silva say “no” to the deal, Senhor Marinho might very well shrug his shoulders, regretfully cut Time-Life out of the profits, and continue to dispose of a fortune in dollars.

THE NEW POLITICS GOES LOCAL

PAUL BOOTH

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Chicago

Around the country, a bizarre phenomenon is appearing on the political scene; thousands of dissenters are involved in movements which seek to counter the decisions of war and peace, made on the highest level of government, by offering candidates for local political office. These new movements have already begun to surface in California and Illinois, and almost every Tuesday between now and November there will be a local election somewhere.

To a man like Robert Scheer, whose campaign for Congress in the district that includes Berkeley and Oakland was the outstanding achievement of the electoral peace movement in 1966, there is no anomaly in this local approach to national issues. "The cold war has penetrated every aspect of our common life," he says, and the answer to it must be built on the aspirations of the ordinary people whose needs have been ignored and whose lives have been warped as a direct result of cold-war priorities. This analysis led the Berkeley Community for New Politics (CNP)—the organizational successor to the Scheer campaign—to offer three candidates for City Council in the April 4 election, and to win more than a third of the vote for them.

Civil rights advocates have also turned to local politics. In Chicago, two independent Negro candidates defeated Negro Democrats for the City Council, and Dick Gregory's protest campaign for mayor netted 20,775 write-in votes that were counted and an estimated equal number that were thrown out. But 1966 was just the first round; in 1967 independent Negro candidates will try to break the hold of the Democratic Party all over the country.

The peace and civil rights forces are consciously in coalition throughout the states. Members of Berkeley CNP went to work in behalf of Elijah Turner's ghetto-based campaign for Oakland City Council in the election held April 18. One of the new Chicago independent aldermen, A. A. (Sammy) Rayner, Jr., served as chairman of the peace movement's March 25 protest meeting at which Martin Luther King called for joint action to end the war in Vietnam and poverty and racism at home.

Yet the movements work independently, each on its own political timetable. Unmistakably, both are growing factors on the American political scene, and professional politicians from coast to coast are taking careful measure of their potential power.

Campaigns like that of Scheer in Berkeley represent a development in the thinking of peace advocates beyond the old "peace politics." In recent years, especially in the even-numbered years, such people have used November elections as occasions for expressing protest or for offering alternative policies. Only a few groups saw

those dates as early milestones on the road to eventual political power.

In 1962 and 1966, the large number of peace candidates attracted the attention of the press and aroused a good deal of anxiety among professional party politicians, but in neither year did the effort merit the hoopla, once the votes were counted. In New Haven last fall, where Prof. Robert Cook as a third-party candidate had challenged the incumbent Democratic Congressman, Robert Giaimo, Town Chairman Arthur Barbieri introduced Giaimo to his victory party as "the man who beat Cook." But Cook got barely 5 per cent of the vote and even so he made the strongest showing of all the third-line candidates. Out of the soul-searching that followed November, 1966, a new political strategy was born, aimed at permanent organization for the steady accumulation of power.

This changeover has not been easy. The peace movement is a middle-class movement of a particular sort; it draws its rank and file from the most cosmopolitan elements of the professional class. Its members have developed their politics in reaction to *The New York Times*, to Huntley-Brinkley, and to the liberal journals, but never to the conditions of their own working lives or their immediate environment. One local peace-politics newsletter can be distinguished from the next only by examining the mailing wrapper; the contents refer exclusively to national and international concerns, never analyzing the city's power structure, commenting on the local welfare department, or even identifying the local draft boards or recording the names and numbers of local young people drafted, wounded or killed in the war.

This approach to the electorate has been essentially educational, discussing issues—primarily Vietnam—that would not otherwise be raised. One hundred candidates in twenty-five states campaigned on such issues in 1966. When the ballots were counted, the insurgents' areas of strength stood out on the map like a topography of the American professional class. In Newton, Ann Arbor, Hyde Park, Bethesda and hundreds of other university towns and white-collar suburbs, the peace movement gained thousands of backers. But these were islands of strength, enough to give independent candidates 3 per cent of the vote, and Democratic primary insurgents 15 per cent of the vote. The exceptions were provided by the campaigns, like Scheer's, that succeeded in attracting mass support in ghetto areas. The 1966 total added up to 1 million votes cast against the war, the product of prodigious efforts by peace people, most of whom were taking their message from door to door for the first time.

Some workers read this as another chapter in the story of moral men hopelessly isolated in an immoral land. But that reading doesn't square with the returns from Dearborn, Mich., where 41 per cent of the voters supported a referendum for withdrawal from Vietnam—and without a local peace movement or any substantial educational campaign around the issue.

The only interpretation that does square with the facts is that the peace movement has thus far failed to tap the

anti-war sentiment existing in that 95 per cent of America that makes its political choices according to the most immediate and obvious conditions of social life—family, race, class, the state of the economy and how city hall has been treating the neighborhood. Slowly but surely, the argument about how to seize the attention of those ordinary Americans has begun to supplant the endless debates over the slogan of withdrawal, the dress and demeanor of marchers, the exclusion of Communists. Not that these earlier concerns have been resolved; it is one of the frustrations of work to end the war that arguments about effectiveness can't be resolved by factual evidence. The results of peace actions are felt less at the polls than in the intangible realm of "public opinion," and show up in elusive phenomena like the credibility gap.

"I've been through those arguments enough times to know them by heart. Up here, we've stopped listening to these discussions long enough to start organizing our own neighborhood."

That claim comes from C. Clark Kissinger, formerly national secretary of Students for a Democratic Society and the principal organizer of the first March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam. Early in 1966, he was hired by the peace-politics group in Chicago (Committee for Independent Political Action: CIPA) to work in the 49th Ward, a serene white middle-class community on Lake Michigan. Kissinger took a job teaching mathematics at a Catholic college in the ward, and began drawing out of the neighborhood a corps of political workers, mostly young professionals like himself.

Last summer they blitzed the neighborhood, obtaining 6,000 signatures to put two independent candidates on the ballot for state legislature, only to have their names removed by the politically dominated Board of Election Commissioners, with no cause stated. Thereupon, four CIPA workers forced the movement into the attention of their neighbors and the whole city by staging a sit-in at the election office and landing on the front pages (and in jail for the afternoon).

Kissinger was nominated over two other CIPA members for alderman in an open convention early last winter. His campaign began to prove that in his phrase "the war is a local issue." "At the very moment when funds are needed the most, the national Democratic Administration has chosen to make *War* our number-one social priority." The money to fight poverty in Chicago "is paying for the American expeditionary forces in Vietnam and Thailand." But Kissinger campaigned on other issues as well, identifying himself and CIPA to residents of Rogers Park as "the civil rights candidates" and the "radical group," as well as opponents of the war.

CIPA brought a busload of Englewood Negroes about to be evicted from their homes by urban renewal (the plan would tear down sound housing to build parking lots) to lily-white Rogers Park to look for homes. Kissinger attacked Mayor Daley and his machine as a local version of Johnsonism. And he argued to voters that "the one thing the Daley machine is not reluctant to give to poor and middle-class people is the bulk of the tax load. The Daley machine's basic alliance with the business community means that corporate profits go untaxed in Il-

linois." Issue-oriented politics in the 49th Ward meant that no piece of literature, not even the campaign buttons, would say merely "Kissinger for Alderman"; the pins read: "When a Machine short-changes you kick it," and the posters summarized the CIPA platform.

Actually, three varieties of insurgency entered the aldermanic elections in an effort to undermine Daley's organization. Even stronger than efforts of the New Left like CIPA, and traditional reform movements in a few wards, were the independent Negro candidates.

They ran in five of the wards that make up U.S. Rep. William Dawson's 1st District on the South Side, and in eight other wards of the city. These have been among the most solidly Democratic neighborhoods in the nation. Their overwhelming votes for Kennedy swung Illinois into the Democratic column in 1960, delivering the bloc of electoral votes that historians regard as the crucial ones. But three Negro independents made a significant impression on Chicago politics with strong showings in three of Dawson's wards in the February 28 and April 4 aldermanic elections.

In Woodlawn's 6th Ward Samuel Rayner, who is commander of Veterans for Peace in Vietnam, was elected to the council with more than 60 per cent of the vote, unseating one of the "Silent Six" incumbent Negro machine aldermen. Fred Hubbard, a young community organizer running in Dawson's own 2nd Ward, was credited with 42 per cent in the official count, and brought in enough evidence of vote padding to persuade everyone but the Board of Election Commissioners that a fair count would have elected him. And William Cousins, a board member of the local ADA chapter, got into a run-off in the 8th Ward and won election on April 4.

These successes represent the independent temper of voters on Chicago's South Side much more accurately than did Dick Gregory's showing as a write-in candidate for mayor. Not only was the Gregory campaign a pure protest effort, with hard work beginning only in March (by contrast, Hubbard has been organizing in the 2nd Ward since the late fifties) but the election judges were careful to credit him with less than half the votes he really got. He was given 20,775 votes (1.9 per cent), but the board's statistics show 31,000 voters who didn't vote for mayor, of which 24,000 were in wards with no aldermanic run-off election. Presumably they walked into the voting booth, stared at it, and decided to walk out without voting.

A fundamental challenge to the hegemony of the Daley-Dawson machine is unfolding, and all the parties to it, from the peace movement through every wing of the civil rights movement, are committed to continue the organizing work that has brought them the first taste of power. Three particular qualities of Chicago give their work national importance. Within the national Democratic coalition, the Chicago machine is the firmest element. No other organization approaches the cohesion and power of the combine that Richard J. Daley controls from his position as chairman of the Central Committee of the Cook County Democratic Party. And Chicago is a model for the country, judged by political scientists to be (with New Haven) one of the urban governments most successful at coordinating local power structures. Lyndon Johnson could learn a

great deal about how to run the great consensus from Edward Banfield's *Political Influence*, in which Mayor Daley emerges as the master of the art.

Second, there is more community organizing in Chicago than in any other city, and that provides a basis for exercising political power in ways much more democratic than are available elsewhere. The city has a strong organization of poor whites—the JOIN Community Union. Its tenant unions on the West Side pioneered in winning collective bargaining contracts between tenants and slumlords. It is the home base of Saul Alinsky's efforts. And the bulk of its grass-roots community organizations are joining to create a new training school to expand their efforts; they hope to see poor people's candidates for alderman in fifteen wards by 1971.

Third, Chicago is sociologically very similar to dozens of small Midwestern cities. Its basic style is that of its white working class, expressed through a strong Catholic Church and a strong Democratic machine. But this style is threatened by the unrest of the ghettoized Negro population, already more than a third of the city and inching toward a majority.

On the North Side, Kissinger was not the only insurgent candidate of the under-30 generation from which magazines like *Time* anticipate so much political trouble. Al Kaplan, organizer of the local social workers union, and Jerry Herman, a public schoolteacher, ran in the 43rd and 42nd Wards, at the other end of the Ninth Congressional District from CIPA. All three received a little better than 5 per cent of the vote. CIPA felt the election showed that one kind of hard work is more productive than another: in the handful of precincts where the work was "intensive," with house meetings and hourlong individual conversations, the vote ran to 15 per cent and 20 per cent, whereas in precincts where the same number of man-hours went in canvassing every voter with leaflets and other "extensive" work, the results were close to the 5 per cent average for the whole ward.

CIPA and veterans of the Kaplan and Herman campaigns have begun discussions of joint work that would build around the concerns of the young professionals who make up their constituencies. These are workers in the organized service professions—teachers, professors, social workers, clergymen, planners—as distinct from doctors, lawyers and other "free professionals." To these people, new politics seems to go hand in hand with militant white-collar unionism, a New Left critique of the society, and work to end the war in Vietnam.

Berkeley, Calif., the logical place for such a development to appear in its most advanced form, lived up to its reputation. Not only did the Community for New Politics offer three candidates for city council who received 10,000 votes each, to 16,000 for the incumbents, but Jerry Rubin, organizer of the Vietnam Day Committee and a frequently arrested peace activist, ran a campaign for mayor that aimed to unify the "hippies" and the Left, and registered 7,000 votes, more than 20 per cent of the total.

Although Rubin and the CNP slate failed to gain office, one ghetto insurgent supported by both the peace and civil rights movements did win a seat on the city

council—further evidence that the strength of independent politics is deepest in Negro neighborhoods.

In the Midwest, this tendency is general, and holds promise of becoming the outstanding fact of urban political life in America by the end of the decade. In Pittsburgh and Cleveland, further tests of its strength will take place before the year is out. State Rep. Carl Stokes, who came within 2,000 votes of unseating Cleveland's Mayor Ralph Locker two years ago, will announce his decision to make another try in the September 4 election. Pittsburgh is seeing a coalition effort with three candidates for city council offered by the new Allegheny Alliance. And in Gary, where the Negro population is close to the 50 per cent figure, civil rights attorney and city councilman Richard Hatcher in early May won the Democratic primary election in a three-way fight with Mayor Martin Katz and a backlash candidate, Bernard Konrady. He now is busy resisting the threats of the Democratic machine to stay home in November unless he modifies his program.

Hatcher's campaign was typical in its heavy stress on Negro rights; but the key to its success was its ability to organize tremendous grass-roots support in the ghetto around this program. On election night, 5,000 Negroes celebrated in the main street of Gary, closing down traffic for half a mile. But this same number had also been in attendance at several election rallies, and hundreds of the celebrators had pounded the pavement and worked the polls, as they will do again in November.

In East St. Louis, Ill., a new group called the Young Voters Coordinating Committee on April 4 won 25 per cent of the vote for its slate against the all-white Democratic machine. Oakland, Calif., has a Negro campaign for city council, and in Mississippi, where the Freedom Democratic Party has been a pioneer in independent politics, the November elections for state legislature will bring out a formidable Negro drive throughout the delta.

While national attention has been focused on the defense of Adam Clayton Powell, it is this new upsurge at the local level that is gaining the attention of people in the barbershops and bars, in the churches and on the street corners of the ghettos. Whereas Powell achieved his Congressional chairmanship from the strength of his old-style Negro Democratic machine, and subsequently chose to move with the temper of the ghetto, the new insurgents begin in opposition to the Democratic Party, whether its candidates are white or Uncle Toms. Commitment to the Democratic Party has increasingly become the issue dividing the old leadership and the new forces, as can be seen in Gary, where C. Sumner Stone, Powell's chief assistant in Washington, campaigned for Katz, while the local civil rights movement backed Hatcher.

Much of the new leadership comes from the Negro middle class. Most candidates are lawyers like Hatcher and Cousins, public employees like Rep. John Conyers of Detroit, or ministers like John Porter in Chicago's 17th Ward. But this middle class has very little in common with the "Black Bourgeoisie" of sociology—the families that tried so hard to forget their race that whiteness and cleanliness became obsessions. This new middle class is highly conscious of race and racism, responsive to Stokely Carmichael's political analysis, and ready to break with its political heritage, which in Chicago they call

"Plantation Politics." The tens of thousands of middle-class Negroes in the 6th, 8th and 21st Wards of Chicago, who voted independent in February, were people who felt that their gains had been wrested from the power structure (including Democratic city administrations) and must be secured by organized political action.

The federal programs of the Great Society have not been able to hold Negro voters to the Democratic Party. The superhighways are used mostly by white suburban commuters, and their construction invariably involves the dislocation of thousands of Negro families. The poverty wars are quickly domesticated into harmless social work or just plain political patronage. In fact, the ability of poverty workers and community groups to maintain a degree of integrity for the war on poverty seems to vary inversely with the strength of the local Democratic Party; in Chicago and the Deep South the programs are thoroughly domesticated, while the "war" retains some independence in Pittsburgh where the machine is in disarray.

The arena for new politics in 1968 will probably be in fights for the House of Representatives and state legislatures. Few activists can bring themselves to take seriously the idea of a national alternative to Johnson. Their own battles for the House in 1966 gave them a vivid sense of the difficulty of mounting any campaign; unless a national campaign is launched far in advance of November, 1968, there won't be new-politics workers in more than 2 per cent of the nation's precincts.

Some Negro leaders, principally Floyd McKissick of CORE, have begun to talk of a third party, but the elected Negro politicians see the creation of a Negro bloc to bargain within the Democratic Party as a more realistic goal for the next year. In California, state Sen. Mervyn Dymally of Watts has begun that work, and Representative Conyers is known to think along similar lines. To head this off, President Johnson is convening several hundred elected Negro officials for a June White House meeting. Obviously, the topic is civil rights enforcement, but *Newsweek* calls it a "subtle move" to outflank the plans of Dymally, Powell, Bond and others.

However, some elements within the National Conference for New Politics—the umbrella leadership council which services the local efforts—talk loosely about a candidate to challenge Johnson in the primaries, or in Novem-

ber or both. The names most bandied about are Dr. Benjamin Spock, Rev. Martin Luther King, Sen. Wayne Morse and Dick Gregory; Gregory has declared himself a "write-in candidate" for President with the slogan "Peace in '68," while King and Morse have tried to remove their names from consideration.

Most of the new-politics movements intend to use the 1968 elections to build their own strength and to project into campaign debate radical alternative programs on domestic issues, as well as on foreign policy. Even where Presidential politics is on the agenda, it will conform to this principle. Talk in California about a new-politics slate of Democratic convention delegates has included the idea of pledging them to a radical program instead of to a personality. In a few states a third party will appear on the ballot for the first time since the election laws were tightened following the Progressive Party effort in 1948, but even in these states heavy effort will be made on behalf of local candidates.

The long-range planning of those at the left wing of American politics is a sharp break from the *ad hoc* single-issue mentality of the past decade. Although some radicals have long urged this shift of perspective, it now fits snugly with two basic trends of American political life. A conservative restoration began with the 1966 elections; it had been made inevitable by the alliances of a Democratic President with all the forces to his right, to wage the war in Vietnam. It is a political mood that contrasts to the relative openness of the early sixties, and its implications were being read by men like Robert Kennedy as early as the spring of 1966, when he adjusted his timetable for taking power to 1972. Conservatives once more control the Congress and in all likelihood will retain control in 1968. This in itself is enough reason for the Left to build its strength for a long haul.

The second trend is the steady growth of the Left. The sheer volume of dissent to the great consensus increases every year—on the campus, in the ghetto, in unions, in the professions and at the polls. The most disturbing "scenario" haunting the imaginations of America's men of power is the possibility that radicals seeking to be relevant to present conditions might join with millions of ordinary Americans who are enough fed up with the shape of things to contemplate real social change. The local elections of 1967 are bringing that day of reckoning closer.

SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT II

Heat, Cold, Radiation & the Boom

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

This is the second of Mr. Ruppenthal's three articles on the supersonic transport. The first (The Nation, May 22) dealt with some of the economic aspects of the SST. The third will consider some of the political and social ramifications of the project.

Before the proposed U.S. supersonic transport can get off the ground, some impressive technical problems must be

solved. One of these concerns heat. When a plane travels through the air at three times the speed of sound, the heat generated on the skin of the craft will be on the order of 500° Fahrenheit—about the temperature that a French chef uses to broil a steak. Because aluminum loses much of its strength after prolonged exposure to such temperatures, neither aluminum nor any of its presently developed alloys can be used for the exterior surface of the SST. At present, the designers of the Mach 3 (three times

the speed of sound) transport are working with titanium alloys and stainless steel. The disadvantage of steel is that it is heavy; titanium is much lighter, but it is relatively new on the industrial scene. It is also difficult to form and expensive to work. While it is entirely possible that new technologies for working this metal will be discovered, they are not yet at hand. Titanium offers promise to the aircraft designer and to the scientist, but to the banker it promises heavy costs. A great many research dollars will be spent in an effort to develop an air frame that will be sufficient to the task and still be light enough to carry a profitable payload.

The heat produced by flying through the air at high speeds produces other problems. How are the airlines to keep the passengers from being broiled alive as they speed about in their supersonic oven? While the task of air-conditioning the plane is not a momentous engineering feat, it requires the development of a system capable of dissipating large amounts of heat quickly and efficiently and without employing heavy or bulky machinery.

Paradoxically, flying at high altitudes where temperatures run as low as -100° centigrade, the plane's fuel (kerosene) may tend to freeze. The engineers are thus attracted to the idea of linking the two temperature problems together: heat created on the surface of the plane might be dissipated into the plane's fuel supply. To the man at the drafting table, this looks like a fairly straightforward solution to the problem, but to the pilot who is trained to think in terms of fire, the prospect is less inviting.

The spectrum of new engineering problems is challenging and wide. Windows and other openings on the SST must be able to withstand a wide range of temperatures and pressures. The problems associated with windows are so great that it is likely there will be no windows whatsoever in the cabin, and the pilot's windows may be functional only for take-off and landing. The plane may cruise entirely on instruments, dependent upon radio, radar and other electronic devices to achieve separation from other planes.

Since the Mach 3 jet will cruise at 60,000 to 80,000 feet (10 to 15 miles)—its pressurization systems must not fail. The cabins of today's jets are pressurized to the equivalent of about 5,000 feet when they are at cruising altitude (normally between 24,000 feet and 41,000 feet mean sea level). The fail-safe features of the 707 and the DC-8 provide an oxygen mask that drops automatically in front of each passenger in the event the cabin loses pressure. But this will not be good enough for the Mach 3 craft. Should the cabin rupture at 60,000 feet, the passengers' blood would boil, and the oxygen mask would be of no avail. Only a space suit, or a system which cannot possibly fail, will suffice. This means fail-safe pressurization systems, doors that will not leak, windows that cannot be blown out. All of these features can be developed, but each development may add to the weight of the craft, and they will certainly add to the cost.

High-altitude flight creates another problem which aviation has not yet fully faced—the hazard of radiation. At the cruising altitudes of the SST, the primary cosmic radiation consists mainly of protons (the nuclei of hydrogen

atoms). The energy of these particles can be extremely high. Nuclear scientists have stated that the shell of the aircraft will not protect the occupants from radiation; as a matter of fact, it will act to increase the dosage rate.

Flying at the new cruising altitudes, the occupant of an SST will be exposed to a radiation dose equivalent to about 2 millirem per flying hour. Since 500 millirem per year is the maximum specified for nonradiation workers by the International Commission on Radiological Protection, a passenger (or crew member) would receive the maximum permissible dosage in 250 hours—just one-fourth the amount of flying time plane crews are now allowed annually by the Civil Air Regulations.

Further, particular solar events greatly increase the radiation dosage. Anyone passing through such an event might receive the maximum permissible annual radiation dosage in a single flight. Because of the genetic implications of radiation, some biologists have suggested that crew members for the SST be selected entirely from people beyond the normal childbearing age.

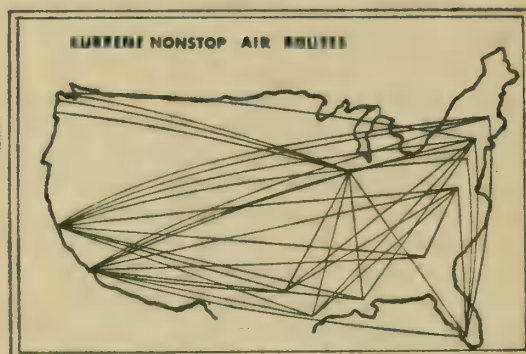
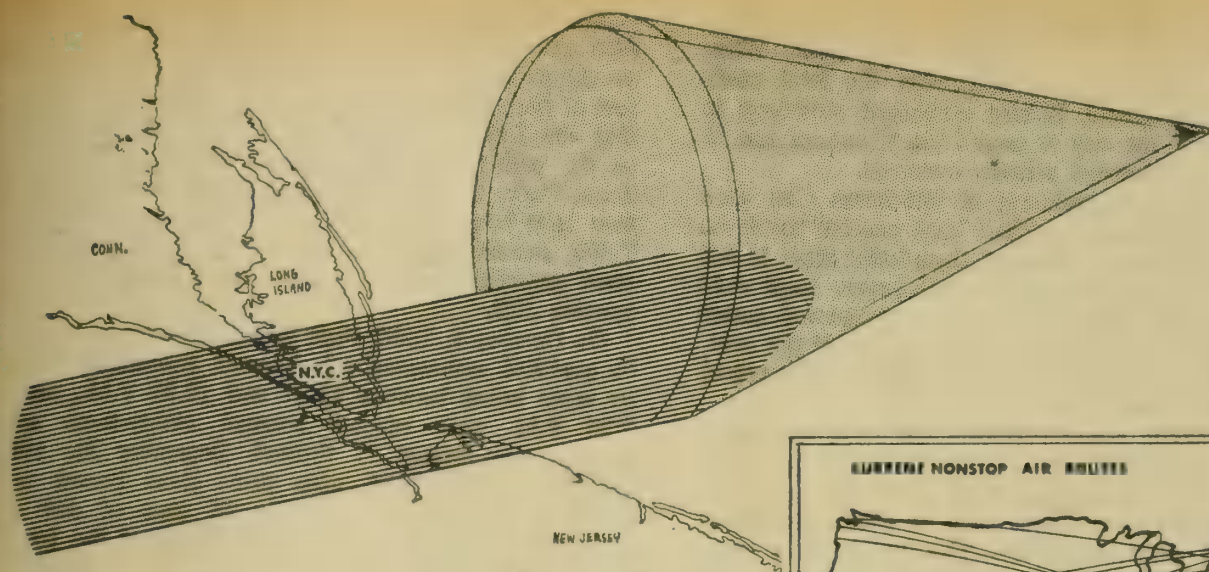
Thus, all hostesses on supersonic transports would be at least 45—a breed of flying grandmothers who would contrast sharply with the image of the chic young thing the airlines have cultivated so assiduously these many years. Far more serious from an economic standpoint would be the effect upon the working life of pilots. The cost of training well-qualified DC-6 captains to fly the Boeing 707 was on the order of \$30,000 per man. If training costs for the SST are but twice that amount, an airline will think twice before making such an investment in a pilot who has very few productive years ahead of him. The FAA requires all airline pilots to retire at 60.

Furthermore, one competent test pilot has stated that in today's jets a pilot can wait as long as fifteen seconds before reacting to a situation without risking irreparable harm. If he is correct in his estimate that only five seconds of reaction time will be available to the SST pilot, trouble may be in store. For it is well known that as a man becomes older, his judgment may improve but his reaction time becomes longer. In short, it looks now as though neither young men nor old men will be suitable as pilots for the SST.

Turbulence also will be a problem. As the airlines took to flying at altitudes used by subsonic jets, they began to experience clear air turbulence. Several of today's jets have encountered turbulence that has breached the aircraft structure or thrown it completely out of control. The supersonic transport must be designed to withstand the most severe conditions that can be encountered, and about these conditions relatively little is now known.

What is known is that the impact increases with speed, and the standard practice for subsonic jets is to reduce speed as soon as the condition is recognized. The worst problem of clear air turbulence arises principally from the fact that at present there is no accurate way to forecast its existence. Unless major advances are made in weather analysis, it may be impossible for the supersonic airliner to know of clear air turbulence far enough in advance to take precautionary measures.

But these problems of radiation, heat transfer and metal fatigue pale by comparison with the one great prob-



lem of supersonic flight, for which nothing approaching an answer has yet been found. That is the sonic boom, and indeed the problems of the boom are so important and so far from solution that they may wreck the nice economic calculations that have been made by proponents of the SST, and the SST timetable as well.

Many people are under the misapprehension that the sonic boom is a momentary phenomenon. In a movie made a decade or more ago, some Hollywood star flew through the theoretical "sound barrier." As his plane approached the speed of sound, he encountered many weird phenomena, but once the speed of sound was exceeded, all was smooth. There was no vibration, no problems—and no boom. How the aircraft industry wishes that the Hollywood version of the sonic boom were reality! The fact is that the sonic boom, a shock wave, is a continuing phenomenon, and it is created when a plane flies at any speed higher than Mach 1.

If a supersonic transport were to cruise at the speed of Mach 3 at altitudes used by present-day jets, it would leave in its wake a trail of destruction fifty miles wide. Although the Air Force has taken great pains to minimize the damage caused by its supersonic jets, the number of damage claims filed against the federal government has been steadily increasing. Some 3,000 were filed in 1962 alone. The Air Force no longer publishes the number of claims filed or the amount of reparations demanded, but it is known that the dollars paid, together with the cost of processing claims, has already run into the millions.

Sonic boom damage caused by military planes has been responsible for a wide variety of claims. In 1962 a farmer in North Dakota was paid \$1,048 because his animal had to be shot after a boom caused it to bolt into a barbed-wire fence. Another farmer in Hallock, Minn., was paid

\$50 because booms caused his chickens to panic and suffocate against a wall. In Cedar City, U., a store owner was paid \$1,900 to replace plate glass windows and stock damaged by a boom. A farmer in Northern California sued the Air Force for \$1.25 million for boom damage to livestock and irrigation pipes.

Even when the claims are farfetched, they must be investigated, at a cost of about \$100 per claim. The Air Force recently investigated (and denied) a claim from an elderly recluse who sought \$19 million in damages because he alleged that a boom had turned his house upside down. Also denied was a claim from a Cleveland motorist who said that sonic booms had ruined his automobile's power steering.

Because of the rising number of claims the Air Force has in recent years run a public relations campaign. Hundreds of civic leaders along B-58 test corridors near Strategic Air Command Headquarters in Omaha and the General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth have been assured that sonic booms aren't much louder than thunder. "The flights are the by-product of training maneuvers to save lives," said an Air Force spokesman. "Americans will have to learn to live with sonic booms. There's going to be more of them—a lot more."

This is a sobering background for the SST, particularly when one considers that most of the Air Force flights have been conducted with relatively small planes and over sparsely populated areas. The shock of the sonic boom varies with the size of the aircraft, and the damage created by the boom obviously varies with the value of the real estate that lies in its wake.

Uncertain about the effects of the sonic boom, the Federal Aviation Agency undertook experiments in Okla-

homa City some time ago. After the residents had been carefully prepared, a series of runs was made. When there were claims of structural damage, the FAA made appropriate inspections. It also purchased structures in various parts of the city to record the vibrations and to note how much damage actually occurred.

At the outset, the residents of Oklahoma City were rather proud that their city had been selected for these important experiments. Many of them were eager to see them succeed. When the booms first began, most residents were mildly amused. But as they progressed, many of them became annoyed. At the conclusion of the tests, many Oklahomans breathed a sigh of relief that the ordeal was at last finished.

In their official pronouncements the FAA has stated that the tests indicate that 73 per cent of the Oklahomans indicated that they could live with the boom (at least, with a sonic boom such as they experienced during these particular tests). This means that some 27 per cent of the residents indicated that they would be unwilling to tolerate even that much sonic boom. That fact is significant for several reasons.

In the first place, the people were well conditioned. They knew when to expect the sonic booms, knew that they would occur only in daylight hours. They understood that the experiments were carefully monitored and controlled, and that they might well serve a useful scientific purpose. Add to that the fact that there are no historic shrines in Oklahoma City; no ancient castles that might be shattered by a sonic boom; no Revolutionary War structures; no great galleries; no sensitive seismographic instruments.

Consider also that much of the industry of Oklahoma City is based on and around aviation. The very large Air Force base, Tinker Field, together with the various installations of the Federal Aviation Agency, supply by far the largest payroll in the city. Within its metropolitan district are aviation schools, aircraft plants and other small industries with an aviation orientation. Much of the rest of the economy is based on petroleum, for which aviation is by far its largest single customer.

Important also is the fact that the residents of Oklahoma City knew that the sonic boom program was temporary. But despite all the factors, more than a quarter of the people affected found the boom intolerable. During the twenty-six weeks of carefully controlled sonic boom tests in Oklahoma City, the Federal Aviation Agency received 15,452 complaints from residents and 4,901 formal damage claims. However, a spokesman for that agency concluded that the fault was not with the sonic booms but with the public relations efforts of the agency. Said Maj. Gen. J. C. Maxwell, the FAA's director of the SST program: "We [shall] need to do a much better job in telling the SST story in the years ahead."

Speaking of the tests, B.O.K. Lundberg, the Swedish aviation expert, states that the number of people protesting the boom would be far larger than the number of people ever expected to enter a supersonic plane. He states that every flight across the United States would produce a "boom carpet" covering some 10 million people and terrifying millions more.

Although thousands of damage claims have been filed and millions of dollars paid for their satisfaction, no claims have as yet been filed for the most tragic effect of the sonic boom. It was not until last January 11 that the Interior Department revealed serious damage to the prehistoric cliff dwellings in Mesa Verde National Park. Some of the most scenic areas known to man have been defaced. A Navajo Indian, Guy Quazzie Teller, watched as the shock wave from a single military plane demolished a large portion of a magnificent overhanging cliff.

On October 4, 1966, Park Ranger Charles B. Supplee, "a qualified archaeologist," observed continuing damage by sonic boom between 12:27 and 12:31 P.M., and at 2:33 P.M. park rangers counted eighty-three sonic booms from August 11 through December 22, 1966. On October 12, 1966, after three short booms were reported, "approximately 10 to 15 tons of dirt and rock was found to have fallen from one of the formations near the bottom of the Navajo Loop Trail, in the park." Interior Secretary Stewart Udall said that the situation was disturbing because of the "intrusion of the sonic boom on the fragile masterpieces of nature."

According to *The New York Times*, Udall discussed the matter with the Air Force "which promised cooperation but suggested that the Federal Aviation Agency should be consulted. Air space is considered to be the province of the aviation agency."

George B. Hartzog, Jr., director of the National Park Service, reported that the number of sonic booms over the Canyon de Chelly (in Mesa Verde National Park) had increased sharply in 1966. "With extensive back country and side canyons, the total damage is impossible to assess; however, it is reasonable to assume that it is extensive in view of the on-site observation in Canyon del Muerto." There park service engineers estimated that about 80 tons of rock fell on the cliff dwellings.

Additional damage has been found in Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks in southern Utah. There, amazing sandstone formations, the result of nature's forces conspiring together for millions of years, have been reduced to rubble in an instant by a single sonic boom. While the Interior Department presumably could ask monetary redress from the Defense Department, such a payment would be nothing more than an internal transfer of funds. Nothing can restore the damaged areas.

The severe wreckage already done in the U.S. by a handful of supersonic military planes increases the probability that such historic cities as Antwerp, Nuremberg and Vienna will never permit supersonic planes to approach within 100 miles. It goes without saying that the prohibition against overflight will be automatic for such jewels as Paris, Florence, Rome and Athens. The West German and Swiss Governments have already announced that they will forbid SST flights over their jurisdictions if their people find them annoying.

Even in the United States, where the historic shrines are much younger and less priceless, it seems improbable that even the flying public will be willing to risk boom damage to Mt. Vernon, Independence Hall or the White

House. It seems more likely that the public will restrict the planes. That would mean that their utility would be severely reduced and the total cost per plane increased accordingly.

Some of the proponents of the SST seek to minimize the problem by saying that some inconvenience is the inevitable price of progress. They liken the process to the necessity for a prairie horse to become accustomed to the passing of an occasional railroad train. But obviously this is no realistic parallel. Given all that is presently known about the sonic boom, if regularly scheduled supersonic flights are permitted across the country, thousands of structures must be redesigned and rebuilt and their occupants fitted with sound suppressers, or a sonic boom right of way something like 100 miles wide must be cut from coast to coast.

Some people have suggested that since the force of the boom is a function of the size of the plane, a smaller version might be built for flights over land. Thus, they contend, the larger model (built by Boeing) could make the overwater hops while the smaller model (built by some other company) could fly over land. While this suggestion has the virtue of spreading the pie among several aircraft companies, it has the disadvantage of additional cost—perhaps \$1 billion more. And much of the time that potentially would be saved flying a supersonic transport from Los Angeles to Vienna would be consumed in transferring from the little jet to the big jet at New York, again to the little jet in London or Paris. Furthermore, the size of the market for each type of aircraft would be so reduced that there would be virtually no chance that either could ever pay its way.

Speaking of the problems of the sonic boom, C.B.S.

reporter Bill Stout suggests that if the SST is restricted to overwater hops, the SST could easily become a multi-billion-dollar bust. And while over-ocean sonic boom problems have been dismissed as insignificant by the SST promoters, it is not at all clear that this view is shared by the ocean shipping industry, by pleasure boatmen or by the fishing interests. If the sonic boom swamps a few yachts, damages the masts in merchant vessels, and rudely awakens sleeping passengers on ocean-going liners, an entirely new set of legal problems may be created. Who is to say that the aviation industry has the right to interfere with ocean-going commerce? Might the sonic boom be construed by the shipping nations as interference with the traditional freedom of the seas?

As small segments of the public have become aware of the destructive potential of the sonic boom, public apprehension has increased. Unless they have a clear economic interest in the project themselves, many people will seriously question whether the increased speed can possibly be worth the cost. They are not impressed by the statements of SST promoters that the public simply will have to get used to the boom. Nor are they convinced that overland operations should be permitted even if the earth-bound humans in sparsely populated areas are somehow compensated for the noise.

All of this raises serious questions concerning the feasibility of the supersonic transport itself and important questions also in a somewhat different realm. Should decisions critically affecting the living qualities of the earth be made only by the promoters, the bureaucrats and the technologists? Or should such decisions be shared by the people who must inevitably bear the brunt of them and who inevitably underwrite the cost?

LOUISVILLE HAPPENING

THE DERBY RUNS SCARED

LAWRENCE GRAUMAN, Jr.

Mr. Grauman, a native of Kentucky, is a writer and critic now in residence at Antioch College.

Louisville

Louisville in spring is almost as beautiful as the Kentucky Tourist Bureau says it is. By mid-April Cherokee Park is already sweet with new grass and dense with the efflorescence of redbud, dogwood and thousands of old hardwoods. Further east, out along the Upper River Road and the Cincinnati Highway, the vast old estates have been subdivided into plots for \$40,000 and \$50,000 homes, but it has been done discreetly, and the season still spreads across the rolling land with a certain Southern grandeur. By early May gardeners are giving a second mowing to the steep sloping lawns along Mockingbird Valley Road, and the colonnades of the large old homes above have been freshly painted in preparation for Derby guests. Somebody recently designated Louisville an "All-American City" and everyone is proud of that. Special

signs have been posted along the clean-swept streets in the downtown business district so that visitors will know Louisville takes its image seriously. This May, however, the traditional pre-Derby Pegasus Parade was canceled in a city too tense to risk the gathering of crowds in those streets.

Spring has also come to Louisville's West End, but there it is not so grand. Grass does not grow readily on the blocks that have been razed for urban renewal. Many of the large old homes have been hastily divided into small apartments and sleeping rooms, and few of the tenants have time to tend the tiny yards and gardens. The West End comprises the northwest corner of the city, bounded by the Ohio River as it turns from west to south, by the downtown district on the east and an industrial area on the south. In twenty-two of the West End's twenty-eight census tracts the median income is under \$5,000 a year. Here live 60,000 of Jefferson County's 86,000 Negroes, and by the next census the area will be well over 50 per cent Negro. In their study *Negroes in Cities* (1965), Karl and Alma Taeuber give Louisville a residential segre-

gation "index" of 89.2—among the highest in the nation. Although the West End is neither so bleak nor so black as a comparable part of, say, Jackson, Miss., a visitor does not need statistics to recognize a residential pattern common to most large Southern and Midwestern cities.

Ten years ago Louisville's Negroes were concentrated in the Walnut Street area along the eastern edge of the West End. But urban renewal has dispersed them westward, away from the business district, and today the closest thing to a hot center for community energy is at 38th and Broadway, where the recently formed West End Community Council (WECC) operates out of an old two-story building. The ground-floor store front, formerly a bakery, has been turned into a coffeehouse called The Happening, and when they are not in school or out marching, many of the local young Negroes hang around there. Some of them jive with one another along the sidewalk in front; others gather inside the barren store front and sing gospels in strenuous harmonies. They have a lot of energy.

The director of the WECC is a 25-year-old former law student named Hulbert James. He is one of the three organizers of the open housing demonstrations that have brought Louisville to a boil in recent weeks. The other two are Martin Luther King's brother, Rev. A. D. Williams King, who is head of the Kentucky Christian Leadership Conference, and Rev. Leo Lesser, president of the Louisville AME Ministerial Alliance. James is the youngest and is believed to be the "angriest" of the open housing leaders, but until recently he had other ideas for the WECC. He had helped organize discussions on the Community Action Commission's administration of the local poverty program, had organized opposition to rent increases at two large housing projects in the area, and had sponsored an integrated Arts and Talent Festival. He had hoped that the WECC would be able to bring white and Negro welfare recipients together to protest inadequate benefits. Now James admits that his chances for achieving an integrated coalition of the West End's poor have been damaged by his militancy on the open housing issue. Although his willingness to use most forms of direct action in the current conflict is shared in the main by King and Lesser, the three of them maintain an uneasy alliance with those ministers and professional men whom Louisville's aldermen are fond of calling "our responsible Negroes." Many of Louisville's newly arisen white liberals seem to have more sympathy for James's tactics than do the West End's older Negroes, and this is reflected in the high proportion of white adults and teen-aged Negroes to be seen among the nightly marchers. "Neither the oppressed nor the oppressors," says James, "see that there is a problem in Louisville."

There is a problem in Louisville, however, and the response to it provides a case study in civic collapse. Back in the days when it was earning its All-American honors, Louisville had a reputation as a very progressive city in matters of race relations. Although a few anti-segregation demonstrations were held in 1961, Louisville had a relatively easy time in getting a public accommodations ordinance, finally passed in 1963. This was followed by a fair employment law and a "freedom of residence"

ordinance that had no enforcement provisions. Serious agitation for open housing began only a couple of years ago, while most of the citizenry was still congratulating itself on its enlightened view of social change. It may have been that some Negroes remembered the 1914 ordinance passed by the Board of Aldermen which forbade Negroes to buy property on a block having a "white majority"—an ordinance eventually overturned by the United States Supreme Court. And yet the strongest appeal for an open housing law came not from Negro organizations but from the mostly white City Human Relations Commission, appointed under the administration of former Republican Mayor, now Congressman, William O. Cowger, and now a joint city-county agency.

By the summer of 1966, both the Human Relations Commission and the Kentucky Human Rights Commission had decided that the 1965 housing ordinance based on voluntary compliance was an empty gesture; they urged Louisville and Jefferson County to pass a law with enforcement provisions. Republican Mayor Kenneth Schmied, Cowger's nondescript successor and a small businessman with real estate and consumer credit interests, said that more study was needed, and appointed another committee. In October, 1966, this advisory committee reported that housing discrimination was indeed widespread and recommended a strong ordinance.

By this time civil rights and church groups had formed the Open Housing Committee, of which Hulbert James, A.D. King and Leo Lesser are the leaders, and it agreed to support an ordinance, with jail terms and fines for offenders, that had been based on a model law prepared by the state Human Rights Commission. By November more than thirty civic and church groups had joined the appeal. Although local realtors muttered their predictable disapproval, there was no organized opposition to an enforceable ordinance. After a good deal of equivocation and outright evasion, Mayor Schmied agreed in December to have the ordinance introduced to the Board of Aldermen, but said he opposed it because of the jail provisions and the "broad powers" invested in the Human Relations Commission. Open housing advocates then indicated they would not hold out for jail sentences and also agreed to forestall demonstrations to give the aldermen time to act. Although a revised ordinance, including enough qualifications and exemptions to render it virtually innocuous, was presented by the Human Relations Commission in early February, the aldermen refused to give it a first reading until February 28, by which time the bread was clearly rising.

Meanwhile the aldermen tried a diversionary tactic of their own, and scheduled a series of six public hearings to tune in on public feeling, though no one knew at that point which of several alternatives were even worth talking about. The first hearing was held in the rigidly segregated South End and brought out all the Snopeses, who promptly created such a nasty situation that the remaining hearings were canceled. Then it was Mayor Schmied's turn to fake it again: he announced that there would be no action on an ordinance "as long as there are threats of demonstrations." This was to become the cherished red herring of the city administration. In mid-March, seven months after the first concerted call had been made

for an ordinance, the Open Housing Committee started marching.

The aldermen finally voted on a much amended ordinance on April 11, turning it down 9 to 3, with the two Negro aldermen among the three. The majority issued a know-nothing report that blamed the entire conflict on local clergymen and "outside agitators" (SCLC had brought in ten or fifteen of its "technicians" to teach non-violent demonstration) and called attention to the opportunities for gracious living in the West End. The temperate chairman of the Human Relations Commission, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Horrigan, described the aldermanic statement as "frequently bordering on the frivolous," and the *Courier-Journal*, which had from the start pressed hard for an ordinance, called it "shallow, inconsistent and dissembling," and summed up the whole chronicle of ineptitude as a "tragic human failure."

As the tension built toward violence, almost everybody who was anybody was in Louisville, or on their way—except Mayor Schmied. Dick Gregory was there, and Martin Luther King was replaced by his assistant, Hosea Williams. Cassius Clay was on his way, as was the president of the American Bar Association and a couple of traveling salesmen for the American Nazi Party. Mayor Schmied was vacationing at the Master's Golf Tournament. When he finally returned, his first public act was an exculpation which attempted to dump the problem on the Human Relations Commission. Why didn't the commission stop criticizing public officials and start "exerting

leadership" in housing problems, the Mayor wondered. In mid-April Hulbert James and A.D. King offered to leave town temporarily and take their technicians with them if the aldermen would promise to pass an open housing ordinance. Aldermanic president "Boots" Young said no, and then the demonstrators got down to business.

They started marching night after night into the darkest South End, provoking the anticipated responses from hordes of mostly teen-aged whites who turned out to throw rocks and cherry bombs, overturn police cars, and excrete cops, clergymen and Negroes indiscriminately. It was a classic SCLC tactic, and after a few weeks the knee-jerk racists were performing as though under laboratory conditions. Most of Louisville was surprised by the number of whites who joined the demonstrations—college teachers, ministers, housewives, even an insurance man—and even the "responsible Negroes" who found marching "undignified" began to express some solidarity with James, King and Lesser. The city quickly got a restraining order from a circuit judge forbidding night marches, and the police began arresting the demonstrators as soon as they got out of their trucks. After a couple of weeks Mayor Schmied reluctantly concluded that the "hecklers" might be causing as much trouble as the marchers. The police grew desperate and began booking marchers on any charge that came to mind. They arrested Rev. Charles B. Tachau, who is an Episcopal minister, a former judge of the Jefferson County Juvenile Court, and a grand-nephew of Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, and charged him with "criminal syndicalism"—a pseudo-legal



legacy from the thirties that an embarrassed prosecutor hastened to file out of sight.

By Derby week all Louisville was in anguish as it foresaw the consequences of this civic backsliding. James and King were running out of demonstrators and bail money, and they agreed to a day-to-day moratorium on marches while Congressman Cowger came back to join "hard bargaining" sessions proposed by the Human Relations Commission. When city officials refused to drop charges against the previous demonstrators, James renewed his threat to create "open hell" at the Derby. Although open housing leaders were recruiting college students around the Midwest, it seems unlikely that they could have amassed enough support actually to stop the Derby. However they scared Mayor Schmied and the aldermen, and on Derby Saturday Churchill Downs was swarming with state police and National Guardsmen.

The threats to unsettle the city's most cherished institution, with a consequent loss of several hundred thousand dollars of festive business, do not seem to have brought an open housing ordinance any closer to realization. Many residents have been saying all along that nothing will move the city administration until the end of May, if then. That is the time of the Republican primary, and Jefferson County Judge Marlow Cook is one of the candidates for governor. Cook was former Mayor Cowger's running mate and he pulled Schmied into office when he won his second term. The press has characterized him as a "liberal Republican," but it is doubtful that he and John Lindsay would have much to talk about. Many of the faculty at the University of Louisville still remember his contemptuous dismissal of them as "municipal employees" in a dispute over the football team a few years ago.

Louisville insiders believe that if Cook were willing to accept an open housing ordinance the aldermen would pass one tomorrow. But he is locked in what seems to be a losing battle for the Republican nomination with Louis Nunn, a Glasgow, Ky., lawyer who has great appeal for segregationists in the state's vestigial Bible Belt. In 1962, former Democratic Gov. Bert Combs entered an executive order forbidding discrimination in public accommodations. In 1963 Louis Nunn was the Republican nominee against present Gov. Edward Breathitt, and he campaigned on the promise that his first official act would be a repeal of Combs' anti-discrimination order. He ran surprisingly well downstate. So Marlow Cook is said to fear the consequences of permitting an open housing law in Louisville now. And well he might. Nunn has already begun to assure his listeners that he wouldn't dream of making a campaign issue of the fact that Cook is a Catholic.

Given this situation, it is conceivable that an open housing law could be put off until the general election in November. If Cook wins the primary, which he is not likely to do, one cannot imagine him adding the burden of an open housing ordinance to a campaign against either Happy Chandler, former Lt. Gov. Harry Lee Waterfield, or former State Highway Commissioner Henry Ward, all of whom either oppose open housing or evade it.

There are some in Louisville who think that this crisis need never have arisen, that an open housing law could

have been passed despite the incompetence and neglect of the Mayor and aldermen. Had the "power structure" applied pressure three or four months ago, they argue, the bigots would never have come out of the woodwork, and the city would have quietly accepted open housing. But there isn't much of a power structure in Louisville any more. Just as the old estates have fallen to the land developers, the tight little interlocking directorate of patrician families that used to determine Louisville's fortunes has dissolved, most of its members either having died or withdrawn from active life. As the city has opened up to large industries like Ford and General Electric, its leadership has increasingly fallen to young professional-management types whose only familiarity with whiskey, tobacco and horses derives from their private experience. Many of them have not had time to consolidate their power, and others, realizing that they are transients in Louisville, care only for the temporary satisfactions of living in an All-American town. "White and Negro," a schoolteacher recently remarked, "this is an apathetic city."

Meanwhile down at 38th and Broadway Hulbert James's young friends strut restively along the sidewalks, popping their fingers and singing gospel-rock. They have a lot of energy.

LETTERS (Continued from page 674)

praising Frank O'Hara for giving a unique voice to his own conscience, far more effective than most of the protest 'poetry' being written today. All poetry is against war and in favor of life, or else it isn't poetry, and it stops being poetry when it is forced into the mold of a particular program. Poetry is poetry. Protest is protest. I believe in both forms of action, and I have, incidentally, signed and contributed money to the petition protesting the war circulated by the Committee of the Professions and published in the *Times* last June 5; was a sponsor of the anti-war fast and poetry read-in at St. Mark's Church last January; and participated in the April 15 Spring Mobilization march. I am reluctant to mention these things since I considered them as duties, as did so many others. But Mr. Simpson's unjust attack, which the context of his article leads me to suspect was motivated by considerations of poetry politics rather than international politics, leaves me no choice." *John Ashbery*

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: The poetry issue is at best uneven and at its worst a disaster. The disaster comes with Simpson and the poems themselves: with the exception of the Akhmatova, the poems are lifeless. The Eberhart is bad enough to be an embarrassment—another of those poems published plainly for the sake of the name attached to it.

Mitchell Goodman

Fargo, N. Dak.

DEAR SIRs: Congratulations on the superlatively good name your office has acquired among the poets up here since the appearance of the poetry issue. *Rodney Nelson*

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRs: I was grateful to read the April 24 issue of *The Nation* because it articulated for me the several ways that poetry is taking at the moment. I was also very interested in your description of Angry Arts week in New York in an earlier issue. *Sally Appleton Weber*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Man in the Wilderness

EPITAPHS OF OUR TIMES: The Letters of Edward Dahlberg. *George Braziller*. 308 pp. \$6.95.

THE EDWARD DAHLBERG READER. Edited and with an introduction by Paul Carroll. *New Directions*. 330 pp. \$6.50.

KAY BOYLE

Miss Boyle is a member of the English faculty at San Francisco State College. She is the author of twenty-five books, the most recent being a collection of short stories, Nothing Ever Breaks Except the Heart (Doubleday).

In a letter written in 1958 from Mallorca, Spain, to William Carlos Williams in Rutherford, N. J., Edward Dahlberg cries out in despair: "As soon as you have architecture anywhere today you have foolish opinionated buildings, dogmatic functionalism, and all the depravity of the up-to-date, inhuman city. Nobody is educated enough any more to build a simple, unaffected home which is good, and has as much feeling, as an ancient proverb. When I look at a motorcycle or a taxi there are tears in my heart. For all the earth is ours, our habitation and sepulcher, and every country that falls under the infamy of money is a terrible wound to every other people."

Writing to Lewis Mumford from Berkeley, Calif., in 1953, Dahlberg reproaches Mumford for his worship of the machine, and cautions him that to see "beauty in machinery is a great perversity," unworthy of his nature. In New York in 1951, Dahlberg writes his friend, Sir Herbert Read, that he does not approve of his way of living. "Do you think it is good to go to the foes of art to heal the artist? I don't care what money you get for whom, what you are doing is at the bottom a sin." He warns Read that he lives too shrewdly, and that this is "the worst error of a poet." For man must thirst, and must remain in the company of those who are athirst, he writes; and even if solitude is "a great pain in the heart," still "a man must remain in the wilderness."

To read Dahlberg's two present collections is to enter that wilderness and to be all but overwhelmed by his passionate chronicling of the unrelenting affront to the spirit which makes aliena-

tion the greatest peril to contemporary, sensitive man. The loneliness and the separateness which result from this affront are apt to engender a climate favorable to art. Kafka wrote of the consequences of disesteem obliquely, his language German, his vehicle allegory, and startled the lost to a deeper recognition of how forsaken they were. Dahlberg, whose work may be compared to Kafka's in its intensity of discernment and foreboding, writes of that merciless assault on the spirit in cadenced, occasionally archaic and consistently splendid English. His language is classic, his metaphor frequently myth, but both language and myth belong to him alone.

Kafka was, in his time, not only Germany's most disturbing but most reliable prophet. As an artist, he foretold with the maddest courage all the horror that was to come. Dahlberg, whose more than a dozen remarkable books have established a unique reputation for him in Europe, as well as in America, deserves our recognition not only as stylist, as critic, as poet but also as eloquent and unflinching prophet. He declares against the outrage to every sensibility that faces us at this moment whichever way we turn upon our native soil, and he grieves for the disaster that lies, still undefined, beyond the perilous rim of contemporary American violence. What modern man calls progress, Dahlberg recognizes (with Yeats) as the dying of men's hearts. He sees the degradation of love and learning everywhere.

The ambiguous self in relation to history, to country, to sex, and to eternity, is furiously alive in all of Dahlberg's work, but it is in his letters that that self emerges in all its restless continuity. The letters are pages torn from the annals of his nights and days, his hopes and griefs, and transmuted into the actual substance of compassion, understanding and yearning for those who are for the moment beyond the reach of his hand. "Bill Williams, you know, had another small stroke; I tremble for him, and also weep for him," Dahlberg writes to Josephine Herbst in 1958. "He has done so many things of which I disapprove, but how little I want to go on rebuking him. Poor, poor Bill, he is much too close to Nature. I would kill Nature could I save him."

But despite the sincere passion of his declared love, there is all too often a wariness in his approach to those whom he addresses, a lurking overzealousness that leaves one with the feeling that every human relationship Dahlberg has had was, without exception, a heartbreak to him in the end. At the very moment that he declares himself, he appears to tremble at the prospect of another devastating experience, still another emotional catastrophe from which he will never quite recover. "What the two of you cannot know," he writes to the Allen Tates in 1965, "is that I fear going to other people's homes, and when I do, I leave as fast as I can, without seeming to be rude. It is not that I do not care deeply for my friends, or that I prefer to be with flimsy acquaintances rather than with the aristocratic intellects of our world. I dread unknowable disaster."

Lawrence Durrell once wrote a number of letters to Henry Miller on the subject of the artist's fear of accepting his own identity. He cited to Miller "Cezanne's fear that society would get the grappins on him. . . . Gauguin's insistence on what a hell of a fine billiards player he was . . . and D. H. Lawrence fervently knitting, knitting, and trying to forget *Sons and Lovers*"—and there was Miller himself eating like mad to establish a reputation for himself as a gourmet. "Here are numberless types," Durrell wrote, "of the same ambiguous desire on the part of the artist to renounce his destiny. To spit on it." This was not for the moment Dahlberg's desire or dilemma. He knew from the beginning who he was and that he was destined, both as man and writer, to be an exile in the land of his birth. "First in the wanton streets of Kansas City," he writes to William Carlos Williams in 1957, "then in an orphanage, and then a waif of letters in New York." His dilemma, rather, was how to be a writer, and he studied the works of others avidly, seeking to find that way.

From the time of the appearance of his first novel, *Bottom Dogs*, published in 1929, there could be no question but that he had found his own exceptional speech. The Job of American letters, one critic has called him; and others

have termed his autobiography, *Because I Was Flesh*, a masterpiece, and "one of the few important American books published in our day." "The truth is," this outsized figure of American literature writes almost in panic to his friend Allen Tate (from Mallorca in 1962), "that I am a great coward before I dare venture one sentence. No man goes to the guillotine with greater apprehension than I sit down at my desk, no longer with a quill or a pen, but with a fell machine. . . ." For to Dahlberg, a book is "a battle of the soul and not a war of words."

Leon Edel recently took Joyce to task for calling out in his letters for help, love and money. Dahlberg's letters appeal for these same solaces. Is the artist to be reproached for articulating the constant cry of all living men; is he not rather to be cherished for having spoken it so eloquently? And is not the attempt to answer that despairing cry the reason for all teaching, all learning, all writing, from the Greeks to Abelard, from the Old Testament to Joyce?

The voices of Camus and Sartre, Faulkner and Hemingway, no longer reach the young in the far journey they are taking; and Salinger, who was once their spokesman, is now more silent than the tomb. This wayfaring generation, hair long on the shoulders and wounded faces stanchoned by beards, murmurs of Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary and Bob Dylan, uncertain as to whether these saviors (or even William Burroughs and John Rechy) are saying fearlessly and honestly enough the words that must somehow be said. Born in 1900, Dahlberg offers a philosophy of rebellion, but of dignity and discipline as well, to the young who have the insight to look his way. That philosophy, strong and undismayed, is stated in almost every page he writes. It is there in "The Tragedy of American Love" and in "Heart Speaketh to Heart," both of which are included in *The Edward Dahlberg Reader*. It is there in his uncompromising letters, and strikingly there in his essay, "Thoreau vs. Contemporary America," in which he extends his hand to the uneasy, saying:

We are fatalists only when we cease telling the truth, but, so long as we communicate the truth, we move ourselves, life, history, men. There is no other way. This is the simple epitome of the wisdom of non-resistance to evil. It is what Confucius, Thoreau, and Tolstoi taught. It is the incredible, the visionary way, and it announces treason and betrayal more boldly than firearms or airplanes.

The Compleat Picasso

PICASSO AND COMPANY. By Brassai. Translated from the French by Francis Price. Preface by Henry Miller. Photographs by the author. Doubleday & Co. 289 pp. \$6.95.

WALLACE FOWLIE

Mr. Fowlie teaches French literature at Duke University. His most recent book is Jean Cocteau: The History of a Poet's Age (Indiana University Press).

This book, published in French under the title *Conversations avec Picasso* (Gallimard, 1964), in honor of the painter's 83rd birthday, is an important testimonial. It is in the form of a journal, kept by Brassai between September, 1943, at the time of the Occupation, to November, 1962. But there are many flash-backs to Picasso's early years in Paris, to the first decade of the century when the artist occupied the small studio in the Bateau-Lavoir on the rue Ravignan in Montmartre, where he passed through the blue, the rose and the cubist periods, and where he made his first friendships with French writers: Max Jacob, André Salmon, Apollinaire.

In recording these many conversations with Picasso, the photographer Brassai has produced a document on the spontaneity of the painter's speech and temperament which allowed him to explain some of the ways he followed in order to produce the art which no longer disconcerts the world, and which has been receiving during the past three or four months an exceptional recognition and re-evaluation, on the occasion of Picasso's 85th birthday. Picasso's ex-gees are legion, but he has taken very few people into confidence. Brassai is one of the exceptions. He met Picasso for the first time in 1932 when he went to the studio to photograph some of the sculptures. Since that time he has been a faithful friend and helper.

The notations Brassai made after each visit to the studio, or after each meal at the Catalan or the Brasserie Lipp, Picasso's favorite restaurants, or after meetings at the various cafés (the Flore and the Deux Magots, especially) have great value for our understanding of Picasso's character, of his habits, of his methods of work, of his aesthetic theories. These notes form, moreover, a colorful history of a long period in French painting and French poetry. Picasso himself was pleased with Brassai's book and has testified to its accuracy.

No other book on Picasso gives so full an account of the evolution of his

work during thirty years, and of the large number of friends he counted among painters and poets. There are sketches of encounters with Henri Michaux, Paul Eluard, Matisse, André Malraux, Cocteau, Desnos, Jacques Prévert, Roland Petit, Jean Marais, Pierre Reverdy, Valentine Hugo. In each case, the sketch is sympathetically drawn. Brassai shows little inclination for maliciousness or gossip. He relates objectively, and what he records of conversations emphasizes the noble traits of those speaking, and those thoughts that have some significance for a firmer understanding of Picasso's activities and the world in which he lived and helped to create.

Several of the entries provide new or additional information concerning matters of history and biography: the rehearsals of Picasso's play, *Desire Caught by the Tail*, in which parts were taken by Michel and Louise Leiris, Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Camus, Valentine Hugo, Reverdy and Sartre; Picasso's relationship with Matisse, and especially the introduction of Matisse and his daughter to Picasso by the three Steins, Leo, Michael and Gertrude; Picasso's reticence about death and his unwillingness to speak of the death of his friends Matisse, Braque, Cocteau; the trying ways in which the painter's fame became a burden for him. In the inevitable rehearsal of events, episodes and traits of character that are now familiar, Brassai adds his own judicious observations which now have their place in the vast literature that already exists about Picasso.

At the age of 85, Picasso is still extraordinarily alive. During three-quarters of a century, he has been producing paintings and other forms of art. Brassai's *Picasso and Company* is one more book of a critical-historical effort to explain the man's genius, to describe the place he occupies today, and to prophesy the place he will occupy tomorrow. This new work proves once again how difficult it is to speak of Picasso in the past. He has gone through a capricious succession of styles and artistic periods. But his work seems to belong to an eternal present. The huge exhibitions held in Paris raise the same insoluble problems that the critics have been raising for fifty years, ever since the first writings about Picasso, those done by Apollinaire and Jean Cocteau.

The fundamental mystery is how Picasso has been able to embrace all of his century, all of its fashions and fan-

cies, all of its problems and geniuses, and yet remain himself, giving himself to nothing and to no one, and yet borrowing from everyone and everything. Brassai's journal of conversations allows us to perceive more clearly the almost fanatical individualism of Picasso, his taste and need for solitude, his easy inclination to quarreling. The book also illustrates his need for friendship and for family affection. It confirms his inventiveness, his discoveries, the realization of his fantasies. Picasso's famous claim that he does not look for but finds (*je ne cherche pas, je trouve*) is everywhere apparent on these pages by his friend. He is still a man unafraid of contradictions, of retractions, of extravagances.

The breadth of his vision is staggering, and it is precisely this breadth that is constantly being studied in *Picasso and Company*: the kinds of vision that once explained the paintings of the blue, of the rose, of the cubist and the surrealist periods, of "Guernica's" inferno and the monsters of the 1940s. Even when his eyes are fixed upon the horrors of the world, Picasso does not hesitate to mingle elements of the burlesque and the droll. At every period of his life he has demonstrated the same robustness and the same shrewdness that are apparent in his 85th year.

Everything is present in what might be called the Picasso museum. Has he not realized the myth of the total painter? His work is not related to life

or to death, to what is in the world or to what is beyond the world. It is quite simply related to painting, to the context of a picture. The picture does not serve a meditation or a philosophy or a series of objects. Painting for Picasso is a language. He never diminishes or degrades the themes of life and passion in his painting, but he dominates them. He is able to exteriorize the forces and images that most men repress.

Picasso's freedom as an artist is exemplary in our age. He has followed and exploited every whim, every instinct, and thereby made himself into a glorious legend. The stimulation which anthropologists and scientists can find in stones and flowers and birds, others can find in the world of Picasso's paintings.

At this moment in the history of art, when so many thousands of people have been looking at the paintings of Pablo Picasso, it is impossible to decide whether the spectators have caught up with him—he has always been in advance of his age—or whether he has, quite unintentionally, created in them the taste which will make possible the enjoyment of his work.

Brassai's book formulates the expression of one man's admiration for Picasso, his affection for Picasso's genius, for everything that Picasso's admirers find in him, for his ability to be always present, and to represent at all times the unexpected.

lish and borrowed his money), his marriage, his writings and his lifelong obsessions with cigarettes, dreams, disease and aging.

His marriage to Livia (whose father owned the ship-paint business) provided him with the certain basis of every wife his heroes ever had: dutiful, no-nonsense women toward whom each hero feels varying amounts of guilt and rancor. Of his wife Livia, Svevo wrote: "She fills her roles one after the other with perfect punctiliousness. I am sure that even as a baby she must have had a certain dignity." It was Livia whose name and long golden hair Joyce openly borrowed for the Anna Livia Plurabelle of *Finnegans Wake*, and Furbank sketches in the many traits of Svevo and his father that turn up in Leopold Bloom.

The relationship between Svevo and Joyce (who became single-handedly responsible for bringing *Zeno* to the attention of European critics) emerges as a curiously formal one. Each was virtually the only literary friend the other had in Trieste, although Joyce was twenty years younger than his pupil. They persisted in calling each other "Mr. Joyce" and "Mr. Schmitz." Svevo dubbed Joyce "a fine leech," while Joyce minimized the friendship, refused to write a preface to the English edition of *As a Man Grows Older* and, in retrospect, decided that Svevo was tight with his money.

Three-quarters of Furbank's book deals with Svevo's life, while the last quarter zeroes in on "The Writer." It may be that the author's enthusiasm for his subject went beyond solid objectivity in the critical praise he is able to heap on *A Life, As a Man Grows Older* and the last short stories. These works are simply not in the same class as *Zeno*, and Furbank's fantastically involuted theories of the value of *A Life* are ample demonstrations of this fact.

His long chapter on *Zeno* is much better, unraveling the intricacies that make this devilish novel a feast from start to finish. *Zeno* is a book as modern, impertinent and irreverent in tone as anything being published today. Permeating its every page is an ironic intelligence, a richness of incident and idea which Furbank explores admirably. The straight-faced, irritatingly rational, charmingly baffled *Zeno*, painfully aware of his own absurdities (from lust and cigarette smoking to hypochondria), was one of the first modern heroes to lock horns with his analyst. (We are told, in the biographical section, that Svevo's brother-in-law spent two years in Vienna being analyzed by Freud him-

Humanizing the Image

ITALO SVEVO: The Man and the Writer. By P. N. Furbank. University of California Press. 232 pp. \$6.

SHORT SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY AND OTHER STORIES. By Italo Svevo. University of California Press. 319 pp. \$6.

JOEL LIEBER

Mr. Lieber is a free-lance journalist whose first novel, *How the Fishes Live*, has just been published by McKay.

The unexpected publication of these two books seems to confirm that for Italo Svevo, in death as in life, his fate is sealed: obscurity followed by recognition, then obscurity again, then recognition. Knopf has helped Svevo out of the literary attic by keeping *Confessions of Zeno* in a Vintage paperback, and Richard Ellmann generally drops a morsel or two of information about Svevo with each new Joyce book. How-

ever, it took the British (whom Svevo so disliked) to republish his short stories and, in particular, P. N. Furbank (an English critic), to do the first book-length English biography of Italo Svevo, né Ettore Schmitz.

"There are ideas in Svevo's novels," Furbank observes, "which, like certain things in Kafka, once you have met them, keep scratching at your mind for ever." Now, thirty-nine years after Svevo's death, Furbank's curiosity has helped to place some of these ideas in perspective, and perhaps Svevo will no longer be called "the Italian Proust," "the Trieste Kafka" or any other such silly sobriquet that befalls a writer who comes onto the scene as a true original.

We learn the German-Italian-Jewish origins of Svevo's family, the tedium of his life as a Trieste businessman (manufacturer of a secret formula for painting ship keels), his ten-year friendship with Joyce (who tutored him in Eng-

self, and came home pronounced "intrigued Svevo.") There are so many memorable scenes in *Zeno*—the grotesque sanatorium episode, the courtship of his wife, the Marx Brothers-like "business" deals—and in all of it Furbank manages to find shades of meaning that might escape the reader content just to revel in *Zeno's* many madnasses.

If there are gaps in Furbank's generally fine study, they are probably a factor of his research. Much of his material came from Svevo's wife and daughter. We are left without any adequate insight into why Svevo chose completely to repress his "Jewishness" in his writings. We do know that his wife badgered him to convert to Catholicism. (He converted, really, from Jewish apostate to baptized atheist.) Furbank does not discuss whether Svevo actually engaged in the endless affairs of his heroes, or whether this was just the recurrent fantasy of a man who could never bring himself to betray his wife. Not that it is necessary to know such intimate details of any author's life, but in this case, where the theme so preoccupied the writer, the lack of comment is conspicuous.

In the volume of short stories, the deft self-mocking tone that made *Zeno* so masterful slips into a pervasive fascination with approaching death. The three big stories ("The Hoax," "Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl" and "Short Sentimental Journey"—all written in the mid-twenties after his success with *Zeno*) contain heroes who are pompous old men, endlessly lecturing and explaining how old men think and behave. The stiff technique of most of these stories is a throwback to his two earlier novels, and the zest and brilliance of *Zeno* is only occasionally glimpsed.

Svevo's awkward style is embarrassingly apparent in the short form. But his strength was always in substance, not technique, and some of his best aphorisms are in these stories: "Among dogs, who go by their noses, indifference towards life never exists. They are never simply indifferent to strangers, but always either friends or enemies." "I can never make up my mind whether by going to bed early and watching every mouthful I eat, I am really cheating life or death." "A successful writer, whose words flow too glibly and with too little effort on the paper [leaves] an empty husk which mistakes itself for the ripe fruit."

The short "Generous Wine" (written in 1914) is the best realized story

in the collection, and the most interesting is the fablelike "Argo and his Master" in which a man learns a dog's language: the piece is brilliant in its insights into dog behavior, matching the best of James Thurber and Konrad Lorenz on the same subject.

Irony was at the source of the way Svevo viewed the world. It was utterly bizarre that, having become obsessed

with the theme of old men and how they slowly die, Svevo should die in 1928 in a car accident. One of his fable-writing heroes in the hereafter might comment: "See, a watched pot never boils." As though Svevo planned the scene himself, a relative declined his death-bed request for a cigarette. "That really would have been my last cigarette," Svevo said, and died several hours later.

High Camp in the Underground

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE. By Alfred Chester. Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. \$4.95.

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels teaches English at Williams College. He has written for The Kenyon Review, The Yale Review, Commonweal and other magazines.

Several years ago, Alfred Chester made a reputation as a book reviewer whose nastiness was refined by wit. In his *New York Review* piece on *City of Night*, for example, his affinity for Rechy's subject neither disguised itself nor spared his victim—nor, for that matter, Rechy's publisher. It was Chester who formulated Grove Press's policy statement: *épater-la-post-office*.

Chester wrote fiction himself, though most of his readers might understandably have been ignorant of this fact. His first novel (*Jamie Is My Heart's Desire*) was virtually ignored; and his short stories, unlike his criticism, had been published in too wide a variety of journals to have established a coherent following. In 1964, he made his first claim for prominence with a collection of stories, *Behold Goliath*. Now, after three years of obscurity, lightened by reports on love in exotic Tangier (found usually in *Evergreen Review*), Chester reappears, christened by his respectable publisher as "a major figure of the American literary underground," with a novel, *The Exquisite Corpse*.

Though the subject of Chester's stories is homosexuality, his sentimental preachiness makes the material seem almost banal. Without a trace of irony, he can write a hymn to homosexual cruising in which fellatio is "a conversion or a revelation," and castoff queens are made to indulge in true confessions which would be embarrassing from a more normal source. Normalcy itself is satirized with an earnestness only occasionally spiced by malice.

The Exquisite Corpse seems, at first, a tougher work. Through a series of

separate but interspersed narratives, it constructs a crazy-house world of erotic anguish, a sort of queer *Grand Hotel*. In dizzying succession, we witness murder and ecstasy, high-comic satire of suburban motherhood (though these ladies tend children who don't exist), and pornographic descriptions of homosexual mechanics. Plotless, incisive, lyrical, repulsive, *The Exquisite Corpse* is a book for which the epithet "uneven" seems facetious.

In some bizarre subplots, Chester manages to find the right situation for his peculiar truth. To illustrate perversion's awful anonymity, Chester presents the married T. S. Ferguson who becomes John Doe and fulfills his illicit appetites with a partner designed to be debased. Installing Baby Poor-poor, his pathetic catamite, in a tawdry "love nest," John Doe will not even permit the utterance of his assumed name. "What shall I call you then?" asks Baby. "You don't have to call me anything. There are only two of us here."

In other parts of the novel, the action is so bizarre as to block any response except bemused curiosity. What, for example, are we to make of the adventures of Baby's mother, a near idiot who conceives her child by a Lesbian, loses it when some literal fairies give her a changeling, and eventually takes up with a jungle savage and an old man who bears the same name as her "son"?

Yet when Chester controls the grotesqueness, he can be both insightful and liberatingly comic, as in the series of letters written to Dr. Franzblau by a girl who "sort of knew the facts of life but not too clearly," since she is probably a boy. At his best, Chester combines wicked humor with pathos. When John Anthony, a Catholic convert and transvestite (relentless switcher), spots a vampire on the Salvation Army marquee which fronts his favorite bar,

She stuck out her tongue at him and wagged a finger, for nothing scared her anymore except the full moon when

she dreaded turning into a werewolf. And even this not so much as formerly, because Veronica was frank with herself and, as unflattering as the thought was, she knew that the werewolf must just as much dread turning into her.

The oddly named characters in Chester's *mélange* appear to merge and assume one another's identities, an obvious clue to the title's allusion. (*Cadavre Exquis* is a famous Surrealist parlor game in which the players draw physical parts on pleats of a page in order to learn what arbitrary organism they may ultimately create.) If a reader were ignorant of the parlor game, however, he would almost certainly fail to perceive, as Chester clearly intended, that the novel's subject is one twisted avatar of suffering composed of all the characters. But what is compositionally valid in visual terms need not be applicable to fiction.

The vivid details are sometimes revealingly focused, but too often they seem only to reflect a sort of private blue movie being run off in the author's mind. It is psychologically descriptive of John Anthony's character when Chester shows him worshipping a homosexual Christ (with its "high tough buttocks and one tiny crab among the pubic hair"); but what is being characterized by Chester's erotic descriptions of neutral objects like trains and ice-cream scoops, his homosexual puns concealed in passages of seemingly innocent nar-

ration, his leering plot details (most of the characters either become or search for a man named Dickie)?

After all the fun and games, the shocking events coming at us without intelligible order, the book begins to seem more and more unmistakably soft. Characters start exhaling about "how hard it is to live." The most important subplot (in which a man considerably masks his ruined face only to go unrecognized by his homosexual lover) would pass, under other circumstances, for "straight" O. Henry.

Though *The Exquisite Corpse* is ultimately unsuccessful, it remains interesting for what it exemplifies. In its pages, two contemporary developments coincide: fascination with forbidden subjects and impatience with the traditional art of fiction. The book's subject is still strange, having been rendered comprehensible to most readers neither by Rechy's coy evasions nor Burroughs' mad dreams; neither by Selby's mindless pseudo-naturalism nor Genet's metaphysical arabesques. The private pain in Chester's pages is authentic, but the technical dislocations make its source more marginal and the pain becomes more remote.

In our literary situation, going underground is the road to chic success. But true exploration requires a discovery which is not mere inversion of the natural.

"time" at the center of his novel, though for him it becomes physical and absolute, not metaphysical and relative. Passing because it must, it is not mysterious, only at moments indefinable. Powell is concerned with time, not obsessed by it; for while he sees it as blasting the hopes of some, wasting the promise of others, he sees it, too, as the sole arbiter for shaping in the future the formless formulas of the past. Things, in short, may make no sense one minute, make all the sense the next.

This idea sounds through "The Music of Time" as a melancholy, sad, and recently even tragic note, but always pitched to the comic scale that keeps the sequence from growing tedious (Miss Lessing), oppressive (Sir Charles) or unwieldy (Durrell). Powell avoids embarrassing postures by treating comically—that is, in a way that accepts life and human nature for what they are without trying to change them—such joyless themes as decay, suicide and death; and without turning Jenkins into a Pollyanna endows him with an amiable curiosity, a good heart, a noble tolerance and infinite resources for recovery.

Nowhere does Jenkins wear these attributes more handsomely than in *The Soldier's Art*, the latest installment of "The Music of Time." To be sure, earlier doubts about his role as protagonist have been well founded. His problems of growing out of adolescence in *A Question of Upbringing*, of finding a niche in life in *A Buyer's Market*, of falling in and out of love in *The Acceptance World* were never his problems solely. And in *At Lady Molly's* and *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* he hung fire to make room for dozens of new characters in the dance. But from *The Kindly Ones* on, Nick has found his footing firmer, though the ground has gone from shaky to shakier and, in the first volume of the war trilogy, *The Valley of Bones*, shakiest.

There, Powell shows how Jenkins' company commander, Captain Rowland Gwatkin, slave to a romantic idealism, is at first fascinated by the working of the war machine, and at last ground in its gears. On the tight little island war has not yet become hell, but it is already a dispiriting reality. The world of officers and gentlemen only outwardly glistens with the spit and polish of military *noblesse oblige*. Beneath the camaraderie and Kiplingesque romance are the scarred surfaces of a grubby, routine existence where success is difficult and failure severe. Jenkins, neither succeeding nor failing, emerges resolved

Dancing in Cadence

THE SOLDIER'S ART. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown & Co. 252 pp. \$4.95.

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris is assistant professor of English at the City College of the City University of New York. He has written a critical study of Anthony Powell to be published later this year by the University of Pittsburgh Press.

A happy Malthusian predictability accompanies the career of Anthony Powell. Since 1951 he has published eight volumes in the novel sequence, "A Dance to the Music of Time," and as the series swells arithmetically, his reputation seems to progress geometrically. Today, he is the most distinguished and respected of English novelists working with a form that has created pitfalls even for his expert contemporaries.

One thinks of Doris Lessing's "Children of Violence," C. P. Snow's "Strangers and Brothers," and Lawrence

Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet," important sequences by three writers who, despite their talent, have not always focused on the essential aim of the genre: to play changing sensibilities against the continuum of human history. How Powell, using at times the techniques of all three, has kept perspective and control, is worth a moment's pause.

Like Miss Lessing he has an eye for trivia, but where she conveys through her characters a sense of impotence, Powell conveys through his a sense of life; the trivial is made futile, but it is also made comic. Like Snow he employs a first-person narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, but whereas Jenkins increases in interest both as protagonist and chronicler, Lewis Eliot of "Strangers and Brothers," moving from obscurity to success yet lacking any real personality, has over the years changed from an easygoing bore into a crashing one. Finally, like Durrell, Powell places

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and committed. There is certainly heroic stuff there. And any reservations remaining on his being the hero of the series should be dropped rapidly after reading this new volume covering the early years of the London blitz. It is both England and Nick's finest hour.

The Soldier's Art goes several steps beyond *The Valley of Bones*. Having accepted the "Rules and Discipline of War," Jenkins now takes up the trickier job of practicing its arts without precisely understanding them. What he sees is that they mean different things to different people, and that to find himself he must endure—even court—exposure to difficult and strained relationships.

The most difficult of these gets tangled in old ties. As Charles Stringham's superior and Kenneth Widmerpool's underling, Jenkins tries mediating between the two without connecting with either. Stringham's ironies have grown heavier, his outlook more fatalistic. For him, the soldier's art is studied resignation to fate. His confessed identification with Childe Roland—the title of the novel comes from the Browning poem—shows that he comes to stoicism via romanticism. Stringham is still the dupe of his imagination.

Widmerpool, on the other hand, is still master of the will. Like the politician or businessman's, the soldier's art consists of grabbing power, wheedling and manipulating while still hewing to lines of discipline. No one blames Widmerpool for that; it is basic to his egoism, and his egoism has often been the inspiration for great fun. But when he arranges a disadvantageous—perhaps fatal—transfer for Stringham, and leaves Jenkins stranded in an inferior post, fun gets a good stiff bash on the head.

Those familiar with the novelist's methods in "The Music of Time" may have gathered by now where Jenkins stands on all this. Without ever forcing any moral comparisons, Powell makes it plain that his protagonist comes the closest to scaling the escarpment raised by vanity and self-interest. Many of his shots may go wild, but Jenkins sustains his integrity. Alongside Widmerpool's blusterings and Stringham's passivity, his rectitude is quietly fashioned into heroic proportions. An awareness akin to sadness is the net result of the quest when Jenkins realizes that the soldier's art means remaining human in the face of the dehumanizing processes of war.

Pathos is, in fact, the fulcrum of the novel, balancing comedy on one side, tragedy on the other. Here tragedy (more particularly, death) is handled in Powell's

customarily classical manner: the action happening off-stage and narrated with baldness and brevity. "That same week the plane was shot down in which Barnby was undertaking a reconnaissance flight with the aim of reporting on enemy camouflage." On some, this stark delivery may make more of an impact than it normally would if rendered in greater detail. Like E. M. Forster, Powell has the knack of killing off his characters suddenly, while still gaining for them an ironic compassion. To others, it might seem unfair that protagonists like Barnby, who have appeared throughout the series, and Lady Molly Jeavons, the eponymous heroine of an entire novel, should die without benefit of deathbed realism; or, failing that, that their deaths should be recounted with no greater ceremony than the suicide of Captain Biggs, a late-comer who has figured in less than 20 pages of *The Soldier's Art*.

But as a "comedian" Powell is interested in showing tragedy as underlying comedy, not vice versa. He has elected to forgo elaboration of the ironies and ambiguities that attend death and get on with those that attend life. Thus, he telescopes the tragic scenes, extends the comic ones which have always depended on richness of incident rather than verbal ingenuity, and, never gratuitously introduced, have a corresponding importance all their own.

Even the opening of the novel, which at first seems to hang rather limply on protracted *double-entendres*, is pressed into shape by the end. Jenkins, buying an army greatcoat from a shop selling both officers' outfits and theatrical costumes, is taken for an actor. The following exchange occurs:

"What's this one for?" [the assistant asked].

"Which one?"

"The overcoat—if I might make bold to enquire?"

"Just the war."

"Ah," he said attentively. "*The War*

... I'll bear the show in mind."

"Do, please."

"And the address?"

"I'll take it with me. . . ."

"Tried to make a neat job of it," he said, "though I expect the theatre's only round the corner from here."

"The theatre of war. . . .?"

"And I'll wish you a good run," he said, clasping together his old lean hands, as if in applause.

"Thanks."

"Good day, sir, and thank you."

The misunderstanding registered by the shop assistant later matches Jenkins' own confusion as he is compelled to act

out various parts at headquarters and on leave in London. (There are similar comic scenes of misunderstanding with Liddament, the eccentric division general, Bithel, the lovably besotted officer in charge of the laundry unit, and Finn, a major attached to a special units language branch.) But the aptness of the dramatic metaphor—almost as much a favorite with Powell as the metaphor of the dance—is not reserved for setting character. It becomes structural in the novel as a whole when Jenkins' brother-in-law, Chips Lovell, is killed

in a bombing raid while attending a theatrical performance. Powell thereby capitalizes on the earlier incident at the costumer's which, comic in itself, anticipates and underscores the sense of tragedy. Everyone, unfortunately, gets the chance for a role; everyone fits, somehow, into the "big show."

The Soldier's Art adds one more section to a complex structure that block by block, layer by layer, continues to grow into a great fictional history and to intensify and reaffirm the art of Anthony Powell.

Our Puritan Roots

A LOSS OF MASTERY. By Peter Gay. University of California Press. 164 pp. \$4.50.

RELIGION AND THE AMERICAN MIND. By Alan Heimert. Harvard University Press. 668 pp. \$12.50.

LOREN BARITZ

Mr. Baritz is the author of *City on a Hill* and the editor of the two-volume work, *Sources of the American Mind* (all John Wiley & Sons). He is a member of the History Department of the University of Rochester.

Whether, or to what extent, the categories and concepts of social analysis that were derived in and for Europe can be transposed to other cultures is a question that sooner or later is going to be answered. Whether, or to what extent, America is different from Europe is another such question. Perhaps it is a slur to say that Freud understood only middle-European Jewish boys, but perhaps it is not so ungracious to wonder whether he, or any other deeply cultivated Europeans could see America through the filter of what they believed to be right about their own time and place. One of the difficulties is that these European categories do at least seem to organize American data, and distinguished American historians have lived off and with them for a very long time. Where, in fact, would we be without Marx and Freud or, even more difficult to imagine, without the French Enlightenment?

This debate is now quietly proceeding over the role of religion in colonial America. It may seem an unlikely arena for such a question, but it is precisely the right place, question and moment of historical time for this debate; the nature and consequences of colonial religion must illuminate other, presumably more important, questions;

what, if any, was the class issue in the colonies? What was the American Revolution all about? What were the American sources of democracy and nationalism? And, not least, has America's cultural life been a pallid derivation from Europe? Those old Puritans continue to hold the keys to the kingdom, just as they knew all along. That is why more and more historians go knocking on their doors.

Peter Gay, a historian who has recently been writing on the French Enlightenment, turned to the American Puritans, as he said, as part of his own discovery of America. *A Loss of Mastery* is his analysis of the general Protestant need for a validating history, and of three Puritan historians: William Bradford, Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Gay's guiding conception was the distinction between what he calls critical and mythical thinking, and he concludes that all of the Puritan historians, as well as Puritanism itself, failed because history, and life, were made servants of piety. None of the historians knew contemporary European history, or life, which was then moving toward secularism and toward a reconception of the nature and goals of historical writing. Viewing history as art, Gay concludes that only Bradford succeeded, while Edwards may or may not have; Mather was a total failure: "the writing is prolix, arch, involuted, imprecise, repetitive, and hysterical." If Voltaire is the standard, Mather obviously cannot compete.

Jonathan Edwards' *History of the Work of Redemption* is judged by Gay to be thoroughly traditional, as it surely was, an Augustinian history of the invisible church, the wandering city of God. In a modern sense, that of Voltaire and Hume, Edwards wrote doctrine not history and his "history," says Gay, was

"reactionary or fundamentalist," and the tragedy of Edwards is said to be that he was the last medieval American. That Edwards intended to write doctrine not history may not be beside the point.

According to Gay, the liberals in this Puritan country did not write history, and the histories of the conservatives were either bad or non-history presumably because they were conservative: orthodox, pious, Calvinistic. Ignoring some of the finer distinctions between Puritanism and Calvinism, Gay's conclusions illustrate, at least, the look of Puritanism when seen through an essentially European lens. What does it mean to talk about "liberals" and "conservatives" in this context? If one remembers the lessons he learned from Marx and Mill, among others, he may learn how not to see.

Alan Heimert's *Religion and the American Mind* is a conclusive argument, carefully and patiently done, which shows that religious reactionaries were political revolutionaries, and that liberal clergymen, defenders of sweet reason, were social and political conservatives. This complete reversal of what liberal, Whiggish historians would prefer simply demands that the entire period be reconceptualized along lines that Heimert traces. As a result of this book it is no longer possible to reason that revolutions are made by revolutionaries who embrace reason, attack religion, and otherwise behave as a *philosophe* in good standing.

The Calvinist clergy were almost all revolutionaries, because they would not separate morality from politics; because they insisted on trying to build a less imperfect world (instead of saying that this was the best possible) in the here and now; because they were committed to the equality and fraternity of all men under the transcendent King of Kings, and because England was in their way while God, they knew, was not. Edwards, Gay's reactionary, is for Heimert the intellectual father of the entire Calvinist clergy who helped to make a revolution. So far, therefore, from being the last medieval, he was indispensable to the success of a modern revolution. The very categories and labels simply retard understanding, and Heimert's argument would also have been clearer had he found a way to dispense with them.

Religion and the American Mind should not be summarized because its rich detail is necessary to support an unfriendly argument. But this much can be said without doing violence to Heimert's case: the Great Awakening,

THE TRUST

*You start with yourself
and are lucky if you ever
get past that. It's a process*

*of winnowing. Say, you have
accomplished something—
■ dragon, oleander or loin—*

*but how can you know the true
salmon's touch when you cannot
trust yourself alone*

*like this with yourself.
You might call it creation,
picturing a theater, the sun*

*having driven the rattlesnakes
to singing. Well, this is
the beginning: what you do next*

will depend on nothing.

JAMES TATE

a widespread and intense religious revival in the 1740s, was an indigenous phenomenon that constituted America's intellectual independence from Europe. It split America into two hostile camps, one based on reason and the other on piety, or rationalism and evangelicalism, or liberalism and Calvinism. Heimert asserts that the difference was one of value and taste, not of class, but he later shows that the liberals consistently defended individual property, the rich and the genteel, while the Calvinists just as consistently spoke for the community and the poor. Liberalism was elitist while Calvinism everywhere challenged the established order. This means what is so hard to learn: the American democratic tradition was the child of evangelical religion, not of the Age of Reason.

Heimert's illustrative metaphor for this argument clinches the case. Edwards' major antagonist in the Great Awakening was Charles Chauncy. Chauncy advocated reasonableness in religion as in other things, and he accused Edwards of unleashing the dangerous passions of the great unwashed. As Heimert explains, Chauncy thought of heaven as a glorified Harvard graduate school with himself as dean. Liberalism, in short, provided a new concept of the Elect, the chosen of God, one made up of learning, gentility and manners, while the Calvinists appealed to everyone regardless of intellectual ability. Chauncy tried to explain that Edwards' position would result in a new peasants' rebellion, just as the first had been caused by "stupidities" encouraging resistance to "lawful authority."

The liberals counseled social resignation and the suppression of envy of the rich, and they were unfailingly committed to social order, to each man's accepting his station and praising God for His wisdom. During the revolution the liberals wanted to replace the English center of gravity, that which kept men and orders "in their place," with an American one that would perform the same function. But the so-called conservative evangelicals demanded an intimate, complete, affectionate union, a new creation of a band of brothers, as one put it.

Because the liberals always sought social institutions that would restrain the dangerous and stupid multitudes, they of course supported the Constitution, proliferation of law and a general tightening of America's social situation. With their eyes turned toward heaven, the Calvinists continued to demand reform but, in time, some were seduced by New England and these, although fewer than historians have thought, abandoned freedom for Federalism.

The colonial liberals were gentlemen, in an English sense, and the Calvinists were not. Later gentlemen, including some historians, have written gently of their kind, and consequently have drawn a picture of a revolution that could have happened only in England or France. Other Americans made their war not in the name of reason or even of class but because that was what they thought they had to do in order to protect their souls.

These explanations are uncongenial to the Enlightenment's children; Marx would seek the ox being gored, and Freud would seek the father whom the brothers had better murder. Their conclusions would actually help to construct hierarchies of significance but, in the end, the question remains: when tools of analysis are transposed from one culture to another, will they continue to function? Might their efficiency be reduced?

But, in order for those tools to work we have had to assume that America was a reflection of Europe. Of course it was, in many ways; in what ways was it not?

Heimert's *Religion and the American Mind* shows what Gay could not see, and shows that the cultural experience of 18th-century America was importantly different from that of either France or England. But more important, Heimert shows that the assumptions liberals have made about other liberals in history is likely to get the historical record, or part of it, exactly backwards.

"The first crime occurred at the Hotel du Nord—that high prism that dominates the estuary whose waters are the colors of the desert. To this tower (which most manifestly unites the hateful whiteness of a sanitarium, the numbered divisibility of a prison, and the general appearance of a bawdy house), on the third day of December came the delegate from Podolsk to the Third Talmudic Congress, Doctor Marcel Yarmolinsky. . . ." The words are by Jorge Luis Borges, opening a story called "Death and the Compass," but they could almost have come from the interior of a box by Joseph Cornell. In the vision of the blind Argentinian and of the man who lives on Utopia Boulevard, Queens, there is a comparable enchantment—a little pedantic, and very cosmological. One finds a fey horror and a genteel, almost Victorian stiltedness in Cornell that may precipitate easily into waters "the colors of the desert." The sense in which each of his creations is a microcosm of nostalgia, judged with lapidary precision, and embedded in a poetic recall that mingles music and the stars, film and mathematics, accords very well with a certain aspect of the modern imagination. For, underneath the positivism of the 19th century lies a substratum of disquiet, anticipating our own—there to be mined simultaneously for its campy charm and its darker hints of void. It is ironic to see the boxes of Cornell, in the best exposition they have yet enjoyed, housed in the buff and white Guggenheim, whose form resembles a rounded-off and inverted ziggurat, spiraling into a "Futuristic" vortex.

For, with unwitting relevance, the museum mimes one of Cornell's pervasive images: the coiled watch spring, cut off from its cogs and gears, existing in fruitless, ornamental tension. The convoluted spring is a pirouette divorced from the measuring of time it otherwise suggests. It partakes, as well, of Cornell's penchant for circularity—disks or spheres, rounding about themselves; the sun, balls, rings, arches, celestial bodies. The most fragile and evasive suggestion of it is soap bubbles; but these exist only by implication, white clay pipes, with bowls grasped by sculpted hands, being almost Cornell's signature. He manages to suggest by such iconography the idea of endlessness, infinity, which is all the more poignant since his chosen means are eggshell or hairline in their physical embodiment. It is almost as if the glance has to touch as

lightly as it can upon these objects, for fear of crumbling or mauling them. The artist's intuition that the past and the future are in the same revolution, without start or end, is given as a kind of tracery in which the mechanism of nature hushes precariously into itself.

Like Paul Klee in wanting to invent as nature does, to create a miniature universe of his own, Cornell is yet much more directly involved with the stoppage of time, or more exactly, the mixing of tenses. In this sense, though it has a highly metaphoric content, the primary condition of his art is of a peculiar interior voyage. (The equation of many of his tableaux with hotels, temporary homes of the restless, is hardly a coincidence.) Each of the boxes is a self-contained journey, a time capsule or memory receptacle where the here and now cohabit with the distant and the exotic on the same level of suspended animation. It is precisely because the widest ranges into space suggest a temporal immensity as well that their compression has a hallucinatingly timeless quality.

In Cornell, the roots of German Romanticism have been overlaid with the tradition of French Symbolism, particularly that aspect of it which yearns for ineffable realms of experience, vicarious regions in which one can participate more substantially than in the undifferentiated chaos of immediate reality. Not for nothing does he bottle specimens of evanescent life, such as butterfly wings; nor is it accidental that the hourglass, like Mallarmé's "*horloge de son ame*," evoked in drifts of glittering sands, becomes a wavering imminence in his vision. The city, even history itself, exist only as scavenging ground for Cornell's compartmented fancies; and the present has no "feel," nor does it impart qualities of identifiable environment to an artist who retreats or escapes into surrogate environments.

It is surely not a contradiction that Cornell embodies all this in a theatrical mode which is a self-acknowledging form of his own artifice. These closed firmaments are little stages, with their own flats, sidelights and props. Much as with the old stereopticons, depth is incised by a series of images pasted on flattened planes, marked off, or separated from one another by an "illusion" whose very imperfection is charming. Not only is this a charade which strives to elicit some of the wonder of the first conquests of photography

but it is also an ironic pleasure taken in revealing the conceits of the artist's own poetics. He is simultaneously the creator and the spectator of his own gamesmanship.

Nothing is more indicative on this score than a use of mirrors that Cornell not only pioneered but of which he remains still the most exquisite practitioner. Innumerable boxes are gridworks of transparent or reflecting screens. To look into them is to see not merely one's own features, staggered or fragmented, but back views of areas nominally averted from the gaze. But such glasses are obfuscations as much as they are extensions of space. Front and rear are reversible; the backdrop falls away, an oblique antechamber is partially revealed. Yet diagrams drawn on such surfaces seem suspended in "air"; supports are suddenly implausible, and reflections dissolve, as surely as transparency reveals, material things. The mirror or glass is an agent of Cornell's liking for replication at the same time that it is the most fragile of his elements. Additionally, it is so indeterminate in value, so specious and variable in the way it bounces back available light, that it deliberately intensifies the illusory quotient of his en-

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terprise. Yet, to compose a lattice of vacancies is also, curiously, to introduce a certain voyeuristic coloring. The multiple innuendos, the scattering and faceting of images are all reminiscent of the coquettish thrills of a peep show. Still more, Cornell is forever partially imposing some porous veil mesh, darkly tinted glass, chiffon, feathers, twigs, screen doors—upon “backgrounds” which are in reality his protagonists. When, as in the “Crystal Palace,” 1949, mirrors reflect only the chance shadows that might animate a glittering prison, timbered in struts, the real meaning of his statement is illuminated: fantasy does not lead toward liberation, but rather provides its own lovely cage.

Whenever, at widely scattered intervals, Cornell had previously shown his work, it became for the most part, and with reason, an underground pet of criticism. The usual treatment at one time was to sing or chirp along with the boxes, in verbal mimicry of their winsome oddments. More recently, it has become harder to resist giving factual, but fascinating lists of Cornellian imagery—with the effect, perhaps, of some of the more titillating recipes in the gourmet cookbooks. Yet these approaches, while often yielding insights, tended to overweight the part against the whole, or vice versa, through

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PAULO CLIMBING DOWN THROUGH A TREE

*He is off to wring the neck of the luncheon
chicken and cut the throat of Sunday's
rabbit. A knife between his teeth
he steps down from the balcony
onto the top branch glowing like
vengeance in the leaves. The roadway
steams. His shadow falls from the branches
breaking up the skin of morning.
I reflect him in my heart, this child
carrying weapons of supper. I carry weapons
too between my teeth, the weapons of will
and music.*

We increase in animality.

*The harvest grows in the sun between
the double gates of death and greenery.*

NED O'GORMAN

their reluctance to use analysis. After all, the man is not an inexplicable mage, nor a mere customs official of the imagination; definite devices, even mechanics, put his materials into their special combinations.

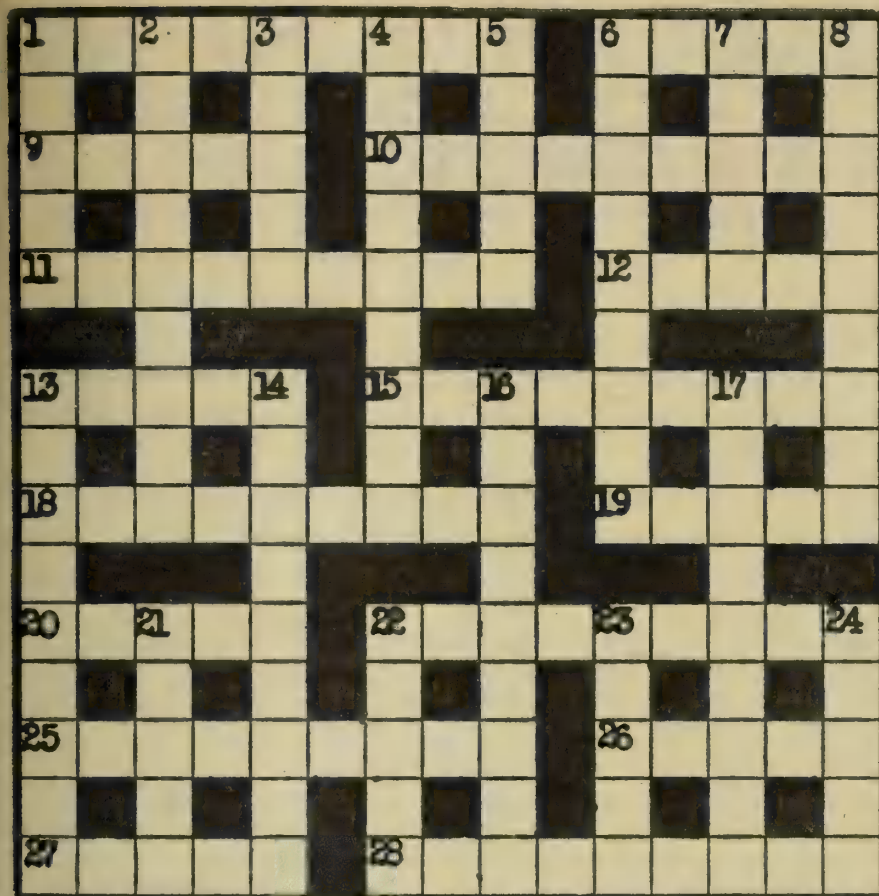
It is obvious, for instance, that he relies heavily on the idea of the contained within the contained. Not only are goblets or bottles, dovecotes or portholes, receptacles for stored or concealed information but sometimes the frames of his compositions are included with the frames of the boxes. Even more frequently the outer frames are papered over with engravings or words in a kind of vacuum filling program (linked with the contents), in which it is impossible to tell whether they are more decorative or literary. Second, there is a surprising substitution of part for whole, still more direct than that which I have just mentioned. In “A Swan Lake for Tamara Toumanova,” 1946, for instance, an engraved or photographic cutout of a swan under blue glass is surrounded by real white feathers. Scale, too, is one of the most ingenious and important of Cornell's poetic sources. In “Pink Palace,” 1946, an engraving of an old building with minute foreground figures, is backed with hair-raising sprigs of twigs, grotesquely out of proportion with the scene. Maps are an even more extreme, though schematic, indication of his juggling of depicted and infinitely small scale references with real objects, not large in themselves, but Gargantuan in comparison with their surroundings. Finally, just to notice one more of several subtleties, there are frequent echo or rhyme effects in Cornell. I am not speaking of the repetitions of identical elements, like mute votives, in great pieces like “Multiple Cubes” or “Bebé,” but rather “A

Parrot For Juan Gris,” 1953-54, in which the shadow profile of the flattened parrot occurs in white and black cut-outs against the newsprint behind it. What is volumetric becomes flat, what is solid becomes transparent. And yet, however different the incarnation, the morphology is the same.

It is just this kind of syntax, in the final analysis, that confirms Cornell as an extremely knowing artist. With extreme deftness, he has skirted through and around the methodology of di Chirico and Gris, Ernst and Mondrian, who are as present in his formal intelligence as the Renaissance masters are evident in the reproductions he includes. His compressions and elisions, always dovetailing with each other, are of such high level of inventiveness that his work cuts itself entirely free from those merely tasteful congeries of small antiquities to be found in the rue Jacob or on the Quai Voltaire. Yet Cornell is indifferent, in the end, to the structural imperatives of Cubism. And he is innocent of the aspirations to tap some collective unconscious that typifies Surrealism. Even Magritte's epistemological puzzles are foreign to Cornell's diffident narcissism, and his homespun refinement, centering usually upon the pretty underwear of culture. By his art, I am reminded of Lichtenberg's remark: “The petticoat had very wide red and blue stripes and looked as if it were made of theater curtain. I'd have paid a lot for a front-row-center seat, but the curtain was never raised.” Perhaps Cornell is too modest to raise the curtain, perhaps too sophisticated. At any rate, that very ambiguity constitutes the joy of this exhibition. For having selected it with great erudition, and installed it with remarkable care, Diane Waldman deserves loud applause.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1203

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 6 across Alcazar and Alhambra? (Not really real!) (7, 2, 5)
- 9 What Ethel Merman asked to be called.
- 10 Descriptive of a 28 that doesn't get to go with wings, and doesn't want to. (9)
- 11 Rather early, and about to inquire at the heart of the city. (9)
- 12 This summer could be deadly! (5)
- 15 An item in a rather dull series of letters.
- 18 15 passed around manufactured liquor, perhaps. (9)
- 19 Candy associated with Wales? (5)
- 20 Dwindle around the middle, by the sound of it. (5)
- 22 Making a favorable appearance, as the bride might be. (9)
- 25 Swap one of your handles, as they say? (It may not be susceptible of exclusive appropriation.) (5, 4)
- 26 An added remark appears to be one of two points in eccentric orbit. (5)
- 27 Falls back under the blow of winds? (5)
- 28 A boring job atop an old carriage, if you're looking for an insect. (9)

DOWN:

- 1 and 13 across The vacation spot's working equipment, or for the rest of the non-workers there? (10)
- 2 The team makes its appearance on the Midway, possibly. (9)
- 3 As a theorem, it helps. (5)
- 4 Just about the work of a tailor. (9)

- 5 If it's any longer, you can see the material there! (5)
- 6 This party needs capital, so italics could designate just a supporter. (9)
- 7 Adjudge to be due as a person under care? (5)
- 8 This can cause a riot, yet no disturbance is more likely to get publicity. (9)
- 13 Tried a wet solution, but not really deep.
- 14 The brave would hardly be, but neither would a cactus. (9)
- 16 England, Rome, Dalmatia — logical places to search for stars! (9)
- 17 and 21 Undercover romance that couldn't violate the Mann Act? (Secretaries might take a leading part in them.) (7, 2, 5)
- 22 Quietly set down in check. (5)
- 23 A number within the Shakespearean characterization would hardly be the well-developed type. (5)
- 24 Happy about the boat? Bubbles might manifest such a condition. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1202

ACROSS: 1 Impetuous; 6 Awful; 9 Lowered; 10 Organdy; 11, 12 and 13 The World's Fair; 15 Disdains; 16 Camera; 18 Cranks; 20 Free time; 24 Flashy; 28 Ormandy; 29 Initial; 30 Ernie; 31 Rightened.
DOWN: 1 Islet; 2 Powders; 3 Throwbacks; 4 Ordering; 5, 23 and 25 Swordsmanship; 6 Argo; 7 Fanfare; 8 Layer cake; 14 Panegyrist; 15 Decompose; 17 Pressing; 19 Agnomen; 21 Ich dien; 22 Player; 26 Paled; 27 Knee.

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LETTERS

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DEAR SIRs: Since I took a part in the *Encounter* controversy in *The Nation* last year, let me say that I agree with your editorial summing up (May 29 issue), and would only wish to add the following.

None of the *mea culpa's* (or *tua* and *sua culpa's*) that we are hearing these days is ever offered spontaneously. Only when these people are caught out do we get either apology or correct information. This can only make the rest of us wonder in what areas we are being deceived *right now*. And to wonder that is to realize that we must do more than wonder. We must press for every kind of exposure of the truth whenever opportunity offers. And we must be very suspicious of those who have aroused our suspicion. Lyndon Johnson may have stopped the CIA infiltration of student organizations; but he would never have done so except for exposures which "his" people did everything they could to prevent. Melvin Lasky has admitted being "insufficiently frank" about certain things in his past. The important point is: what is he being "insufficiently frank" about now? And what will he be "insufficiently frank" about in the future? And isn't the phrase "insufficiently frank" an unpardonable euphemism, especially when used by the guilty party? Mr. Lasky described the whole episode as a storm in a teacup. In other words, it all means very little to him. Which, in turn, is of interest to those of us who would like to appraise *Encounter* correctly. If we may judge by its editor's present position, it is clearly bankrupt, politically and spiritually. Congress for Cultural what? *Eric Bentley*

and Senator Morse

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIRs: Your editorial of May 15 entitled "War on the Third Front" was excellent and to the point. You wrote about "This slighting of the Senate . . ." and specifically mentioned "Fulbright, Church, Gruening, McGovern, McCarthy, Kennedy and other oppositionists." The omission of Sen. Wayne Morse must be considered an oversight on the part of your editorial writer.

This is a very unfortunate omission especially since Senators Gruening and Morse have not only led the anti-Vietnamese War debate in the Senate since 1963 but have been the only two who have consistently voted against the Administration on Vietnam, including appropriations. . . .
Charles M. Grossman, M.D.

The omission was unintended, and we apologize to Senator Morse, whose courage and wisdom we have had frequent occasion to praise in the past. *The Editors*

struggle for community

Stevens Point, Wis.

DEAR SIRs: There is a way, not often mentioned, that the two movements, peace and civil rights, are linked. Hitherto civil rights activists, black and white, have worked toward a rather limited goal—integration of the Negro into an essentially sick society. I am aware that there was often a barrier between whites and blacks in the movement, even though it was designed precisely to bring that wall down, and one reason for the continued existence of the barrier may have been the limited nature of the civil rights movement. But concerning militarism in our country we are all, black and white, brutalized and exploited, so that as we struggle together against the curse of militarism we may yet build that classless community which the civil rights movement has failed to create.

James Missey

EDITORIALS

The Third Front

United Nations

The Palestine war of 1948-49 was strictly a conflict between the Arabs and the new state of Israel. In the second round—the tripartite operation of 1956 in Suez and the Sinai—the Arab-Israeli conflict was compounded by a post-colonial adventure and cold-war rumblings. Colonialism is not a factor in the new Middle East crisis; but the cold war is—plus inter-Arab rivalry and Egyptian desire for hegemony in the area. This shows the extreme complexity of the situation which faced the United Nations in mid-May, when the organization was already immeasurably weakened, and its peace-keeping capacity was at its lowest ebb.

There were grounds to criticize U Thant for the way he handled the initial Egyptian request for withdrawal of the UN Emergency Force. By granting immediately the maximum demands of the U.A.R., instead of temporizing as was warranted by precedent and the need for consultations, the Secretary General put himself and the United Nations in an unfavorable position for bargaining with Cairo. Any illusion he may have entertained that the prompt endorsement of the U.A.R. request would satisfy President Nasser's need to reassert his leadership in the crusade against Israel was dissipated by the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba, which followed promptly.

U Thant could have gone immediately to Cairo to "clarify" the U.A.R.'s intentions. His peace mission a few days later was jeopardized by the speed of events precipitated by the initial Egyptian diplomatic success. It is possible, however, that the Secretary General's legalistic attitude concerning the withdrawal of the Blue Helmets from Egyptian soil was motivated by a desire to avoid antagonizing the Soviet Union, whose opposition to any infringement of national sovereignty by UN forces is well known. Having cut himself off completely from the United States on the Vietnamese issue, U Thant did not want to find himself in a similar position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in the other potentially major conflict of the day. Barring complete irresponsibility in Cairo or Jerusalem, the most serious question behind the present Middle East crisis is the depth of the involvement of the Soviet Union. From an initial reserve, Moscow moved last week to the ominous stance of a possible co-belligerent on the Arab side.

There are signs that, while the two superpowers have achieved a sort of equilibrium in Asia and Europe, the Middle East is providing the Soviet Union with a "Third Front" to change the balance of power to its advantage. The Soviet-oriented Syrian Government, whose active hostility against Israel has undoubtedly precipitated the present crisis, has already greatly solidified Moscow's

foothold in the area. Cairo, which has slipped away under conflicting nationalist pressures, could swing back to the Soviet orbit. How far the Soviet Union is ready to go is anyone's guess.

The U.A.R. set the stage for a trial by arms when it blockaded the Gulf of Aqaba and mined the Strait of Tiran. In spite of solemn pronouncements in favor of free navigation in international waters, the United States has not given an airtight promise to come to Israel's assistance if it chooses to run the blockade. The Vietnamese commitment has top priority in Washington. The hope is that the Soviet Union will not elect to press a show-down on the "Third Front." The same hope applies to Israel, which might be tempted to defy the Egyptian *diktat* in order to force a victory which past diplomatic exercises have rarely given it.

The meetings of the Security Council showed once again that no dove of peace can nest in the halls of the United Nations when the big powers do not agree among themselves. Even the innocuous and well-meaning resolution (submitted by Canada and Denmark) for a general "cooling off" went down in futility. The creation of the state of Israel was made possible because, at that time, both the United States and the Soviet Union favored it. The UN was able to intervene in the Suez crisis because both Washington and Moscow condemned the Suez-Sinai expedition. The present *status quo* can remain in the Middle East only if Washington and Moscow do not want it upset. The four-power conference proposed by France and accepted by Washington and London could provide both the breathing spell and the framework necessary for common efforts to restore the situation, if such is the general wish.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

Retreat To Reason

Despite reassurances from Gen. Earle C. Wheeler, Jr., chairman of the Joint Chiefs—or rather because of them—there is considerable warrant for concern about the possibility of a ground invasion of North Vietnam. This is a development we have consistently regarded as altogether "thinkable" ("On Not Knowing When To Stop," editorial, *The Nation*, May 1), and recent events and portents seem to have made it more likely.

(1) We are now bombing within the city limits of Hanoi, and the number of possible targets for air strikes in the whole of Vietnam is shrinking. *Business Week* (May 20) points out that short of an invasion of North Vietnam, or a series of "all-out devastation" bomb raids, there is not much left to escalate. Of course we could de-escalate, the air strikes having been proved futile—or even pull back, as we have done temporarily from our invasion of the southern half of the demilitarized zone—but neither of these options is likely to appeal to the military, who increasingly run this show. In addition, either pull-back or de-escalation would infuriate the hawks,

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who would turn their beaks and claws on President Johnson.

(2) The stories given out about the pro tem invasion of the demilitarized zone strongly suggest that they were designed for future justification of a ground invasion in depth. We have acted "defensively," merely to pre-empt positions and because the enemy's build-up was causing distress in the Marine bases of "Leatherneck Square." But at the UN, in Canada and in Europe, the reverse of this proposition is suggested, namely, that the North Vietnamese, fearing a future invasion, have moved into the zone in force to ward it off. The theory cannot be called implausible, nor would it be surprising if our foray was designed to provoke them further—and thus justify our future moves.

In any case the demilitarized zone, as one observer put it, has now lost its "virginity." A year ago it was forbidden even to talk about the possibility of ground action in this buffer area but now, the psychological basis having been prepared, it can be expected that the American public will not be greatly shocked at a recurrence on a larger scale.

The ones who will cry havoc are the peace forces and those Senators who have been warning against further escalation—but the President has shown a massive capacity for ignoring their counsel. Sen. Thruston B. Morton, a moderate Republican, continues to caution against the apparent Administration belief that we can achieve total victory in Vietnam without bringing Communist China into the war and perhaps precipitating "total world holocaust." But his warnings, and those of other anti-hawks, carry less weight at the White House and the Pentagon than the assurances of Secretary Rusk who, having been wrong about Chinese intentions in Korea, is now presumed to be right this time. He is supported by the "think-tank" boys, at the Hudson Institute for example, who assure us that the Chinese will not move as long as we do not get into the Red River Valley. How they know this remains their secret.

(3) The decision to place the "other war" under military direction is an indication that the effort to "win the hearts and minds of the people" is a bust. It means also that the strategy of "counterinsurgency" has been relegated to the dustbin.

(4) Perhaps most important, political time is running out for the President. The next three months will be critical in terms of laying down a political line for the 1968 elections. Mr. Johnson may be unable to face the prospect of being locked into a bloody war of attrition with no prospect of a settlement. The temptation will then be great to try just one more desperate move—and invade by land, sea and air, at the same time asking Congress to declare war, which would put a damper on partisan criticism and general debate.

But this crowning act of folly has not yet occurred. With a crisis in the Middle East, and faced with cumula-

tive warnings about the danger of Chinese intervention, the President may even now decide to beat a retreat to reason, and abandon any thought of sending U.S. forces across the Ben Hai River.

Tuesday's Menu

The lunch at which Mr. Johnson tried to probe the minds and hearts of the disaffected intellectuals was a one-time affair, but *The Washington Post* has provided an insight into how high policy is made in Washington these days: the recurring Tuesday lunch, preceding which Messrs. Rusk, McNamara and Rostow meet, sip dietetic root beer or sherry, and prepare to wrestle with affairs of state. Soon they are joined by the President, who puts them at their ease with a brief interval of small talk and leads the way into the dining room. There, in the reporter's words, Mr. Johnson "dips into the minds of the men around him in smorgasbord fashion" and decides what to do next in Vietnam.

The first morsel is drawn from Mr. Rusk, whose great merit is impassivity. Less stoical is Mr. McNamara, who is said to be disquieted by the war. At the foot of the table sits Mr. Rostow, "father of the strategy of vigorously intensifying the war." Playing with destiny, he is both eager and nervous. Soon he will be immortalized in bronze as the giant who steered the President to victory—if he is not thrown headfirst down the Capitol steps.

The Nation has no desire to spoil the well-earned appetites of men so burdened by fate, but after all they are gambling with the lives of nearly 200 million Americans, not to speak of the rest of humanity. The Tuesday lunches have failed to produce policies that, just possibly, might work. "The group is ingrown," critics say. "Mr. Rusk and Mr. McNamara are tired men . . . there is an inadequate upflow of ideas and an inadequate downflow of results. . . ."

Perhaps a change of personnel would relieve these strangulations. For better or worse, all these movers and shakers may be retired in 1968, but in the meantime might not Mr. Rusk be given surcease from his tireless labors of seven years? He is no doubt skillful in negotiation. He knows how not to make waves. He has a nice touch with Southern Congressmen. He is as cool as an iceberg—and as difficult to move from a position. But how can the policies which have failed be changed as long as he is there? He has an enormous emotional and career investment in all that has happened. He is a symbol of what is wrong and sterile in American policy—and it is not in him (as it would not be in many men) to admit errors so mammoth.

What will Mr. Rusk do if, relieved of the cares of state, he can curl up at night with a good book instead of another load of bad news? Our suggestion for rewarding reading is the ill-fated GOP report, "The War in Vietnam," known as the White Paper. Five hundred

copies were bootlegged about Washington, but it is not likely that one was allowed to reach Mr. Rusk. Fortunately, it has now been reprinted by the Public Affairs Press, 419 New Jersey Avenue S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Mr. Rusk could get a copy for \$1 and, as a private citizen, he might be able to appreciate the worth of ideas he never had while in office.

The VOA Technique

Broadcast from Washington, April 18, ■ Voice of America account of the anti-war demonstrations of April 15 began in a fairly neutral tone. Although the broadcaster gives the estimated number of marchers in New York City as 100,000, considerably below the police count and about a third of Martin Luther King's claim, he concedes that the march reflected "strong, though minority, feelings about the Vietnamese conflict." Then he lists some of the organizations and individuals involved, and muses that "not for a long while have such heterogeneous groups put up so homogeneous—if temporary—a front. One could read this as a jelling of minority public opinion."

This descriptive section contains a reference to Dr. King's alleged "fracturing" of the civil rights movement and is suffused with a faint air of aversion but, after all, the writer is working for VOA, which is not in business to praise opposition to the cold war, or the Vietnamese War in particular. It is when he embarks on his job of news "analysis" that the writer sees to it that VOA gets its money's worth.

"Many older spectators of the march," he says, "must have recalled the days before World War II when pacifists, isolationists, Communists, pro-Nazi German-American organizations, and a good many idealists of various kinds joined in opposing American entry into the conflict in Europe. The parallel stops there, of course, because the United States was not actually at war in 1939 and 1940. . . ."

The parallel never starts, because those disparate elements never "joined" in their opposition. Between an organization like the Communist-led League Against War and Fascism and the pro-Nazi shirt outfits there was as much community of interest as between Winston Churchill and Adolf Hitler. Even after the signing of the German-Soviet nonaggression pact in 1939 there was never the slightest collaboration between Nazi and Communist groups in the United States, while individuals like Robert M. Hutchins and Charles A. Lindbergh, both of whom opposed American involvement, did so for entirely different reasons. The purported analogy is nothing but an attempt to smear the opposition to the Vietnamese War, in which the United States is playing a role much like that of the German and Italian Fascists in Spain in 1936-39. There is the analogy from which VOA wants the world to avert its eyes.

After saying that the United States was not actually at

war in 1939 and 1940, the broadcaster continues: "Today the United States is in conflict in Vietnam. What shocked and angered many spectators of the New York rally was that, as ■ *Washington Post* correspondent put it, while Americans were dying in Vietnam other Americans were 'imploping peace and surrender to the enemy.' " Then he sets up the usual Administration wail that Ho Chi Minh will be hardened in his contumacy and will not show "a real interest in peace" because of the demonstrations.

So the U.S. is "in conflict" in Vietnam. VOA does not dare say "at war," because it knows, as everyone knows, that the Johnson Administration has by-passed the Congress in the whole wretched adventure, and that Mr. Johnson campaigned on a platform of nonescalation and, as soon as he was assured of another four years in office, became a hawk of hawks, while pretending still to be a moderate. One wonders where VOA expects to find an audience gullible enough to fall for propaganda at this level. Not in Asia, surely, where it will be welcomed only by the corrupt ruling classes of such countries as South Vietnam, Thailand, Korea and the Philippines. For all their tribalism and illiteracy, many Africans are likewise suspicious of the VOA. Within the Soviet orbit some potential defectors may be discouraged, since they can only conclude that the American Government tells even bigger lies than their own. As for the rest of Europe, *The Wall Street Journal* recently did a study which reached the conclusion that 80 per cent of European public opinion opposes the U.S. "conflict" in Vietnam, and that some such proportion runs through virtually all sections of the population, even those with reason to be prepossessed in America's favor. The VOA is pouring all those kilowatts into the air for no purpose except to provide work for some thousands of placemen.

Why Intellectuals Dislike LBJ

Among the recent sob stories coming out of the White House is the tale of the "Little Monks" and the President's lunch with a select group of intellectuals who work for him. The latter would fit into a musical comedy. Here were sixteen men, sitting around the President in the White House Fish Room, summoned to tell him what the devil was the matter with those other intellectuals, not in the Administration, who constantly gripe about the Vietnamese War and in manifold ways show their lack of love for LBJ. Did he really expect to find out what was wrong? He would have had ■ better chance of getting usable information if he had set up a suggestion box.

One courageous soul did suggest that the war might have something to do with the alienation of the intellectuals, but the consensus was that the highbrows were no more disgruntled than a "noisy minority" of the general population. No one was so ill-mannered as to refer to the almost continuous series of protests from university

faculties—391 at Cornell, 321 at Columbia—at just about the time of the great fact-finding lunch.

The President himself seems to be rankled by a suspicion that his personality is at the bottom of his unpopularity among the intellectuals. We have said in these columns that it was not his Texas background or his lack of Eastern polish or his accent or his vocabulary or his haberdashery that puts us off. These are trivialities. It is his policies, his gross deception in the 1964 campaign and other political specifics that we criticize.

Yet, while we wish to keep the discussion at this level and not carp at Mr. Johnson for traits and habits he can't help, we will venture to call to his attention some unendearing mannerisms that he could avoid without trying to make himself over. The "Little Monks" story is a case in point. Mr. Johnson inflicted this anecdote on at least ten different audiences in as many months; it became a kind of Presidential vaudeville. What a commentary on Mr. Johnson's taste, his perception, his sensi-

bility! The editors of the most banal pulp magazine would recoil from this "your daddy" goo, and the mental and emotional processes it reveals.

The story, which involves not a "little monk" but a 5 ft. 10 in. friar, is downright insulting to Catholic intellectuals in particular. They are expected to believe that when the President ordered the bombing of the Hanoi and Haiphong areas last summer—and feared that many U.S. planes would be lost, that many civilians might be killed, that a Soviet ship might be hit and World War III might be precipitated—none of these disasters occurred, and Mr. Johnson slept the sleep of the just because he went to a Catholic Church with his daughter Luci and prayed. Luci was not surprised, the story goes. "I knew my little monk (s) wouldn't fail me," she is supposed to have said. Luci is entitled to her beliefs and the President is entitled to a faith in the efficacy of prayer. But he cannot expect intellectuals to throw their hats in the air when he publicizes such debauchery of reason and religion.

LITERARY BAY OF PIGS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

Ten years ago we in Europe knew very little about the CIA except that it had somehow, in cooperation with Mr. Loy Henderson, managed to bring about the overthrow of Prime Minister Mossadegh of Iran, much to the joy of the American and British oil companies. Today—or rather for the last four or five years—we can't get away from the CIA. One now expects to find out in the end that it is somehow mixed up in every dirty or shady thing that happens. There was Guatemala, and then the Bay of Pigs; then British Guiana; then, much nearer home, the kidnaping, in October, 1965, outside the "Drugstore" of St.-Germain-des-Prés, of Ben Barka, the progressive and "neutralist" Moroccan leader, who was thereupon apparently murdered in some horrible way in a villa outside Paris. François Mauriac openly accused the "American secret services" of having helped General Mohammed Oufkir, the Moroccan Minister of the Interior—against whom an arrest warrant was issued by the French Government—to dispose of Ben Barka. And, much more recently, there has been the military-Fascist *Putsch* in Greece. The French press has no doubt whatever that the CIA—which counts the Queen Mother Frederika among its friends in that country—helped to engineer a coup that may well (as Jean Daniel writes in a well-reasoned article in *Le Nouvel Observateur*) turn Greece into a "European Vietnam," with a Resistance movement developing in the north and, sooner or later, involving Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. It has also been openly reported that Svetlana Alliluyeva's trip to the United States was arranged by the CIA, even though the left-wing "Gaullist" writer,

Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, had implored her to stay in France or Switzerland, and "not sell herself to the Americans," especially with the war raging in Vietnam. But no; having been escorted by the CIA to Italy and then Switzerland, she was talked into doing a "Kravchenko" in the United States—press conferences, bestseller, serial rights, a million dollars and all.

Yes, the European press has been full of the CIA. *Le Monde* has been writing at length of CIA money, coming ostensibly from the American labor unions, having split up the CGT, the French trade union federation in 1947-48, as a result of which the "Socialist" *Force Ouvrière* broke away from the "Communist-dominated" CGT and the French trade union movement was badly weakened.

No less interesting, and even more ominous, is the influence the CIA has been exercising on the "intellectual life of Europe," as reported in mid-May by the two principal English Sunday papers, the *Sunday Times* and *The Observer*. Neither paper is anti-American, but for them the CIA's "intellectual" activities in Europe and elsewhere are too much to swallow. More than a page in *The Observer* of May 14 was devoted to "The *Encounter* Affair: the Tortuous Path Leading up to the Row over *Encounter* and the CIA"; while the *Sunday Times* gave a whole page to "CIA Culture: The Story of a Literary Bay of Pigs." The *Observer* piece is illustrated by pictures of Melvin Lasky, who "was told about the CIA in strict confidence," Stephen Spender, "who soldiered on in ignorance," and Kermode (another editor of *Encounter*) who "was increasingly worried." In the *Sunday Times* there is a picture only of Melvin Lasky, *Encounter*'s remaining editor, who says: "The magazine will go on." However, it carries pictures of

the covers of four magazines that are—or were—financed by the CIA: *Encounter* (England), *Preuves* (France), *Der Monat* (Germany) and *Quadrant* (Australia). [See editorial, "An Insufficiency of Frankness," *The Nation*, May 29.]

I am not familiar with *Quadrant*, which seems to have specialized in boosting the Vietnamese War to Australians. But I know well the three main European CIA organs. For years they have been doing their best to keep the cold war going. All three were published under the patronage of a thing called the "Congress for Cultural Freedom," with headquarters in Paris, which was the real source of the CIA "contributions." For a long time *Encounter* was getting \$30,000 a year. That there was something fishy about *Encounter* and the other Congress for Cultural Freedom publications was clear—or should have been clear—to any person of minimum intelligence. Soon after *Encounter* first appeared, the *Times Literary Supplement* accused it of a "negative liberalism" whose main purpose was to stir up hatred. How the thing works I know from my own experience: in *The New York Times* a critic, who proudly described himself as being closely associated with *Encounter*, openly advocated "sales resistance" to my book on de Gaulle because it sympathetically reported de Gaulle's hostility to the war in Vietnam; it is a small example but typical of the technique of damning books that are, I suppose, on the CIA index.

What is puzzling in all this is the lamblike innocence of the distinguished editors and contributors of the Cultural Freedom publications. The rumor of CIA subsidies had been current for years, but nobody on *Encounter* except "Mel" Lasky, we are now told, knew anything about it, not even Stephen Spender, one of the co-editors who "soldiered on in ignorance," until the truth about the CIA subsidies (as *The Observer* put it) "began to break in the U.S.A. a year ago." After that Spender resigned, apparently with a great show of indignation.

Or did many of the contributors to these papers strongly suspect that they were writing for CIA publications but felt that the end justified the means? In 1963, D. W. Brogan was enthusiastic about *Encounter* and about "its continual concern with reminding us of the realities behind the Iron Curtain. It has, since its foundation, been a *journal de combat* . . . and has been a protest against the *trahison des clercs*." The *Sunday Times* aptly recalls Conor Cruise O'Brien's retort that it did not serve the cause of *genuine* intellectual freedom in Europe to "promote for ten years a definite and consistent line," since this would seem "something of an intellectual security risk."

There is now a major stink in England over the CIA subsidies to *Encounter*, a magazine with a circulation of 42,000 copies, which has put *Horizon* and other intellectual and non-CIA-subsidized magazines out of business. Will *Encounter* and the other CIA magazines go on? Lasky doesn't seem worried, even though the *Sunday Times* talks of that "agonized debate" now reigning "around the question of what a free thinker should do when he finds out that his free thought has been subsidized by a ruthlessly aggressive intelligence agency as part of the international cold war."

The grandly styled Congress for Cultural Freedom has been busy these last two weeks in Paris. I am afraid I took a long time to discover when exactly it met, or where it held the meeting provoked by the genuine scandal over its present and past activities. My phone calls to its office were in vain; the exchange was instructed to tell anybody calling that the offices "would be closed until Tuesday." However, in the end I found what had been going on, but my attempts to reach Michael Josselson, the executive director of the Congress, were not successful; when I had myself announced as *The Nation's* correspondent, he preferred to say that he was not available.

The whole affair of this Paris meeting was grimly comic. Now that the CIA subsidies to the Congress were an open, and indeed screaming, secret, the members of the "general assembly" expressed "deep regret" that "CIA funds had been used to finance the activities of



Tribune, London (Ben Roth)

the Congress"—which had, in the words of the *Sunday Times* "channeled CIA money to *Encounter* and a host of other intellectual magazines." But the joke of it is that, although Mr. Josselson, a naturalized American who has lived in Geneva for the last six years, beat his chest, expressed "deep regret" for having accepted CIA money, said that he had found it a grievous burden to "conceal" from his colleagues on the Congress the source of the money, and even offered to resign his post, his colleagues who voted on this "resignation" asked Josselson—apparently unanimously—to continue in his post. And this he agreed to do.

Josselson having accepted full and sole responsibility for all the Congress' grubby machinations, it was only fit that his innocently ignorant colleagues should have rewarded him by keeping him in his no doubt well-paid job. They were also apparently highly gratified to learn from Josselson that he would "never, never have permitted the CIA to use the Congress for propaganda and intelligence purposes." I wanted to ask Josselson what in fact the CIA money had been used for.

EVIDENCE AT STOCKHOLM

The Judges Are Everywhere

GOSTA JULIN

Mr. Julin is on the editorial staff of Dagens Nyheter (Stockholm), Sweden's largest morning newspaper.

Stockholm

What a strange tribunal: a jury, and no judge. It is true; we are only a jury. We have neither the power to condemn, nor the power to acquit, anyone. Therefore, no prosecution. We, the jury, at the end of the session will have to pronounce on the charges: are they well founded or not? But the judges are everywhere. They are the people of the world, and particularly the American people. It is for them that we are working.

With these words Jean-Paul Sartre inaugurated the Vietnam War Crimes Tribunal in Stockholm. For more than a week the tribunal worked its way through thick stacks of reports from investigatory commissions previously sent to Vietnam. Opinions were heard from experts on international law, witnesses were cross-examined, and napalm victims flown from Vietnam were on hand to drive home the sufferings of Vietnamese civilians.

On the eighth day of the session the tribunal was ready for the unanimous verdict: "Guilty. In view of international law, the U.S. Government and U.S. armed forces have committed aggression in Vietnam." The United States, the tribunal further said, has also bombed a great number of civilian targets in Vietnam, such as hospitals, schools and dams. Australia, South Korea and New Zealand were named as accomplices. As to Thailand, the tribunal did not find sufficient evidence to hand down a verdict either way. In addition, the tribunal found that the United States had infringed on the sovereignty of Cambodia and bombed villages in that country. The tribunal said that apart from the section on Cambodia this statement was unanimous, but it appears that the verdict was preceded by deep conflict of opinion among the seventeen jury members as to the aim, purpose and power of the tribunal.

Swedish Government circles were noticeably relieved when the proceedings came to an end without serious incidents. Prime Minister Tage Erlander and his government had made clear that they did not consider their country a suitable location for the proceedings. The official view was that the tribunal could contribute nothing toward a solution of the Vietnamese problem. Swedish free speech laws, however, prevented barring the tribunal. These laws prohibit only public slander of a foreign head of state, a restriction the tribunal did its utmost to observe.

What actually was accomplished at this first session? Is the Russell tribunal simply a Communist-inspired propaganda show? Or is it a manifestation of the fact that in all parts of the world large numbers of politically uncommitted people have been deeply shaken by the Viet-

namese tragedy? These people say that if the American people were fully informed about the activities of U.S. soldiers in Vietnam, President Johnson and the Pentagon would immediately be forced to call off the war. The biased picture of the war presented to the American public through news media and official military reports is seen by many as a direct threat to the democratic idea.

What, then, are the facts of the Russell tribunal? They can be summarized in six separate points.

(1) It is correct that the tribunal contains outspoken Communists and leftist sympathizers, but this did not make the Stockholm session a Communist stage show. Many members are politically uncommitted but took part because they regard events in Vietnam as a tragedy for all mankind. This concern was expressed by Bertrand Russell, in a message to the tribunal:

It is our culture which is at stake. It is our barbarism which menaces it. It is not possible to organize society for plunder and mass murder without terrifying consequences. Our scientists and engineers, our chemists and researchers, our technology and economic system have been mobilized for murder. In Vietnam we have done what Hitler did in Europe. We shall suffer the degradation of Nazi Germany unless we act. The pity is not in the suffering of Vietnam. The pity is in the smug streets of Europe and the complacent cities of North America, so debased as to be indifferent even as our own fate is enacted in Vietnam.

(2) The sessions were characterized by unemotional and factual deliberation. The evidence comprised more than 2 million words. Certain details carried a propagandist taint, and there were some hate eruptions against the United States, but these were exceptions. Even Sweden's leading conservative newspaper noted that much of the evidence appeared so objective and so well documented that it would have stood up in a fully uncommitted court of law or investigatory commission.

(3) The tribunal did not set itself up as a court of law with a mission to pass judgment and condemn. "We have no armies and no gallows, we lack power," said Mr. Russell himself in a message to the tribunal from his home in Wales. "Our task is to investigate and inform the world of what is actually happening." This purpose, "to inform the world and particularly the United States," was a guiding principle of the proceedings.

But it should be noted that certain members of the tribunal saw their task differently: as that of judge. They were led by Bertrand Russell's secretary, the American leftist Ralph Schoenman. The more moderate group was led by the tribunal president, Vladimir Dedijer of Yugoslavia; the chairman of the executive committee, Jean-Paul Sartre; and Isaac Deutscher, historian and biographer of Stalin.

This endeavor not to appear as a court of law was

also reflected in the composition of the tribunal. Only a third of the seventeen members were lawyers; the others were writers, historians, philosophers, committed pacifists. This gave the tribunal the character of an organization of laymen.

One might question the ability of some of these members to go through the voluminous evidence in a judicially factual manner. Some of them have made themselves known as men with strong emotions and much imagination. On the other hand, Sartre himself displayed one of the most strikingly objective minds of the group.

But many must have wondered what role could be played by such participants as Simone de Beauvoir, the Swedish writers Sara Lidman and Peter Weiss, and Amado Hernandez of the Philippines. There are those who believe that the outcome of the session would have had more impact if the tribunal had had a different composition: a group of eminent lawyers and opposite them a sort of jury, giving a clear distinction between judgment and accusation.

(4) *Jus contra bellum*. But the task of the tribunal, as defined by Sartre, could be cited as a justification for a more fluid composition: "The Russell tribunal will have no other concern as to the conclusions of its investigations than to bring about a general recognition of the need for an international institution whose essential role would be the resuscitation of the *jus contra bellum* which was stillborn at Nuremberg—the substitution of ethical and juridical rules for the law of the jungle."

(5) The legal material considered by the tribunal was extremely extensive. It consisted of reports and studies of the rulings of international law on the subject of war crimes: the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Nuremberg Statutes, the UN Charter, etc. In this part of the proceedings the lawyers put forward their case against the United States with objectivity and restraint.

The highlight of their argument was the observation that the United States has never signed the 1954 Geneva Agreement on Vietnam but has deliberately torpedoed its enforcement. They noted that by ignoring the agreement on free elections for a unified Vietnam the United States has tried to perpetuate the provisional partition of the country that arose from the 1954 treaty. By backing up a puppet regime in Saigon the United States is refusing the principle of freedom of choice to the Vietnamese people, the lawyers said.

(6) Revelations. A large number of special reports were presented by doctors, arms experts and others who had been sent to Vietnam to investigate the plight of the civilian population. The question to be answered here was:

"Has there been bombardment of targets of a purely civilian character, such as hospitals, schools, sanatoria, dams, etc., and on what scale has this occurred?" Their reports were a frightening testimony to the sufferings of civilians during modern operations of war. But with one exception there was very little news in this material. Swedish and European opinion in general is already well aware of these facts. The only new revelation was the testimony of Jean-Pierre Vigier, French scientist and arms expert,

who disclosed new facts on American fragmentation bombs, called the CBU bombs. During World War II Vigier was a member of the general staff of the Free French forces, and after the war he was a member of the general staff of the French army. He also thought he had discovered that the United States is using a new military strategy in Vietnam, a strategy that should explain much of the devastation and suffering of the civilian population. This is his argument:

In a strongly industrialized country an attacker who has mastery of the air can win by crushing the capital, military headquarters, armaments industries and economic centers. This breaks the power of resistance of the



Franklin: Toronto Star

people. But this approach is impossible in a less developed country. There simply aren't enough military targets to bomb.

Thus, to win in Vietnam American bombers must be used against other social establishments. These are schools, hospitals, religious institutions, irrigation installations, etc. To quell guerrilla resistance the United States must also try to starve the civilian population by destroying dams, rice fields and cattle. This, said Vigier, is the only possible explanation for the mass bombing the United States is now pursuing against civilian targets. He said he was prepared to go to Washington to present these observations publicly.

The following day Vigier's report forced a reply from the Pentagon, but at least in the version presented in Stockholm, it was not a convincing rejection of his argument. On the basis of his report the tribunal found it justified to note that U.S. bombers in Vietnam are using weapons and tactics directly aimed at targets that in a conventional war would be considered civilian.

Much attention was given to reports on U.S. chemical warfare against rice fields and other food resources in Vietnam. Doctors gave evidence as to the suffering of

children and women far behind the front lines. Hundreds of children were said to have been buried under the ruins of their schools. Others have been killed while herding cattle in the fields. The airmen launch rockets against the animals to deprive the villages of their means of support, many witnesses said.

On one of the last days of the session the charge that American troops are violating civilians was supported by a story in the *Dagens Nyheter* from its correspondent in Asia, Sven Oste. He reported from the Cambodian border that U.S. soldiers had gone berserk and killed women and children in a village.

Remaining from the week of deliberations is a depressing picture of the tragedy of war. The tribunal summed it up like this: "The conscience of mankind is profoundly disturbed by the war being waged in Vietnam. It is a war in which the world's wealthiest and most powerful state is opposed to a nation of poor peasants, who have been fighting for their independence for a quarter of a century."

Vietnam: This Is Guernica

CARL OGLESBY

Mr. Oglesby, past president of Students for a Democratic Society, was a member of the International War Crimes Tribunal. With Richard Shaull, he is the author of Containment and Change (Macmillan), a study of American foreign policy. When its proceedings are completed, he will publish a book on the tribunal.

Stockholm

Bertrand Russell organized the International War Crimes Tribunal to raise unfriendly questions about America's fight to save the southern half of Vietnam for the free world. People who are embarrassed or made furious by such questions invariably deal with the tribunal by changing the subject. Instead of talking about aggression and war crimes, they talk about the tribunal itself—its form, its members and its fairly conspicuous partisanship. To discredit the man, apparently, is to refute the argument.

It's never hard to lampoon a group to its political enemies; and the tribunal, rich in enemies, is also quite a soft target on its own. It comes from nowhere, with neither constituency, mandate nor customs, announces its intentions in an anti-American broadside or two, is ignominiously booted out of Paris by a politically sympathetic head of state, and arrives ruffled and internally disquieted in Stockholm to hear in public eight days of often polemical testimony which it in fact had collected by and for itself, and then produces on the ninth day (May 10, 4:50 A.M.) a judgment which everyone supposes could just as well have been drafted a year before. Its membership contains no really big-name jurists and only a few lawyers. It is a politically selective assortment of left-wing writers, intellectuals, politicians and ombudsmen without portfolio; and it seems so clearly less judicial than

And yet there was something missing in Stockholm. The tribunal forgot that there are more participants in this drama than the United States and North Vietnam. A refugee Hungarian who had fled to Sweden from Communist terror gave an efficient reminder of other aspects to the story. He suddenly burst into the session chamber, shouting in protest: "Out with the liars. Look how the Reds are treating the oppressed people in East Europe."

This eruption had an effect that was not lost even when the Cambodian delegate, Colonel Kouroudeth, danced on the platform and kissed the jury members in gratitude for their verdict against the United States.

The tribunal will now continue its work through an executive organization in Paris, and the next full session will be held this fall, probably in Rome. The American participants have said it might be possible to arrange some kind of follow-up in the United States. If this takes place it may repair the situation for the Swedish Government which could not see its way to ban the meeting, even though it was certain in advance to irritate President Johnson.

political that almost no one on the outside (which includes a lot of space) has been able to take it for anything but a stretched-out and fancified party rally.

C. L. Sulzberger went blind with exasperation about all this. He says (*The New York Times*, May 12) that besides Lord Russell, who at 94 is only a "decrepit symbol" and who wasn't there anyway, and Jean-Paul Sartre, who he admits is a "famous existentialist," the tribunal consists only of "mediocrities" and "nonentities." This sort of sneer can be taken on rather easily: Mehmet Ali Aybar is not unheard of in Turkey, people know about Ali Kasuri in Pakistan, and it is an odd set of mediocrities and nonentities that includes Vladimir Dedijer, Isaac Deutscher, Lelio Basso, Simone de Beauvoir, Sara Lidman and Peter Weiss.

But that's beside the point. The importance of the tribunal, the measure of its goodness or badness, lies in much different territory.

A long tradition of positive international (i.e., Western) law holds that there is such a thing as an act of aggression—a crime against peace. This is a fact. There are also such things as crimes of war, and these also, in a long series of conventions, protocols and treaties stretching back to the Hague Convention of 1907 and including the Paris Pact, the Nuremberg Charter and the Charter of the United Nations, have been most carefully described, defined, and registered by the national powers of the so-called and self-styled civilized Western world. Nobody is trying to pull any wool over anybody's eyes; these laws really do exist, have been officially adopted by official acts of the heads of state, are in fact the law of our land, and all the outrage in Washington and sarcastic obscurantism in *The New York Times* will not change that fact.

There is also a war in Vietnam. This war has a very

concrete life in a very concrete set of events. It has an internal historical density about which it is possible to gather data of a more or less verifiable type.

That is to say, there are findings of law to be made about wars in general, and findings of fact to be made about the Vietnamese War in particular. These findings having been made with as much care as a body of serious and intelligent (who *isn't* partisan these days?) people can muster, it then becomes possible, appropriate and essential that the facts and the laws be exposed to each other through the very simple question, "Are these actions criminal according to international law?" This question can be answered yes, no, maybe or insufficient evidence. If crimes exist, it is possible, appropriate and essential to say so.

That is what the tribunal is all about. If it finds evidence of crimes, and if it is quite powerless to do anything about them, these conditions don't seem to be the fault of the tribunal. Criminality and victimization will or will not exist in Vietnam whether the tribunal says so or not; and on the matter of the tribunal's isolation from state power, Sartre's opening-address remark that this is in fact the tribunal's leading virtue seems to me quite enough to say on the subject.

The tribunal set itself the task of finding the law and the facts on five questions:

(1) Has the U.S. Government (and have the governments of Australia, New Zealand and South Korea) committed acts of aggression according to international law?

(2) Has there been bombardment of targets of a purely civilian character?

(3) Has the United States made use of or experimented with new and/or forbidden weapons?

(4) Have Vietnamese prisoners been subjected to inhuman treatment forbidden by the laws of war and in particular have they suffered torture or mutilation? Have there been unjustified reprisals against the civilian population?

(5) Have forced labor camps been created? Has there been deportation of the population or other acts tending to the extermination of the population and which can be characterized juridically as acts of genocide?

These five questions subsume four criminal acts: aggression (or crime against peace, *jus ad bellum*); war crimes "properly called" (*jus in bellum*; questions 2, 3, and 4); crimes against humanity (distinguished from war crimes by their greater scope and intensity), and genocide. The first session of the tribunal arrived at affirmative verdicts on the first two questions. The remaining three will be taken up in a final session to be held in the fall.

That the tribunal has reached these decisions does not surprise anybody. But that should not suggest that the decisions are empty or without portent for Americans. In particular, the peace movement, struggling in its own awkward fashion to decide exactly what it ought to say about the war, will have to come to grips with the political and ethical implications of these judgments.

Consider the first, that the United States Government is guilty of the crime of aggression. The tribunal does not affirm this in any loose moralistic sense. It bases its finding upon a crucial clarification of the political en-

titles which are involved in this war, and this clarification requires us to re-examine most coldly one of the staple arguments of the peace-movement "radicals."

From the 1961 White Paper to date, our government's position has been that the trouble in southern Vietnam is ordered and directed from Hanoi, whose creature organization, the National Liberation Front, is therefore illegitimate, criminal and deserving of the violently repressive treatment it receives at the hands of the American military. To this line of reasoning, the opposition movement—at least in its more "political" sectors—has usually responded: not so. We have been saying that what has been happening in the south in the late middle fifties and onward is *indigenous*—a gathering of a population increasingly outraged by Saigon's dictatorial terror and cornered into a choice between annihilation or defensive violence. The NLF, so this argument runs, is mainly a southern force, and not, as the government maintains, an invader from without.

Along the banks of this issue, the opposing debaters deploy their statistics about infiltration and their analyses of rebellion. The implicit symmetrical assumptions of this debate are (1) that the American position is established if the NLF is a "creature" of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV); and (2) that it is destroyed if the NLF, instead, is independent of the North and indigenous to the South. The government says "invasion," and the opposition says "civil war." The argument seems to be clear enough.

What may not be immediately apparent about the tribunal's verdict on U.S. aggression is that it rejects both positions. The line of reasoning the tribunal puts forward—in my estimation, simple and unanswerable—is as follows:

(1) Starting in the 1930s and continually gathering strength, a Vietnamese rebellion took shape against French colonialism. This rebellion was both nationalistic (aiming to break Vietnam's subservience to France) and social (programing the destruction of the exploitative landlord system).

(2) This revolution, waged across the breadth of Vietnam, achieved conclusive military victory over the French Union forces in 1954. The crucial diplomatic event at the Geneva Conference of that year was the formal surrender of French colonialism to the Vietnamese revolution. Geneva was very much like Yorktown in this respect.

(3) To provide for orderly transfer of power to the new nationalist regime, the country was temporarily partitioned at the 17th Parallel, the Vietminh forces withdrawing above it from the south and the French Union forces withdrawing below it from the north.

(4) An international diplomatic intervention originating in Washington but tolerated (at least) by Moscow and Peking required the Vietminh to submit to popular ratification in an election scheduled for July, 1956.

(5) The French withdrew ahead of schedule, forced to do so by the Americans and in any case weary of the position, and (via Bao Dai, who had no status) delivered their interim custodial obligations over to the Diemist cabal, which had no more legal authority to govern Vietnam than Montana, and which would have been incapable of even pretending to have such authority were

it not for the direct and massive political and economic intervention of the United States. For its part, the United States had no claim whatsoever on 1 square inch of Vietnamese land and had no business even being there. In dealing with Diem, it dealt merely with its purchased man.

(6) Over the period roughly from 1955 through 1958, the U.S.-Diem regime made clear its intention to frustrate the Geneva Agreements bearing on the unity of Vietnam. Under U.S. prodding and protection, the Diemist puppetdom declared itself the government of something called the Republic of Vietnam. Legally speaking, this government and its "republic" came from nowhere. Its claims were based on an election which, besides being notoriously fraudulent, it had no right to hold in any case.

(7) Thus deprived of that victory which it supposed had been legally consolidated at Geneva, Vietnamese nationalism again began to mount a violent resistance to the new foreign rule. Hence, the second Indo-China war.

There is no civil war in Vietnam. There is, rather, a war of nationalist resistance against an invader—the United States—which appeared on the scene illegally under the flag of truce and which lost no opportunity to suborn Vietnamese against their country. It therefore perpetuates a fundamental misconception of the historical and legal situation in Vietnam to argue about the presence or absence of "infiltrated invaders from the north," as if we were dealing here with two separate and sovereign Vietnams. In point of unambiguous international law, there is only one Vietnam and it is not possible for one country to invade or aggress against itself.

In this case, it is legally pointless to argue about the relationship between the DRV and the NLF. If the evidence shows that the DRV did *not* create the NLF, then that is merely something for the DRV to be ashamed of. If it shows contrarily that it *did*, then the DRV was only doing what it had a very clear—very *legal*—right to do, namely, resist an aggressor against its national sovereignty. One and only one political force, Ho Chi Minh's, spoke for Vietnam at Geneva. And since no legal elections have taken place since to change the situation, one and only one government, Ho's again, has the right to speak for the Vietnamese, from the mountains in the north to the Camau Peninsula in the south. You and I and the U.S. Government may or may not approve. It remains the fact.

Legal realities do not, of course, uniformly coincide with political realities. There is evidence that the DRV, for reasons which need not detain us here, may have been prepared to concede at least temporarily the occupation and *de facto* severance of the south, and that the post-1954 resistance arose in the south independently. That it a matter, however, for the DRV and the NLF to settle between themselves at some later date when the invader has been repulsed. No outside nation or people, and certainly not the United States, has anything at all to contribute to that forthcoming private conversation.

Look now at the peace movement's suggestions. Almost everyone from U Thant on over thinks that our bombing of the north should be stopped so that we may enter at last into negotiations with the DRV. As unlikely as it may seem at the moment, something like this could

very well occur within the next two years. And what exactly do we suppose is going to happen at this most elusive conference table? In Korea, we could negotiate for the ante-bellum *status quo* without losing face (our ambition to forcibly unify Korea not having been much publicized). But such a position can clearly not be held with Vietnam if the Vietnamese take the *status quo* at 1954 while we take it at c. 1958. What is the anti-war movement prepared to do or say when the voices start rising around this problematic conference table? Who are we? What do we want our country to be? And perhaps most painful and menacing: whose side are we on?

There are other basic complications. If the DRV is really separate from the south and the NLF, then what remains to be negotiated once our bombing has stopped? And if it is not separate, then why all the clamor about recognizing the NLF? More generally, what interest in Vietnam can the United States legitimately and morally lay claim to? And if, as I believe, there is no such natural American interest, then what is there to be negotiated in these negotiations except the precise conditions of American withdrawal?

I think it can be put in a nutshell. Both the DRV and the NLF affirm the unity of Vietnam. Both say that the NLF is the only legitimate voice of the people of the south. It follows that—at least in their own view of the matter—the DRV and the NLF are also one. As the SNCC people say: "Get to that."

To accuse the United States of aggression is to assert the legal unity of Vietnam (and vice versa, of course), and this does not merely add another curse to the vocabulary of dissent. It is a substantive charge which has substantive political consequences. Anyone who is persuaded that the charge has been proved will be logically obliged to abandon such intermediary and "moderate" positions as are implied by the slogans, "stop the bombing and negotiate" and "recognize the NLF." Sen. Robert Kennedy's idea that we should invite the NLF to take part in a coalition government in the south becomes in this case nearly as impudent as Johnson's refusal to do so, and perhaps a good deal less coherent. For the coalition which is being offered in this burst of generosity can be nothing other than a coalition with the Seventh Fleet, the White House and Vietnam's own sorry Vichy. It implicitly presupposes, moreover, the *de facto* partitioning of Vietnam. We should be able to forgive Vietnamese patriots for being unmoved by such generosity.

The verdict on war crimes has consequences for us, too: less specific politically but humanly more intense. Each of us will have to work them out for himself.

War crimes include, among other things, "wanton destruction of cities, towns or villages, or devastation not justified by military necessity" (Article 6, b, of the Nuremberg Charter). This definition, made in 1945, looks back to the fourth convention of The Hague of 1907 and the annexed ruling, of which Article 25 states that "belligerents do not have an unlimited right concerning the choice of means of doing harm to the enemy." America's legal commitment to abide by such law is embodied in various treaties, especially important ones being the Nu-

remberg and the UN Charters, and in a document published in 1956 by the Department of Defense, *The Law of Land Warfare* (FM 27-10), which stipulates this country's acceptance of the laws and customs of war.

The law is easy enough to find. But if you happen to be an American, more or less dependent for your news on the good gray *Times*, the facts are not so ready. My national press had not prepared me for Stockholm. The enormity of the picture that eyewitness after eyewitness uncovered there left me first incredulous and finally revolted. Example:

Some miles above the demarcation line in the province of Nghe An, coastal district of Quynh Luu, there is a spacious rocky plain bounded on three sides by mountains and on the fourth side by the South China Sea. The spot is both tillable and isolated, and for these reasons was selected in 1957 as the site of a major leprosarium. Construction was completed and the complex opened in 1960, since which time it has handled about 5,000 patients.

The Quynh Lap leprosarium was visited last April by the French medical doctor, M. F. Kahn, a member of the tribunal's fourth investigating commission. According to Dr. Kahn, "Quynh Lap was not so much a hospital as a small village," designed "to give the sick a social life as close as possible to a normal one, offering everyone a chance for rest and re-education and preparing them to re-enter society after their cure." Besides being entirely isolated geographically, the Quynh Lap colony is big (160 buildings) and internationally famous, at least among world medical and health organizations.

In May, 1965, it was overflown by several U.S. reconnaissance aircraft. On June 12, a Saturday, at 8 P.M., it was attacked with demolition bombs and rockets. Damage was light. One nurse was wounded. Since the nature of the complex was assumed to be well known (hospital roofs were also marked with red crosses), the officials decided that the attack had been an error and would not be repeated. They did not evacuate.

On the next day, at 1:45 P.M., a second strike was made against Quynh Lap. This one was violent. It killed 120 staff members and patients and wounded more than 100 others, nineteen of whom subsequently died of their injuries.

Officials immediately began evacuating the patients to a mountain grotto some 5 or 6 kilometers distant. The move was watched by more reconnaissance flights. Two days after the second attack, this grotto was attacked with rockets. Thirty-four were killed and thirty wounded. Survivors were forced to move still further into the mountains.

By June 22, the complex had been attacked thirteen times. Through the first quarter of this year, according to the Vietnamese, it had been hit a total of thirty-nine times. Except for a few buildings whose shells still stand, the colony has been flattened. It is unusable and desolate.

Tribunal member Lawrence Daly, a Scottish labor leader, asked Dr. Kahn what he thought the point of these attacks might have been. "I can find no reasonable explanation," said Kahn—a medical man, not a strategist. "First the buildings where the patients and the staff lived were attacked. Then the grotto was attacked, as if the purpose were to drive the lepers back into the population. Then,

after many more attacks had destroyed almost all of the buildings, the attacks turned against the road, as if the purpose were to make it hard for people to come and see what had been done to Quynh Lap. I cannot explain this."

It might be just as hard to explain why not one provincial hospital in northern Vietnam and not very many of the smaller district hospitals remain unbombed. Or why Nghe An province alone has been raided (through the first quarter of '67) 6,817 times with 52,157 demolition bombs, 49,164 fragmentation bombs (see below), 40,050 rockets, 71 fire bombs, and 1,082 strafings with 20-mm. cannon, losing thereby 10,379 dwelling units, eight hospitals, one leprosarium, twenty-eight churches and pagodas, sixty-six schools, 743 fishing boats, and no one knows, apparently, exactly how many people.

The fragmentation bomb business has already become a minor controversy in the United States. Its use was the one tribunal accusation to which the Pentagon responded immediately.

The main and newest weapon in the frag-bomb category is the cluster bomb unit (CBU), a refinement over the first-generation lazy dog and the second-generation pineapple. The CBU is a three-stage weapon. What the aircraft drops is a large canister or mother bomb which falls to a certain altitude and is then opened by a timer or barometric switch, giving birth to anywhere from 200 to 800 bomblets (called guavas by the Vietnamese), each about the size of a baseball. The guava second stage is flanged to produce a spin in the plane of descent. The centrifugal force created by this spin apparently cocks the internal spring-loaded detonating hammers by throwing them outward against their springs. Upon impact (ground, roofs, trees), or if the planes of spin and trajectory deviate in flight (which makes for an air burst), the spin stops, the centrifugal force is removed, the hammers are snapped inward by the springs, and the guava explodes to release the third stage, about 260 steel pellets about twice the size of a BB, which are embedded in the surface of the spherical casting. Because the guavas scatter in the air, one CBU will cover an area about 300 yards wide and 1,000 long.

The pellets, which have an effective range of about 50 yards, are quite useless against the "concrete and steel" targets to which Mr. Johnson has assured us he restricts his bombing. Nor are they effective against people hidden below the forest canopy, where trees and heavy foliage afford good protection. They are effective only against people who happen to be in exposed, cleared areas, or who have no other protection than the frail straw thatch of which most Vietnamese village dwellings are made. CBU's are good for nothing but attacks against people. But for this specialized use, they seem to be very good indeed:

¶ Leaving only a small penetration wound, they follow erratic trajectories through the body, glancing off bones and organs; they can be traced precisely only with very modern X-ray equipment, and in many cases can be removed only with the most delicate surgical techniques—not likely to be available around every corner in Vietnam's provincial villages.

¶ They often do not kill their victims immediately. A

CBU attack is likely therefore to saturate a village's medical facilities, or to require difficult transportation of victims to faraway medical centers. One witness before the tribunal, an exquisite 23-year-old teacher named Ngo Thi Nga, had been struck in the back of the neck by a pellet which was still lodged in her brain.

¶ The Vietnamese claim that a new strike tactic was developed after villagers had learned to shelter themselves in hard buildings and shallow ditches (the pellets penetrate earth only a few inches and concrete hardly at all). A sortie using demolition bombs having opened up concrete buildings, a second sortie using napalm would flush the people from their ditches. A third sortie, flown usually by Seventh Fleet aircraft, would follow quickly with the CBUs. The Vietnamese say that this more or less final solution has been applied only in the central provinces and that napalm has not yet been used farther north.

When the CBU story began to leak some time ago, the Pentagon's first impulse was to deny that there was any such device in the arsenal: impossible to design, too expensive to manufacture. When this lie became unstable, the new truth was confessed that there were indeed such things as CBUs, but that (1) they constituted no more than 5 to 10 per cent of the total "number" (conventional measurement is in tonnage) of bombs used in the north; and (2) they were used only against "convoys, aircraft on land, ammunition depots, radar installations and anti-aircraft batteries."

The first point is disputed by the Vietnamese, who claim that the proportion of CBUs is 40 to 50 per cent, and by the tribunal investigating commissions, whose members thought the proportion might have been still greater in the areas they visited. It is at least possible that nobody is really lying. If each canister counts as one bomb, the Pentagon's figure may be right; the DRV wins if each guava is counted. In any case, it appears that pellet bomb use has been stepped up markedly this year. Compare the DRV statistics for two provinces visited by tribunal investigators. Multiply, in the chart below, the figures for the first quarter of 1967 by eight and it becomes clear, for one thing, that the action is picking up in Thanh Hoa. But besides that, note the sharp increase in pellet bombing. If the DRV's figures are at all indicative of the reality, then we may have to decide that terror bombing is more and more the rule in Vietnam. Whether or not this is even a thinkable hypothesis is a matter which we shall come back to in a moment.

On the second point, the credibility gap being what it is, we can probably take the current Pentagon explanation of CBUs no more seriously than the earlier denial.

In one of the tribunal's better moments, David Dellinger had Jean-Pierre Vigier recalled to respond to the Pentagon's claim that CBUs were used only against "military targets." Vigier, once a member of the French General Staff and now a professor of physics in Paris, was in many ways the most effective witness the tribunal heard. His concern for method, his quick command of facts, his grasp of the politics of military strategy, and above all the simple lucidity of his intelligence reminded me of Bernard Fall, who had the same warm relish for accuracy and common sense. I copy here my notes of the exchange that followed Dellinger's reading of the Pentagon statement:

DELLINGER: Let's go down this list. The Pentagon says, first, that CBUs are used against convoys.

VIGIER: Because they scatter over an immense area and because the pellets have such little mass, I don't see how they would be at all useful for this. Better against either rail or road convoys would be rockets.

DELLINGER: What about aircraft on land [which, by the way, the Pentagon has only recently admitted that it attacks]?

VIGIER: Attacking military air bases is a conventional problem. It is taught everywhere that you must strike the fuel depots, the maintenance buildings and the airstrips. For these targets, you need high explosives.

DELLINGER: Ammunition supplies.

VIGIER: These are always buried or sandbagged and the pellets would be of no use.

DELLINGER: Radar installations.

VIGIER: Perhaps. But this would be a very exotic use.

DELLINGER: And anti-aircraft batteries.

VIGIER: No effectiveness at all. Anti-aircraft batteries are guarded by sandbags which the pellets cannot begin to penetrate. We saw many batteries that had been attacked by explosive bombs or rockets, but none that had been attacked by pellets.

If a final word is needed for this little dialogue, let it go to the U.S. Air Force. Its ROTC manual, *Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems*, explains that "fragmentation bombs," of which the CBU is merely the latest and most cunning type, "are designed specifically to be used against personnel." I shall come back to this manual in a moment.

A most unlovely picture emerged over the eight days of testimony. Along with all those famous roads and bridges—which in any case seem primarily to serve the civilian population—a violent attack appears to be aimed, with seeming malice aforethought, against hospitals, schools, churches, pagodas, dikes and the intricate irrigation systems of the countryside. Why? What is the point of attacking a leper hospital? And of doing it thirty-

ATTACKS	NGHE AN		THANH HOA	
	'65-'66	1st qtr. '67	'65-'66	1st qtr. '67
Sorties	6,206	611	4,449	2,222
Demolition bombs	46,855	5,302	30,917	1,787
Pellet bombs	28,831	20,333	44,000	6,920
Rockets	34,728	5,322	9,300	2,142



Vietnam: The Final Solution

New Statesman (London)

nine times? What have we possibly got against public education for Vietnamese children that we should seek out and destroy their schools? Was the leprosarium really a supply dump? Was the cathedral really a barracks?

Dr. Kahn's bewildered answer, "I can find no reasonable explanation," will probably convince many that such things just do not happen. We seem to confront a motiveless malice, something we will not lightly impute to our fathers, sons and brothers. Since this is not comprehensible, it must not take place. Sad to say, however, a motive exists.

The Air Force ROTC manual, *Fundamentals of Aerospace Weapons Systems*, is a completely open and aboveboard text, available to anyone. Read it abstractedly and go to sleep at the third page. Read it, however, with Vietnam's people on your mind, and weep for your country—the land of Strangelove, Herman Kahn and huge computers in the War Room.

Each night, says our President, he agonizes over the maps, picking the targets personally for the next day's raids: this little concrete thing here, or that little steel thing there? We might have taken him more seriously.

For most of us, northern Vietnam has remained a more or less vague and undifferentiated geopolitical entity. If we do recognize special places within it, we are likely to go no further than to note that Hanoi is politically a crucial target or that there are dikes on the Red River which no sane man would bomb, or that Haiphong is a doubly dangerous target because of the Russian and British ships that are often at dock there.

The impression I bring from the hearings is that, at least for those who are attacking it, northern Vietnam is a highly complex social organism whose elements are acutely differentiated, and that the American attack—premeditated, precise and politically structured—is based on detailed economic, cultural, political and sociological

"maps" of the territory. Our Air Force does not simply bomb the north. Using conventional explosives, pellets, napalm, white phosphor, thermite, magnesium or rockets, depending on the mission, it bombs this or that sector of the city of Vinh *because*, this Thanh Hoa cathedral instead of that pagoda *because*, this central irrigation system instead of that northern canal *because* . . . because why?

The ROTC manual begins to give us a sense of the answer.

"The first order of the day," it affirms, "must be to know the enemy." Target analysis and selection proceed, therefore, in terms of what the manual calls the "components of national structure." There are four of these, each entwined with the others.

Military structure. "U.S. Air Force leaders have made it amply clear that this Nation's No. 1 target priority is the enemy's military force and war-making potential." On the surface, and except for the troubling ambiguity of the last phrase, this may sound as humane as the military spirit can be: if we must attack an enemy, leave his civilians alone. But we have not heard the explanation yet. "The logic behind the high priority assigned these targets rests on the fact that unless the military forces are destroyed they can retaliate. Other targets can wait their turn."

And what if we are dealing with a military force which cannot seriously retaliate? Clearly, we move on.

Economic structure. This category is described in rather commonplace terms—raw materials, basic processing, end-product industries, and services and utilities—until two long and especially forceful paragraphs make us remember in a new light what little we know of the bombing of northern Vietnam. They deal with transportation systems, and their argument is that the importance of transportation has dawned on our analysts only since World War II. It seems that German industry collapsed

in 1945, not really because of Allied attacks on petroleum but because the attacks on the transportation network were finally paying off. In Japan, the importance of transportation had been sadly overlooked by our intelligence. "Later," says the manual, "we found that strangulation of that system would have destroyed Japan's economic structure. Lack of transportation would have reduced Japan to a series of isolated communities."

Differences between mature and immature economies notwithstanding, we apparently do not intend to miss our second chance. In the repeated bombing of a little wooden bridge connecting some tiny isolated hamlet with its market place, we may behold history's lessons being put to use.

Political structure. The manual deals here with the national "ruling body" which "makes decisions for the people" and "galvanizes a nation into action and causes it to function as a cohesive unit." We have come into interesting territory: "A government is most vulnerable in its relations with the people, for it must control their actions and it must have their support." If the locus or the medium of these relations can be broken—as, for example, in the destruction of the communications system—then the "nation would soon cease to function as a cohesive unit. . . . The resulting confusion would overlap into all other components of the national structure."

Psychosocial structure. The manual speaks for itself on this point only too clearly:

"For purposes of target study, the psychosocial structure of a nation or people is often reduced to terms of morale, because morale is something that can be sensed, observed and influenced. . . . Production required efficient organization and direction, cooperation among all the people, their willingness to consume less and produce more, to devote their energies to the production of war materials, at the expense of consumer goods, and at the same time to face personal hardships, tragedies, and the dangers of war. . . .

"Some of the conventional targets for morale attacks have been water supplies, food supplies, housing areas, transportation centers, and industrial sites. The objectives of these attacks in the past have been to dispel the people's belief in the invincibility of their forces, to create unrest, to reduce the output of the labor force, to cause strikes, sabotage, riots, fear, panic, hunger, and passive resistance to the government, and to create a general feeling that the war should be terminated. Although the question of how far the will to resist of a given group of people could be weakened or destroyed by aerial bombardment with conventional weapons was debatable, it was an irrefutable fact that a labor force preoccupied with civilian defense duties and the finding of food, shelter, and transportation could not operate at peak efficiency in the production of the materials of war. . . .

"If we were to search for the single type of target whose destruction would have the greatest adverse effect on the morale of a population today, we would have to conclude that the destruction of an enemy's major cities with high yield nuclear weapons would produce the most telling results, not only on morale, but on every other component of the nation's structure."

All this from a soldier's primer.

Try out a new definition of "military target." The same manual provides it. "A military target is any person, thing, idea, entity, or location selected for destruction, inactivation, or rendering nonusable [*sic*] with weapons which will reduce or destroy the will or ability of the enemy to resist."

A military target, that is, is whatever the military decides to attack.

And in a war against a whole people, the military must sooner or later decide to attack the whole people.

These pretty Vietnamese teachers and peasant girls, for example: in every picture of them we see, in rice paddy or schoolroom, don't they also have rifles on their backs? Don't they also shoot with these rifles at our aircraft? Aren't they *all* our military enemies? These children: unless we act now, will they not grow up sometime in the duration of this interminable war and be infiltrated into the south of their country? Is there any Vietnamese, in fact, who can prove to us that his life deserves, in the name of Western civilization, to be spared?

It comes to this: Whatever doubts Americans may anxiously cling to about the tribunal's data on the Air Force's purposive destruction of Vietnamese hospitals, churches, schools and people, it is nevertheless a fact that the accusation has to be granted an immediate claim of plausibility. Given the official strategic-bombing concepts this country uses, we are simply obliged to say, in advance of a single snapshot of a single ruin, *that such attacks are possible, plausible and indeed that they are probable.* We have no grounds for insisting that they could not happen, or that if they seem to happen, they must be accidental. On the contrary. We may henceforth be moved to raise our eyebrows when the hospitals are *not* bombed.

To explain our government's systematic obliteration of Vietnamese society, we need neither postulate a ruling band of Iagos nor assume that a certain leprosarium by the sea was really a submarine base. We need only to see the "psychosocial" reality of this war for what it is, and to understand that the structures of the externally "limited" war allow for no internal limits at all. By a process which in itself is cool, meticulous and no angrier than a computer can make it, a decision to breach the psychosocial forms in which the Vietnamese have their psychosocial being is most even-temperedly, most implacably reached.

The result, looked at from an old-fashioned angle—that of the Russell tribunal—is war crimes "properly called." This does not mean, however, that an old-fashioned history—that of Nazi Germany—is being re-enacted in the home of the brave. It means rather that when the previously parallel histories of the master and the slave crash inward upon each other, the old chivalry loses its power to shape and explain experience. In the face of a Rommel, after all, an Eisenhower might recognize himself. In the iron of the Panzer Corps, a Patton could see a proper and familiar world order. But what security for General Westmoreland is there in the face of Nguyen Huu Tho, the faceless? What do we expect General Walt to make of punji spikes and part-time teen-age terrorists? And what can a class society which defines happiness as privilege and equates it with profit make of a declassed

society in which work is defined by the whole community's needs?

Across the historical gulf which has segregated master and slave, empires and colonies, there is no lawful way for Western coercive power to reach—not once that power has been called morally into question by the appearance of the rebel. For America even to dream of victory in Vietnam, it *must* destroy the revolutionary society. The enemy is the revolution, the breaking of the empire, and it is in the liberated people that the revolution has its being. To say that America commits war crimes in Vietnam is merely to elaborate legalistically the simpler fact that America is *fighting* in Vietnam. From the decision to fight that fight, the necessity of war crimes follows irresistibly. When the tribunal makes the accusation and implies thereby that the crimes ought to stop, what it really says is that the *war* ought to stop. If

the revolution disappeared, there would be no more war crimes. If the counterrevolution disappeared, the same would be true. But when one world is occupied by both, it will be filled up with the violence of resistance, which the counterrevolution calls terror, and the violence of oppression, which the revolution calls crime.

After all, it is not Auschwitz which is being judged again by the Russell tribunal; it is Guernica, which is an entirely different matter. And even as we hurl the legalistic accusations of aggressor and criminal, which on the simplest level of fact seem so depressingly well founded, we ought to remember the source and the purpose of the laws we are invoking, and reflect that laws written by a culture for the purpose of guaranteeing its survival will never be used by that culture to guarantee its defeat.

Only the people who can surpass that culture can impose those laws.

New York's Forgotten Drought

NOEL PERRIN

Mr. Perrin, who is on the English faculty of Dartmouth College, has written on New York City's problems for the Herald Tribune, Harper's and The Yale Review.

You can still see an occasional grimy "Save Water" sign pasted to a wall, and a few restaurants still serve water with meals only if you ask for it. Otherwise, New York City's worst water shortage in this century has ended, leaving few traces behind. Already you can also see, as you pass a lunch counter in Grand Central Station, a hot-water tap running full stream, in case one of the countermen should happen to want to rinse a dish. Two hours later, it will still be roaring, having meanwhile conveyed 300 gallons down the drain. No inspector has come by to give the staff a lecture, much less a summons. The city is back to normal. Its crisis, officially over only last March 15, has receded to a bad dream.

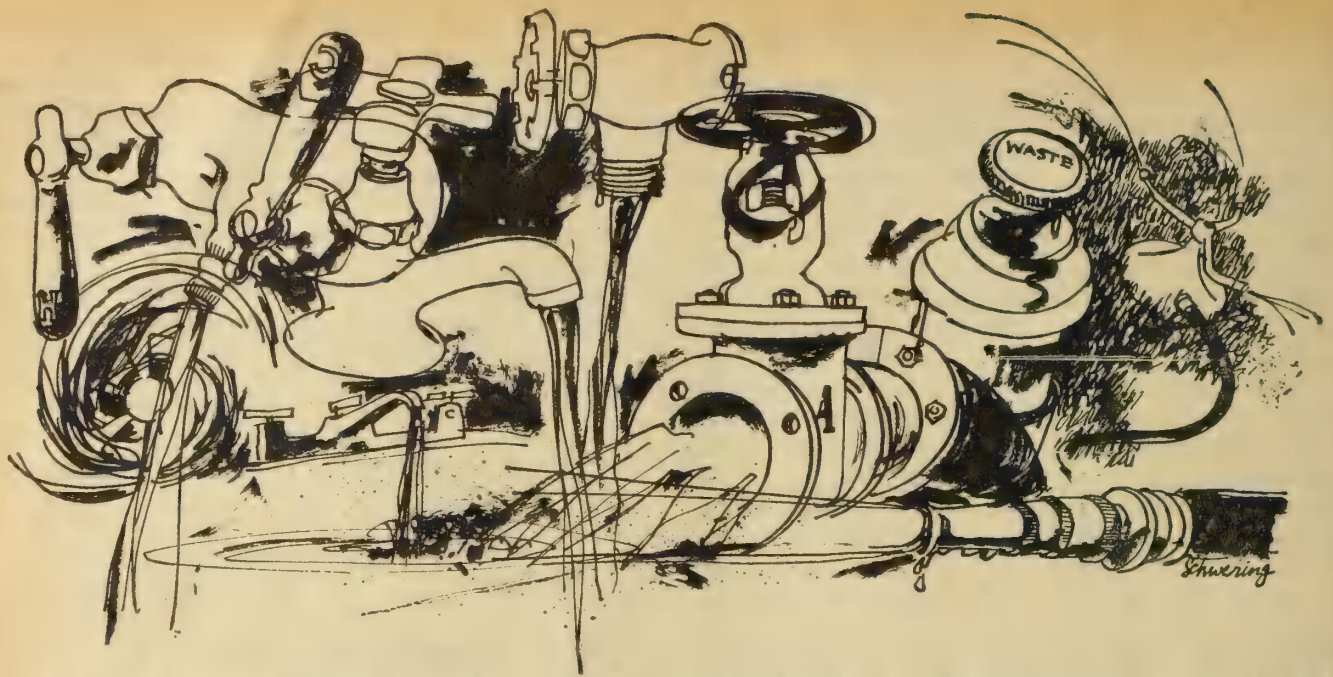
The speed of this recovery is not really surprising; it has been repeated eight times previously in New York since 1900. The invariable pattern goes like this: every few years the city suddenly finds itself nearly out of water. Consternation results. The mayor personally opens a massive conservation program. New Yorkers are forbidden to wash their cars, fountains are turned off, mail is stamped "Save Water," Boy Scouts hand out leaflets. At the same time, the city mounts an eager investigation into the causes of the shortage. A group of outside experts is hired; they study the problem and recommend reforms. The city promises or half promises to make them. Then the rains come, the reservoirs fill up, the promises are postponed to "some day," and the cycle leading to the next shortage begins. That was the pattern in 1954, 1951, 1949, 1939, and so on. Is the city now, for the ninth time this century, lapsing into its customary water policy—described by Mayor Lindsay in 1965 as a combination of "short-sightedness, expediency and poor

planning"—only to rouse itself when the tenth shortage begins?

So far the answer seems to be yes and no, just about equally divided. There are four promises that the city always makes during a shortage: three that the experts invariably recommend, one that they sometimes recommend. The first three—the ones that take a degree of political courage to fulfill—are to modernize distribution (which means to install meters), to reform the water administration (that is, to consolidate the two separate departments which the city maintains, for reasons that go back to Tammany Hall), and to charge fair rates. Water has been priced below cost by New York politicians since roughly 1840. That is, for 125 years the rates have been a standing invitation to waste. The fourth promise—the one that's politically easy—is to build more reservoirs upstate, or at least a few new aqueducts. At no time since 1900 has any promise but the fourth been kept. Until last year, that is. In 1966, Mayor Lindsay and his water commissioner, James Marcus, broke all tradition by honoring one of the hard promises, when they doubled the water rents.

By ordinary standards their action was not very daring. Almost every waterworks consultant in the country has at one time or another served on a panel that advised the city to raise its water charges to a realistic level. Furthermore, even the new doubled rate is pretty low. An individual New Yorker now pays about 2c a day for water instead of 1c; the average family in an apartment pays \$20 a year instead of \$10. (They're not conscious of the raise—it's included invisibly in the regular rent.) This rate is still lower than people in Westchester pay for water from the same reservoirs.

For a modest action, however, the rate rise is doing considerable good. For one thing, it enables the two water departments at last to be self-supporting, and



thus the city has even less excuse than before not to keep the pipes and aqueducts in good repair. (One of the scandals of the recent shortage was that in the middle of it, Mayor Wagner quietly allowed the budget for leak-detection crews to drop from provision for eighty men to provision for fifty. The departments, he explained, were low on money as well as water.) It has also already induced something more than 1,000 New Yorkers to install meters voluntarily. These are mostly owners of one-family houses, who think that at the new rates they may be able to save money by paying for the water they actually use, instead of being assessed at a flat rate, with rights to unlimited waste. That still leaves about 534,000 meters to go, including nearly all that should be in apartment houses, but it's at least a start. Finally, New York industry, which already has meters (most of them sixty to eighty years old, and prone to so-called slippage, which means that a lot of water gets through free), is wasting perceptibly less water, now that what doesn't slip through costs a penny for 25 gallons instead of a penny for 50.

But the other two reforms that are always promised and never made remain in abeyance. The city still has both a Board and a Department of Water Supply, and it still lacks a general meter law. Two years ago it was clear to everybody that two water departments is one too many. It was also clear which one ought to be eliminated. The Board of Water Supply, as opposed to the Department, has been a political creature from the beginning. It was invented in 1903, chiefly to provide jobs for employees of the defunct Aqueduct Commission—itsself more a source of patronage than of good water management. Mayor Lindsay, when he was a candidate, called the board “obsolescent,” and blamed it in good part for the crisis. Paul O'Dwyer, also running for mayor, called it “a totally useless and expensive appendage.” He was in an especially good position to know, since it was during his brother's tenure as mayor that the board mounted some of its highest expenses.

Now that the ninth shortage of the century is over, the board has made a fine recovery. Like people, boards hate to die, and there were political doctors in City Hall who could and did save it. By January, 1967, it felt well enough to ask for a larger budget for next year, and at the same time to refuse a request from the City Planning Commission that it temporarily lend some of its engineers (it supports 400) to city departments that are short-handed.

The board is not completely useless. Its job is to build new reservoirs and aqueducts—it calls them water tubes—and it has built good ones. The city will continue to need new water tubes, as the population shifts, and someone will have to build them. But the city's greatest need is for good management of water—and since the board's only job is to build, it has a conspicuous lack of interest in reform. In fact, mismanagement and shortages are almost a necessity to the board, since only during a crisis is the city likely to give it really lavish orders for new construction. However, it takes political courage to kill a board, and so far the Lindsay administration hasn't even tried.

Two years ago it was also clear to everybody that New York stood in need of universal metering. Or, at least, it was clear to everybody except a couple of organizations of landlords and to Mayor Wagner. And even Mayor Wagner saw that there ought to be more meters than there were—for example, he realized there ought to be meters in city-owned buildings, and in July, 1965, he ordered a rush program of installation. (It is true that when he left office the next January, not one had been installed—that low budget in the Department of Water Supply again.)

As for the landlords, they feared that if they actually had to pay for the water their tenants used, they might get stuck with high bills. New York landlords have been worrying about this for nearly a century, during which time they have had visions of irresponsible—or dis-

grunted—tenants leaving all the faucets turned on, the meter turning faster and faster, and the profits going down the drain. At no time have they done much research into what actually does happen when apartment houses are metered. If they had, they would know that in the 95 per cent of American cities that require meters, landlords get along fine. A Boston or a Los Angeles landlord simply prorates each bill among his tenants—high when they waste a lot, low when they don't. Or if he's alert, he may install one of the new meter systems that record consumption for each apartment.

In the summer of 1965, everybody except Wagner and the landlords was taking scared looks at the almost empty reservoirs or sweating at the office with the air conditioning turned off, and demanding universal metering. Mr. Lindsay's voice was among the loudest. Another of the especially influential proponents was the Delaware River Basin Commission, a regional agency controlled jointly by four states, including New York, and by the federal government. Since the city gets nearly half its water from the two branches of the Delaware River, and since the commission has the ultimate authority to decide who gets how much Delaware water, its demand made an impact.

Some would have called the demand an ultimatum. On July 28, 1965, the commission announced that its panel of experts felt that either the city should require meters, or else the commission should cut its quota. (At that point the city was getting an "emergency" ration of 490 million gallons a day from the Delaware—so much that the river was unable to maintain its flow, and salt water from Delaware Bay was gradually creeping up toward Philadelphia. At one time that summer the salt was within 9 miles of Philadelphia's intake pipes.)

A year later the commission's experts were still demanding meters, and the commission was still giving New York its generous ration. Why? Because the city for its part was saying eagerly that it could hardly wait to meter, but please give it a little time. It had only had since the 19th century.

There is a sense, of course, in which the city really did need a little time. The first plan for universal metering was drawn up in 1899, at which time the city was 30 per cent metered, having started from zero in 1875. (With careful mismanagement it has since slipped back to 24 per cent.) Every ten or fifteen years since then, a new program for metering has been drawn up, including one by an actual city water commissioner in the early thirties, and one prepared by the WPA just before World War II. But in the summer of 1965 all these were out of date, and no new studies had been made. The Department of Water Supply would have needed a few months to make them, even if it could have borrowed some of those 400 engineers from the Board of Water Supply.

The meter climax, and the closest New York has yet come to solving its problems, occurred last August. The water shortage was still acute, and the city still wanted its emergency ration. The Delaware Commission was planning to terminate it at the end of Septem-

ber. Water Commissioner Marcus went to see them, made a brilliant appeal—and got an extension to the end of the year. (The salt was still hovering 9 miles below Philadelphia.) What he said only he and the members of the commission know, but the day after he got back to New York he held a press conference. First he announced the extension, then he added that he expected the city to start metering by January 1, 1967. The commission insisted, he said. The details were still to be worked out, but legislation would be before the City Council within a month, and he expected it to pass. The next day Mayor Lindsay publicly backed Marcus. The "preliminary phases" of metering would start within a few weeks.

There was lots of rain last fall, and within a few weeks the reservoirs began to rise. By November they were only a little below normal, and extra quotas of Delaware water no longer mattered so much. The metering issue abruptly became more remote. In November, Commissioner Marcus still held that it was an "invaluable aid" to water management (it would be impossible to hold otherwise), but he didn't think any preliminary phases were going to occur soon. In fact, he wasn't sure that they would ever occur. The City Council would not approve, he feared, and he noted that David Ross, president of the Council, opposed meters. (Mr. Ross had also opposed them in August, for reasons generally conceded to have little to do with water engineering.)

In fact, Commissioner Marcus more or less waved metering good-bye. "We may have to depend on some other things," he said in a tone of mild regret. Citizen education (teach them to be careful, and who needs meters?) and the influence of the new rates are what he mainly has in mind. One other thing the city might depend on is suggested by the fact that during the same month Edward Maguire, president of that obsolescent, expensive, but thriving appendage, the Board of Water Supply, had asked the city for \$51 million to start building another aqueduct up to the Delaware.

By this March, Mr. Marcus and the Mayor had ceased to talk about meters or dual water departments altogether, and were happily discussing the prospect of unlimited air conditioning and car washing this summer. The Mayor did add a caution: "Our water supply will never be good enough for waste." But he seemed innocent as a child about how one avoids it.

The city is like a half-reformed drunkard. It really has made some improvements; and assuming anything even near normal rainfall, another shortage is unlikely for at least a decade. Meanwhile, affordable or not, waste seems certain to continue. A backward city in an underdeveloped country can practice good water management. Lima, Peru, ordered 92,000 meters a couple of years ago. They had to be shipped in from here, since meters aren't made in South America. But New York, with the largest reservoirs and the most water engineers of any city in the world, not to mention the leading meter manufacturer in the world about ten minutes away on Long Island, is unable to charge its citizens for the water they waste. Maybe it will deserve the tenth shortage when it comes.

HUELGA: NEW GOALS FOR LABOR

EUGENE NELSON, Jr.

Mr. Nelson is an organizer for the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO, and the author of *Huelga* (Farm Workers Press, Delano, Calif.). Shortly after filing this article, he was jailed in Rio Grande City, Tex., in connection with an eleven-month strike there of farm workers. Mr. Nelson was charged with having threatened the lives of Texas Rangers.

If the word *huelga* has not yet appeared in an English-language dictionary, along with other Spanish words which have come into common usage in English, it surely will soon. As many Americans must know by now, "*huelga*" means "strike." As fewer know, it refers to a certain type of agricultural strike which is also a social movement, interpreted by different people in different ways, and capable at any time of shooting off in new directions which may significantly affect the lives of all Americans. The potentiality is there, despite the fact that at present only a tiny percentage of the American work force is involved, that these workers are among the most poorly educated of all, and that eventually their number must decline. Even on the surface, the strike and the

movement in California, later in Texas, have been exciting and significant.

The *huelga* began in September of 1965 as just another agricultural strike, when about 1,000 Filipino-American members of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee of the AFL-CIO left their jobs in the vineyards of Delano, Calif., demanding to be paid the \$1.40 an hour that was guaranteed to the last of the Mexican *braceros* who had been allowed to work in the United States. Delano was also the headquarters of the independent National Farm Workers Association, a unique union which was a combination of labor and social service organization, administering to all the major needs of its 2,000 Mexican-American members. The NFWA, headed by Cesar Chavez, joined the strike against thirty-six grape growers, presenting the uncommon spectacle of an alliance of two unions and two ethnic groups, plus a smattering of Anglos, Negroes and Puerto Ricans. [See "Monopoly in the Vineyards: The 'Grapes of Wrath' Strike" by James P. Degnan, *The Nation*, February 7, 1966.]

When the growers reacted with a violence suggestive of racial strife in the South, the strike gradually assumed, through the leadership of Chavez and his group, the proportions of a farm workers' social movement. There was a growing suggestion that it might expand to involve all Mexican-Americans and even join with the Negroes and other groups to become one massive movement of all minorities. Ministers, priests, civil rights workers, students, professors, politicians, labor leaders and liberals and radicals of all shadings flocked to Delano to fight the corporation farms and their cop cronies. Gigantic marches, demonstrations and mass arrests captured the imagination of people everywhere. A nation-wide boycott against the products of the Schenley Corporation, owner of the



second largest vineyard in the area, finally brought the firm to the bargaining table in April of last year, in what was the first great breakthrough for America's farm workers. Now Schenley pays its hundreds of vineyard workers a minimum of \$1.75 an hour, and several other large ranches are presently negotiating contracts. Significantly, the civil rights oriented Chavez union then became part of the AFL-CIO, in what was more of a compromise by the AFL-CIO with the *huelga* than vice versa.

In corrupt and poverty-stricken Starr County, Tex., where farm workers earn as little as 40c an hour, the movement also exploded last June when 700 melon pickers went out on strike. A subsequent farm workers' march to Austin united Mexican-American groups throughout the state in the demand for a state minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour and union contracts for the striking workers. Gov. John Connally and Atty. Gen. Waggoner Carr refused to meet the marchers at the capitol on Labor Day, and many observers say the rebuff was responsible for Carr's defeat in the United States Senate race against Republican John Tower.

On May 15, the United Farm Workers signed their first recognition agreement with a Texas grower—Virgilio Guerra, who will be employing about sixty men in the cantaloupe harvest. Meanwhile the strike and boycott, launched with the same nation-wide machinery that forced Schenley to negotiate, is gaining momentum as the harvest peak nears.

There has been new organizing activity among farm workers in Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Arizona and Florida. About one-tenth of America's farm workers were included for the first time this year under the national minimum wage law, starting at \$1 an hour. And it is predicted that this year or next farm workers will be included by Congress in the collective bargaining rights guaranteed other workers under the National Labor Relations Act, thus eliminating the grave injustice largely responsible for their depressed situation in the first place.

All these are the more obvious effects of the *huelga*. No one questions any longer the fact that what began as only a strike has now become a farm-worker movement, and to some extent both an economic and political movement of Mexican-Americans. What remains to be seen is the role the *huelga* is ultimately to play in two other large areas—the labor movement as a whole, and the civil rights movement as a whole; how it will affect the relationship between the two; and how they in turn, together or separately, will have a new effect on American society because of the *huelga*.

Although the Chavez group has to some extent been a factor in the joining up of Mexican-Americans and Negroes for political power, there has as yet been no really coherent alliance of the two. It is conceivable that, as in the case with the Filipinos who went on strike first, the Mexican-Americans, under Chavez, will come from behind to emerge as the leaders of a united movement of minorities. Acting either in league with other minorities or separately, they are certain to play an increasing role in contributing to more progressive civil rights legislation.

Of greater potential is the manner in which the *huelga*

is influencing, and can continue to influence, all of labor. The labor movement was originally thought of as an anti-poverty movement, and it was one as far as it went. But once the more skilled workers had been organized and rescued from poverty, conservative leaders such as George Meany concentrated on consolidating gains rather than finishing the job, fulfilling labor's proper role, and organizing *all* the poverty-stricken workers of America. It is labor that should be leading the war on poverty, not the government—although if labor will not do the job, then the government must.

The *huelga* has made more and more labor leaders see this point, and labor at last is sluggishly beginning to move to fulfill its role. Perhaps the greatest contribution of the *huelga* has been its effect on the thinking of one man, Walter Reuther, a prime contributor to and observer of the movements in Delano and South Texas. But, as Reuther and other labor leaders increasingly realize, merely to organize the rest of America's workers is not enough. America is going through a profound change, the welfare state is expanding rapidly, and a guaranteed annual income for all citizens may soon be a reality. Many have debated whether it is feasible, but how many ask whether it is just? Or even whether justice is a factor. Justice seems increasingly lost in modern society's concern for efficiency and material abundance. Yet the sense of justice is amazingly strong among even the most degraded. Any honest social worker can tell you that, for most people, to receive handouts without working is demoralizing, and that there is a considerable amount of resentment to welfare handouts among the community at large. As yet, the problem is still a relatively small one. But what will the effect be when half the potential work force is living on welfare and the other half doing the work? A country half demoralized and half angry? A decaying of the moral fiber of the nation? A revolution?

Two alternatives to this potential state of affairs come to mind. One is government ownership of all industry, so that the work load can be equally divided among all the citizens by government decree. With the election of Ronald Reagan as Governor of America's most populous state, this seems unlikely to come to pass in the near future.

The other answer is for the unions, in the process of organizing *all* of America's workers, to get not only decent wages for them but to demand a shorter work week, longer paid vacations, a younger retirement age, and job retraining where necessary in all contracts. Thus *all* of America's workers will be able to share in both the productivity and the wealth of our nation. This is the way labor—whether or not the AFL-CIO remains united—can make America into a healthy society and save it from the creeping illness of an unjust welfare state that is overtaking it.

The greatest contribution of the *huelga* is the way it has influenced—and will surely continue to influence—the reviving American labor movement toward this course of action: a new wave of organizing of all workers of all races, with the emphasis on shorter hours and jobs for all. If it accomplishes this, the *huelga* will have helped the American labor movement to save America.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

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MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Mr. Browne covered the Vietnamese War from 1961 through 1966 for the Associated Press and American Broadcasting Co. and as a free-lance correspondent. Among other awards, he received a Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting for his work in Vietnam. He is currently Edward R. Murrow Fellow at The Council on Foreign Relations and the author of *The New Face of War* (Bobbs-Merrill).

In his nastier moods H. L. Mencken used to argue that the majority is always wrong, and that American democracy always represents the lowest common denominator. But H. L. Mencken could always be dismissed as a crank and eccentric, who spent his spare time piling up scrap wood in the back yard of his Baltimore home.

Unlike Mencken, Roger Hilsman has stood close to the pinnacle of American power, in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. He is therefore to be forgiven his Panglossian conclusion that American foreign policy somehow works out for the best in this best of all possible systems. However, Hilsman's arguments and observations in no way support the optimistic conclusions of his new book, *To Move A Nation*. If the reader overlooks these stated conclusions, Hilsman's thinking seems to run in channels similar to Mencken's.

As director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, and later as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, Hilsman was an important participant in the making of national policy. He was involved in decisions affecting Cuba, Laos, the Congo, Indonesia, China and Vietnam, among other countries. He was an important Kennedy teammate during the Cuban missile crisis, when the world came close to a nuclear holocaust, and Khrushchev smelled "burning in the air." Hilsman was up to his ears in the deadly political battles that raged within the Kennedy administration between State Department, CIA and Pentagon, as well as with various power blocs in and out of Congress. And the hectic, neurotic, almost consumptive flavor of those days is faithfully portrayed in *To Move A*

Nation, especially in the section on Vietnam.

As a protégé of President Kennedy, Hilsman had personal influence that went far beyond his titles. An old Asia hand, he had been an OSS guerrilla leader behind Japanese lines in Burma during World War II, and had unusual sensitivity to the requirements of the new-style wars in Laos and Vietnam. Kennedy appreciated this, and listened to Hilsman. Kennedy even encouraged Hilsman to defy his immediate boss, Secretary Dean Rusk.

Inevitably, Hilsman made determined and powerful enemies. Besides the natural enemies of the State Department in the Pentagon, CIA and Congress, Hilsman also had his own colleagues to worry about, especially Rusk. And with the death of Kennedy, Hilsman's influence evaporated almost immediately. The New Frontier was dead, along with almost all the policies that went with it. Hilsman correctly recognized that he had no place in the Johnson regime, and resigned.

Hilsman makes all this come alive in dramatic detail. But the primary interest in the book is not historical; indeed, it contains a number of errors of fact, particularly with regard to Vietnam.

The real (and fascinating) question posed by the book is whether or not H. L. Mencken was essentially right—whether, for example, the American democratic system is capable of handling effective foreign policy. Hilsman's answer is yes, but it is a yes so clouded with qualifications as to be meaningless. And with respect to Vietnam, he flatly concedes that "the American form of government is ill-equipped for guerrilla war."

In commenting on the effectiveness of the State Department as a whole, Hilsman quotes Kennedy as having described it as "a bowl of jelly." In assessing the effects of American economic aid to Laos, Hilsman says: "To the shame of all Americans, the United States became the butt of jokes among both friend and foe."

Hilsman argues, with many illustrations, that "policy is politics"—that most major policy decisions are evolved slowly as a continuous process of achieving

consensus. Hilsman also makes it clear that he doesn't like the system. He doesn't like the way policies he considers effective are watered down, distorted, and even defeated by democratic pressures.

By nature a believer in blue-ribbon policy making by experts, Hilsman liked the Special Forces as they originally were—an elite armed element of the CIA. Hilsman (and Kennedy) saw the Special Forces as a quasi-military political strike force, for which actual combat would be a secondary role. With Kennedy's death, the Special Forces lost their champion, and Johnson quickly turned them over to their archenemy, the Pentagon.

Hilsman sees American foreign policy at its best under the helm of a highly intelligent and decisive young President, who has weathered and learned from the Bay of Pigs blunder. He has unreserved praise for Kennedy's lonely and risky confrontation with Russia over the installation of missiles in Cuba, and describes him at his statesmanlike best in the engineering of the 1962 Geneva accords on Laos. He views Kennedy as the wise ruler, without whose sure hand children like Secretaries McNamara and Rusk, as well as the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Congressional hotheads, would have ripped the ship of state asunder. Most of all, Hilsman sees Kennedy as a strong prince who refused to rely on raw military force as the basis of his foreign policy and wars.

In Kennedy, Hilsman saw the ideal practitioner of the new type of anti-Communist crusade, which seeks to beat the Communist war of national liberation, using the new tricks of the trade. This type of war is primarily and essentially political, and things like massive bombing and giant, divisional ground operations have no part in it, Hilsman and Kennedy felt.

Hilsman muses on what would and would not have happened in Vietnam had Kennedy lived, and leaves the reader with the impression that the United States would not now be in the mess it is. Hilsman relates that he once gave a briefing at Kennedy's instance for key administration leaders on guerrilla warfare. Among those present was Vice President Johnson, who showed so little

interest in the subject that he spent most of the time going back and forth to a phone to keep tabs on a political development in Texas.

It is clear that Hilsman holds Johnson's circumscribed reliance on raw force in foreign policy in contempt. The former New Frontiersman offers some extremely interesting statistics in support of his obliquely phrased attack on Johnson. He cites Pentagon figures estimating that in the early part of the Vietnamese War the Vietcong required only 5 or 6 tons of supplies a day from the outside world to maintain their offensive, and that even by early 1966, the figure had risen to only 12 tons a day! Such a tiny requirement hardly supports the Johnson view that the Vietcong depends on massive infiltration of supplies from the Communist bloc.

Further, it is obvious that even under saturation bombing by American planes, enemy supply lines could easily sneak the small daily quota to the guerrillas in the South. The point, of course, is that the Vietcong has always supplied itself, with only minor supplements from the outer world.

The same is true of Vietcong manpower. Hilsman cites other Pentagon statistics that effectively refute both the Pentagon and Johnsonian contentions that the enemy in South Vietnam is a foreign Communist army. For instance, the figures show that in 1964, the Vietcong suffered 17,000 killed and 4,200 captured. Balanced against this, the Pentagon estimates 7,400 enemy Vietnamese troops were infiltrated into the South from North Vietnam. But—again, according to Pentagon statistics—total Vietcong strength in the South at the beginning of 1966 was 92,000, while at the end of the year it was 124,000.

To make these figures balance, the Vietcong must be assumed to have recruited in South Vietnam 45,800 new combatants during 1964! But the figures for 1965, the year massive bombing of North Vietnam began, are even more dramatic. In that year, according to Pentagon statistics, the enemy infiltrated 19,000 troops from North Vietnam. But to account for the sharp increase in enemy strength despite their growing casualties, the Vietcong must have recruited between 112,900 and 142,900 in South Vietnam alone in 1965!

It is hard to escape the conclusion from these figures that America has suffered and is continuing to suffer a staggering political defeat in Vietnam. Vastly greater numbers of Vietnamese each year are preferring the Vietcong side to ours, despite the mount-

ing military and economic pressure we apply.

This is an impression abundantly confirmed by my own observations during a five-year tour as a reporter in Vietnam, by the way—an impression that to this day seems not to have affected most of Washington. There has never been a doubt in my mind that the war in Vietnam is political. Belatedly, even President Johnson appears to have recognized at least one political aspect of the war—that, as General Westmoreland recently put it, our Achilles' heel is our resolve. National resolve is an aspect of politics, and even in conventional war it plays a role on both sides of any line.

On one side among America's policy makers are those, like President Kennedy and Hilsman, who are inclined to fight the Communists with the "gray warfare" of politico-military tactics in Asia and the rest of the Third World. These are the men who believe that such wars must be fought on a limited and semi-secret plane, led and directed by an elite of experts.

On the other hand, there have been those like President Johnson, Dean Rusk and the Air Force generals who believe primarily in brute military force, in which God is presumed to be on the side of the big battalions. Both points of view have had their turns at bat.

America has not lacked for men of intelligence, experience and missionary zeal in fighting the shadow war in Vietnam over the decades. During World War II, the same OSS in which Roger Hilsman served, worked with Ho Chi Minh and his guerrilla forces, fighting the Japanese. Later, when Washington decided to back France against Ho and the Vietminh, Saigon and Hanoi again swarmed with American experts. American money and supplies played a gigantic role in that war, too. As Hilsman points out, America paid for around 70 per cent of French war costs in 1954, the final year of the Indo-China war.

Following the truce at Geneva, the long stream of American experts began arriving in Saigon, each to try his hand as an amateur nation builder.

There was Col. Edward Landsdale, the CIA man who had proved his mettle in the Philippines, and who now undertook to reshape the body politic in Vietnam.

There was Wolf Ladejinsky, who lived across the street from the palace as President Diem's personal adviser on everything from defensive villages to land reform.

There was a high-powered mission headed by Dr. Wesley Fishel from Michigan State University, which aimed at

creating a new nation. Heavily supported by the CIA, an institute for training Vietnamese public officials was created, along with a shiny new police establishment. Among the innovations the American experts brought were telephone tapping and bugging equipment and other gadgets that were put to effective use in crushing political opposition to Diem.

There was a stream of American military advisers who managed to create, train and arm a new Vietnamese army. The new army undoubtedly would have fought well in Korea or World War II. Unfortunately, it was virtually worthless against the Vietcong—not because the Vietnamese made bad soldiers but because the American pattern of warfare had no place in Vietnam.

There were ex-CIA men like Rufus Phillips and other American civilians—Ev Bumgartner, John Vann and Dr. George Tanham, to name a few—who worked with the fire of revolutionaries to build a nation in Vietnam. There was Jerry Rose, a newsman who decided in 1965 to participate in the Vietnamese government as an adviser, and died a few months later in a flaming crash.

There was (and is) even a club of Vietnam buffs, known as The American Friends of Vietnam, which was a frequent participant in Vietnamese affairs of state.

America's political elite was for many years involved in the war in Vietnam. Despite the dedication and frequent heroism of this group, it failed in virtually everything it undertook. For one thing, no two American experts ever seemed to be in complete agreement on anything, and much of the fighting was between Americans. For another, America as a whole has never backed its experts.

But in a broader context, many of the ideas that seemed to work well on a small scale never worked out when expanded. The British adviser to Vietnam who exerted perhaps the strongest influence of all on President Kennedy, Robert K. G. Thompson, once told me: "You know, somehow whenever the Americans double the effort they manage to square the error."

President Johnson had always held the experts more or less in contempt, and made it plain that if they didn't quickly nail the necessary number of coonskins to the wall, he would invoke his own Draconian approaches. President Johnson is still at bat, but we're in the ninth inning now, and the home team is still badly behind.

One can't resist the image of a Vietnamese *nha que* (peasant) sitting in front of his hut, reading Hilsman's new book,

a wry smile on his face. Is it possible that the old *nha que* is thinking, "a pox on all their houses"? I think that's exactly how Vietnam reacts to the torture of American policy politics.

When America is not politically bungling its relations with Asia, it seems to vent its spleen by bombing and destroying. Either way, Vietnam is the loser. Granting that Asian communism is a brutal force that hardly does much to make life happier for the average

peasant, America has yet to demonstrate that it can do better.

Putting down Hilsman's book, one wonders whether some form of isolationism with respect to Asia would really be such a bad idea after all. Would Asia really be so much worse off without us around? Would we really be any worse off without Asia? Probably we shall never have the chance to find out. Asia and America seem doomed to play out their tragic drama to the end.

MacDiarmid: Highland Red

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Hugh MacDiarmid is a major poet of our time, but it is hard to grasp that fact because his politics and his personality and even his poetry keep getting in the way. All three are incomprehensible to most people without the aid of a glossary.

A face-to-face encounter such as the recital in May at the 92nd Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association (under the auspices of the Poetry Center and the Lincoln Center Festival '67) ends such doubts. The voice of unconquered Scotland is strong and unequivocal still. It is a marvel to hear, thundering and burring with all the forcefulness, freshness and fire we have come to associate with the name and works of Hugh MacDiarmid. *nom de guerre* of Christopher Murray Grieve.

A living legend on his native heath—and to admirers everywhere—he is, for reasons of state, on a first visit to America at the ripe age of 75. There on the stage of the Poetry Center he stood in tartan kilt, ready and eager to do battle with his enemies. Short, square, wiry, his granitelike features seem milder than his pictures would lead one to believe. Uncompromising eyes fixed the audience of 300 or so. He quickly discovered he was among friends. They had come to cheer and hear.

Many stood when he emerged from the wings with M. L. Rosenthal of New York University shortly after 8.30 P.M.; and all stood two hours later when he walked off the stage alone. It was one measure of his way with people and words: warm, honest, direct. He says what he has to say and is silent. He says it well.

The audience seemed predominantly middle-aged and conventionally attired, but there was a strong sprinkling of

youth. It was a knowing audience, subdued at first, quick to laughter, at ease with a cherished friend—a much neglected poet who though old and tired and a trifle deaf is at heart an angry young rebel still.

While Mr. Rosenthal traced MacDiarmid's development as a poet, the man who long, long ago wrote the masterpiece *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* listened with interest as if hearing the tale of another. He has been ranked with Burns and credited with creating a literary revolution in Scotland. He has been a source of inspiration to a couple of generations of poets. He is in most anthologies, including Yeats's controversial *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*. He has published a dozen books and is one of the most original and provocative writers at work today. Yet it is nearly impossible to get at his works. A couple of weeks ago none of four Village bookshops I visited carried anything by him or on him. That matter is being partly rectified by Macmillan, which has issued a revised edition of his poems with an enlarged glossary and—as Mr. Rosenthal noted

—minus the typographical errors that marred the first edition.

Strong and authoritative, with a prophet's passion, his words rolled across the footlights:

*Auden, MacNeice, Day Lewis, I have read them all,
Hoping against hope to hear the authentic call.*

*A tragical disappointment. . . .
And know the explanation I must pass is this*

—You cannot light a match on a crumbling wall.

An inspired beginning and off the program. At the last minute MacDiarmid exercised the poet's prerogative and changed the selections. Not really though, for most of what had been promised came later anyway. The first section was devoted to English, the second to the livelier Scots verse. An intermission divided them.

You may say MacDiarmid is a satirist in the Swiftian sense, that his poems are replete with social comment and protest, that he writes charming lyrics. But to understand his range you must hear him speak the lines. That's an experience. He read "The Glass of Pure Water," "Reflections in a Slum," "At My Father's Grave," "In the Children's Hospital," "First Love," "Cattle Show"—all in straightforward English, which as everybody knows is a dialect of Scots.

Fellow Scottish poet Norman MacCaig introduced the second section, striking exactly the right note in his witty, lightly ironic, slightly skeptical remarks. He told how one day Christopher Murray Grieve discovered a Scots dictionary, devoured it, and emerged from the experience as Hugh MacDiarmid; how critics contend that the trouble with Hugh MacDiarmid—who lists his recrea-

CATTLE SHOW

*I shall go among red faces and virile voices,
See stylish sheep, with fine heads and well-wooled,
And great bulls mellow to the touch,
Brood mares of marvelous approach, and geldings
With sharp and flinty bones and silken hair.*

*And through th' enclosure draped in red and gold
I shall pass on to spheres more vivid yet
Where countesses' coque feathers gleam and glow
And, swathed in silks, the painted ladies are
Whose laughter plays like summer lightning there.*

HUGH MACDIARMID

From *Collected Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid*. Revised Edition with Enlarged Glossary prepared by John C. Weston. The Macmillan Co. 498 pp. \$7.95.

tion as "Anglophobia"—is that he missed the Battle of Flodden and has been trying to make up for it since; how he founded the Scottish Nationalist Party with four others on the firm foundation of hatred for England; how he became the gadfly of Scotland whose preaching and practice have affected everyone in the country—including those who can't abide him. As for his politics, that's quite a simple matter: he is simultaneously a Scottish nationalist and a Marxian internationalist.

The program gave text and glossary for the eleven Scots poems. The poet went over them in English first and the difficulties disappeared quickly. The words are sharp, vigorous, musical: raw speech of field and street with Burns's "spark o' nature's fire." What we heard ranged from the haunting delight of "Crowdieknowe":

*Oh to be at Crowdieknowe
When the last trumpet blows,
An' see the deid come loupin' owre
The auld grey wa's*

to the weary sadness of "Lourd on My Hert":

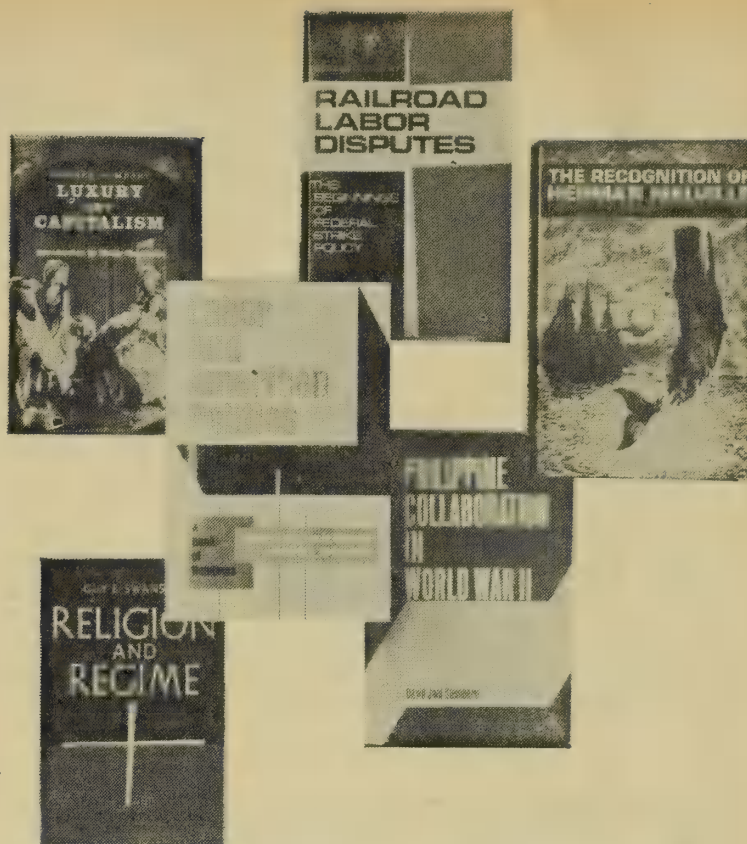
*Lourd (heavy) on my hert as winter lies
The state that Scotland's in the day.
Spring to the North has aye come slow
But noo dour winter's like to stay
For guid
And no' for guid!*

*Nae wonder if I think I see
A lichtner shadow than the neist (nearest)*

*I'm fain to cry: "The dawn, the dawn!
I see it brakin' in the East."
But ah
—It's juist mair snaw!*

That raises the question of "synthetic Scots," a matter MacDiarmid discussed at some length during the question and answer session. His vocabulary includes ancient and modern Scottish idiom. When he came on the scene the tongue had disintegrated into many dialects and was incapable of providing a medium for high poetry. In the 15th and 16th centuries Scotland was considered the fountainhead of song in Europe; faced by the competition of English, backed by English political power, the language began to fade. It is now encouraged in the schools and universities, but the majority of Scottish teachers are "hopelessly Anglicized," MacDiarmid says. Which leads him naturally to the point that political independence is necessary for the revival of a language and the creation of a national literature.

Yes, he wrote his poems straight out of the dictionary. But poetry, as Mallarmé said, is made with words, not



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ideas; and words are found in a dictionary. Now he is concentrating on longer poems in Scots. He thinks short poems are too much like peering through a keyhole. (Heine adopted the same view after his early songs achieved an enormous popularity.) As MacDiarmid talks on about Scots it becomes clear how one great writer can affect a language, even raise it from the tomb. Like Burns in another age. To appreciate the verse that is "hamely in attire" you have to know something about the attire.

The question and answer period brought up the name of another Scots writer, James Leslie Mitchell, a prolific novelist of the early 1930s who used the *nom de plume* Lewis Grassie Gibbon and died at the age of 34. MacDiarmid considers his trilogy, "A Scots Quair," the best example of working-class literature anywhere. Journalist, historian, archaeologist, explorer, aviator—his body craved action and his mind teemed with ideas. Gibbon collaborated with MacDiarmid in 1934 in a book on Scotland

—the same year that he published three others: *Grey Granite*, which is Part 3 of the trilogy and deals with an industrial city in economic crisis; *The Conquest of the Maya* and the biography of an explorer. He died the following year.

"His influence on Scottish literature will continue," said MacDiarmid, "as long as Scotland lives."

A woman some seats behind me said rather sadly: "I never heard of him." It's a pity. But she's not alone.

The questions and MacDiarmid's answers skimmed lightly over Scotland's political future. The appeal of the Scottish Nationalist Party is growing, he said, especially among the young; "it is coming up like milk on the boil." The Labor Party has had its day in Scotland. He is no longer a member of the nationalist group which is "bourgeois controlled"; he doesn't want just a Scottish Parliament: he wants a Scottish Socialist Parliament. MacDiarmid sees it coming.

A Style of Anxiety

THE SENSE OF AN ENDING: Studies in the Theory of Fiction. By Frank Kermode. Oxford University Press. 187 pp. \$5.75.

DAVID J. GORDON

Mr. Gordon teaches English at Hunter College. He is the author of *D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic* (Yale University Press).

Frank Kermode studies the theory not only of literary fiction but of fiction in general, "the ways we try to make sense of our lives . . . especially at a moment in history when it may be harder than ever to accept the precedents of sense-making—to believe that any earlier way of satisfying one's need to know the shape of life in relation to the perspective of time will suffice." His treatment of this intricate subject requires and repays slow reading. It is recondite, aloof, concise (rather difficult to imagine in its original lecture form), but also acute, very sophisticated, and surely valuable to anyone who gives thought to the theoretical issues of modern art, philosophy and perhaps even science.

Kermode interests us in the continuing human effort to reconcile two contrary needs: the need to believe and the need to doubt, to create and to de-create, to make and unmake models of our existence in time. (He assumes that temporal paradigms answer our most funda-

mental orientative need and have superseded spatial paradigms in modern thought, assumptions which I shall not attempt to evaluate except to say that he raises without quite answering E. H. Gombrich's objection that temporal and spatial models, in aesthetics, are not easily separated.) Thus he traces the persistence from the Bible to the modern novel both of "end-oriented" or "apocalyptic" fictions, which bind up meaningless temporal succession into significant duration, and of "clerkly scepticism," which spurs the creation of more sophisticated fictions by detecting the "mythic" or "escapist" elements in established ones.

It is his suggestion that Biblical apocalypse, picturing an imminent end, was in this manner superseded by tragedy, which rendered the end forever *immanent* by offering only a critical image of it (e.g., *King Lear*). Tragedies are "researches into death in an age too late for apocalypse, an age more aware that its fictions are themselves models of the human design on the world." He further suggests that tragedy was in turn demythologized and superseded by existential fiction, in which "the single unrationalized death becomes the sole point of reference," in which meaninglessness is so respected as to threaten the very possibility of humanizing fiction.

When, as today, fiction is so dis-

trusted yet still so needed, it may "degenerate into myth," i.e., become unconscious, thus evading our skepticism but also orienting us falsely and dangerously to reality. Aware that modern literary fictions have dangerous relations among modern political myths, Kermode formulates the following distinctions:

Fictions can degenerate into myth whenever they are not consciously held to be fictive. In this sense [Nazi] anti-Semitism is a degenerate fiction, a myth; and *Lear* is a fiction. . . . Fictions are for finding things out, and they change as the needs of sense-making change. . . .

On Vaihinger's view, the fictional *as if* is distinguished also from hypothesis because it is not in question that at the end of the finding-out process it will be dropped. . . .

So my suggestion is that literary fictions belong to Vaihinger's category of the "consciously false."

The distinction between hypothesis and fiction may be a useful corrective to Northrop Frye's infectious mythomania which levels and absorbs both, but I find the distinction between myth and fiction more congenial than useful. Was Shakespeare or Milton's belief in the Great Chain of Being "consciously false"? Was even Yeats's belief in *A Vision* altogether so? In practice, myth and fiction are difficult to separate. Appreciating the heuristic value of radical literature, yet hating totalitarian politics, we crave a sharp distinction between art and propaganda, but I don't think it is to be had.

In his excellent chapter, "The Modern Apocalypse," an extension of the argument in his first book, *Romantic Image*, Kermode may demonstrate the difficulty more than the importance of this distinction by berating certain sophisticated early Modernists (Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Lewis, Lawrence) for regressing in their conception of history from fiction to myth, from conscious trying out to unconscious acceptance. They lapsed into the "myth of crisis," viewing the degenerate present as trembling more or less permanently on the verge of apocalypse. They forgot that "crisis is a way of thinking about one's moment, and is not inherent in the moment itself." Kermode is at his clerkly best in unmaking this myth of crisis:

I don't find it easy to see the uniqueness of our situation. It is commonplace to talk about our historical situation as uniquely terrible and in a way privileged, a cardinal point in time. But can it really be so? It seems doubtful that our crisis, our relation to the future and to the past, is one of

the important differences between us and our predecessors. Many of them felt as we do. If the evidence looks good to us, so it did to them. Perhaps if we have a terrible privilege it is merely that we are alive and are going to die, all at once or one at a time. Other people have noticed this, and expressed their feelings about it in images different from ours, armies in the sky, for example, or a palpable Antichrist; and these have been discarded. But it would be childish to argue, in a discussion of how people behave under eschatological threat, that nuclear bombs are more real and make one experience more authentic crisis-feelings than armies in the sky.

I wish he had maintained this fine skepticism when he turned in his final chapters—with a sudden access of eloquence—to the radical *later* Modernists, who gave up the idea of degeneration for the idea of schism. Kermode is clerkly enough to be suspicious of a "total break with the past," of the schismatic aesthetics advocated or announced by such extremists as Robbe-Grillet, Harold Rosenberg and Marshall McLuhan. Thus he sides with Gombrich against Rosenberg in their lively debate on the New; and with Sartre against Robbe-Grillet for understanding that fictions, though "deeply distrusted," are "humanly necessary." But he seems to share with the writers he admires most, Sartre and Wallace Stevens, a belief that to be modern and creative is uniquely anguishing. With Sartre we know that "the very forms of art make us feel guilty." With Stevens "we know so desolately that *is* and *as* are one." With all our significant writers "we are muddled about what we can take on trust from the past."

Perhaps what is new is only the style of our anxiety. Today, as Kermode points out, we self-consciously use fiction to explore the problems of fiction. But does it follow that our "poverty" (Stevens) or "need" (Sartre) is keener? Or only that we talk about it differently? *The Sense of an Ending* contains much unemphasized evidence of the fact that this metaphysical nakedness was experienced long before Modernism: by Greek philosophers, church fathers and Renaissance poets. The author is beguiled by Sartre's Existential Man, seeming to regard this construct as the unadorned truth of the human situation rather than itself a myth—or at best a fiction.

Consider Sartre's man briefly. He has no relevant past. Insofar as he claims that his actions are psychologically determined, he is guilty of bad faith. He

feels himself *de trop* in the world. His very existence is a sin. And this is called freedom, the realization of which induces dread or nausea.

Such freedom sounds exactly like the enslaving determinism Sartre detests, like the weight of some guilt-laden compulsion laid down by the past. Sartre seems unwilling to accept the partial freedom man really has because it entails accepting also the power of unconscious determination: he chooses total freedom, repressing his actual dependence. If this is so, every creative act, which inevitably requires taking from the past, would arouse "causeless" anxiety or revulsion.

In his closing paragraph Kermode says in effect that the burdensome free-

dom achieved by systematic doubt is our only alternative to Necessity and hence our only proof of the authenticity of the creative power in us. Well, creation may require initial de-creation, but it does not require the questioning of every assumption, if this were possible. It does not require such radical renunciations as the one expressed in the beautiful last stanza of Stevens' "Sunday Morning," where we are deprived not only of a god but also of a society and are left only deer, quail, berries and pigeons! Such radical renunciations suggest an effort to release the imagination from some obscure—but hardly causeless—guilt. The problem of the creative man may be not so much *what* as *how* he can take from the past.

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Art and the Book Reviewer

THINK BACK ON US: A Contemporary Chronicle of the 1930's. By Malcolm Cowley. Edited with an Introduction by Henry Dan Piper. Southern Illinois University Press. 400 pp. \$10.

LEONARD KRIEDEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel and on a study of politics and literature in contemporary America.

The revival of interest in the 1930s continues, and those of us who were born during the depression can now see that for all its sins—and they are numerous—the decade was never that artistically barren landscape depicted for us by so many of the critical theologians who dominated a large segment of university English Departments in the 1950s. Beginning with Edmund Wilson's *The Shores of Light* in 1952, the political

and literary fervor of the decade has been revived by a number of writers. Malcolm Cowley is the most recent to remind us of that peculiar excitement with *Think Back on Us*, a collection of essays and book reviews written during the thirties. Both as another perspective on the decade, and as a collection of essays by one of the foremost critics in this country, the book must be welcomed.

Think Back on Us is also a much needed tribute to a man who has served American culture very well, one who, along with Wilson and Kenneth Burke, helped not only to shape but also to record the American scene in the 1930s. They were all men of letters in the European sense of the term, and each was both singular and representative. Just as Randolph Bourne and Van Wyck Brooks made of the radical stance a critical position capable of challenging American life between 1909 and the end of the First World War, so Wilson, Burke and Cowley fought to prevent radicalism from being submerged beneath the peculiar provincialism which has always been the most serious threat to the nation's intellectual health. Their chief weapon was the book review. One wonders whether at any other time in our history it was so seriously conceived. In the epilogue to this book, Cowley speaks of his own weekly reviews as an "art form," a "blank-verse meditation," a "private journal."

Cowley succeeded Edmund Wilson as *The New Republic's* book review editor, a position he was to occupy from 1930 to 1941. If he did not possess Wilson's broad scholarship, he did have an extraordinarily sensitive mind—far more sensitive to the nuances of poetry, for instance, than Wilson's was—and large areas of intellectual and artistic interest which he wished to explore along with his readers. To read *Think Back on Us*—even those essays in which Cowley's judgments seem wrong, such as a 1936 review of Eliot's *Collected Poems* which terms Eliot a "minor poet"—is to be made depressingly aware that there is no reviewer today doing quite this kind of thing, none who consistently attempts to see both a work and its origins.

We are still, by and large, the victims of a rather narrow methodological criticism: we still separate aesthetic from social considerations, as if art were a pineapple to be macheted in half. But the relationship of the literary and social scenes was something Cowley could take

for granted even before the 1930s; *Exile's Return*, still the best source book on what the 1920s were actually like for the expatriate generation, reflects his idealism as much as *Think Back on Us* does. If his spiritual parenthood passed from Emerson to Marx and back to Emerson again, his vision remained singular in its insistence that the function of art was more than decorative—an idea that both Marx and Emerson would have welcomed. Cowley believed that the artist had the right, if not the obligation, to demand changes in the human condition and to employ his art to that end. We are just beginning to get over our embarrassment about art that is didactic and to consider the idea that perhaps art must help transform that which is unlivable. What we must keep in mind is what Cowley instinctively knew—where the didactic is obtrusive, the work suffers.

Henry Dan Piper, who edited *Think Back on Us*, has tried to give us a representative sampling of Cowley's work during the 1930s. What we view is a mind in various stages of development. Cowley's Marxism, for instance, can be seen in a number of manifestations, from a review of Trotsky's *My Life* in which Cowley's incipient orthodoxy defeats his critical perception—his tone at the end of the review is almost triumphant as he dismisses Trotsky to "the dustbin of history"—to the detachment of his retrospective "Farewell to the 1930s." Since the comparison with Wilson is inevitable, it is interesting to stand this piece alongside Wilson's "Marxism at the End of the Thirties," which was included in *The Shores of Light*. In some ways, Cowley's Marxism ran deeper than Wilson's; at no time did he look at it with Wilson's patrician suspicion. By 1933, Wilson was already moving away from Marxist orthodoxy, at the very time when so many other American writers, including Cowley, were moving toward it. But if Wilson saw what was happening to Marxism before most other American writers did, Cowley was able to salvage more from his experience; he was never victimized by his beliefs, as Wilson was.

One cannot conceive of Cowley's writing a book like *Europe Without Baedeker* or the incredibly naive *The Cold War and the Income Tax*. Cowley's loss was not personal. Consequently, he is far less nostalgic. Unlike Wilson, he seems to have been able to take from the thirties whatever he could take and then moved on. He is still interested in what younger American writers



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What is human in me—
dreams that repeat,
incitement of figures
riding in on waves—
sorrow in me
that what arises
must in like manner fade—
face bent over my sleep
easing the pain when I woke—
what is meaningful to me
must from time to time at least
be my reality,
not unlike the soil
a plant needs to grow,
must be around me—
faces in whom
is deeply inscribed
feeling for suffering,
eyes that state
facts that can't be said.

No one can take bloom in hands,
though it may seep through pores
and make one shudder in the dark.
Walls I seek
with flowers strung from top,
the height where hidden gardens start,
full life of the senses, of the heart,
floats I can imagine but not see;—
the invisible suggested by
the visible to stir
what is human in me.

ARTHUR GREGOR

are doing, while Wilson—admittedly the one American deserving of the Nobel Prize—wonders aloud about his “pocket of the past.” Where Wilson has the edge over Cowley is in his vast learning. The opening essay in *Think Back on Us* is an attack on Babbitt, More and their fellow humanists. But to compare this to Wilson’s “Notes on Babbitt and More” is to see how su-

perior Wilson’s ammunition is—few other critics could correct Babbitt’s Greek.

Most of Cowley’s literary judgments retain their power to persuade—more often than not, he is both correct and illuminating. Rarely did he permit himself the luxury of a judgment based on political indolence. Whether he is writing of Mann’s *Joseph* or Faulkner’s *Pylon*, he accedes only to the demands of his own broad human and literary sympathies. Although he didn’t separate the two functions, he was a better literary than social critic. The social reporting reprinted in this volume does not leave us with a sense of the depression’s bitterness, as Wilson’s *The American Jitters* did. Lacking Wilson’s eye and scholarship, Cowley’s advantage seems to have been a sensitivity which expanded during the years. It was this which enabled him to see what was worth while in Somerset Maugham without losing his perspective.

In his introduction, Henry Dan Piper speaks of how he came to put this book together out of his “need for a source book . . . in the intellectual, social, and literary history of the Thirties.” That he found such a book in the essays and reviews of a single man is sufficient testimony to Cowley’s stature as a critic. The only reservation I have about how Professor Piper did his job is that his division of the pieces into “The Social Record” and “The Literary Record” is artificial and serves to dissipate the very kind of energy that makes Cowley’s work so representative of the thirties. And just because *Think Back on Us* is both good and timely, I must object to its cost: \$10 is an outrageous price for a collection of essays first published between 1931 and 1941. It might be advisable to remind the publishers that Malcolm Cowley wrote for people, not for college and university libraries.

The Glory of Poor Living

SHEPHERDS OF THE NIGHT. By Jorge Amado. Translated from the Portuguese by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. 365 pp. \$5.95.

MARYSA N. GERASSI

Mrs. Gerassi teaches Latin American history at Newark State College.

In *Shepherds of the Night*, Jorge Amado brings to life the crapshooters, thieves and prostitutes of the streets of Bahia: Caporal Martim, the fair-haired

boy of the brothels, a master at *capoeira* fighting, an artist at cards; Bullfinch, a “spieler” by profession, expert in talk of love, but perpetually deceived by his sweethearts, mistresses and fiancées; Carnation-in-his-Buttonhole, who cannot work because of his delicate health and who feeds his wife, seven children and his craving to gamble by stealing; Mother Tibéria, madam of the liveliest brothel in Bahia; Otília, the 16-year-old whore who plays with dolls after the customers leave; and old Jesuino Crazy



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Amado weaves the lives of these people through three incidents: a wedding, a christening and a squatters' invasion, telling his stories in simple and spicy language, exactly as one of his characters would speak. We can almost see him in a tavern at dusk, wetting his dry lips with sips of rum, pouring out tales in a torrent of love for his characters. He makes no attempt to justify their values, their principles or their morality; he simply describes the way they live. Only in the third story, “The Invasion of Cat Wood or The Friends of the

ONE MAN'S VIEW

Martin Luther King, Jr.

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People," does Amado measure his Bahians against the government officials and politicians whose middle- and upper-class values he finds immoral.

The *Shepherds of the Night* are Bahia's poor, and Amado has given us a deeply moving and funny picture of life in the slums. Although he sees in them certain unique characteristics, his poor are very much like the poor of other cities and his "civilization of the Bahian people" is very close to Oscar Lewis' "culture of poverty." Bahians live in a closed world of violence and brutality, without medical facilities or education, where major events are those like the wedding of the free-wheeling Caporal Martim to Marialva, the whore from the backlands with the sweet, false smile and a mole on her shoulder. It is a world with its own laws, its own social standards and its own religion. Catholic saints are swallowed by powerful African gods who are also marvelously mobile: at the christening of Negro Massu's child, Ogun, the god of iron, manages to manifest himself at the proper moment at the Bahian church even though he has just been present "at long-drawn-out rites in Nigeria, and at an important celebration in Santiago de Cuba."

Amado's shepherds live mostly at night—the shadows protect them from the police. They talk, drink, satisfy their desire for mulattoes at Mother Tibéria's brothel and, possessed by their ancient gods, dance in voodoo celebrations. Those who do not sleep on the beach live in shacks or one-room flats. They hardly work—only the prostitutes hold regular jobs—and the men work whenever they need money for gambling, drinking or dancing at a *candomblé*. Though newcomers join them, Bahia's slum dwellers never leave their city except to escape the police—and they return as soon as it is safe.

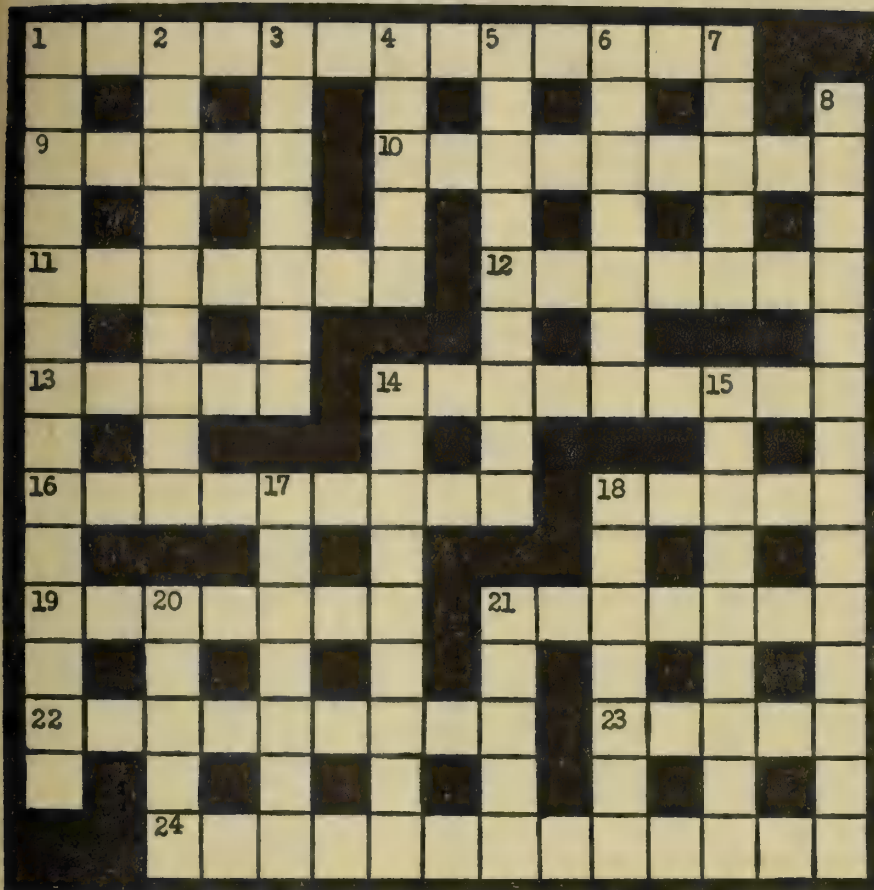
For Caporal Martim, Bullfinch and their friends, life is the present, expressing itself in a passionate solidarity against the outside world made up of politicians, police, journalists and even sociologists, all using the poor in one way or another. Here the poor survive because they are "hard nuts to crack." They know there is no tomorrow, and no escape. As Jesuino Crazy Cock says: "A poor person does more than should be expected of him by just living, living in the face of such wretchedness, difficulties of every sort, dire poverty, sickness, the lack of help, living when there would seem to be reason only to die."

Amado's poor not only refuse to die; they also make an art of living.

THE NATION / June 5, 1967

Crossword Puzzle No. 1204

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Money made, but not by a competitor of Pittsburgh Steel. (7, 6)
- 9 Act so peculiarly? Fit to be tied! (5)
- 10 The best artist or just the best in the class? (3-6)
- 11 Count to berate? (4, 3)
- 12 In the school of Sheridan? (7)
- 13 Losers might call it leaves. (5)
- 14 Splits in a way that could be either caused by stunting or accident. (4, 5)
- 16 An accomplice is a case to consider in a different light. (9)
- 18 Father of the Romans? (5)
- 19 Intelligence. (7)
- 21 Proving a degree by itself could at least provide food. (7)
- 22 A rough road with 13, possibly, used in time of trouble. (4, 5)
- 23 Tired out, but certainly not completely out. (3, 2)
- 24 They do along the track, but we haven't built any yet. (5, 8)

DOWN:

- 1 One of the great unwashed is heard to be given fifty cents by Forester. (4, 2 8)
- 2 Teaching bodies what we all hope to keep. (9)
- 3 Engaged in the writing game? (7)
- 4 and 20 The way some people make cof-

fee tables right out in the open! (3-2-5)
5 An evident claim to being quiescent, but unmoved. (9)

- 6 Chosen people? (7)
- 7 Look to getting paired as the cattle did. (5)
- 8 March begins to improve with them, perhaps. (One is supposed to follow the order of their barks.) (5, 9)
- 14 If you have to change, change at Munster. (9)
- 15 A perplexing state of affairs! (9)
- 17 Can a stacked deck begin the game? (7)
- 18 Sounds like a masterpiece of decorative woodwork might serve in the late afternoon. (3, 4)
- 20 See 4 down
- 21 No credit to you if you so attend an official examination! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1203

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Castles in Spain; 9 Madam; 10 Reluctant; 11 Saskatoon; 12 Adder; 15 Inanimate; 18 Distilled; 19 Taffy; 20 Waste; 22 Promising; 25 Trade name; 26 Apsis; 27 Reels; 28 Dragonfly. DOWN: 1 and 13 across Campstools; 2 Sideshows; 3 Lemma; 4 Sartorial; 5 Nylon; 6 Socialist; 7 Award; 8 Notoriety; 13 Tidewater; 14 Spineless; 16 Andromeda; 17 and 21 Affairs of state; 22 Plaid; 23 Imago; 24 Gassy.

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1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

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LETTERS

real war on poverty

New York City

DEAR SIR: Charles Schottland's article, "The Hungry Can't Wait" [*The Nation*, May 22], was badly needed and very timely. Professor Schottland's call for compulsory federal standards with respect to the levels of public assistance grants is far more meaningful for the poor, I believe, than Cloward's cries ["Birth of a Movement," *The Nation*, May 8] to break the system with more and more recipients. While I suppose the two approaches are not contradictory, it is my contention that the emphasis should be placed on increased public assistance grants; a renewed national campaign for mandatory federal standards should be initiated. This will be a genuine "war on poverty!"

Edward Perlmutter, Treasurer-Legislative Rep.
Social Service Employees Union

Pulitzer second guesses

Louisville, Ky.

DEAR SIR: I write as a member of the Advisory Board on the Pulitzer Prizes. I agree with your editorial of May 15 that Harrison Salisbury should have won this year's Pulitzer Prize for international reporting. As I have publicly stated, I spoke for and voted for his submission in the board meeting. . . . The editorial suggests that jurors should refuse to serve if their recommendations are subjected to "bureaucratic review." But a review of jury findings is the stated function of the Advisory Board, under the will of Joseph Pulitzer. He directed that "the selection of the persons who receive prizes or scholarships shall be under its (the board's) control so long as it continues in existence." If the function of the Advisory Board were simply to rubber-stamp the opinions of the majority of jurors in each category, what would be the point of its existence?

The Advisory Board is a continuing body, whose members serve for a maximum of twelve years. Jurors in the various categories are selected for one year only. I would not defend the wisdom of some majority votes in the Advisory Board, but I feel that critics of the Pulitzer Prizes should have a clear understanding of the procedures established by the founder.

Barry Bingham

the plan

St. Petersburg, Fla.

DEAR SIR: Sorry, but I cannot agree with your conclusion, "we have no policy," in your editorial "More Escalation—Why?" [May 8]. We do have a policy, that is, the Establishment has. It is a U.S. domination of the world. This is the meaning of the Truman Doctrine. And it was adopted almost immediately upon the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I was told early in February, 1945, by a senior officer in the U.S. Air Force that the Japanese were seeking terms of surrender which would spare the Emperor's life; otherwise the terms of unconditional surrender were acceptable. This was confirmed a few days later by the U.S. admiral in command of our Pacific Submarine Fleet based on Fremantle, Australia.

The bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not necessary. They were not the last bombs of World War II but the first bombs of World War III. This is all made quite clear in Gar Alperovitz's outstanding book: *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*, Simon & Schuster, 1965. . . . The present Washington Administration did not just stumble into war in Vietnam—it was deliberately planned.

Hugh B. Hester, Brig. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)

EDITORIALS

The Dual Crisis

The chances are that if the Johnson Administration had not got the United States so deeply involved in Southeast Asia the crisis in the Middle East would not have blown up to its present menacing proportions. The Arabs would have been more cautious; the Russians would have had more incentive to continue trying to relax tensions with the United States, and less to maneuver us into war on two fronts—an unpleasant prospect for even the foremost military power in the world, and the more so when the two battlegrounds are separated by some 85 degrees of longitude.

In diplomacy, the consequences of a single major blunder can be disastrous. We fought where there was no commitment forcing us to fight and where every consideration, both moral and material, should have dissuaded us from fighting. We are not necessarily committed to fight in the Middle East, but there we have both large material interests and an obligation to maintain the peace. But how are we to make good on that obligation when we are up to our ears in a wretched war on the other side of the world—one which, according to Gen. Lewis Walt, who was recalled recently, will involve us in ten or fifteen years of fighting and "pacification"? Modern times have not witnessed such a fantastic course of self-stultification on the part of a great power.

Had Mr. Johnson been honest, we would not be in our present unenviable position. In 1964, he told the electorate that we must be prudent in Asia and that the war in Vietnam should be fought by Asians, not by Americans. The votes had hardly been counted when he reversed himself. Perhaps events in the Middle East could not have been predicted, but with all the sources of information open to them it is a fair assumption that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rusk might have considered the possibility that, sooner or later, an adventurer like Nasser would take advantage of our predicament. They must regret, now, that they did not seize one of the numerous opportunities of the past two years to extricate themselves from their self-built, self-baited trap in Vietnam.

The Russians may or may not have instigated the aggressive action by the Syrian wild men and Nasser, with which the other Arab states, willingly or otherwise, have gone along, but it is an excellent counter to our aggression in Vietnam. Diplomacy is a brutal business, and the Soviet variety is no more edifying than anyone else's. Reports in the Canadian press and elsewhere give further credence to the belief that the United States was planning to invade North Vietnam by land. We may still do so, but the Middle East situation makes such a venture look increasingly desperate. The Soviets are determined not to allow us to crush the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong. It looks as if they now have us in a position,

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whether managed by them or merely used for their ends (probably it was a combination of the two), to force us to back down either in Southeast Asia or in the Middle East. Face-saving ways may be found for doing this; if so, we shall be fortunate.

The one flicker of hope in the whole gloomy picture is that the Russians are no more omnipotent than we, and probably have no more desire than we to fight in the Middle East, much less to induce a nuclear confrontation. If we wish to restore some sort of stability in the Middle East, we must do business with the Russians. Joint Soviet-U.S. action is as imperative now as it was at the time of Suez eleven years ago. Working together, without amity but in pursuit of their different aims, America and Russia can settle matters East and West with only normal hazard and difficulty. Working against each other, they can easily lose control of the two situations which, whether we like it or not, are now interlinked.

For the moment the Soviets have the advantage, because we have been stupid, but the essence of retrieving one's blunders is to recognize them and to learn from events. Whether the President's trip to Canada had any connection with such a plan remains to be seen. As a member of the International Control Commission for Vietnam, and the originator or transmitter of several peace feelers, Canada could act as a broker between the participants in the present crisis. Perhaps this possibility attracts Mr. Johnson more now than it would have done a few weeks ago. If so, the dual crisis may provide a dual solution.

Sermon, Extempore

One of the troubles with TV news is its evanescence, which no amount of skill or dedication on the part of the broadcasting organization can cure. You see some scenes, you hear some words, and before you can make up your mind what they mean, they're gone. Often you can't quite remember what you heard or if you heard it correctly.

Such was our experience in listening to a C.B.S. broadcast on May 22, but in this instance the network courteously furnished us with a transcript of the part of Walter Cronkite's evening news program that had begun to haunt us. It featured an interview by John Hart, a C.B.S. newsman in South Vietnam, with two U.S. soldiers, SP/4 Melvin Schultz and Pfc. Clifford Rountree. They were two of eight Americans, out of thirty, who had survived an attack that overran their position. They played dead, and either the enemy were fooled or, possibly, they spared these Americans. Atrocities may be more common, but sometimes soldiers act as if they were human. At any rate, hear Pfc. Rountree:

There was one time I couldn't hold my breath any longer. I had to breathe a little bit, and they noticed this, so they pulled the back of my shirt up, put their hand on, on me right here and—to see if I was breath-

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ing—they held it there for the longest time. It seemed. Just before I couldn't hold it any longer, they took their hand away, and it wasn't too long after that before they left.

SP/4 SCHULTZ: I don't know why they didn't shoot us. We didn't have any blood on us or anything, the two of us. Just like God put his hand over both of us. . . .

HART: How do you feel about this war now?

ROUNTREE: Well, my one thought is that it isn't so much the, the laws or the agreements or anything that's going to come out of it, it's—it has to be a will inside, in the hearts of both sides. Ho Chi Minh and our side. We both want peace. I think this war is too costly. Both of us have a motive of living in peace, helping each other, as far as food, everything goes, and forget this war and everything, and as far as the whole world goes, if everybody's—we've got enough problems with disease and everything to keep us real busy for a long time, just helping each other, without shooting each other.

HART: You two don't speak with hate.

ROUNTREE: No, I can't say I hate anybody. I was doing my job and I guess they were doing theirs; that's what war is like. You'd be a fool to hate; you're only cheating yourself when you hate something.

After what they had been through, these two soldiers might have been excused for hating the enemy. They are not philosophers or psychologists, and it would be understandable if they hated the war protesters back home. Yet if there was need for a Memorial Day sermon, coming from those with the best right to deliver it, there it was on TV—on the air for a few seconds, and no doubt forgotten by Memorial Day.

The Colonels Endure

Immediately after the Greek coup it was being said that the colonels could not last. They represented no significant group in Greece, not even the conservatives and royalists, they lacked a dominant personality, they showed no gift for public relations, and they were not getting along among themselves. Their lease of power was deemed to be short, and speculation centered on how the rule of parliament would most readily be restored.

Now it is not so certain. The junta has held Greece for almost two months and time seems to be working in its favor. The countries of the West made their protests, and these were not heeded. The United States has threatened to withhold military aid, but the colonels have only to look at the history of Latin America over the past decade to quiet their alarm on that score. Washington *always* threatens to cut off arms when a military dictator seizes power, but then rumors proliferate of Communists in the hills and the flow of munitions begins again for the "Western-oriented" strong man.

The Greek colonels may not be very polished brigands but they are smart enough to keep their fists out of sight. No blood has run where it could be seen. It is true that the body of Jikiforos Mandelaras was washed up on the shore of Rhodes, but the corpse of this bold young lawyer

does not speak. Reports assure us that the Acropolis still stands and that the squares of Athens look about as always—with perhaps a tank stationed here and there. In the taverns and coffee shops the men do not talk politics—and for Greeks such reticence is unusual—but that is about the only difference.

But that, of course, is the whole difference. The Greeks have lost their freedom, petty military men rule their lives, thousands of honest citizens are locked up in jail, promises to restore at least some vestiges of a constitution are obviously insincere, and the Parthenon stands not as a symbol but as a mockery.

The West doesn't like it, but the West is preoccupied elsewhere. Vietnam and the Gulf of Aqaba loom in our foreground; Greece threatens no one except the Greeks. The junta settles down like a great slug on the land.

But matters will not rest there. The Greeks will not tolerate the colonels indefinitely; they will indeed take to the hills and violence will ensue. Then Greece may become yet another massacre ground of the cold war. It is not necessary; we can apply such economic pressure on these upstarts that they will have to give way. This is no case for intervention; it is not even a case for parading gunboats in the Aegean. Our money, NATO money, made these colonels what they are today; without our money they will have to go back to barracks. A little firm attention is all that is required.

The Expeditors

Los Angeles

Better speak of a rope in the house of a man who has been hanged than mention the word "expediter" around City Hall today. Expeditors expedite, and in Los Angeles they have been expediting zoning changes so effectively that the city's master plan has been reduced to a bizarre model of frustration for professional planners.

It's not much different now than it has always been, except that the *Los Angeles Times* has been poking around the scattered ruins of the city's rapidly developing San Fernando Valley and has come to a late, but nevertheless true, realization that so many gasoline stations, hamburger drive-ins, and apartment house complexes couldn't have evolved by themselves. There had to be a creative force, some great design—and there is, the *Times* has been telling its 850,000 readers. That design was worked out by the City Council, the Planning Commission, the Board of Zoning Adjustment and the expeditors, who travel many paths, each according to his own vision, on the road to City Hall.

The expeditors have a mission: to frustrate the master plan, which is supposed to stop urban sprawl over the 450 square miles of the city of Los Angeles by bringing some sort of rational order to future development. The city agencies have a mission: to guard the master plan. But the guardians have been getting their roles confused, a human weakness explained by the close comradeship

between real estate developers and members of official zoning boards. Four planning commissioners have business connections with developers. The mother of one commissioner got property re-zoned for a gasoline station. Land developers and expeditors have been appointed to agencies with jurisdiction over zoning. One planning commission member was known around City Hall before his appointment as "Mr. Standard Oil" for his success in acquiring sites for the company. Since his appointment several years ago, his old friends have obtained sixteen zone changes for service stations.

Among the complaints against Mayor Samuel W. Yorty, none can be found accusing him of hostility to business. Yorty believes that a landowner "has a constitutional right to develop his property as long as he doesn't hurt his neighbor." Yorty's appointees have been following that philosophy with an exuberance that would appall Adam Smith.

Big money rides on zoning changes. In the current trial of one developer on charges of grand theft and conspiracy to commit bribery, a witness said that land bought at \$15,000 an acre was appraised at \$37,000 an acre immediately after the City Council granted a zoning change. It is evident that fees paid to expeditors are not wasted.

Hope long deferred, and seldom fulfilled, is the occupational misfortune of the professionals of city planning, whose decisions are often upset by the arbitrary action of political appointees. Huber E. Smutz, Los Angeles zoning administrator, says: "The record shows that the Board [of Zoning Adjustment] has granted almost every appeal handled by certain well-known expeditors."

Former Mayor Fletcher Bowron, who routed the corrupt Shaw regime back in the late '30s, has come in from the cold to head a citizens committee of inquiry into the mess. Bowron is conservative, 80 years old, but still frisky, and a ruddy-cheeked, white-haired symbol of public rectitude. Occasionally, these old-fashioned types are useful. New Yorkers will remember Judge Seabury.

Commencement '67

The graduates of our great universities this June will miss the Godspeed of our leading statesmen. President Johnson, Mr. McNamara and Mr. Rusk will not don cap and gown and provide lifelong inspiration for fortunate student bodies. The blow, however, should not be too severe. All the graduates need do is go through the papers of a year ago and make a few notes. No one in the Johnson Administration, from the President down, has anything new to say.

A practical reason for the absence of these luminaries is that repetition of even old stuff has become dangerous for all concerned. "Leading Johnson Administration figures," Andrew J. Glass writes in *The Washington Post*, "and the Nation's more prominent universities intend to keep a wary distance between each other when the Class of '67 graduates. . . ." University spokesmen, understandably reluctant to have their names used, say that they have problems enough without the necessity of calling on the campus cops to protect the honored guests against catcalls, death masks, shouts of "Murderer!" and other manifestations of negative esteem. Of course, if Mr. Johnson wants one desperately enough he can get an invitation, and he may decide that not to speak at even one commencement would entail an intolerable loss of face. Mr. Rusk has been a little more popular, but his invitations have come from Southern schools, where, as a Southerner born and bred, he is not likely to be insulted. He has, in fact, spoken at a convocation at Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene, Tex., and he blessed the installation of a new president at Erskine College in Due West, S.C. His lecture at Cornell was an academic disaster and may have played ■ part in the current estrangement.

An exception to the tacit boycott is Vice President Humphrey, who is reported to have accumulated more than 100 invitations. None of the schools, however, is well known outside its neighborhood. Mr. Humphrey's sole scheduled appearance at a top-flight institution is at the U.S. Naval Academy. He will be safe there.

THE HOUSE OF APARTHEID

MARQ de VILLIERS

Mr. de Villiers is a South African journalist whose family has a distinguished journalistic tradition in the Union of South Africa.

Capetown

William Styron once wrote, in another context and of another color, of "a water-pale man at the bottom of a pool, soundlessly screaming." It could serve in South Africa too, for it is difficult—impossible—for the man who bears the

brunt of apartheid (the black man) to make his voice heard.

And now our government is mouthing the words "separate freedoms" as its new euphemism, and has decided that the superego of apartheid needs a new image: separate but equal is the rallying cry.

There is little overt violence here. Since the massacre of Sharpeville there has been no Watts. All is quiet. And ordinary personal human relationships across the color line (where they are possible) are astonishingly tranquil.

But I recall a comment on civil rights I heard in New York: "They're selling us bargain-basement human rights at Fifth Avenue prices. Lines that have been selling for years elsewhere have just come on to the market here." In South Africa there is no market at all: that daemon apartheid has stripped the stores, prompted, it is claimed, by the ogre of communism.

The daily press, which largely ignores these things, still uses little items which show more clearly than most the way white skins feel about black. A few examples, culled from the papers of a recent week:

¶ The traffic cop who chained a colored street vendor to a lamppost for two hours because he was too busy directing rush-hour traffic to be able to take his prisoner to the station. The man was finally charged with vending without a permit.

¶ The well-known "liberal" who asked when he hired a new servant: "What do you think they eat?"

¶ The butchers in town who advertise, as special bargains, both dogs' meat and boys' meat—"boys" being African servants of whatever age.

Underneath, daily, hourly, despite the vast material improvement our government has given "them," murder hurts; murder in James Baldwin's sense, for men (and children too) must suffer insults, hurt, shame, degradation—and they dare not do anything but smile.

These things are not part of apartheid's theoretical scheme—they are even frowned on now as negating the government's determination to give, through propaganda, a "correct" impression of the country; yet they are the soil in which human relationships must germinate. They are the Id of the Ego called Separate Development—apartheid. And that is part of our special blindness: that we whites are already so divorced from contact with other colors who share our country that we can see only apartheid's superego, where it is philosophy and dialectic, and is called (and believed to be) separate freedoms. While the Africans who suffer from it feel only the Id, where apartheid is *baasskap* (domination) still. It is a society as schizophrenic as Verwoerd's assassin, Dimitrio Tsafendas: white South Africa feels itself as normal as a parliamentary messenger; black South Africa feels the snake that lived in the belly of the assassin to torment him.

The House of Apartheid has three foundations: the Group Areas Act, which spells out where people must live and work and make love; the Influx Control regulations, which enforce the purification of those areas declared white; and the Population Registration Act, which divides people into racial types, forbids contact, and allows for the settling of "doubtful" cases by "inspection and environmental investigation."

A "group area" is a place (which could be anything from a public toilet to a county) set apart for the exclusive use of any one race. To make it work, of course, people had to be rigidly classified into racial types. So far we have only four (white, Bantu, colored and Asiatic) but legislation has already been promised to divide the colored group into seven subsections.

The Race Classification Appeal Board was given the hideous duty of deciding contested cases. As its chair-

man, Magistrate A.E. Burger, said at the start of a typical case:

If, according to the Act, the board finds that the persons concerned are obviously white in appearance, then all it will still have to do will be to further satisfy itself that they are not generally accepted as colored persons.

The board will call upon the two parties to come up to the table and will then satisfy itself as to the appearance of the parties. Then the board will adjourn to consider the matter, and it will then reassemble to announce its findings.

If the board, however, finds that they are not obviously white in appearance, then, provided they are not obviously nonwhite persons, the board will have to investigate the matter in order to satisfy itself that they are persons who are generally accepted as white.

This further examination involves the meticulous probing of their lives, their associations, the shadings of their children, the boy friends of their daughters, the opinions of their friends, as if they had committed some ghastly and secret crime.

Because appearance and associations are the criteria; and because a change in classification means a revolution in a way of life, heartbreaking scenes have become commonplace.

An example was little Sandra Laing, 11-year-old daughter of a white couple in the Transvaal. The interior minister, acting after complaints, classified her as colored. So the bewildered child was fetched from the classroom by a policeman and the head teacher, and escorted home. And this simply because a race-crazed government is determined to purify the (white) nation and, in the words of Capetown's deputy mayor, "because I do not want this country to go black." The fact that three-quarters of it is already black seems not to have registered.

But white people do not appear to feel the savagery simmering below the farce. Listen to the cross-examination of the employer of a man applying for reclassification as white:

Q. Have you any separate toilet facilities at your management?

A. Yes, separate for Europeans (whites) and non-Europeans.

Q. Now which of these are being used by Mr. X?

A. He uses the European one.

Q. Did you see him there or did he tell you?

A. No I have seen him there.

Q. You actually saw him?

A. I have seen him going in and coming out.

Q. Didn't any of the other white people employed at your firm as far as you know pass any remarks as to his appearance?

A. Not a thing.

Q. They are quite prepared to allow this man to enter the same toilet?

A. Yes.

Or, from the same case, the cross-examination of a white woman friend of the petitioner and his family:

Q. Did [your children] play with Mrs. X's daughter?

A. Yes.

Q. I am talking of the time when she was still at school. Did she play with them?

A. She did play with them.

Q. You are classified as white, didn't your children ever tell you that Mr. and Mrs. X's daughter was attending a colored school?

A. They are too young to know anything like that.

Q. Your children never made any enquiries about that?

A. My eldest daughter is only five years old.

Once you have identified your colored people, the thing to do is move them out of the white cities into new and barren barracks-like townships, near enough so that their labor can still be useful. This happened, for instance, to Christine and Seyster Janey, who would today be living out their lives in contented obscurity were it not for two things: first, an Act of God, the color of their skins and, second, an Act of Parliament, group areas.

Mrs. Janey's family had lived in a small cottage nestling under Table Mountain in the Capetown suburb of Newlands for more than 150 years. Her mother was born in it and so was she. She continued to live in it after her marriage to Seyster more than forty-seven years ago. Four years ago she was 70, he 69. He worked as an elevator



operator, earning \$20 a week. They had many friends, felt safe and happy in a large circle of relatives. The prospect of old age held no fears.

Says Mrs. Janey, sadly: "We had a lovely garden too, gentleman, full of flowers and shrubs in the front and back: japonicas, hydrangeas, vines, loquats, guavas, peaches, roses, all planted by ourselves."

But suddenly, four years ago, the Janey's were moved to Bonteheuwel, a new town, a colored town, a group area, a barren spawning of the mother city, 10 miles out of town. And now that those four years have gone they are just waiting, waiting to die. Their health has been broken by the move and by the terror of the *skollies* (thugs) that hold the overcrowded township in a bully's grip. They no longer go out of doors; nothing will ever grow in the sand that drifts around their house. Their happy life is finished before its time; because, they were told, they were colored.

Bonteheuwel holds 45,000 people where seven years ago it held none. Multiply Mrs. Janey by 45,000 heartbreaks and you have Bonteheuwel. Multiply Bonteheuwel by Lavis, Langa, Guguletu, Nyanga, and you have a further measure. Multiply these "townships" of Capetown by those of other cities, other provinces, and there you have one measure of the Group Areas Act, one of the instruments of Separate Freedoms.

For the Africans it is even worse; not for them dusty ghettos permitted to the colored on the fringes of the cities, not any more. They must go back "home."

Part of the principle of Influx Control (it is a euphemism for the refusal to allow black Africans into the so-called white cities) is a procedure called "endorsing out," which means forcibly shipping back to the reserves many who are already in those cities. Occasionally more revealing official terminology is used, like the expression by Mr. Blaar Coetzee, deputy minister of Bantu development and administration, who talked of the government's determination to effect the *gesuiwering* (purification) of the white areas.

This purification has never worked before, probably because the government has never really thought through to a final solution. Black ghettos near white cities keep growing. Industry, after all, needs labor.

But in December, 1966, Mr. Coetzee warned industrialists that they would, starting now, have to reduce their African labor force by 5 per cent a year. And in a letter blocking the establishment of a new industrial township in Capetown, Mr. Coetzee's department said:

The application is opposed by this department because it would cause the influx of a large number of Bantu into the western Cape should the industrialists insist on Bantu labor and allege that colored labor is not available. Such a position would tend to create a state of affairs in conflict with official policy.

It is impossible for a nonofficial observer to find out how many Africans are being "endorsed out." Only in the case of a friend, or an employee of a friend (when the name is known), is it possible to trace. Many people don't bother. There are plenty of servants.

Then there are the people who are banished rather than just sent, to their "homelands"; their names appear on the public record. There are hundreds of them, banned under that South African catchall, the Suppression of Communism Act, for suspected subversive activities and confined to a magisterial district in the segregated reserves.

One unfortunate from Capetown, a garage mechanic in the city for twenty-two years, was banished, after serving his prison sentence, to a rural area in the Transkei, some 30 miles from the nearest garage. He has no job and no money—not even those who would like to help him know how he keeps himself and his family alive. Newspapers are forbidden to publicize his case: banned people are unpeople and so unquotable. He must report to the nearest police station—30 miles away—once a month. Having no money for the bus, he walks.

It is also possible, though difficult, to trace the people who appear in the many Bantu criminal courts around the country. They are the ones who have committed the

criminal offenses of being without jobs, or homes, or proper papers, or who have failed to register themselves with the authorities. They are fined or jailed before being sent "home."

A diary of one morning session at Bantu Criminal Court in the Capetown suburb of Observatory gives some idea of how the system actually works: (Note: those found guilty in this court have not only to pay their fines or go to jail but are almost invariably ejected from the cities.)

10.00 A.M.: The witnesses and some of the accused, who have been munching oranges on the lawns outside, file into the court. The prosecutor and interpreter stroll in shortly. Then a couple of policemen, hitting each other with rulers. At 10.15 the court is still.

10.30 A.M.: The magistrate, a dumpy man with sharp blue eyes, enters. The court shuffles to its feet, subsides.

10.42 A.M.: The eleventh case is called. In the first ten there were no witnesses, no testimony. One minute and a few seconds each. The eleventh case is a woman from the Transkei reserve, who was picked up by the police. She had her pass ("reference book"), but had failed to register with the authorities within the required seventy-two hours. Africans *must* register. Influx control. We'll never get them out of the cities otherwise. Why did she come to Capetown? "To seek my man," she says. The magistrate sighs. Five *rand* (about \$7) or fifteen days. Next case please.

10.45 A.M.: It goes on. The magistrate concedes where he can, but the law is specific: no pass, an offense; no registration, an offense; no job, an offense; no home, an offense. Mabel Maselane is called. Her case is more difficult since she wants her mother to appear as a witness. She had a defense lawyer (the only accused who did) but fell out with him over his fees. He withdrew.

Mabel lived with her husband in Capetown from May, 1956, to February, 1960. Between that date and September, 1966, there is no record of her—a thing for concern, this. Now she says her husband is living with another woman and wants to get her back to the Transkei. That, she explains, is why she's in court; she is not allowed to live in Capetown alone. There are a few confused moments: the court cannot understand why her husband, who lives in an area controlled by the Cape Province, is allowed to work in the Capetown municipal area. Surely this is wrong? An official explains that this is a temporary "gentleman's agreement" between the two bodies which will soon be put right.

Mabel's case is adjourned when she insists she wants her mother to testify. "All right, but you'd better have a medical certificate if she's not here," says the prosecutor.

11.05 A.M.: More of the same follows; all deal with illegal entry into white cities, or failing to register within seventy-two hours. Ten *rand* or thirty days is the standard sentence; a *well-paid* African gets about 30 *rand* a month.

11.30 A.M.: Thirty-two cases in the first hour. The prosecutor is beginning to mumble the charges; it doesn't matter since the interpreter knows the wording by rote. The interpreter, a large man with handsome teeth, has a fluent and resonant voice. No trouble hearing him. A young man is called, his hands shaking in nervousness.

He admits he has never had a pass, though he was born in the city and can thus stay. "Ten *rand* or thirty days," says the magistrate. "It's even easier to have document if you live here. Next case."

11.53 A.M.: A man from the ghetto called Lang (where Capetown Africans must live) briefly disturbs the even flow. In recognition of the break in pattern the crowd shuffles and shifts on the hard wooden benches. A baby squalls and the woman who was suckling it gets up hastily and leaves court. The man is accused of hospitality he put a friend up for the night without permission. He pleads guilty and is fined 4 *rand* or fifteen days. His case took exactly twenty-seven seconds.

11.53.27 A.M.: The pattern resumes and the court swings back into rhythm: one man chose to pay his fine at the bench, and solemnly tipped coins from a large wallet in front of the clerk. He was still busy when the next case finished and the third accused walked toward the dock. The first and third walked out together.

11.55 A.M.: A man from the town of Mossel Bay said he came to Capetown with his *baas* (master). "But he didn't tell me I needed a book," he said. "But the law has to tell you, not your *baas*," said the prosecutor with some asperity. This, after all, was the forty-ninth case of the morning.

11.57 A.M.: Still the same charges, still people being sent back "home." Only minor offenses are dealt with in this court. "Seldom anything exciting happens here," a large gravel-voiced policeman has explained before the court opened. "Only things on a low level of importance."

12.02 P.M.: One and a half hours and fifty-two cases have passed. More than forty of them sent from the city to the city that was their home. A man is called who clutched his right ear. His *baas* brought him to Capetown to doctor, dropped him and went off with his pass, he explains. "Aaaagh, don't come here making up stories," exclaims the prosecutor. "Ten *rand* or thirty days," says the magistrate.

12.36 P.M.: The pile of green and pink dockets in the "in" basket is growing smaller now. One man produces a sheaf of papers which he says represents his authority for working in Capetown. The prosecutor ignores them. "The reference book is the authority and it says nothing about allowing you to work here," he says. He pushes the papers aside without looking at them. "Ten *rand* or thirty days," says the magistrate. The man picks up his useless papers and empty pass and leaves the court.

12.44 P.M.: A lad appears in the dock. This is the last case. He too was arrested without papers; but he explains he was born in 1952 (Africans under 16 are not obliged to carry passes). At the prosecutor's urging, the interpreter examines the boy's teeth, pushing his chin up for a good look. He shakes his head at the prosecutor, who shrugs at the magistrate. The boy is led away without charge. No doubt he must try to explain to his parents where he has been and why he was in jail overnight.

12.46 P.M.: Eighty-four cases have gone and the court adjourns for lunch. It's raining outside and on the playing field opposite the court a man is scurrying for cover. The wind is getting up too. Not a good day. But not a bad day's work; the city is just a little purer now.

There Must Have Been Easier Wars

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, has recently returned from a stay of two and a half months in Vietnam. It was his second trip there, on assignment from an American television network.

We took off from Tan Son Nhut, Saigon's airport, at midday, in a burning haze. We flew a whistle-stop course, landing at Pleiku, Qui Nhon and finally at An Khe, headquarters of the First Air Cavalry Division. The flight takes most of the afternoon, though the actual distance is only a few hundred miles. The plane, a C-130, as bare inside as a skeleton, carries cargo as well as passengers. A young sergeant, wearing a purple scarf, sat across from us, jammed between two South Vietnamese soldiers who were loaded down with PX supplies. The sergeant was carrying a primitive wooden crossbow. I asked him whether the weapon was a VC souvenir.

"Not exactly."

"How's that again?"

"Well I guess they might have used them at one time. But these days they use Chicom grenades and Russian rockets, and they sell the crossbows in Pleiku."

After Qui Nhon the countryside becomes more hilly. We are in the Central Highlands; rivers shining like silver spread into the greenest of valleys. The airstrip at An Khe, as we looked down, was bulldozed out of the top of a hill. Banking steeply, the C-130 sideslipped onto the metal runway, jouncing to a bone-rattling stop without shutting down power. Out of a blinding cloud of red dust came Major Jones, the First Cav's PIO (public information officer). "Welcome to the war!" he yelled.

As we drive along a service road littered with the carcasses of wrecked helicopters, Adam Raphael of C.B.S. nudges my elbow and points to a set of Burma Shave style signs along the curve of the dirt road:

Charlie used to be here and mean
til he met the First Airmobile Team

The First Cav love their war. Basically it is Indians and Cavalry spread over an AO (area of operations) of some 3,000 square kilometers (called "clicks" by the briefing officer). The big survey map is covered with clear plastic and brilliantly marked in colored crayons. The map has been Americanized. "The Crotch" represents a group of hills at the northern point of the First Cav's AO; "The Santa Fe Trail" represents a line along the First Cav's southernmost boundary. In between on the battle map are such names as the Oregon Trail, the Fish-Hook, and a whole rash of red-crayoned LZs (landing zones)—Two Bits, English, Pony, Pistol, Hump, Grief, Turkey, Santana, Soupy. And then there is the Bong-Son plain where we are at present located. According to the briefing, elements of a North Vietnamese regiment are all around us. In addition, this is the stamping ground of the Second VC Regiment, a main-force outfit so hard to locate that it has been nicknamed the "Ghost Regiment" by the

First Cav. The logistics needed to keep the First Cav operational are simply staggering. Every few minutes Caribous and C-130s land with supplies from Cam Ranh Bay and Saigon. Yet even this air armada isn't enough; a 100-truck convoy from Qui Nhon daily rides up Route 19 under heavy guard.

Things must have been easier in other wars. I leave a briefing in Vietnam wondering aloud: "Are we surrounding the enemy or is the enemy surrounding us?"

From a briefing on how the First Cav "softened up" the Bong-Son plain preparatory to moving in:

"Three hundred and sixty-five air strikes."

"Yes."

"More than thirty ARCLIGHTS—that's code for B-52 strikes."

"Yes."

"And that was the start. Then we lobbed in better than a million shells."

"Yes."

"In between the air strikes we dumped more than a million psywar leaflets on the plain."

"Yes."

"Well, do you correspondents have any questions?"

"Well, only one. According to your handout, all you have captured so far in OPERATION PERSHING is thirty hand grenades, four rounds of large caliber ammunition, 3 tons of rice and 3 tons of salt."

"Sir?"

"It appears that you've leveled virtually every village and hamlet, killed or driven more than 50,000 peasants off the land with your firepower. My question is, how do you intend to go about winning the hearts and minds of these people?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to take that up with the S.S. sir, but jeeze, it's a real good question."

Imagine miles upon miles of emerald-green rice fields splattered with bomb craters; all the untended rice shoots growing up to the edges of craters. That was my first glimpse of the Bong-Son plain. From where we were standing, on LZ Santana, hills from 300 to 800 feet high surrounded us on every side. As far as the eye could see forward columns of blue smoke rose in the air. A deeply warm and human chaplain, Father Theodore Dowd, who hailed from Worcester, Mass., had invited us to spend a week traveling with him from company to company on the Bong-Son plain. So early next morning we had piled all our camera gear into the big Huey helicopter. While we made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the canvas seats—I noticed nobody fastened seat belts—the pilots tuned up their radios for a communications check. On either side of the open doors, the gunners fed belts of copper-sheathed bullets into their guns. There are two ways the copters fly over the Bong-Son plain, very high or very low. We flew low, skimming above the palm groves, dipping down to charge like an elephant across

the watery-green rice paddies, and soaring up just yards short of the tree line. The pilot was having trouble locating Captain Bernstein's beleaguered company—it had been hit badly the night before. Now as we skimmed over a burned-out village the pilot asked Bernstein to mark his position with smoke. Almost at once we saw the purple smoke billowing across the white sand in a hollow at the edge of the village. When we landed, the down draft from the rotors spewed up a 90-mile-an-hour sandstorm that completely enveloped the crouching GIs. Most of them had been without sleep for two nights and their faces were drawn and tired. The squad of soldiers seemed delighted to have a visit from the chaplain. In part, probably, this was because it meant that for the next hour they would get a break from the war; but the fact that Father Dowd was an outsider who obviously cared about them also had something to do with his welcome. Soon they had gathered into a semicircle, heads down in a prayer for the souls of those recently departed. Whatever one thought about this war, it was impossible not to feel an enormous sadness and sympathy for these young soldiers. It was almost inevitable that some of them were moving their lips in prayer for the last time.

During Mass patrols were out, and my thoughts were interrupted by Captain Bernstein who had given orders that a bunch of women walking along the tree line were to be brought in. "At the double," he yelled, adding as he walked over to the radio man on the slope, "We're not going to take any more casualties than we have to."

Now the women were brought over to where Bernstein was sitting.

"Search their baskets!"

The GIs opened up the baskets. In one of them was a tiny child who immediately began bawling his head off.

"Get Sergeant Han!"

Han, the Vietnamese irregular who traveled with the company, came running. For the next couple of hours the Captain interrogated each of the women. How many guerrillas does she have in her village? How long has she been a member of the Liberation Front? Every person that lives in this valley has worked willingly, or under compulsion, for the VC; what does she do for the VC? Where was her husband? All their husbands, the women

said, had gone to live on Route 1, away from the bombing and the Americans. None of them were members of the Liberation Front. Now Bernstein was sure the women were lying, that they were certain to be wives of local VC. He told the Sergeant to separate the women from one another and, holding the I.D. card of the first woman, he radioed her name to base. "X-Ray, Uniform, Alpha, November . . . break . . . Hotel, Alpha, November, Hotel, break . . . 37 years old . . . village Tan Qhon."

After a ten-minute wait, the answer came back: the woman's husband was positively identified as a member of the Second VC Regiment. "A hard-hat," said Bernstein, laconically. Hard-hat is GI slang for hard-core regular guerrillas. I asked what would happen to her.

"I'm going to call in a chopper, and send her back to LZ English," Bernstein said. "She's VC, and she's got information. We'll get it out of her somehow."

Now the woman, and her little bundle of child, were separated from the main group by Sergeant Han and led to the edge of the clearing. In an hour or so she would be taken away. Meanwhile she would sit in the punishing sun with a tag on her—"VCS": VC suspect.

"Don't film," said the young lieutenant, with a smile. When we joined this particular company it was searching out a shattered hamlet near the village of Tan-An. It was almost time for a copter to arrive with hot food. A few GIs were cutting down coconuts and sipping the milk. The rest of the company was patrolling the hamlet perimeter. So we sat and watched the activity. The company had bivouacked in a coconut grove at the edge of the hamlet. The sandy ground was strewn with discarded C-ration packs, many of them unopened. Near the radio man sat the company commander, a captain. He was of medium build, with a lined face that reminded you of Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*; his dark eyes were set deep in their sockets and he had two days of stubble on his chin.

The lieutenant had been referring to the scene before us: A trooper was spraying insect repellent on a human ear. There was no blood. It was quite small and brown and hairless.

"No sir," I said, "we won't film that."



But I was curious to know more about this ear fetish. I had often heard that though it was forbidden, the practice of clipping ears was widespread. A PIO back at An Khe had told us that the going rate for a VC ear among souvenir hunters was \$30. But that was just talk; this was the real thing. So I walked out of the coconut grove and across the paddy dike. There I saw my first atrocity. His head slumped against the bank, a look of agony frozen beneath the shock of black hair. Both ears had been severed at the root so all that remained were two bloody circles about the size of 50c pieces. Someone had thrown a Pepsi-Cola can on the bank of the paddy and the red, white and blue container had come to rest on the boy's shoulder. He didn't look to have been more than 15. An impulse made me throw the can away. I remember thinking that this was the first time I'd ever seen the face of the enemy, and it was just a kid. Winning hearts and minds? I almost threw up at the thought.

The main characteristics of unit life on the Bong-Son plain are death and dust. In the course of a typical day a company will be visited a dozen times by helicopters; you see them bringing the mail, ammunition, hot food, replacements; you see them taking away WIAs (wounded in action) and the awful black body bags with the KIAs (killed in action). But nothing really prepares the visitor for the dust. It is thick and red and choking. As the copter lands or takes off, great billowing clouds of the stuff leave you gasping for breath. Each soldier, the majority are in their teens, will spend an average of 100 days in the field.

On a tree at LZ Steel Helmet fluttered a flimsy piece of paper:

AMERICAN OFFICERS, NCO, SOLDIERS

Number US 501883508 my name is Luis Antonio Ortiz private E 3, Co D. Battalion 229, 1st Canbry [sic] Division. I was captured by Liberation Army December 27, 1966, in Nhan Tinh camps. I was good treated, I eat good food, drink mil [sic] I smoke cigarettes, I sleep good. Liberation Army explains for me lenient and humanitarian policy of National Front for Liberation. December 31, 1966.

Luis Antonio Ortiz

In the village of Tan-An I found this:

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU G.I.?

MacNamara says Americans will have to accept casualties. And that means you, G.I.

You won't find him sweating in the jungle or going home in a coffin.

There aren't yet any bombs planted in the Pentagon.

Like there will be for you in your barracks, your base, or the local bar.

SO WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

Combat pay and a Purple Heart if you're one of the lucky ones.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

The Marines who don't come out of the jungle.

The pilots who don't make it back from their missions.

The guys who get hit in the Saigon, Danang, Chulai airports, etc.

Their combat pay doesn't do them much good.

When they go home in a box.

Better think it over, soldier.

There's not much in it for you.

Who is better at this game is a matter of opinion, but my own view is that the Liberation Front's psychological warfare is not nearly as good as its internal propaganda. Mind you, one wonders also about the American psywar effort. More than 45 million leaflets, I was told, were dropped over South Vietnam last year. They are made from a special paper that has a slow rate of descent. One aspect of psywar is the "Chieu Hoi" or Open Arms program which promises amnesty to every defector. The cost of these drops has so far averaged \$1,000 for every Chieu Hoi. Yet compared with the calculated cost of \$370,000 to kill a VC, this might be considered a bargain in the absurd mathematics of this bizarre conflict. A typical American leaflet shows a picture of a smiling peasant with the message:

WHY IS PHAN NHO SO HAPPY?

On the reverse side is the answer:

BECAUSE GREAT NEW PROGRESS IS COMING TO VIETNAM

Interestingly enough, there is no reference to South Vietnam in this message. The leaflet continues on a decided Madison Avenue note: "You too can share the exciting progress that is taking place in rural Vietnam and that has brought happiness and security to Phan Nho and his neighbors. Return now to the side of the GVN and join in the great work of transforming Vietnam."

I picked up that leaflet in the still-smoldering ruins of Hy-Van, where not a house or even a tree was standing.

The copter makes its way along the emerald-green plain, soaring quickly to hills splattered with bomb craters. We have to get out of the valley before dusk. "H&I" fire—harassment and interdiction in military jargon—is about to begin. The idea is to make it tough on Charlie during the long night ahead. Presently we come to LZ Two Bits. The copter skims low over the palm trees and lands. This is a forward base camp, big enough to take nearly 100 helicopters, and all around it, high and steep, rise the green hills. From a mess tent with open flaps we look out across this lovely valley. A smoky haze of evening fills up the valley and the sun, blood orange, seems to set the hills on fire; then, suddenly, it is dusk. There is ham steak, beans, caramel custard pudding for dinner. Against the purple hills flash the tracers of the camp's twin-eighties . . . boom, flash . . . we can see the bullets hit the hills with orange spurts.

"Mail going out," says a First Cav captain, walking back to his tent with an armful of free cigars and toothpaste from the Red Cross cartons next to the coffee urn. Don North, an A.B.C. correspondent, listens with me to some GIs talking together. "Hell," says a 19-year-old, talking about the war, "what burns me up is this craze for body counts. Like the last operation we were on. The Captain says, 'I'm calling for volunteers to go out and count bodies; I want two men.' No one stepped forward. He must have asked three or four times. Then he told us he would go by himself. About that time a guy called Walker volunteers. Then Walker's buddy, Jackson—a

kid with thirty-six days to go—steps out of line. They get up there, then the PAVN [People's Army of Vietnam] open up with everything they've got. We ended up the day with two more KIAs. I noticed that the Captain cried during the memorial service. You see these captains are bucking for major, and man, they've got to get those body counts. The thing is, Charlie won't ever give up those bodies."

Most GIs I spoke to had, and have, a very high regard for the Vietcong, especially the local guerrillas. "I've seen eight air strikes and nape called in on a village and, would you believe, old Charlie had the goddamnedest nerve to attack us that night!"

Says another soldier: "Down in the Delta, I've seen Charlie make 60 mm. mortars out of the axles of an old car. The VC have guts. I don't care about the PAVN, but you've got to take your hat off to Charlie."

"We sure lend them a big hand sometimes," a fourth GI says. "I mean I recall one nutty guy we had in our company. He was always playing the John Wayne scene. So this day we got pinned down in a rice paddy. We just had to get into the village before dark. We called the gunships in. Then we finally made the tree line. Well, as soon as we get into the village this nut races up to the 'hooch' that was giving us all the trouble. He takes a grenade, pulls the pin, and throws it through the window. Then he flattens himself against the wall! That was it—he hung it up right there, completely signed out. The wall blew out and you could have put what was left of him in a steel helmet. It wasn't funny, yet it sure looked funny. I mean how crazy can you get? That's the thing about Nam, we all play the game."

The enemy lives in a land few Americans have ever heard of called Nam-Bo—South Vietnam. From General Westmoreland down to Pfc. Jones, the Americans call him Victor Charlie, shorthand for Vietnamese Communist. Yet the term would puzzle most of them. When captured, they generally declare themselves to be members of the Dan Quan Du Kich, literally Guerrilla Popular Army. By far the greatest number of them are to be found at the hamlet level, where they operate in small bands, seldom more than twelve, usually in threes and sixes. Not surprisingly, the local population does not consider them to be soldiers. In the hamlet's eyes the typical *du kich* is a civilian and an insider. In the "sweep-and-destroy" operations currently being conducted by the First Cav around the Bong-Son plain, it is the Dan Quan Du Kich who form the persistent enemy. Booby traps, punji sticks, sniping, local reconnoitering, night attacks, are their main duties. There are two more plateaus in the Liberation Army: the Regionals (Dai doi doc lap) and Main Force (Quan Doi Chu Luc) or "hard-hats," so-called because of their fiberboard helmets. No member of the Liberation Army wears uniform or any distinguishing mark of rank.

One thing remarkable about the Liberation Army's logistics is that every unit is self-contained. By contrast with the U.S. Army's prodigious "tail" of support services, the motto of the Main Force units is Tu Luc Canh Sinh—"We Support Ourselves." When a guerrilla unit needs supplies, they don't requisition them; they plan an attack

on an enemy camp. ARVN units are especially vulnerable to this kind of attack. When the guerrillas need food they usually work for it. In fact most units have a double responsibility—for military action and for food production. What interested me about the Liberation Army was an American official's comment that "the typical Main Force unit or regional unit spends less than two days a month in combat. The rest of the month is spent in training, food production and agit-prop work." It is this "other war"—theirs, not ours, that holds the real clue to what is happening in Vietnam. For in moving into Vietnam, the United States Army is taking on both a social revolution and a social structure that are remote from the world described in training camp.

A typical Vietnamese village represents a collective work group and a self-sufficient economic unit. It is composed of the following: a village protection society; a village guild made up of carpenters, blacksmiths and other craftsmen; the elderly women's Buddhist association; the mutual-aid society, chiefly organized as a burial society. Yet all these associations are only the superstructure. The bedrock is the household. The nature of a Vietnamese village is such that normally a stranger cannot go anywhere—in the rice fields, to the mud and thatch homes, Buddhist shrine, or even the local cockfight—without noticing that almost everything seems to be done on the *family* scale. A youthful Vietnamese told me: "In our country it is the *nha*—the household—not the individual that is counted in the census." The basic point is that after several lifetimes of subjugation by France, the Vietnamese are not about to give up their hamlet-level independence to another foreign invader.

To a certain extent the Americans in Saigon have always been divided on this issue. Roughly speaking, the civilians who managed the pacification program were pro-peasant, convinced, in the awful jargon of pacification, that "winning hearts and minds" was more important than destroying them. The military on the other hand remember—endlessly, I'm afraid—Mao's analogy of the guerrilla living among the people as a fish in water. They have ferociously gone about removing, first the water, then the people. The atmosphere in military circles in Saigon was joyful last month: with the reassignment of Deputy Ambassador Porter, the civilian-run pacification program was dead. Officers about to take over the program gave broad hints about the new "get-tough" line. "They don't love us, but their attitude is improving." With similar emphasis a tough prison officer in Alcatraz might so describe his charges.

So the war goes on. Like a buzzard, the olive-green helicopter banked and wheeled over the burned-out village. Abruptly, the black-gloved pilot swung the copter into position for its approach. The rice field now wasn't more than 50 feet below our skids, and the down-draft from the rotors was flattening out the tall rice shoots. Hurriedly we jumped out, the pilot waiting no longer than it took for us to get from under the whirling blades, then thrashed upward and raced away. As we walked through the tree line the destruction was such that it left us breathless and appalled. It was as though we were seeing an old war newsreel—Poland, 1939—only in color.

The village was a dust heap. The sienna-colored huts had been flattened by repeated air strikes. Trails of fresh blood splashed a crazy path among the broken coconut palms.

A top sergeant is busy emptying his back pack to make room for a mother-of-pearl Buddhist altar looted from the ruins. A baby carriage is lying in a heap of spent mortar cases. The earthworks of one of the village bunkers are littered with C-ration cans, spent ammunition, discarded copies of *Stars and Stripes* ("HO REJECTS JOHNSON PEACE OVERTURE"). A bulldozer heaves aside the one remaining wall of someone's home. On it is scrawled in English, "G.I. PLEASE DON'T BURN MY HOME!" "VC propaganda," mutters a GI. Another First Cav trooper is giving out black playing cards. On one side is a death's-head skull with paratrooper wings. Beneath this is the legend "Death From Above." The idea I am told is psywar at the company level. When Charlie returns to find his family dead, he is expected to get the message. The cards are stuck in dead mouths.

"What's the bulldozer doing here?" I asked.

"The captain is looking for rice and weapons—they've got to be buried somewhere!"

"What about the villagers?"

"Screw the villagers. Everyone here was VC."

That evening we are back at LZ English. In the brigade command post, Colonel Smith, commander of the First Cav's First Brigade, is listening to a run-down on the day's fighting. The unprepared outsider gets a chilling feeling that time and space are out of joint. It is utterly professional, utterly clinical. Under a bright light, a taut, trim officer wearing captain's bars is briskly outlining what we know about the enemy's movements in the past twenty-four hours. Hunched forward on wooden benches, the captains, majors and colonels listen intently. No clocks, no windows are visible anywhere in the dimness of the tent to remind one of the other world. Only gradually does the realization seep in that, on this quiet day, in spite of 400 helicopter sorties, an estimated 200 artillery rounds, an untold number of patrols, and a B-52 strike, the enemy had completely vanished. This, then, is the frustrating environment the U.S. Army has moved into. "Guerrilla warfare is primary, and war of movement secondary," General Giap wrote in *People's War, People's Army*. Yet the war of movement is crucial to the First Cav. The "instant battle" is the helicopter cavalry's forte, but in this quicksilver war, the enemy refuses to fight save on his own terms.

As I leave the briefing I cannot stop thinking about that burned-out village. I go back and ask the intelligence officer about it. Here is the run-down. We took 24 KIAs. Their losses were unknown. After the fire fight the VC vanished, dragging their dead with them under cover of night. We evacuated all the women and children that were found in the bunkers. They are now in a refugee camp. Finally we bulldozed the village flat.

A few weeks later I happened to pick up a column by Joseph Alsop headed, "The Battle For Binh Dinh." In the course of describing the action on the Bong-Son plain, the columnist describes the frightful carnage with a parallel to a fox hunt, "in which the hounds are grimly skillful and wonderfully swift," chasing a sneaky fox who keeps going to earth. An outsider who listens to a brief-



ing in the brigade command post would remark that the analogy was apposite. But somehow, Mr. Alsop managed to keep the horrifying realities of the burning homes, frightened peasants and crying children out of his article. It is a scandalous war that on one level is a kind of game to the men whose business is war.

I left Vietnam with a dozen notebooks crammed with impressions: Vietnam is the only place in the world where every horizon is a battlefield. In Vietnam, extraordinary Americans spend months rigging up a rural electrification scheme in a village, only to watch in horror as an A-4 Skyraider with Vietnamese air-force markings swoops down and drops 2,000 pounds of bombs on it. Saigon officials complain bitterly if an American MP tries to question a Vietnamese civilian. No visitor to the Bong-Son plain is likely to forget the streams of weeping refugees, but the Saigon government pays no attention to that problem. Vietnam this year will get more foreign aid from the United States than all of Latin America combined—it will also receive more bomb tonnage than was rained on Nazi Germany during World War II. In Vietnam it is entirely possible to watch the *Dean Martin Show* on Armed Forces TV in your foxhole. Also the "log" ships (logistics) disgorge complete luncheons—from roast turkey with giblet sauce to ice cream—for the fighting GIs. Vietnam is tragic, yes, but it also has its wildly absurd side.

The Americans are now the dominant element in the population of South Vietnam. They are both the masters and the rulers. They have denied effective political power to the National Liberation Front, and are fully aware of it. They are also the only source of energy for a "free" South Vietnam, which is to say, a South Vietnam without Communist participation. President Johnson proposes, General Westmoreland disposes. Thus, the Commander in Chief of American forces in Vietnam moves about the blazing countryside with the weight of a Legatus Augusti, in some ways the most extraordinary, certainly the most bizarre character of the war. Spare, pious, modest,

nonsmoking—who, more fittingly, could have been chosen to represent America's new Imperial Destiny? The French, obsessed as they were with keeping title to colonial assets, were always trying to demonstrate in General LeClerc that valor could prevail over a ragged army of peasants. The Americans, obsessed with the Communist menace, seek in General Westmoreland to persuade a skeptical America that might is right, even when the Vietnamese people so clearly refuse to recognize it.

As I checked out of the Hotel Caravelle nearly three months later, I glanced over at the television set and there on the screen was Henry Cabot Lodge, then Ambassador, nervously fingering his white suit, and saying something to the effect that as he looked forward into 1967 he would predict "sensational" military gains in the coming year. Pressed by the TV interviewer, he thought that war would eventually "fade out," once the allied pacification effort had made sufficient progress to convince Hanoi that "the jig is up." It was a wistful little performance and the few wealthy Vietnamese who congregate in the Caravelle's lounge clucked approvingly. With all the appearance of a proconsul vested with enormous authority, Henry Cabot Lodge had come to exercise none. Any individual commander, in practice, had more in-

fluence over Vietnamese affairs. In his day, Lodge provided a useful symbol; the Boston Brahmin with the touch of "cool"; that starched white suit, brown and white palm beach shoes; afternoons spent at Saigon's exclusive Cercle Sportif; those privileged "backgrounders" where the Ambassador addressed visiting VIPs on the situation in South Vietnam. Henry Cabot Lodge was an entirely appropriate choice for ambassador, managing with finesse to convey the peaceful intentions and solemn purpose of a disinterested Administration; while at the same time the White House escalated the war. It seemed to me appropriate that this solemn, humorless Bostonian, whose politics were so manifestly out of tune with 20th-century America, should have been chosen as the ranking apologist for the New Globalism of the Johnson Administration in revolutionary Vietnam.

From Tu Do Street came the sound of the Hondas and Lambrettas. Through the thermoplate windows, crisscrossed with masking tape, I could see flares lighting up the night sky across the Saigon River. The desk clerk shuffled around to the cashier's cage, counting the piasters with a deft touch. He looked at me inquiringly through the thick lenses of his glasses and said: "You will be returning, Mr. Smith?"

"I imagine so, M'sieur Qui; I imagine so."

Putting the Poor Out Of Business

MARK LEVY

Mr. Levy, a free-lance writer on social and political topics, is with N.B.C. News in New York.

Since August, 1964, the Office of Economic Opportunity has been joined in an unlikely partnership with the Small Business Administration to fight poverty by lending money to poor people who want to go into business. The Economic Opportunity loans were authorized by Congress in Title IV of the legislation creating the OEO. Loans of up to \$25,000 at annual interest as low as 5.5 per cent for a maximum of fifteen years could be made "to assist the establishment, preservation, and strengthening of small business concerns and improve the managerial skills employed in such enterprises." The OEO was to establish Small Business Development Centers in thirty-eight poverty "target areas" from Harlem to Pawnee, Okla.

These centers, with administrative funds channeled through the OEO's local community-action agencies, were to screen applicants for the loans and provide a major portion of the required business training and counseling. The centers themselves had no money to lend. The funds, as much as \$100 million, were to be provided over an indefinite period from the Small Business Administration treasury. After choosing likely candidates, the centers were to forward loan requests to the SBA, which was given the power to approve or reject them.

From the start, OEO officials assumed that Congress would want the loans to go to persons in the lowest eco-

nomie groups—a reasonable assumption since the program was an anti-poverty measure. OEO touted the loans as "a bold new effort to offer opportunity in business to talented and energetic low-income people. . . ." But OEO's initial enthusiasm outstripped its Congressional mandate, for Title IV said that loans could be made only when "there is a reasonable assurance of repayment," a provision that inevitably led to criteria more suited to a credit bureau than to a poverty program. Further, the House report on the bill clearly indicated that the loans were to be made to very small or marginal businesses, with emphasis not on persons seeking a start but on enterprises already established.

But a more serious flaw in the program was a lack of funds to give adequate training to the people approved for loans, only a fourth of whom had completed high school, and many of whom lacked rudimentary business skills. In the first eighteen months of the program an estimated \$270,000, or only about \$108 per person, was spent for training and counseling. A management study for OEO—made, unfortunately, a year and a half after the program got under way—estimated that an adequate training and counseling program would cost at least \$500 per person.

Training in most cases was restricted to fifteen or twenty hours of instruction—mostly lectures—at local colleges or universities. The courses included bookkeeping, merchandising and record management, but the work was rarely tailored to the special needs of individual recipients. Some personal counseling was provided by center

staffs or by Service Corps of Retired Executives (SCORE), but such meetings were infrequent and short. A survey conducted for OEO showed that most of the trainees were completely dissatisfied.

The first clashes between the two agencies came at the opening ceremonies of the Small Business Development Centers. Local SBA officials had been told by their superiors in Washington to screen applicants and award loans before the centers opened, so that successful applicants would be on hand for the first-day publicity. This order clearly usurped the functions of the OEO, and in about half the centers OEO personnel complained bitterly about the SBA's preselection activities.

Following these initial frictions, a mistrust developed between workers at the centers and the SBA officials. Viewed from the centers, the SBA appeared to be too conventional, too business-oriented; while in the minds of SBA administrators the centers were concerned too much with social work and not enough with good business principles. The regional SBA offices regularly took up to eight months to process applications forwarded after initial screening by the centers, and then turned down 40 per cent.

In the first few months of the program the SBA agreed to base loans on subjective judgments of character and management ability rather than on traditional credit ratings. But its increasingly exacting criteria soon made clear that it wanted to grant loans to small businessmen in the lower-middle-income brackets rather than to poverty cases. In November, 1965, after much tugging by the SBA, an income standard was adopted. The maximum income that was set, for example, for a family of four was \$4,630, or \$1,500 above the OEO's definition of poverty for the same size family.

But even this inflated poverty definition did not satisfy the SBA for long. Regional loan officers said that the income ceilings were still so low that they were being forced to make too many high-risk loans. In March, 1966, the income standard, again for a family of four, was raised to \$5,630 (or \$2,500 above the OEO poverty

line). As Sargent Shriver noted during a Congressional post-mortem on the program last March 15, "The loan program was continuing to draw even farther away from OEO's real 'constituents' in poverty."

A second concession gained by the SBA altered a policy under which loans had been made to businessmen with incomes well above the poverty range who promised to hire the chronically underemployed. Both the OEO and the SBA originally saw this as a direct means of creating jobs for the poor. But in practice few jobs opened up; businessmen often promised to hire the poor in order to obtain the loan, then failed to do so. The deputy director of the New York SBA office, Raymond Curran, recently told me: "These loans were difficult to police. But we didn't think it was right to put people out of work by canceling the loan when we did find cheating." Curran may have been prepared to allow incompletely honored loans to stand for the sake of whatever jobs were created, but SBA officials in Washington were not. They suggested that the hire-the-poor standard be discontinued. In November, 1965, over the protests of Negro business associations and many Small Business Development Centers, this direct means of creating jobs was dropped.

From late 1964 until October, 1966, when Congress rescinded the OEO commitment to the loan program, more than 2,700 loans totaling \$27.6 million were made, mostly to businesses in slum communities. Although the loans were not designed specifically to aid Negroes, the program had a definite urban and hence Negro orientation. Half the loans went to Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Ninety per cent of the recipients were already employed. The default rate was 3.4 per cent, a third higher than the normal SBA rate of 2.4 per cent and far above the average commercial bank default rate of 0.2 per cent. Still, under the circumstances it was considered surprisingly low.

Despite this apparent success with a limited number of cautiously selected individuals, OEO became increasingly disenchanted with the Economic Loan Program ex-



periment during 1966. Not only was the SBA rejecting two out of five loans recommended by OEO and keeping up pressure for a business rather than social approach to the project but few additional jobs for the poor were being created, and the OEO field workers were having trouble finding reasonably sound risks even within the revised income criteria.

These difficulties were reinforced by a 111-page study prepared for the OEO by Kirschner Associates of Albuquerque, N.M., which told the anti-poverty agency what the SBA had been saying all along: "Evidence strongly indicates that the smallest businesses are those with the greatest difficulty of surviving. Evidence also indicates that the 'long-term underemployed' are generally those who can make the least contribution to the success of an endeavor. . . ." Its conclusion, hardly comforting to the OEO, was: "The program must focus on the highest levels of the rather low economic strata that can qualify; that is, it must concentrate on the businessman requiring capital and not on the less qualified person in poverty aspiring to enter business." Even to have a chance to compete, the poor would need much more thorough training than they were getting under the program as it was then set up, the study showed.

These considerations came to the fore at a time when the OEO was on the defensive generally. There were signs that many in Congress wanted to dismember the sprawling anti-poverty agency and parcel out its major projects to other departments of the government. The loan program had a relatively low priority among the activities the OEO was preparing to fight for. As one of its officials put it: "We had other fish to fry."

That summer, Robert Perrin, OEO's assistant director for Interagency Relations, paved the way for withdrawal from the loan project when he told the House Select Committee on Small Business: "We at OEO sometimes question whether this program properly is part of the arsenal of weapons over which we have primary and statutory jurisdiction. . . . Perhaps it could be better handled as an SBA operation." Perrin's suggestion was immediately challenged by Berkely Burrell, president of the National Business League, an association of middle-class Negro businessmen. Burrell told the House committee that Negro leaders opposed any shift of the loan program exclusively to the SBA, which "has no historical record of being responsive to the community for which I speak." But no objections were raised by spokesmen for the very poor, Negro or white.

Elsewhere on Capitol Hill, however, OEO's discouragement was noted by Congressional friends of the SBA. In particular, Perrin's suggestion interested Rep. John Dingell, Jr., a Democrat from a middle-class district with a large Polish population in Detroit and its suburbs. Dingell believed that the OEO's efforts were misguided, and he even had a "scandal" in Detroit to prove it.

In March, 1966, a reporter for the *Detroit News* had discovered that one of the first loans for \$25,000 in Detroit had gone to a woman who owned a Lincoln Continental and whose combined family income was in excess of \$11,000. The loan, for a combination ice cream parlor-shoeshine shop-export-import emporium, was made before the guidelines were set; local anti-poverty officials

admitted that they pushed the application through in order to have a loan to announce at the opening of the Detroit center. After the *News* story appeared, Dingell ordered a committee investigation. At that time he said: "I am a friend of the program. This is not an attempt to stifle the whole program." But he added with just the right touch of righteous indignation that he wanted to be sure the loans were being made "with proper attention to the care of the public treasury." In fact, under the guidelines issued shortly after the Detroit loan was made, it would have been proper. The recipient had promised to hire ten to seventeen unemployed workers for a new store, thus meeting the hire-the-poor standard.

The stage was now set to end OEO's excursion into small-business activities. In the last days of the 89th Congress the House opened debate on OEO's budget for fiscal 1967. The bill submitted by the Administration called for no change in the joint management of the Economic Opportunity Loan Program. Rather belatedly, it requested that \$5 million in community-action funds be earmarked for business training and counseling of loan applicants by the Small Business Development Centers in fiscal 1967.

Representative Dingell, with the full knowledge and technical advice of the SBA, but with neither the consent nor opposition of the OEO, introduced an amendment to the basic anti-poverty bill giving complete authority over loans to the SBA and cutting out the badly needed training funds. No one rose to challenge Dingell's amendment, and it was approved by a voice vote. The OEO made only a few halfhearted attempts in the Senate to save its share of the project. A handful of center workers wrote to their home state Senators. But according to Senate anti-poverty subcommittee staff members, the OEO appeared glad to be rid of the loan program.

At the insistence of Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N. Y.), however, the \$5-million business-training authorization was restored to the bill by a conference committee. Thus, at a time when the centers were deprived of any authority over the loan program, including even the function of preliminary screening, they finally gained funds sufficient to train 10,000 successful applicants. Under the law the centers will be closed at the end of June, although OEO officials estimate that less than half of the \$5-million allocation will be spent by then.

Since October, when the SBA assumed total control, the character and results of the loan program have been drastically altered, virtually abandoning its anti-poverty basis. Although loans are now available in SBA offices in all fifty states, less than half of them are being made to persons considered to be poor under the last joint OEO-SBA guidelines (which, as noted, were far above the OEO poverty line). The number and amount of loans to middle-income people has doubled, there are proportionately fewer Negro recipients, and fewer new businesses are being started. Rural and small-town businessmen, the traditional clientele of the SBA, make up a larger share of the successful applicants.

Under the SBA, Economic Opportunity Loans come in two sizes: up to \$15,000 for individuals whose income is, in the guideline's loose wording, "below that which

is required to meet the needs of themselves and those of their immediate families who are dependent on them," and up to \$25,000 for businessmen whose incomes exceed the inflated poverty standards.

According to Bernard Boutin, SBA Administrator and a former deputy director of the OEO, the primary emphasis of the first category is on sound loans to existing, if not thriving, businesses. Boutin told local SBA officials: "While new businesses qualify . . . we do not intend to provide start-up financing for a small grocery, beauty



parlor, carry-out food shop, or other business of the type traditionally operated by members of disadvantaged groups unless there is a clear indication that such a business will fill an economic void in the community."

The effect of Boutin's rule of thumb is to help freeze the pattern of discrimination and absentee business ownership in low-income communities—a condition prevailing particularly in urban Negro slums. For instance, it is estimated that in central Harlem at least 85 per cent of the more than 2,000 small businesses are owned by white merchants who live outside the community. The Negro share of central Harlem's \$50 million worth of business has not increased very much in thirty years, Negro businessmen say. New York's large commercial banks generally look with disfavor on business financing in Harlem, and none works with the SBA in financing Economic Opportunity Loans even though they are fully guaranteed by the federal government. As a vice president of a large New York bank told me: "We're in business to make money, not to run a charity. You don't expect us to get into the never-never land of social responsibility?"

The program as the OEO wanted it run might have been able to attack this community problem to a limited degree. Instead, the SBA has stiffened its profit-oriented attitude. And as the director of the Economic Opportunity Loan Program, Philbin has said: "We want responsible individuals who will consider their debts to the government to be morally binding. We check credit ratings to see whether they stand a reasonable chance of repaying the loan." According to Philbin, a poor credit rating does

not necessarily disqualify an applicant, because local credit interviewers are instructed to look for the "underlying causes of the financial trouble." To the SBA's way of thinking, mitigating circumstances include personal illness or physical handicap.

The second type of loan, for \$25,000, is made to persons "who have sound business plans, management ability, and a strong desire to start their own businesses." These loans are designed for people in what the SBA calls the "financial no man's land"—those too poor for regular SBA loans and too well off for the first category of Economic Opportunity Loans. SBA officials hope to finance businesses not traditionally associated with the low-income groups. "We are looking for the young Negro engineer who is currently with GE but who has an idea how to make a better transistor and needs capital to set up a small plant," they say. Nevertheless, most of the more than 250 second-category loans made so far—totaling more than \$3.5 million—have gone to the kind of traditional business enterprises that Boutin hopes to avoid. Apparently the SBA considers it proper for wealthier clients to own the ghettos' hot dog stands, though the agency proscribes the same endeavors for the poor.

After the Small Business Development Centers close in June, the SBA no longer will be able to rely on the OEO to make the initial contacts with loan applicants. Thus, reaching promising candidates could become the SBA's biggest problem in the months ahead. Philbin told me that his agency would like to make more loans to the very poor but that the supply of "qualified" applicants, particularly Negroes, was limited. He said he thought that civil rights organizations such as the Urban League should bring candidates to the attention of the local loan officers.

The SBA is, nevertheless, doing some field work and claims some impressive results in what it calls "outreach" efforts. Manhattan-based SBA men now regularly ride a circuit into the smaller cities as far north as Albany. In Illinois, the regional director claims that businessmen in dozens of communities help him spot candidates.

While circuit riding may help overcome the physical distances between the SBA and the potential applicants, it may have a limited effect on social distances. As one official in SBA's Washington headquarters told me: "These opportunity loans take many of our people into an entirely new world." With few exceptions the SBA representatives are white. Administrator Boutin has issued orders requiring that at least one member of the regional office teams be from "a minority group," but it will take time for the offices to put the order into effect. And top SBA officials concede that many local officers are not proceeding enthusiastically with the program.

In October, Congress set up the SBA's loan program through June, 1971. It seems clear that under SBA's control it will have its share of successes, but it is no longer in any sense an anti-poverty measure. The basic question of whether impoverished, chronically unemployed persons, given adequate training, can succeed in small business remains unanswered. But the question of whether a business-oriented agency—and nation—is willing to take the necessary risks to find out seems to have been answered rather effectively by the unhappy career of the Economic Opportunity Loan Program.

ABORTION: LAWS AND ATTITUDES

PHIL KERRY

Los Angeles

A typical newspaper report on Colorado's new abortion law read: "Last week Colorado enacted the most permissive abortion law in the nation's history—a law so liberal that a cry went up from its opponents that the state would become an 'abortion mill' for the rest of the country."

In fact, the Colorado legislation, passed April 25, is liberal only in comparison with the archaic laws of forty-five other states, which permit abortion solely to save the life of the mother. Four others—Alabama, Maryland, New Mexico and Oregon, and the District of Columbia—sanction abortions to preserve the mother's health.

The Colorado law, contrary to the impression created by the press, represents a cautious approach to a major medical problem: an estimated 1 million criminal abortions in the United States each year, with an estimated 5,000 maternal deaths. Colorado now permits abortions to save the mother's life, to preserve her mental or physical health, and to interrupt a pregnancy when the child is likely to be born with grave physical deformity or mental retardation. A three-doctor board in an accredited hospital must agree unanimously before a therapeutic abortion is approved.

If all the other states were to follow Colorado's lead, public health authorities predict a mere 3 to 5 per cent increase in the present 10,000 legal abortions a year. Rep. Richard D. Lamm, sponsor of the Colorado reform, said reports that the state is flooded with calls from women seeking abortions are propaganda. "We have had a few inquiries, which is natural, but all our hospitals have taken a conservative and restrictive interpretation of the law. I wouldn't be at all surprised this year if we had fewer legal abortions than last year, which, in a state of over 2 million, was forty."

The Colorado law and similar legislation proposed this year in about half the other states make no provision for the married woman who simply does not want to have a child, and at least 80 per cent of illegal abortions in the United States are performed on married women. Advocates of reform understand the problem, but believe it impossible to gain support now for any measure more liberal than the Colorado law.

Bills almost identical to the Colorado measure are stalled in the California legislature. Gov. Ronald Reagan has said he would sign a liberalized bill if it prohibited abortions to prevent the birth of a defective child. Reagan stated: "I cannot justify the taking of an unborn life simply on the supposition that the baby may be born less than a perfect human being." State Sen. A. C. Beilenson, sponsor of reform legislation in the Senate, replied that Reagan is against any modification of the present law and charged that the Governor's staff is working covertly against his bill.

With contraception more widely practiced now and more effective than ever before, why press for a more flexible attitude toward abortion? The answer lies in the

statistics. Garrett Hardin, professor of biology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, points out that about 3 million of the 25 million married women of child-bearing age in the United States want a child in any one year. This means that 22 million are exposed to undesired pregnancy. The pill fails for one woman in every 100 during a year; other methods are less effective, and the combined failure of contraceptive devices produces between 2 and 3 million undesired pregnancies each year among married women. In addition, the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimates that about 250,000 unmarried women become pregnant annually in the United States.

Thirty years ago Denmark and Sweden enacted therapeutic abortion laws, but a high criminal abortion rate persisted until they were amended to include "extended medical" reasons, which take into account the overall welfare of the mother and her family. Great Britain is considering a change in its law to permit abortions when "the pregnant woman's capacity as a mother will be severely overstrained."

Arguing from the experience of Sweden and Denmark, Ruth Roemer, associate researcher in public health law at the UCLA School of Public Health, says the Colorado law represents only a limited advance and will not materially reduce the toll in maternal deaths and disability from criminal abortion. Mrs. Roemer estimates that criminal abortions cause one-fifth of the maternal deaths in the United States.

Since they liberalized their abortion laws a decade ago, Eastern European countries have experienced a sharp increase in legal abortions and a simultaneous drop in maternal mortality. The rise in legal abortions corresponds closely to the provisions of the law in each country. Czechoslovakia, for example, which permits abortion on broadly interpreted social as well as medical indications, has a ratio of twenty-nine abortions to 100 live births. But Hungary, which allows abortion on request, unless interruption of pregnancy is medically unwise, reports 140 abortions to 100 live births.

Abortion is a health problem on a world scale. Reports presented at the eighth conference of the International Planned Parenthood Federation last April in Santiago, Chile, said that 15 million to 20 million women undergo induced abortions each year. It is evident that the laws and mores in various countries do not control the incidence of illegal operations. Dr. Frank Novak of the Ljubljana Faculty of Medicine in Yugoslavia told the conference that European countries whose laws limit access to legal abortions and contraceptives were reporting "more abortions, regardless of legality." The treatment of women after illegal abortions is one of the major burdens on hospitals and public health services in South America. Dr. Rolando Armijo of Chile said that in Santiago alone, a city of 2.5 million people, 50,000 abortions occurred last year.

The effects of strict laws against abortion fall most

heavily on the poor. The California Committee on Therapeutic Abortion reports that an average of ten women daily are admitted to the Los Angeles County General Hospital, suffering from infections, hemorrhages and other results of self-inflicted abortions or back-alley operations performed by unqualified practitioners. In the county as a whole, it is estimated that there may be as many as 20,000 cases of this kind a year. A statement signed by twenty sociologists and clinical psychologists of the University of California commented: "The wealthy may go abroad and secure a legal abortion, but the poor must break the law" at the risks of "disastrous effects on physical and mental health."

And the wealthy, in some instances, do not have to go abroad. Dr. Robert E. Hall, associate clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology, Columbia University, states that "infected abortion cases abound on hospital charity wards, not in our private pavilions. To a degree, the medical profession is responsible for this through its *inequitable distribution of therapeutic abortions among ward and private patients.*" (Emphasis added.) A 1960-62 survey of New York City hospitals revealed the ratio of therapeutic abortions to live births as follows: in proprietary hospitals, 1 to 250; in the private wards of voluntary hospitals, 1 to 400; in the ward services of the same voluntary hospitals, 1 to 1,400, and in the municipal hospitals, 1 to 10,000.

Such discriminatory practice extends to ethnic origin. The ratio of therapeutic abortions to live births among white women in New York City is 1 to 380, but among nonwhites, it is 1 to 1,000; and among Puerto Ricans, 1 to 10,000. Half of the puerperal deaths among New York's Negroes and Puerto Ricans are due to criminal abortions, as opposed to only a quarter of those deaths among white women. Dr. Hall's comments underscore what has long been known: abortions are performed in American hospitals for reasons other than to protect the life of the mother. The law is broken to accommodate the well to do.

Dr. Hall, in common with the large majority of American physicians, wants the law liberalized. Dr. Carl Goldmark, an obstetrician, gynecologist and member of the Board of Directors of the Association for the Study of Abortion in New York, asserts: "There should be no abortion laws at all. No law tells me if I can amputate a leg or perform a Caesarean, and no law should govern whether I can perform an abortion." Dr. Goldmark's position is not widely shared by the medical profession, which advocates change to permit therapeutic abortion, but shies away from approving, as it is phrased, "abortion on demand." Dr. Keith P. Russell, clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Southern California, and a strong advocate of modifying present abortion laws, said: "I believe that perhaps only 20 per cent of physicians favor abortions on social or economic grounds. The majority view it, as I do, as a medical problem."

If Dr. Goldmark represents one extreme side of the controversy, the Roman Catholic Church represents the other. Catholic doctrine forbids abortion for

any reason. The dour Archbishop of Los Angeles, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, who is leading the fight in California against reform, wrote to the *Los Angeles Times*: "A most fundamental and primary principle in the economy of existence is the 'right to life.' This right is inherent in the process of creation. Once conception is effected, immediately follows the 'right' of the embryo, which will mature into a human being. Any interference with that process constitutes the taking of life. . . ." Writing to Sen. A. C. Beilenson, a woman expressed the same view more harshly: "Abortion is the deliberate, cold-blooded murder of an innocent child."

It was a Catholic physician, Dr. James V. McNulty of Los Angeles, a former member of the California State Board of Medical Examiners, who caused charges of unprofessional conduct to be brought by the board against nine San Francisco doctors. The nine performed therapeutic abortions in San Francisco hospitals during an epidemic of German measles in 1965; all the abortions were undertaken only after approval by hospital staff committees. Medical research indicates an 8 per cent to 50 per cent possibility that the child of a mother infected with German measles during pregnancy will be deformed. The percentage depends on the month of pregnancy in which the disease is contracted.

Dr. McNulty said: "I was interested from a legal standpoint; these doctors were saying they were above the law. Even though I'm a Catholic—they always point that out—the law is the law." Dr. McNulty is not opposed to the Beilenson bill "on principle" and believes the Catholic view "should not be imposed on the majority."

The action against the doctors is the first use of California's 1872 abortion law against physicians who openly terminated pregnancies in a hospital. Swift reaction followed. Dr. Edmund W. Overstreet, vice chairman of obstetrics at the University of California, denounced the charges: "We do not believe that violation of an archaic statute is unprofessional conduct." William K. Coblenz, San Francisco lawyer and a regent of the University of California, heads a distinguished defense committee. California physicians pressing for reform are supported by the Executive Board of the Federation of Women's Clubs, the State Bar Convention, the California Council of Churches, the Northern California Board of Rabbis, the California Division of the American Association of University Women and several social work organizations.

While Catholic religious leaders resist any change, lay Catholic opinion is sharply divided. *Modern Medicine* announced in April that its survey of 40,000 doctors in every state showed that 49.1 of the responding Catholic physicians approved of liberalizing the law. (Among non-Catholic doctors, 93.3 per cent favored modification.) A recent survey by the California Poll, conducted by Field Research, reported that 67 per cent of California Catholics support liberalization, and 10 per cent favored unrestricted abortions. (Public health workers say that Catholics make up a high percentage of the attendance at family planning clinics. The Church still officially proscribes artificial birth control, but the majority of the committee established by the Vatican

to advise Pope Paul VI on birth control recommended lifting the ban.)

Division of Catholic opinion on the subject has a long history. Until the late 16th century, the Church allowed interruption of pregnancy. Abortions were prohibited for a short period and again permitted for nearly three centuries until 1869. High abortion rates persist in countries with predominantly Catholic populations.

Left out of the present agitation for reform, even by most physicians, are the rights of the married woman pregnant with an unwanted child. Professor Hardin observes that "contraception is a method of birth control invented largely by men, but the consequences of its failure are paid by women."

Therapeutic abortion boards established in hospitals are often called upon, in the words of Dr. Hall, "to render moral judgments. Through the detachment typical of committees in general, this judgment is apt to be more academic than humane." Dorothy Stolz, executive director of the California Committee on Therapeutic Abortion, says there is an "underground of resentment among married women who find it dreadful, under such circumstances, to be brought before a panel of men for judgment." Dorothy Kenyon, a former municipal court judge in New York, agrees: "For a state to force a woman to bear a child against her will is outrageous."

Psychological stress is sometimes suffered by women after an abortion, but this is not typically true nor does

it have to be true. Professor Hardin believes that a physician who "tries to argue his patient out of a desperately wanted abortion by predicting psychological consequences is not so much predicting as creating grief." Studies have shown that remorse following an abortion is not intrinsic, but results from the beliefs of the woman or the taboos of her culture.

Pressure for reform of abortion laws has arisen in recent years principally from the medical profession, which limits its concern to the medical aspects of pregnancy; but a demand for far-reaching liberalization is inevitable because of one of the great revolutions of the 20th century: the increasingly effective separation of copulation from reproduction and the separation—at least in the minds of many—of "sin" from sex. The new mores are reflected in the results of a poll taken by the Stanford Chapter of the California Committee to Legalize Abortion. It revealed that 72 per cent of the responding students favored general legalized abortions, and 93 per cent said abortion should be as available to the unmarried as to the married woman.

Whatever the consequences, the "sex revolution" has taken place, and no signs of a counterrevolution are at hand. Until abortion laws are extended beyond therapeutic necessity, and as long as science cannot achieve complete control over human reproduction, and unless the poor are educated to make use of present methods of contraception, the mutilations and infections of criminal abortion will continue to wreck the lives of millions.

VIETNAM SUMMER

DOORBELLS FOR PEACE

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Mr. Blumenthal, who graduates from Harvard this spring, has been editorial chairman of The Harvard Crimson and a reporter for The Washington Post.

Cambridge

Beginning in June—more than a year before the 1968 elections—students will be out ringing doorbells in middle-class neighborhoods, urging housewives and their husbands to meet with neighbors and discuss methods of opposing the war. Their grass-roots organizing will be part of Vietnam Summer, a national program with headquarters in Cambridge, that hopes ultimately to enlist 10,000 volunteers in some 500 communities across the country. These workers will include clergy, professionals and faculty, as well as students, and will range in political belief from moderate Republicans to New Left radicals. But they will all share at least one common aim: to organize an active and effective constituency against the war between now and 1968.

The organizers of Vietnam Summer assume that most Americans are worried and concerned about the war but remain silent because they feel isolated and powerless. Beginning with the "teach-out" technique of house-to-

house canvassing, workers hope to counter that isolation through local meetings and study sessions. Following this first phase of "education," the neighborhood groups will undertake political action: referendum campaigns, anti-war resolutions in city councils, leaflet distribution in public places, ads in local papers and letters to the editor, resolutions against the war by local Democratic and Republican committees, community speak-outs and panel discussions before local organizations. One favorite activity will be a petition campaign directed at local Congressmen, requesting them to return home for open hearings on the war. Eventually, the local projects may run peace candidates in local elections.

The decision as to tactics—and, even more important, as to general strategy—will be left almost entirely to the local groups. Contrary to the rumors that the national program will attempt to "take over" the anti-war movement, Vietnam Summer's steering committee will not dictate any line to the projects or organizations it supports. It will not mass-produce leaflets (though it may distribute examples of literature which have proved effective in other communities). It will not appoint national staff to "control" the local projects. It will not even provide all the funds needed to initiate organizing activities (most

communities will have to match Vietnam Summer "seed money" with locally raised funds).

Vietnam Summer aims, in fact, only to transmit the first spark of political action to communities. Says Gar Alperovitz, a member of the steering committee and a fellow in Harvard's Kennedy Institute of Politics: "This is not going to be any top-down organization—it will be an open-ended process. We want the projects to fit local needs. . . ." It would even be wrong, Alperovitz insists, to speak of Vietnam Summer as an "organization," since it will have no specific ideological posture, no bureaucracy, not even a governing board of directors.

It would be equally wrong, other organizers contend, to think that Vietnam Summer will be "taken over" by any group, radical or moderate. The informal steering committee which will make funding decisions includes Andy Rudin of the American Friends Service Committee and Dr. Irwin Rosenberg of the Harvard Medical School, as well as executive director Lee Webb, a former national secretary of SDS, and Carl Oglesby, a past president. The coalition will cooperate through *ad hoc* agreements with peace groups ranging from SANE (considered in the "right wing" of the peace movement) to SDS and other New Left organizations. The organizers of Vietnam Summer have not sought support for any third party Presidential candidate; nor have they permitted any Establishment politician such as Robert Kennedy to play a role in the organization (though they have maintained and publicized Martin Luther King's firm and continuing endorsement). As a result of the influence of the New Leftists, particularly Webb, the program is looking more and more beyond middle-class organizing and the 1968 elections to projects in poor and working-class communities and draft-resistance programs among students.

Organizers of Vietnam Summer acknowledge the dan-

ger that the ideas of some radical groups may antagonize middle-class people, but they contend that ideology is usually abandoned when workers reach the field. "These strong ideological attitudes," argues John Maher, a radical steering committee member, "tend to melt away when you get out to doorsteps and begin talking to people. . . . You have to be prepared to deal with people who may never share your ideological perspective." Vietnam Summer will force radicals, Alperovitz says, to "engage American society where it is now, not where they dream it may be." To prepare workers for the difficulties of community organizing, the program will provide one-week training courses at national institutes.

This is not to say, however, that ideology will be banned or discouraged: many of the workers will urge their neighbors to establish organizations capable of exerting pressure for peace even after the Vietnamese War ends, and will attempt to engage these organizations in a thoroughgoing critique of American society. Ideology may be suspended on the doorstep, but it is apt to reappear when workers get their neighbors out of their houses and into study groups and political action.

The program will thus provide a test, as Alperovitz puts it, "of whether people with different ideologies can work in the same program for the same immediate objective." Organizers of the program are encouraged by their success in a Cambridge pilot project, where 100 workers have been canvassing six local precincts and where 50 per cent of residents approached have signed a petition calling on their Congressmen to hold open hearings [see also box below]. But they will need more volunteers and funds to make the program effective on a national scale. They now have commitments from only about 2,000 volunteers, out of the planned 10,000, and only \$120,000 of the minimum \$350,000 they hope to use.

The Amherst Community Referendum

How much effect have protests against the war in Vietnam had in local communities? To find out, students from Amherst College organized a door-to-door referendum in the town of Amherst, Mass., in which citizens were asked to vote on the following statement:

We are concerned with the human and material costs of the War in Vietnam. We urge our government to cease bombing North Vietnam immediately and to recognize the National Liberation Front in negotiations for the establishment of a coalition government in South Vietnam. These proceedings and the withdrawal of foreign troops should be under international supervision.

The results showed 38 per cent of those who answered in agreement, 46 per cent in opposition, and 16 per cent undecided.

Amherst, which serves as home to the college and the University of Massachusetts, is a liberal and active community. It was the only town in the state to give a near plurality to Thomas B. Adams, a peace candidate in the 1966 Democratic Senatorial primary, and in the election gave a strong majority to Republican Edward Brooke, then running as a "dove." Faculty mem-

bers, students and community groups have been prominent in their dissent. Each Sunday about 300 people have stood silently for one hour on the town common in opposition to the killing in Vietnam.

But even in such a community more than a third of the voters approached in the referendum refused to answer, and the bulk of these were clearly opposed to the statement.

As important as the results, however, was the actual meeting with voters and discussion of the war. Canvassers were astonished by the extent to which views were based on emotions, prejudices and misinformation. Many of those polled had deep reservations about the war, but thought it improper to say so publicly. Many said they were powerless and had to believe in the authority of the government. Others were simply afraid to talk.

The Amherst Community Referendum suggests the scope of what is to be done. Those faculty and students who dissent from the war cannot possibly compete with the government's dominance of the mass media. They must come out of their privileged academic circles and attempt to speak directly to the local public.

DORIAN J. FLIEGEL

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Past Reconstructed

FROM PLANTATION TO GHETTO: An Interpretive History of American Negroes. By August Meier and Elliott M. Rudwick. Hill and Wang. 280 pp. \$5.75.

NEGRO THOUGHT IN AMERICA, 1880-1915: Racial Ideologies in the Age of Booker T. Washington. By August Meier. University of Michigan Press. 336 pp. \$7.50. Paper \$2.25.

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Mr. Genovese is the author of *The Political Economy of Slavery* (Pantheon). He will shortly take up his duties as professor of history at Sir George Williams University. He is a member of the editorial boards of *Studies on the Left* and *The Journal of Social History*.

Before World War II and immediately after, an irrepressible band of Negro historians, occasionally joined by a white historian, usually a radical, strove to restore to the Negro a sense of his past and to bring to all Americans a sense of the Negro's contribution to our national life. Until a few years ago works on Negro history were shunned by publishers as unmarketable; today, publishers complain that they cannot get enough books to publish, and scholarly journals vie with one another for manuscripts. This victory has been bought at a price. In order to offset stereotyped notions of Negro passivity, historians have tended to dramatize the heroic moments; in order to force attention to the Negro's place in our national history, they have slid into some sweeping exaggerations. Most of the older scholars tried to keep on guard against a romantic view, but there has been a growing danger of an oscillation from a reactionary and ignorant view of the Negro, or no view at all, to a romantic and one-dimensional view. Thus the ideologically conservative portrait of every slave a Sambo has given way to the ideologically liberal portrait of every slave a potential Nat Turner.

August Meier has been in many ways emotionally and intellectually tied to the older, heroic school of Negro history; but strong doses of skepticism and a noticeable aversion to dogmatism temper his passionate commitment to racial justice and equality and, together with his impressive learning, place him in the front rank of his field. *From Plantation*

to Ghetto is more than another history of the Negro in America. Meier and Rudwick have written seven essays designed to present basic data within the framework of frank interpretation and even speculation.

Of especially high quality among the ante-bellum subjects treated is the account of the essential contribution of the Negro to the abolitionist movement, and of the discrimination encountered there. Apart from the commanding and irresistible Frederick Douglass, no Negro played a leading role in abolitionist circles, and few innovations came from black abolitionists. The authors properly interpret these circumstances as a reflection of discrimination and point to the absurdity of some exasperated Negroes' having had to organize segregated abolitionist societies. Yet, we may also observe that the objective outcome left the Negro leaders ill prepared to develop an independent program and movement during Reconstruction. The record of black suffering and heroism during the war and Reconstruction is presented here, but so is the record of political ineptness and of the failure of independent leadership.

The comparison of the 1860s and 1960s lays bare the long history of boycotts, sit-ins and other militant actions against segregation, and demonstrates how every important Negro gain, then and now, has had to be fought for tenaciously. The account of labor struggles, especially in the Knights of Labor and the Industrial Workers of the World, avoids both exaggerations of Negro-white unity and superficial anti-labor polemics. The treatment of the migration from the South explores the movement of social institutions as well as persons; the examination of religious cults as an alternative to explosive nationalism is suggestive, and the discussion of the matrifocal family is well balanced and free of the claptrap usually manifest in such discussions. The authors do a particularly good job with the "New Negro" movement and its ethnic dualism.

The frankly interpretive aspect of the book invites quarreling. As stimulating as it is, *From Plantation to Ghetto* has some strange features and dubious judgments. For example, it contains an illuminating analysis of

the continuity of response from ante-bellum to post-bellum times, but devotes 59 pages to the small number of ante-bellum free Negroes and only 43 pages to the great mass of slaves, with little attention paid to their daily life. The Negro in the United States was largely formed within the system of plantation slavery, as the title of the book suggests, and the subject cannot be by-passed without doing it violence.

The discussion of slave society suffers from the authors' neo-abolitionist bias—a bias that regrettably dominates the liberal and radical Left today. Thus, they talk nonsense about slave breeding, relying on arguments that U. B. Phillips demolished fifty years ago. That a woman's "anticipated fecundity" helped determine her market value is merely to say that she was property—i. e., a slave. We know that much. The point is that the sexes on farms and plantations were numerically in balance, that "rattling good breeders" did not command suspiciously high premiums, that only in rare instances did forced mating for breeding purposes occur, and most important, that planters generally did everything possible to encourage their slaves to live in stable family units. Elsewhere in the Americas, where slave breeding was attempted, the result was usually a failure. The high birth rate in the United States demonstrates not deliberate breeding but the relative comfort and stability of slave life. In the older areas of the South the natural increase could not be absorbed into production and partially had to be sold off. In this sense "slave raising" was objectively a part of the system and essential to its economic viability. Undeniably, family units were too often broken up in these sales. From this point to the assertion of deliberate slave breeding, or the implication that most *de facto* slave families were broken up, is a long, illogical and empirically false step.

The authors exaggerate absenteeism and thereby miss the main point of the Southern slave system—that it was dominated by a class of resident planters whose daily lives inevitably, and despite their best efforts, became bound up with the lives of their Negroes. Accordingly, the bonds of sentiment, as well as of economic interest, are underestimated, and with them the slaves's level of material comfort. They end with an undistinguished account of the factors re-

sponsible for the low incidence of slave insurrection in the United States.

When the authors move beyond Reconstruction they get progressively stronger. Accordingly, the best parts of their ante-bellum chapters are those which lead in a straight line to later problems. The dominant notion of Booker T. Washington—that thrift, sobriety and economic achievement would gain for the Negro recognition and respect from the white community—beguiled many Negro leaders long before Washington was born. The assumption proved false. Evidence of Negro sobriety, thrift and economic achievement in an essentially racist society more often than not simply enraged a large part of the white community. During the Atlanta riot of 1906—to take only one of many examples—it was precisely these “uppity, aloof, smart-assed niggers” who bore the brunt of white violence.

Negro thought from ante-bellum days to the present has ranged along a continuum of ideologies from assimilation to separatism, with a bewildering number of combinations and variations between the extremes. The authors are at their best in leading the reader through what at first glance appears to be a hopeless maze. For a single illustration consider the following passage in *From Plantation to Ghetto*:

The gap between ideal and practice in American society meant that Negroes not only wanted to be a part of that society, but that they also found it desirable to develop their own group life within it. Thus, ironically, the establishment of the separate Negro church and fraternal organizations was both a form of protest against racism and yet an accommodation to it.

The chapter on the civil rights movement, although uneven, is often excellent and will repay close reading. Its deficiencies stem in part from the earlier errors concerning slavery's effect on the Negro and in part from a Left-liberal or social-democratic (if there is much of a difference any more) bias. The nationalist tendency is in general badly slighted, although occasionally treated with refreshing skill. The authors search the various protest groups to discover their social composition and conclude that personality rather than social class separates them from one another. No doubt they have a point, but the main question concerns the class implications of their programs, not the social origins of their leaders and members. They do explore, with considerable insight, the general radicalization of the civil rights movement since 1963.

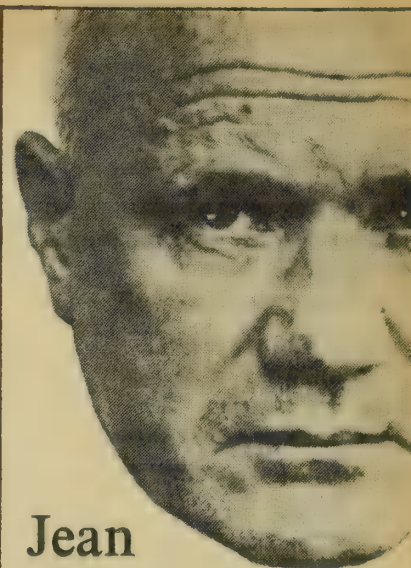
Many other specific arguments could

be joined. The rosy account of the March on Washington ought to be read along with the caustic account in the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*. The implication that Robert F. Williams lost his post in the NAACP because he advocated *offensive* violence is unworthy of the authors. The statement that SNCC militants scorned Johnson's maneuvers at the 1964 Democratic convention because “they reject on ideological grounds the compromises inherent in the American political system” is an inexcusably silly way to deal with the ideological complexities of a rapidly changing, radical, opposition movement.

The most unsatisfactory part of their treatment of the recent period concerns the cold war. The authors tell us that domestic racism was reinforced during 1890 to 1914 by the ideological exigencies of imperialism—a view that has been respectable and indeed standard fare since the publication of C. Vann Woodward's *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*—but they shy away from the relationship between racism and foreign policy in recent decades. Their observation that Communist espousal of the Negro cause has embarrassed the United States Government into policy shifts is well taken, but they display no small uneasiness about pursuing the matter.

They do explain in a footnote that the escalation of the war in Vietnam occurred too late to permit them to assess the new situation, but one detects that a combination of partisanship for the Negro cause, unhappiness about American imperialism, and stanch anti-communism has created a world in which they are less than comfortable. It is to their credit, in view of their anti-communism, that they have made a genuine effort to do justice to the contribution of American Communists in the fight for Negro liberation and have refrained from having jolly good fun with the more imbecilic gyrations of the party line. Yet the result of their uneasiness about cold-war issues leads naturally to a weak and disappointing end to an admirable if sometimes irritating book. No one today can predict the outcome of the present struggle, but surely such learned and sophisticated students as these ought to do better than to end with the question: Where will it all lead?

If Meier's *Negro Thought in America* (first published in 1963 and now appearing in paperback) is the more significant of the two books—one destined to reshape much of our thinking—it is also the easier to deal with. Not that it is a simple book, for its beauty lies in the clarity with which so many complexities and subtle nuances



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MIRACLE OF THE ROSE

Translated by Bernard Frechtman
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GENERATION AT THE NOONDAY

*We have the power now.
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progenitors are dead. We talk
angrily, thinking of the young.*

*This is the time when enemies
are known to us and when our friends
call us up on the phone
and they say we need you now.*

My friends have evil eyes.

*My reaction to them is normal,
and they are normal.*

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JOHN KNOEPFLE

are explored. Rather, its exhaustive scholarship and astute analysis provide an overwhelming case for its main contentions and provoke fewer quarrels.

Meier focuses on the articulate Negroes and accepts some distortion, for, as he observes, these would tend to be the prominent and socially privileged. To compensate somewhat, he searches institutional as well as intellectual developments in order to get some clues to the state of mind of the masses. Perhaps his most important contribution is the demonstration of a persistent quality in Negro life between integrationism and separatism and especially his probing examination of the specific forms and consequences of this duality. Meier points out that the integrationist tendency has generally prevailed during periods of upsurge, optimism and white dependence on Negro support—as, for example, during the War for Southern Independence and immediately thereafter—whereas the separatist (Black

Nationalist, Black Power) tendency has generally prevailed during periods of defeat and disillusionment and the flight of white allies.

This integrationist-separatist antagonism has rarely expressed itself in pure form: usually both elements, although in different proportions, have intruded themselves into movements and even individuals. Cutting across this antagonism has been the division between the leaders and the led. The generalization laid down by Meier for Reconstruction will, with proper application, serve for other occasions: "While the masses were primarily interested in landownership, the elite leaders, who had achieved some sort of economic security, were first and foremost interested in political and civil rights." Throughout the history of the Negro in America the emphasis on economic advance has been closely related to separatism and has been a working-class as well as a petty-bourgeois demand. Philosophies of racial exclusiveness and institutional separatism have formed part of a broader complex of ideas that has included racial pride and solidarity. In the age of Booker T. Washington, as well as before and since, Negroes have had to fight for integration, while creating separate organizations. "They appeared to be creating a segregated movement in itself, to be fostering the very thing they were attacking." Much of Meier's book is devoted to a searching examination of this paradoxical duality.

The clarity with which Meier presents this duality renders strange his assessment of Booker T. Washington. He insists on cluttering up an incisive discussion with dark suggestions that Washington's preponderance somehow does not indicate that he reflected the "as-

pirations" of the black masses and that he was "power" motivated. "Aspirations" is a loaded word. The point, as Meier's account shows, is that Washington spoke for and to the possibilities for the Southern black masses in a period of retreat and defeat. As for "power," Meier's embarrassed discussion provides enough reason to forget it. Washington was human and convinced of his own superior wisdom; the fact remains that he did the best he could for his embattled people. Perhaps the best part of Meier's discussion is his demonstration of the use to which Washington's philosophy was put: in the South it spelled accommodation; in the North a doctrine of self-help and go-it-alone for a people without substantial allies who nonetheless had the wherewithal to assume a defiant stance.

One of Meier's most significant findings concerns the decline in Washington's power, which roughly coincided with the formation of the NAACP. By the time he died, most of his power had disappeared. As his political position with the Republican Party slipped and his control of patronage dwindled, his enemies finally saw their chance. The subsequent changes opened the way for a more militant movement, but proved less extensive than appears on the surface. Northern Negro acceptance of Washington's leadership had never meant acquiescence in his accommodationist philosophy, which had been designed for a difficult Southern setting. Southern Negro acceptance of Washington's leadership had meant such acquiescence because no alternative had presented itself or was to present itself for a long time after his death. The integrationists spoke for a new Negro middle class that aspired to assimilation but was itself rising on an expanding Negro market and had the most to gain from an espousal of racial pride and solidarity. The Northern Negro politicians especially had to walk a tightrope, and part of DuBois' stature rests on his having grasped, so much better and earlier than most, that Negroes somehow had to integrate and separate at the same time.

Meier's account of the years 1880 to 1915 could in most respects be extended into our own day. New problems have arisen to complicate the old, but all or at least most of the old remain, for they have arisen from the paradox of the Negro in America, within which he is nothing if not an American, and still has never been permitted to become fully an American either. Meier's praise of the pragmatic streak in Negro thought is therefore hard to take: "There is something pragmatic

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about the ideologies of American Negroes. They will take the path that seems most likely to eliminate or at least minimize the discrimination involved in the American race system." Reflecting on how far back the Negro remains, we may question the wisdom of this pragmatism. Short-run tactical approaches have their place but their only real virtue lies in their supposed ability to deliver victory. The failure of black America to develop a long-range ideology and strategy of liberation has cost it dearly and, if the present signs of reaction are not deceptive, may soon take another heavy toll. Meier underestimates the savage emasculation wrought by slavery, paternalism and persistent violence. It will take much more than shrewd tactics, limited gains and heroic

moments to bring the black masses that *elan*, self-discipline and political cohesion without which their liberation is unlikely.

It would be unfair to Meier's remarkable effort to press this argument further, but I do wish he had pondered more carefully the words he quotes from the Southern Negro political and religious leader, Bishop Henry M. Turner: "A man who loves a country that hates him is a human dog and not a man." This sentence ought to be taken neither as an understandable but reckless outburst nor as a moral judgment on a too often apathetic people, for it contains in embryo an understanding of the terrible effect wrought by centuries of slavery and a glimpse of the harsh work needed to exorcize it.

A Romantic of the Wretched Life

MIRACLE OF THE ROSE. By Jean Genet. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Grove Press. 344 pp. \$7.50.

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Twice during Jean Genet's *Miracle of the Rose* (near the beginning and near the end) the writing gets off the ground and really sails. The flights are spectacular enough, but not in the fashion of the blasting skyrockets to which book reviewers customarily compare such feats. The trajectory is more like the path of a great blue heron moving downstream, its vast wings scarcely moving in the still air as the bird scans the landscape, turning its head from left to right. Everything seems to fall silent as the unearthly vision floats by.

Both of these moments are among the more beautiful and absorbing in modern French literature, and by themselves make this new translation by the late Bernard Frechtman worth the price of possession. But the book offers much more: I mention them only because they are the two moments of sublimity in a complex, self-undermining narrative the ultimate object of which is precisely that—sublimity. As such, they sound a little silly out of context. The first occurs (in a characteristically degraded situation) as Genet and his fellow convicts stand in a corridor of Fontevrault, the French penitentiary which is the novel's setting, and see a murderer named Harcamone being led by guards to the death cell, there to

await the guillotine. The prisoners' eyes turn toward this (to them) gloriously heroic figure "as sunflowers turn to the sun." Suddenly the manacles on the martyr's wrists begin to be transformed into links of white roses. The guards see nothing, and Harcamone keeps walking. The iron door of the cell slams shut.

Following this vision, Harcamone (who is the book's patron saint, invisibly leading it to its conclusion) disappears from the scene, only to reappear in the final pages, though not in the flesh. He invades Genet's dreams in the form of a huge colossus on which crawl judges, jurors and executioners (emissaries from the middle class, against which Genet measures the strength of his private world of demons and martyrs) as termites might creep across the Colossus of Rhodes. These homunculi slowly descend into Harcamone's body (through the mouth) and discover it transformed into a dolorous wonderland—"more decked with black than a capital whose king has just been assassinated."

I am not sure a simple critical description can make either of these passages sound very promising: Genet's motifs often sound merely grandiose without the concentration of imaginative energy that buoys them up and gives them their substance. But the final passage in particular is tremendously powerful, even for Genet: the judge's descent into Harcamone's flesh is a descent into a spiritual mystery, and every phase of the surreal fantasy is given both a tough, concrete presence and a peculiarly mute, admonitory "significance," like the indecipherable totems of some lost civili-

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zation, staring out of ruins at the startled explorer.

Miracle of the Rose therefore begins and ends with transcendent visions of the condemned murderer, Harcamone. Sandwiched between them (though it's a piece of bread between two slices of meat) is Genet's account of more mundane events: his complicated, distracted amours in the bull pen, dove-tailed with his memories of his first prison—the prison orphanage at Mettray, where he spent his boyhood and adolescence in a hierarchical world of little-boy big shots, “chickens” (their loyal, passive boy loves) and “jerks.”

Mettray—a former convent, with encircling walls of stone—was Genet's mother. Fontevrault penitentiary was the arena of his perverse movement into manhood. Mettray was Genet's idyll, his pastoral; at Fontevrault that idyll was ripped to shreds. Genet's whole effort in this book is to reassemble a shattered and fragmented paradise. This is the immemorial motive that lies at the center of his art, making him the romantic he is—the only first-rate romantic genius of postwar world literature.

Romantic nostalgia can take the standard form of a flight from the present, in which fantasy wafts the mind back to some real or imagined moment of perfection. But it can also wear its struggle with the world on its sleeve and supply the energy for a creative act bound to the present, in which the artist attempts to achieve some kind of spiritual state that overcomes a wounding reality. The individual does not evade the moment, but struggles with it openly—and the struggle is an angry one, directed not only against an unacceptable world but also against time itself. Such a person sees himself as alone. The more evasive nostalgia tends to dissolve the ego; the mind creates in fantasy a perfectly harmonious landscape into which

the self blends without a hitch and disappears into the general bliss. In contrast, Genet's nostalgia erects a demonic ego, fighting a present he never stops facing, and overcoming it on his own.

The nature of this demonic, romantic egoism, its infinitely complex dialectic, and its ethical and aesthetic ramifications have been encyclopedically explored by Sartre in *Saint Genet* (it is an encyclopedia without an index), and I refer anyone interested in the philosophic dimension of Genet's romanticism to that maniacally analytic work. I don't see how anything more can possibly be said on the subject. Some feel that Sartre's dialectics fail to grasp the real genius of Genet: the sensuous glory of the spectacle. I don't agree with this argument—Genet is a philosophic novelist, and his work is inseparable from the serpentine subtlety of his intellect. But it is true that *Saint Genet* is more important to an understanding of Sartre's intellectual position than it is to a reading of Genet, and there is no need to resort to it to grasp what is. I would argue, a philosophic spectacle rendered in strictly poetic terms.

Still, this spectacle creates a strange kind of poetry in 1967. Genet seems to be an increasingly isolated figure in current literature (but then these books, written in the forties, are not current); isolated particularly in France where the classical austerity of the new novel has moved in the opposite direction from his hyperbole, and even in America, where such would-be poets of the ego as Norman Mailer have run into a dead end—failing to get in touch with the poetic resources that keep Genet's prose aloft—and thus have been forced to use every journalistic ploy (including bashes, *gratis*, for theatregoers on Christopher Street) to keep the glorious ego out in front and running.

I think the explanation of his artistic isolation lies in the facts of Genet's life. Like Mailer, Genet is inordinately aware of his audience, but as a *real* (rather than self-appointed) outcast he sees his audience as a mass of aliens, as those who have cast him out, as *them*. His first three books (including this one) were written in a prison cell, under a blanket at night, and hidden in the toilet (where else?) during the day. Genet's whole life has been determined by a *real*—and very clearly defined—sense of transgression. And for Genet's variety of romanticism, transgression is really a formal property which gives the art its substance and seriousness.

Genet's wretched early life gave him a resounding sense of alienation to which few romantics can aspire, and this unique relation to his audience contains in its interesting impasse a set of artistic possibilities which most authors, lost little children of their own class, have to hoke up as entertainment. But the point is not what society will or will not accept but rather how the artist embodies his own relation to the rest of the world. Ultimately the whole question resolves into a poetic issue: the form the artist gives his isolation—which is why Baudelaire even today retains his singular isolation (damned for sins long forgotten) while Mailer, no matter how jazzy the crime, remains one of us.

The central portion of *Miracle of the Rose* moves in a single, uninterrupted block, although one richly strewn with the wherewithal for Sartrean dialectics. This part of the book is much more talky than is either *Our Lady of the Flowers* or *Funeral Rites* (a novel whose structural technique is considerably more inventive than either). Genet's prose is always rather episodic. Typically, he is excited by some real event (meeting a handsome convict on the stairs, seeing a fist fight in the prison yard) and proceeds to expound on it, using his unique mixture of fantasy and intellectual reflection. The other two novels find devices to make this stop-and-start narration more clear-cut and lucid than it is in *Miracle of the Rose*, which sometimes allows its energy to be wasted in talk rather than in keeping things moving at the relentless clip they require.

Some readers (not myself, however) may find this talkiness sufficient compensation for the aesthetic lapse. This is the book in which Genet most extensively discusses his ideas as ideas: here the sociology of his prison life is most fully presented. (Both ideas and information, by the way, are of considerable interest and are expounded with great intelligence.) Needless to add that these expositions are not for “our” bene-

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fit—Genet neither amuses nor instructs his audience (at least not consciously). He seems more concerned with clarifying his life and intellectual position for his own benefit, and getting it down on paper. But to my mind, these maneuvers (evidently a necessary step toward his own maturity) make parts of the central portion of the book somewhat clumsy, in contrast to *Funeral Rites*.

These are minor failings in view of the book's whole achievement. The transgression succeeds on a profound level that has nothing to do with sexual mores or one's opinion as to whether Jean

Genet is or is not a nasty man. In a period in which most art is moving in other directions, *Miracle of the Rose* is a monument to a peculiarly virile kind of energy: an act of transgression and completeness that puts before "us" the determination to create itself autonomously, to stand on its own terms. It begins in rebellion and ends as a work of self-contained beauty which no longer needs "us" to give it meaning. There it stands, unfolding the private splendor of its romance, showing all the tough, curling thorns that will scratch the hand that touches it.

lived too long with, and too close to, the unthinkable.

The people of the village behaved with courage and humanity in the early hours of the crisis, succoring the survivors of the crash—surprisingly there were some survivors—and making determined efforts to rescue the hopelessly smashed and burning bodies of the victims. The parish priest, with his cassock actually on fire, tried to administer the last rites of his Church. Warily, the reader feels at this point: "We have only their own word for it." The chain of events is in itself so ugly that evidences of normal decency and compassion induce skepticism. Perhaps the U.S. authorities reacted similarly, for there has been no official recognition on their part of any sense of obligation toward the villagers. Perhaps spontaneous gratitude for spontaneous generosity got lost in the dreariness of the haggling over compensation claims.

This book does not make enlivening reading, but it is salutary. Even if we can no longer react to it with any intensity, it is necessary for us to realize what the world we live in is really like. Sometimes, as here, it is intellectually, as distinct from emotionally, more feasible to do this in microcosm.

More Callous Than We Know

THE BOMBS OF PALOMARES. By Tad Szulc. The Viking Press. 288 pp. \$6.50.

MAIRE CRUISE O'BRIEN

Mrs. O'Brien is a former Irish diplomat who spent two years as Secretary of Embassy in Madrid.

This is a lucid, conscientious and humane account of how on January 17, 1966, a B-52 bomber of the Strategic Air Command carrying four hydrogen bombs collided, while refueling, with an aerial tanker over southeastern Spain, and of how both aircraft exploded in midair, filling the sky with flame. Providentially the bombs jettisoned in time, and although two of them were involved in minor explosions the electro-mechanical safety devices against accidental detonation proved effective. Had they not. . . . ?

It is a grim commentary on our society that, for one reader at least, this admirable piece of reporting gives off an undeniable aura of anticlimax and *déjà-vu*. We know about "overkill"; we know we live under the constant menace of just such an accident as this was; we know that the danger we are in is not confined to the sphere of accident. One of the four bombs fell in the sea and took months of organized search to recover; we remember the interlude as comic—it is the classic refuge of impotence.

We are told that as a result of the rupture of the casings around the missiles' warheads in the two minor explosions, some of the inhabitants of the village of Palomares may in twelve to thirty years' time develop cancers due to plutonium poisoning. We know that for the best part of a year their lives were disrupted, their livelihood gravely prejudiced, and that they will have to live with the repercussions of this visitation

in terms of social and economic disadvantage for a long time to come. Against the background of the headlines we read daily it seems a relatively benign tragedy; we have become more callous than we know. A good deal of very serious criticism has been leveled by the author and other professional journalists at the inept handling by the United States of the release of information. Their points are well taken, but, already the entire occurrence seems peripheral and remote—like the village of Palomares itself or the death of President Kennedy.

In part, this lackluster impression is a function of the book's virtues. Mr. Szulc knows and loves Spain and conveys its authentic claustrophobic atmosphere with rare success. The result is an orchestration of boredoms: the desperate boredom of poverty, the frustration and hardship of Lorca's Andalusia—the boredom of the Top Brass, Dr. Strangelove's people—of the provisional and the arbitrary which is the hallmark of General Franco's police state—the glossy boredom of the diplomatic corps. They are all here and their dehumanized and deadening interactions are faithfully recorded. When a little boy of 9 called Tony (the author's son?) takes an unscheduled part in the ghastly ambassadorial "swim-in," which declared the Mediterranean free from radioactive contamination, one feels like cheering: "Here at last is somebody real!"

Mr. Szulc is scrupulously fair to the American health and decontamination teams who, at the cost of much labor, checked the radiation hazards in the area, did away with them, and restored the physical environment to normal. Yet they do not emerge as likable people. Their devotion to duty was unquestionable, their approach to human problems detached and perfunctory. How could it be otherwise? They had



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A Usable Critic

WILLIAM TROY: Selected Essays. Edited and with an introduction by Stanley Edgar Hyman. Rutgers University Press. 314 pp. \$9.

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels teaches English at Williams College. He has written for The Kenyon Review, The Yale Review, Commonweal and other magazines.

While introducing William Troy, a critic who flourished in the thirties and forties, Stanley Edgar Hyman complains that ours is an Age of Epigones; but critics are less responsible for the decline than Hyman seems to think. "R. W. B. Lewis [may be] less than Matthiessen, Norman Podhoretz [may be] less than Lionel Trilling," but Saul Bellow is also less than William Faulkner; Robert Lowell less than T. S. Eliot.

When Troy was writing for several magazines including *The Nation* (to which he contributed regularly on movies as well as books), Proust had just been translated, the novels of Malraux were coming out, and *Finnegans Wake* was not yet complete. Little wonder that criticism today seems puny by contrast.

Coming from that age of great literature and seminal criticism, a figure like Troy, who wrote about seventy critical pieces and no book, is easily forgotten. Lacking the theoretical brilliance of a critic like Kenneth Burke, or even the exemplary methods of Trilling or Empson, Troy was too eclectic for easy labeling, and thus for packaging in histories of criticism. His attempts at theory, like the essay on tragedy here reprinted, were both loose and unoriginal; his most suggestive theoretical statements were likely to have been tossed off in the heat of battle, in more practical pieces. Nor was he great by virtue of extent of interest or influence: protean like Edmund Wilson, or messianic like Leavis. Yet Troy is eminently worth reviving, just as he was dangerous to forget. Because of their very distinctiveness, the methods and gifts of more famous critics have hardened into tools or commandments (Epigones are not only lesser, they are likely to be more doctrinaire). With his lucid sensibility and freedom from restrictive categories, Troy may prove a more fruitful model than those great critics who begin to seem larger than writers and have thus become distractions from literature itself.

Though Troy was not a theoretician, his criticism was informed by an intelligence so balanced that where many the-

oreticians took up positions in logical traps, Troy easily avoids them. At the very moment when scholars and critics were either treating literature like polemics or investigating ideas as if belles-lettres was a sub-category of history or philosophy (only rather effete and somewhat unreliable), Troy acknowledged both the centrality of literary ideas and their distinction from ideas in other forms:

... metaphysics is concerned with devising a picture of the world by means of the rational intellect, literature with recreating this world in the fullness and immediacy with which it appears to an individual personality. . . . The most we can say about the ideas or philosophy of an artist is that they resemble some intellectual formulations with which we are acquainted.

With this alert, refined conception, Troy can in "The Lawrence Myth" precisely delineate the ideas buried in Lawrence's work, then use them to expose the romantic death worship which subverts Lawrence's more apparent notions and, finally, the very world he wants to create:

To discard reason is to throw over the only thing that can give life definition. Lawrence's program is, in the last analysis, a program for a mystery god—but hardly for a man. And Dionysius in every age can terminate his agony only by dissolving into his native element.

On the question of form's relationship to content, which threatened to turn some 20th-century critics into secular mystics, Troy is eminently sensible. Recognizing that "the art of poetry" has always been the "maintenance of the proper harmony between the sound and the meaning of words," he falls neither into an irresponsible fixation on form (still with us in the criticism of Susan Sontag) or that exaltation of content which characterized his epoch—overtly in Marxist criticism, covertly in the disguised religiousness of the Southern critics. With strategic brilliance, he uses the poetic jottings of Paul Valéry (a culture hero for many of the interested parties) to insist that in poetry, form and content are "engaged in an intense conflict with each other, on an equal plane, to produce the poem. Or rather this conflict is itself the poem—*la forme sensible*." Armed with this subtle definition, Troy attacks the triumph of style over content in Virginia Woolf, which he rightly predicted would harm the novel's subsequent growth.

Free from that specious Philistinism which infects defenders of naturalistic fiction, Troy never embraced the obverse fetish: the "poetic" novel.

Thus, confronted with the romantic penumbra and ironic prose style of Stendhal, he can still prefer the documentary amplitude of Balzac, showing that Balzac's details are always subordinated to his grasp of truth.

Yet Troy's essay on Stendhal is perhaps his most dazzling. Combining close analysis of action with biographical, psychological and historical inferences, tactfully framed, Troy shows how Stendhal exemplifies a cultural idea, thereby exemplifying his own large sense of the meaning of literature:

Baylism is indeed as good as any other label to cover the moral and intellectual anarchy of the undefined individualism of the modern world. For actually the romantic will, as we have seen it [in Stendhal] is nothing but instinct parading as Machiavellian reason. The cult of the *Moi* becomes a cult of self-destruction the moment the individual realizes the interdependence between the sense of his own being and society. The notion of an altogether free and irresponsible individuality becomes a metaphysical conundrum if one inquires how an individual could exist without a social environment to which he may offer the resistance by which he can be measured and defined. And it may be shown that when the individual makes his instinct the sole measure not only of himself but also of the universe, as did Stendhal and many other writers of his century, he runs the risk of becoming indistinguishable from the universe—which may provide certain satisfactions but certainly destroys the possibility of individuality. In fact, he achieves a state that is indistinguishable from the state of death.

In his introduction, Hyman praises Troy for his originality, which is indeed impressive. More impressive is the enduring rightness of his judgment. He was early in analyzing *The Magic Mountain*, but it is more thrilling to see him finally realize that Mann's intellectual richness is shallow, that he is not "in the last analysis, *un homme sérieux*." His balanced dismissals of Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein have become standard, as has his partial retraction in Woolf's case. Honor is due Troy for being the first to recognize that "Absolution" is Fitzgerald's greatest story, but more honor is due him for recognizing it at all.

Through selfless devotion to the work at hand, Troy seldom attains the distinctive prose style of asserted personality. Nor is he notably witty. Yet when a sharp definition is needed, he can be felicitous. Thus Stendhal's heroes are "superior young men who hover about the great bonfire of love without ever wishing to approach near enough

to get burned"; Malraux's *The Royal Way* "represents an exhaustion through the imagination, a kind of vicarious purging of the mood which was the legacy of the last generation of European writers to the present"; tragedy "provides us with a means of vision for the correction of individual astigmatism by humility." It was, after all, Troy who dubbed Fitzgerald "the Authority of Failure."

Troy was perhaps too free from the contemporary emphasis on textual analysis; his one essay on poetry ("*Antony and Cleopatra*: The Poetic Vision") is distressingly casual, and he seldom peers very closely through the lens of a writer's prose. Too often, his intense regard for literature makes him ask it for salvation (but in this he merely partakes in the widespread inflation without which the age's great criticism would probably not have been possible).

He was not, either in scope or intensity, a mover and shaker. But when confronted with a text, he analyzed it with a firm sense both of its inherent meaning and of its cultural implications, in a style which expresses seriousness of commitment precisely and clearly. He was better than a seminal critic; he was a usable one. That he should have been forgotten is the mark of his achievement. In the excitement of being urged back to the text, good criticism is meant to be forgotten.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

It invokes only one more insoluble historical puzzle to ask why Italy, after an extremely adventurous beginning in Futurism, contributed hardly a trickle to the development of 20th-century art. None of the great names, and few of the lesser ones, in our aesthetic life since Cubism, are Italian. In sympathy with the general retrenching into Classicist values, and the incipient conservatism of a "new reality" that marked the twenties, Italian painting went even further and swept itself into a deep provincialism. The stillness that presided over its forms then was almost a talisman of mental apathy. Exhaustion was camouflaged by a certain archaism. If the machine had been exalted by the Futurists as a breakthrough into a new nationalism—of the modern mind—the ideals of the early *Quattrocento* substituted for it a narrow cultural nationalism in the work of their successors. Within this mold, but also providing the lone exception to it, by virtue of his incredibly modest intensity, was Georgio Morandi

(now showing at a handsome exhibition at the Loeb and Krugier Gallery).

Despite the poverty of his colors, the single-mindedness of his theme and the physical smallness of his still lifes, Morandi's sources and references are complex. Di Chirico, of Greek origin, was enamored of Böcklin and Courbet, as well as Masaccio and Uccello. It is usually said of Morandi that he owed his greatest allegiance to Cézanne and especially Seurat. To be sure, the spirit of the latter infuses Morandi's beautiful etchings, with their delicate but pervasive gray hatchings and leafy tonal silhouettes through whose meshes a granulated light barely sieves. And in his background, there is Corot, who constructed equivalents of perceived value changes by the most precisely controlled contrasts which yet always seem bold and loose. If Corot taught everyone in this respect, Morandi's connection with him, right into this decade, is fonder and more intimate. But the real affinity shown in the Loeb exhibition is with that still obscure group of 19th-century Italian artists called the "Macchiaioli." Contemporary with the Impressionists, such men as Giovanni Fattori and Giuseppe Abbati, variously involved with the *Risorgimento*, had formulated a vision where shadows were observed as flat zones, and where vivid spots ("macchia") of local color told against the blond or drab campagna. Here the will toward illustrated sentiment, which had marred so much of Italian art a century ago, found subtler expression in the isolation of a very few forms, and a concomitant sense of abandonment. Morandi owes more to their registration of the oppressive aspects of their surroundings, than does Edward Hopper, say, to Winslow Homer. But instead of the rootlessness and desolation of the American experience, there is, in these Italian *petits maîtres*, an environment of refuge inflected with a nostalgia for the Renaissance. Yet,

that they were so wedded to the immediate evidence of their eyes, however much they were inclined to simplify or abstract it, saved them from schematism, and worse, academicism. The most diffident yearning informs their art, in which a still-life configuration and a landscape subject crystallize into images of immobility. Perhaps some unconscious longing can be inferred in Morandi, too, since the taller of his spindly or fluted bottles, with their slightly wavering necks, resemble the old leaning towers of his native Bologna.

From all this cultural humus sprouted the most tender flower of an art, one that wears its associations so lightly because it is actually concentrated elsewhere, on only a tiny corner of existence. For in the end (as well as the beginning), there is nothing to support Morandi except his sensibility—a mode of seeing, a way of touching paint onto canvas, his counterpointed little groupings, a preference for certain colors within a very restricted range. These are the obvious features of his work, and they would never have served to bring notice, much less admiration, for his name, were it not for the muted breadth with which he invested them.

Of the earlier creations of his life, those sometimes harshly lit and highly designed flower pieces and scullery collections that relate a good deal to Carrá's *Pittura Metafisica*, there is hardly an example in the current show. This lack deprives us of a full idea of his development. But it is also true that the mood of their deliberate timelessness would have had quite a period look to it. Paradoxically, it is only when Morandi concentrates on an individual moment, his wrist tensing or relaxing in response to prerequisites of individual pressures, that a special "look" fades away. Then one knows that the goal is neither meditation nor an effect but only the realization of

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his own manner, which is indifferent to historical styles (though, of course, it constitutes a very distinct style in itself). For the reason that his process of realization is noncumulative, Morandi, in fact, cannot be said to have an observable development. It is only his virtuosity, not "progression," in any sense, that absorbs him. But it is hardly a virtuosity that wants to demonstrate itself; it is not its own reason for being. Rather, the sensations he is after are available solely through conserving energy and underplaying his hand. But the beauty of the completed work can be derived only through a knowledge that he *has* resources which can be underplayed. There is no sense of struggle in anything he does, but neither is there a sense of easy, self-displaying accomplishment. In this intermediate zone lie his exquisitely refined taste and his lingering pleasure.

For there can be no doubt that pleasure of an extremely rare kind, disguising itself as homeliness, motivates the spread of his thin pastes and his translucent scrubbings. Morandi is constantly edging or finding the edge, of a plate or candelabra, with a slow, slightly snipped or quivering contour that conveys a hesitation without being indecisive. Because of its infinite sequence of starts and stops, this contour makes one aware of *shape* as something precious. However plausible in itself, shape appears to be conferred on the object rather more than to belong inherently to it. Additionally, the figure-ground relationship is a reciprocally molding interaction, at least along the termination of any plane. There is a felt sense of de-

marcations mutually adjusting the paths of their shortest tangents—a phenomenon which reduces an already laconic drawing to a few creases of shadow between flattened pitchers or bowls. Within a huddled-in profile, not disturbed by the minimal differences of cylinder and cube, yet frequently set off internally by checkered alternations of light and dark, Morandi's humble objects are ceaselessly restudied.

They give off an air of being almost unwitting icons, admired for their dusty surfaces and dulled glints. Through subtle degrees of definition, which never look either summary or too particular, they are made to inhabit a closed-off ambience of their own. Almost invariably frontal in their presentation, these pepper mills and flasks are dead-pan foils for each other, accented by slight vertical tiltings, or one very gentle foreshortening. But, whether the artist brings them up close, to be examined as if under a telephoto lens, or establishes a mid-ground where they hug each other in lonely protection against the void, the very aestheticism of his processes is transmuted into a droll conversation of forms. Kettles are shown to have satellite spice boxes, or wine bottles lord it over creamers. Spigots and handles act as commalike flanges that move in opposite directions. There are also pompous symmetries that contrast ironically with the prosaic identity of the objects of which they are composed. Be they of fat and thin, or bulbous and rectangular, such contrasts are enough to remind one that Morandi is the legatee of the oldest tradition of caricature in Western art.

LOOKING OUT AT NIGHT OVER ROOFTOPS

I

*A window opens late at night.
I hear voices riding in from the horizon,
Pale bears that tumble end over end,
With hair in their eyes, blotting out the stars,
Leaving a musty odor in the night, like rain.*

II

*Which of these lights is my own,
And which has been carried by the darkness
That falls in my sleep?
I look out and see their small eyes burning
Like candles. The night-moths
Shield them with their wings.*

III

*My body turns to stillness.
Stars fall close to my skin, unable to change
The darkness. They are the inner side
Of the land, what the fingers cannot touch
Except when, through the rough skin of the night,
They touch themselves.*

PAUL ZWEIG

With the driest of affection, he seems to me an underground participant in that tradition, of which it is now hard to tell if still life is the pretext or the goal.

But the most remarkable of his strategies has to do with light and color. Light, when it does not congeal as a creamy highlight on a bottle, or is isolated by delicate but opaque slivers of shadow, is a curious bleaching element. Whatever its permutations, it behaves as a white-on-white matrix, out of which color precipitates almost reluctantly. Here, a certain optical faintness emphasizes the tangibility of the calm slides of bristle marks. One adjusts to its rarified and chalky tonalities only a little more slowly than to the full-bodied and heavily saturated hues in which modern art customarily disports itself. What is more, these pale lemons, ambers, coffee browns, buffs, lavenders and diaphanous blues, slightly curdled and *recherché*, relate to the primary hues the way off-white relates to white. In the sense in which they withhold, and yet imply, deeper assonant energies, they comprise a highly articulate and personal chromaticism. Fairly often, a picture can go fuzzy in this precarious domain; but when Morandi picks out an accent, he can make even the most timid of salmon resoundingly musical. At such moments, and there are happily many in the present show, his focus is so adjusted that he joins in that line of pictorial luminism (in which half-lights are liquefied with magical clarity), to which Vermeer also belonged. Here archaism, that protective mask, evaporates, giving way to a breeding fortified by matchless poetry.

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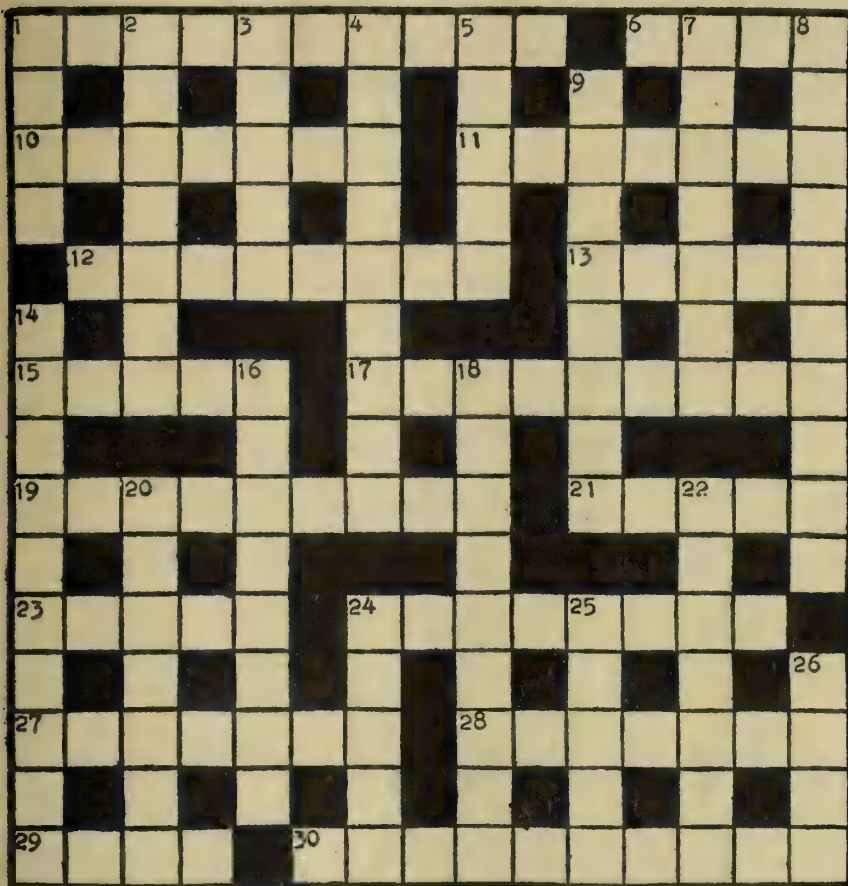
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1205

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Henry, or Tudor? Lord knows how to live with it! (5, 5)
- 6 and 10 An artist might be occupied so, when there's no advance. (11)
- 11 See 1 down
- 12 Some stars are sheltered, or perhaps checked for qualifications. (8)
- 13 Macbeth was to pack one article in another. (5)
- 15 A useful thing, like dishes, perhaps. (5)
- 17 English to Gaelic? (9)
- 19 Chicken with brine? It proves the Chinese have depth. (6, 3)
- 21 Beat with a shovel? (5)
- 23 A call on friends with the precious little things! (5)
- 24 Corrupted a version of Neptune's other name. (8)
- 27 Periods of activity for bats? (7)
- 28 One of the twelve tribes has a solid fence, so duck! (7)
- 29 Self-administered by Father William's young man? (Perhaps one hangs out in the open this way.) (4)
- 30 Was 14 barely visible to him? (7, 3)

DOWN:

- 1 and 11 Forced to choose a course, but not placed on the rack. (4-2-5)
- 2 With minor annoyances, is missing shades of color. (7)
- 3 Lift one likes to get on the job. (5)

- 4 They deal with more than one bank that supplies them with notes of all kinds. (9)
- 5 Is it the stuffing that makes one? (5)
- 7 Set down a country and continent, in short, and state the total. (7)
- 8 He worships false lashes? (10)
- 9 It's unavailing to be in need of shoes! (8)
- 14 One of the first demonstrators for tax relief. (4, 6)
- 16 The nights spent waltzing to Strauss when one is out? (8)
- 18 Confusing the opposite of what one might be doing on the first cruise? (7, 2)
- 20 One who is starting out right in the middle of the less productive years? (7)
- 22 Take part a trifle too rambunctiously? (7)
- 24 To be able to help the sheriff? (5)
- 25 Led on from the days of the past. (5)
- 26 Sounds like a straight line of fruit. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1204

ACROSS: 1 Buffalo nickel; 9 Ascot; 10 Top-drawer; 11 Tell off; 12 Scandal; 13 Quits; 14 Tailspins; 16 Associate; 18 Tiber; 19 Tidings; 21 Abalone; 22 Riot squad; 23 All in; 24 Space stations. DOWN: 1 Beat to Quarters; 2 Faculties; 3 Authors; 4 and 20 Out-of-doors; 5 Impassive; 6 Koreans; 7 Lowed; 8 Drill sergeants; 14 Transmute; 15 Imbroglio; 17 Canasta; 18 Tea cart; 21 Audit.

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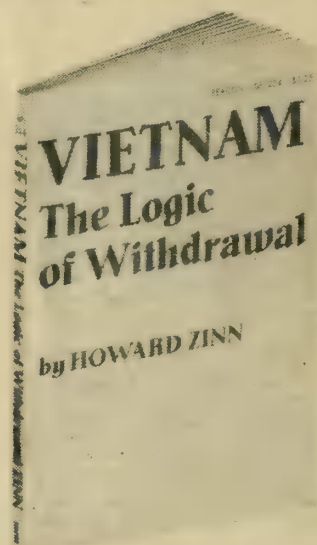
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**SMALL WARS:
THE PERIL ESCALATES**

SEYMOUR MELMAN

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THE GENTLE DESPERADOES

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LETTERS

boom

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Karl M. Ruppenthal's articles on the proposed supersonic transport plane (SST), in *The Nation* of May 22 and May 29, bring out for the first time many of the serious shortcomings of the program. . . . Additional facts that Ruppenthal might have mentioned are: (1) When and if the SSTs are in routine use over the United States, the amount of damage their sonic booms may be expected to do to window glass, plaster, etc., is more than \$1 million per day, according to a straightforward estimate based on Air Force and FAA reports on recent sonic boom tests at Chicago and St. Louis. (2) The FAA admits that there is no cure for the sonic boom. (3) It continues to refuse to ban supersonic flight over land. (4) It has no feasible plan whereby a homeowner can collect for damage done to his house.

William A. Shurcliff, Director,
Citizens League Against the Sonic Boom

Alan Swallow

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: The place of Alan Swallow in American letters is a proud one. As poet, critic, teacher, and one of the great individualistic publishers of the country, he will take his place in history as a man of many gifts. In a time of growing conformity, when committees of editors are the rule in most publications and publishing houses, he remained the champion of individual taste and choice. One could disagree with him, but one had always to respect his judgment and integrity. Starting with his own hand press, he built up a large publishing business with a remarkable and varied group of writers. His untimely death occurred as he was receiving ever wider recognition of his achievements as a writer, editor and publisher. Those of us who published with him and knew him as a friend will miss him greatly. We hope that the means will be found to continue his rare and unique publishing venture as a memorial to him, and we pledge ourselves to help in any way that we can.

Mark Harris Hester G. Storm Richard McBride James Schevill Alvaro Cardona-Hine Walter Van Tilburg Clark Thomas McGrath Jack Beeching Richard Lyons Allen Tate Allen Planz J. V. Cunningham Natalie S. Robins Frank Waters Howard Baker Kay Boyle Yvor Winters Janet Lewis Vincent McHugh Harvey Shapiro Anais Nin Roger Hecht Martin Robbins Frederick Manfred Gus Blaisdell.

don't forget

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIR: This coming summer . . . there will be mass migration of young Americans and some foreign youth to the San Francisco-East Bay area. . . . Many of these will be people of draft age. We are to be witness to a vast, artificial grouping of draft-age men, assembling under the eyes of those who are responsible for filling Johnson's war quotas. Now how long do you think it will be before the local police and federal agents start having sidewalk- and street-blocks, stopping all young "rebel" types and demanding to see the sacred draft card?

You all recall reading at least a line or two in your American History text about the Civil War Draft Riots. And do you remember that in New York and other cities many men—often Irish and immigrants just escaped from Europe's armies—fought armed gun battles with the state's agent, sometimes for weeks at a time?

That's all.

Joseph E. Fasciani

EDITORIALS

The Great De-Mythification

The military victory of Israel in the Middle East not only confronted the amazed world with a fantastically successful blitzkrieg but also punctured irreparably, in forty-eight hours, three carefully nurtured myths of international life: the image of President Nasser as the leader of the Arab world (which he had hoped to refurbish with the bold blockade of Aqaba), the present capability of the Arab nations to encircle and strangle Israel and, perhaps most important, the effective solidarity of the Soviet Union with the Arab countries in their struggle against Israel as a "tool of Western imperialism."

The upheavals created by the collapse of the first two of these grand illusions are yet to take shape and are primarily a matter of regional concern. Of more immediate interest is the fact that the UN Security Council was the stage for the toppling of the Soviet Union from its posture of champion of the Arab peoples. Ironically, this dramatic event was the only visible result of the intense activity around the Council's chamber, while the fate of the war was being decided solely on the field of battle. It was an obligation for the Security Council to go through the motions of calling for a cease-fire, although most diplomats were convinced that Israel would not heed such a call until it had obtained guarantees for its survival. Yet even this academic attempt was frustrated in the early stages by the opposing views of the United States and the Soviet Union. Washington wanted an unconditional cease-fire resolution; Moscow insisted on a clause calling for withdrawal of the Israeli forces to the positions they held before the 5th of June—that is, their abandonment of newly occupied Egyptian territory.

The only interest of this sterile exercise was to demonstrate once more that in the absence of agreement between the United States and the USSR the United Nations is powerless to assume even a purely formal role in peace-keeping. The impasse was total and the Council's well-meant agitation empty to the point of being ludicrous. All of a sudden, while the columns of General Dayan raced through the Sinai, the situation changed. It became clear to the Soviet Union that it had miscalculated, that the expensive armaments it had supplied to Nasser over the last few years lay destroyed on the ground and that the USSR might be called upon to intervene directly. Attributing—not without grounds—a similar reasoning to Washington in case of serious difficulties for Israel, Moscow backed down.

Nikolai Fedorenko signed with Arthur Goldberg on the dotted line of a resolution which contained only a call for a cease-fire, without condemnation of Israel or any request for withdrawal. Israel, which had already reached its objectives, welcomed the resolution, but continued to

press on. A few hours later, the Arabs accepted the resolution to save themselves from utter rout. Following its tradition of realism in foreign policy, the Soviet Government had chosen to limit a political commitment rather than engage in a military adventure, possibly against the United States.

Although the Kremlin warned Tel Aviv that it would break diplomatic relations with it and "take other measures" if Israel did not stop its "aggression," these threats must be a meager consolation to the United Arab Republic in its hour of need. Arab history books may well cite the Soviet defection as the "stab in the back" in this ill-fated episode, rather than the "attack" by American and British planes, which was obviously invented by Cairo in the heat of the moment as a desperate excuse for its military disaster.

This may well be the vanishing point of a Russian dream. Unless the Soviet Union changes its course again very soon (a most unlikely possibility), its steadily built foothold in the Middle East will be destroyed, its role as a protector of the nations recently freed from colonialism at an end, its financial and ideological investments bankrupted. A few weeks ago, the African nations denounced in the General Assembly the withdrawal of Soviet support for their plans for a confrontation with South Africa over the territory of South West Africa. The "grand disillusion" has now engulfed all of the Arab world.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

What Double Standard?

Predictably, the hawk columnists and editorial writers, together with their coadjutors in the Johnson Administration, sensed a heaven-sent opportunity in the outbreak of hostilities in the Middle East. One White House spokesman is supposed to have circulated an aphorism of his own making: "The doves on Vietnam are hawks in Israel." In eight words, he managed to distort the truth about as far as it can be twisted. Following his lead, or exercising their own considerable talents in that direction, the commentators let loose on the Vietnamese "doves" with a barrage of accusations of "inconsistency," "double standard," etc. At last they could go on the offensive.

Actually, nothing could be clearer than the unlikeness of the situations in the Middle East and Southeast Asia. In Vietnam the United States intervened gratuitously and, after failing to save Vietnam for French colonialism, sabotaged the Geneva accords and took over the war against the Vietnamese people. In the Middle East, Israel is a creation of the United Nations and, be it said to their credit, of Britain and the United States. Being responsible for its existence, the UN is surely responsible for its survival. This applies to the Soviet Union as well as the United States. The latter has recognized its obligation, verbally at least, while the Russians saw a chance to make trouble for us in an area close to their borders, as we

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had made trouble for them in Vietnam. However indefensible the Russian tactic may be, the UN-U.S. obligation is clear, the more so because the abrupt withdrawal of the UN forces gave Nasser the opportunity to precipitate the crisis.

To run out on the issues in Vietnam, to lessen the pressures to end that execrable war, as a *quid pro quo* to induce the Johnson Administration to take stronger action in the Middle East, would be morally despicable and politically stupid. Maurice N. Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, put the case forcefully last winter in a letter to President Johnson. "... great numbers of my fellow Jews in America," Rabbi Eisendrath wrote, "the greater number I do believe, will not sacrifice their moral convictions concerning the evils of this particular war in Vietnam to be at ease in Zion or in America."

The Flag-Burning Irritant

As several distinguished law professors testified before a House Judiciary Subcommittee early this month, flag burning is a statement of dissent, and any attempt to suppress the activity is a violation of the First Amendment's protection of free speech.

The anti-flag-burning legislation now passing through Congress (it would send to prison for a year anyone who "casts contempt upon any flag of the United States by publicly mutilating, defacing, defiling, or trampling upon it") is in reality a measure to stifle opposition to a particular war. If there was ever any doubt about that, it was blown away by an exchange between Congressman Byron Rogers of Colorado, chief sponsor of the bill, and Prof. Monroe H. Freedman of the George Washington University School of Law.

Freedman asked what national interest could justify the legislation.

REPRESENTATIVE ROGERS: There is such a thing as a little war going on in Vietnam, and I understand there has been a lot of shooting going on out in Israel this morning. Don't we have a national interest in that? . . .

FREEDMAN: *The national interest in proscribing flag burning relates to the war and protest against the war?*

ROGERS: Yes, it does.

FREEDMAN: So that contempt to the flag is equated with protest against the war and protest against the war is equated with burning the flag with an intent to have contempt.

In another exchange Rogers argued that the President and Congress have the duty to put down such dissent and thereby "hold together the nation in time of peril." It is the dull, dangerous theory of victory through consensus for which the White House is now infamous.

An equally clear acknowledgment that the legislation is aimed at satisfying a political majority at the expense of constitutional guarantees came from Rep. Robert McClory, who replied, when asked by Prof. Herbert Reid of Howard University, what clear and present danger to the

Republic calls for such action: "We are getting thousands of letters from people, even servicemen, about these flag burnings. Doesn't that call for action?"

Reid, a Negro, coolly noted: "I think that Congress is as powerless to reach [the irritant of flag burning] as it is to reach the Klan which met yesterday in Atlanta under the symbol of the American flag and called for a blood-bath. As disastrous as that speech is, it is protected by the Constitution."

A few similarly cool voices are to be heard within Congress, but in the main it is beginning to sound like a convention of flag wavers. Rep. John Conyers of Detroit has led the defense of the First Amendment freedoms within the subcommittee, and he was joined by the old reliables, Don Edwards of California and Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, in the full Judiciary Committee. They lost, of course, just as the constitutionalists will lose to the jingoists in both houses of Congress. But as long as many of the younger Congressmen who publicly support the bill admit privately their unease—as they are doing—there is at least hope that the nation is not quite ready to move on to the hysteria of total war.

A Fine Idea, If . . .

Somewhere in *Main Currents in American Thought*, Vernon Louis Parrington lashed out with a memorable phrase: Science, he said, had been made a "drab and slut of industrialism." Parrington, like Thorstein Veblen, died in 1929. In the thirties, many would have blamed "capitalism" rather than "industrialism," on the theory that in the Soviet Union the evils of industrial civilization had been cured, or at least therapy was on the way. But after the passage of another thirty years neither the Soviet version of communism, nor the American version of capitalism, can claim superiority over the other in making science (which in the present context includes technology) serve the ends of human welfare. Each side may blame the other for the diversion of knowledge, resources and manpower to war and preparation for war, but neither has achieved minimal decency in international relations or in the treatment of its own citizens.

On both sides, humane and intelligent citizens have few illusions on that score. The Soviet novelist Daniel Granin views the world's problems from a standpoint far removed from the customary Soviet self-praise. As reported by M. S. Handler in *The New York Times* (May 7), Granin's is a "one world" viewpoint: he dares to use the term "cosmopolite" without disparagement. "It is precisely the anxieties, disasters and concerns for the future," he writes, "that further the unification of humanity," and cites, as problems that cannot be solved within the framework of one country, feeding the world's population, water supply, combating influenza, weather forecasting and control, radio communications, radio astronomy and the struggle against crop-damaging insects. The

world must be regarded as "a unified organism," he declares. Here is Wendell Willkie brought up to date.

An echo comes from Stanford University. In mid-May, Prof. Robert C. North told a campus conference that the technological world is changing "right under our feet," and no ideology—Right, Left or Center—is taking proper cognizance of the issues or suggesting how these are to be met. He cites such problems as population control, armament control, communication satellites, the cybernetic revolution, the prolongation of life. He sees the Chinese "cultural revolution" as an attempt by Mao Tse-tung and his supporters to cope with the technological advances of the fifties and sixties on a basis analogous to the guerrilla tactics which brought communism to power in earlier decades.

A potentially important effort in this line is McGeorge Bundy's mission to the Soviet Union as a Presidential emissary without portfolio, interrupted for the time being by his call to Washington. His objective there will be to work out a plan for an international research institute to solve problems common to all highly industrialized societies. Cited are "urban sprawl, air and water pollution, transportation difficulties, and efforts to improve education, economic and industrial management, and the innovation process." If Bundy can eventually bring this off—presumably with an infusion of U.S. capitalist funds—it will be one of the most important projects the Ford Foundation has ever tackled. The premise is completely sound. Nor does the idea come out of the blue; the Pugwash conferences have set a precedent.

The "drab and slut of industrialism" cannot be made into a respectable creature under such auspices as our Vietnamese War or the Soviet support of Arab nationalism. These can only debauch her further. Yet Granin, North and Bundy have hold of a hopeful idea. One can only wish them well.

Power Blackouts and the FPC

On May 23, 1967, Sen. Lee Metcalf introduced two bills proposing to authorize the Federal Power Commission to regulate extra-high-voltage (EHV) transmission. On June 5, five major public utilities serving eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, and parts of Maryland had a power failure reminiscent of the historic blackout of November 9, 1965.

In introducing his bills, Senator Metcalf pointed out that similar legislation had been proposed in the 89th Congress by the late Sen. Clair Engle, and by Rep. John Moss in the House. He quoted FPC Commissioner Ross:

"Very bluntly, as most people in the power business realize, it is no longer the parties who control generation that control the industry—it is the parties who control the transmission, the arteries of the industry, that control the destiny of the millions of ratepayers of this nation."

As almost everyone knows by now, a consumer of

electric power usually has no idea where his power comes from, nor does it always come from the same generating stations. He may be living next to a generating station, yet it may not be his principal source of supply. Today electric power is *pooled*. The utilities buy power from one another in accordance with supply and demand. The existence of power grids, in which such interchanges take place regularly, makes for economy and gives the utilities more leeway before the rate-making commissions. In theory, part of the savings should be passed on to the consumers, but practice does not necessarily follow theory.

The big point in favor of huge interstate networks is that they provide insurance against blackouts. Any one generating station may fail from a variety of causes and, when the load is heavy, plunge a whole system into trouble; but through the transmission lines the floundering system is supposed to be helped by its neighbors. And often it is, without the public's knowing anything about a possibly narrow escape from a serious outage. Yet, as the events of 1965 showed, this interlocking of power systems can itself be the cause of power failures, perhaps more widespread than they would have been without so much interconnection.

The basic trouble, however, is not with the power-pooling idea but with the way in which it is carried into operation. While there is always some degree of coordination among the member utilities of a grid, an intertie between two systems may be designed primarily for interchange between these two, and may have only the power-carrying capacity required for this particular transfer. It may be too weak for any larger purpose. If, in an emergency, it is overloaded, its circuit breakers trip, and the systems which depend on it for mutual support may go down in consequence.

The tie between Public Service of New Jersey and Consolidated Edison of New York is a case in point. In the 1965 blackout, with Con Edison completely out of commission, this line continued to serve a part of Brooklyn and, after many hours, helped to put Con Edison back on its feet. Had it been strong enough, it might have given PJM (Pennsylvania-Jersey-Maryland) support to Con Edison and averted the almost total blackout in New York City. In the June 5 incident, it is reported that Con Edison had excess generating capacity when the trouble began, but the circuit breakers on this tie operated. Con Edison was saved from possible involvement, but PJM received no help.

Legislation of the kind proposed by Senator Metcalf is obviously needed. The FPC should not be in the role of an interested observer; it should have authority to prescribe the building of adequate interconnections in the public interest. If interstate commerce in electric power is left largely to state regulatory bodies, the situation may become increasingly chaotic. The story is familiar: great potential advantages from technological innovation, only partly realized because of a lag in government policy.

Small Wars: The Peril Escalates

SEYMOUR MELMAN

Mr. Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University and participant in the Nation Institute's California Conference earlier this year, is the author most recently of The Depleted Society (Dell).

Before the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, it seemed utopian to suggest that the United States and the Soviet Union could agree not to threaten nuclear war. But such an understanding was reached. The informal paths used for developing this understanding do not detract from the fact that since October, 1962, neither government has uttered nuclear war cries.

An agreement to agree was generated once both governments found it intolerable to continue the nuclear confrontation system for political settlements. The nuclear threat menaced the physical and economic security of each society so severely as to create an urgent problem for each side that could be solved acceptably only by joint agreement to avoid nuclear war.

Nevertheless, that agreement did not imply to the governments in Washington and Moscow that military violence was no longer a competent instrument of political power. Accordingly, fresh political and military ideologies, Eastern and Western, supported the idea that small wars between states, restricted to non-nuclear weapons and limited to particular territory, could still be workable propositions. Opposing ideologies of "national liberation" and "containment of communism by counterinsurgency" were given military expression in forces designed to fight and win with "conventional" weapons.

But there is no known way of designing a small war between states, whether of the Vietnamese or the Arab-Israeli type, which does not contain a significant potential for big-power involvement and hence nuclear confrontation. A succession of small wars necessarily heightens these risks. The difficulty of curtailing small wars, either in scope or intensity, goes far to explain why no war between states has been permitted to reach a military conclusion since World War II. Despite the readiness of large and small governments to use force as an international instrument of power (and the implied readiness to violate the United Nations Charter), each instance of international violence on a large scale since 1945 has provoked the fears of other countries who, in due course and acting separately or jointly or through the United Nations, intervened to curtail military operations.

Despite the divergent political assessments, the United States and the Soviet Union have been developing areas of common interest, as yet unformulated, against the incidence of small wars, and favoring agreement on ways of avoiding them. The factors generating such common interest include the following:

(a) Nuclear wars are now well appreciated as no-win operations for the nuclear powers.

(b) Hazards deriving from proliferation of nuclear weapons are a common concern for the United States

and the USSR. Small states, unable to attain their own national security in other ways, seek to become nuclear powers. A non-nuclear Germany is more difficult to insure under such conditions.

(c) Military operations by small states are not reliably limited to such governments and their territories, and can rapidly include political-military confrontations of big powers.

(d) The costs of supporting small wars, and the preparations for them, are burdensome for both the United States and the USSR—depleting manpower and other resources that are badly needed at home, and for productive growth in the developing countries. Small wars make it extremely difficult to plan productive investment in, and international trade with, such countries.

(e) Sustained fighting of small wars has involved violation of international laws of war, thereby breaking down the traditions of legal and moral constraint that were devised to limit even conflict by force of arms. Chinese boundaries are more reliably stabilized in a world where aggression against state borders is discouraged by international force. Weakening these restraints weakens the security of all men.

For the small countries, too, war has become a sure loser. Even poor states support armed forces as the main available way to insure their own security, but the quest for security through military advantage has a high price. Armed forces of developing countries are supported by their own budgets, exceeding \$18 billion per year. These forces restrain productive economic growth and encourage adventurist governments in which military officers play a dominant role.

The quest for military superiority presses small states toward dependence on the great powers for military supplies, and for military alliances. However, reliance on the great powers has a counter-productive effect on the security and vulnerability of smaller states.

Small countries are rendered increasingly insecure by the proliferation and growing power of national armies—even though these are equipped with "conventional" weapons, for these weapons have been made highly mobile and quite destructive. In the Kashmir fighting during 1965, India and Pakistan each destroyed major parts of its armed forces within about two weeks. (One estimate rated the value of what was destroyed as equal to the cost of an Aswan Dam project.)

But the common interest of small states in a competent international security system is frustrated by the contradictory development of military technologies and of international political and peace-keeping institutions. Military technologies invent ways to shorten the time of movement and of firepower effect. International political and peace-keeping institutions involve political debate, votes, veto systems and long convening time. Two days may be a rather short period for a Security Council debate. But two days of military operations with modern weapons can produce great damage in small countries.

The present writer has conferred with senior foreign ministry officials of several smaller states during the past years. Their view of the world includes reservations about

the workability of the present United Nations peace-keeping machinery, especially with respect to *speed*, *impartiality* and *reliability*. From such uncertainties, the governments of small states have concluded that they must place prime reliance on their own armed forces to preserve their national security.

The United States and Russia share an interest in trying afresh to come to grips with the main world security problem of our time: "small wars," and the absence of any reliable mechanism for dealing with small wars. *A U.S.-USSR joint effort in this direction is fundamental.*

The following is given to illustrate, by concrete example, some of the innovations that may be appropriate in designing an international peace-keeping force. This force, operated under the United Nations, may require characteristics that are known elsewhere, but are somewhat novel in the international sphere. The first of these is automatic triggering for speed of operation.

A big-city police force is an automatically triggered security system. When a citizen telephones, the police—following standard operating procedures—are ordered to the site without intervention of political officers or legislative bodies. At the site of alleged law breaking the police are bound by a strict code of behavior: they must establish the fact of law violation; if established the police must stop the law-breaking action. Thereafter, the police are bound by fixed orders and procedures to turn the matter over for jurisdiction to a separate judicial body.

In the international sphere a highly mobile force could be automatically triggered by a call from a government to one of, say, five centers around the world. Within hours an inspecting team could arrive at any site and establish (a) whether there is indeed an armed conflict, or an imminent conflict; and (b) whether the dispute is international. Criteria for "international" must be rigorously defined; for example, as (1) conflict between armed forces of two states; or (2) conflict for control of a government within a state in which a second state participates. Once a dispute is certified as international, the peace-keeping force itself arrives at the site, declares and administers a cease-fire. All this could be done in a matter of hours following an initial call for help. Thereafter,

within a fixed time limit, the international force could be required to turn over the dispute at issue to an appropriate body. Two adjudicating bodies could probably cope with the array of conceivable disputes: an international court to settle issues of dominion between governments; a plebiscite conducting body to settle armed international disputes over who shall be a government.

Reliability of operation of the international security force could be insured by standard operating procedures which are binding on the general staff. In conventional armies standard operating procedures pertain primarily to the functioning of personnel below the general staff level. For the international security force, they must be written, with special detail, for the general staff itself.

Impartiality is designed into the international security system by two main elements: (a) the specifications of the standard operating procedures; (b) the rules governing the officer group that commands the force. The latter element is vital for insuring impartiality of peace-keeping forces. Devices like the following are required:

The general staff of the international force may be composed of, say, twenty men: ten career officers from states in the Security Council; ten nominated by a random selection from other states. These twenty are equal in rank and are assigned to functions in rotation. These and similar arrangements are intended to produce functioning according to formal rule, rather than according to political preferences of the senior staff.

In the short run, an international peace-keeping force could be composed of highly mobile mixed units of the U.S. and Soviet armies. Until the international peace-keeping machinery is fully formulated and established, this force could be deployed for peace-keeping operations at the joint decision of the President of the United States and the Chairman of Soviet Socialist Republics.

This temporary force could supervise an armistice and/or cooling-off operations in the Middle East and in Vietnam, for example, while diplomatic processes are operated. The termination of these wars and war crises, as part of the move to a wider agreement, will enhance the prestige and moral authority of the governments that undertake this action.

Class of '67: The Gentle Desperadoes

HAROLD KAPLAN
Bennington College

Ten years is apparently enough time to draw a 180-degree arc of change in the temperament of generations. Certainly the most tentative judge of the contrast between 1957 and 1967 (although one would like to place the first year of emphasis somewhat earlier than 1957) would agree that the college generation today has reversed the field on almost every point made by the participants in *The Nation* forum of 1957. This goes for the "careful young men" in every aspect of "carefulness," the desire for security, the stress on personal rather than social

problems, the appetite for intellectual criticism, the somewhat complacent cynicism which began perhaps as the "spirit of irony and detachment" in some college classroom. One coinage of the time was the "silent generation." We can agree at least that the silence has ended.

The observer today, nevertheless, is puzzled by contradictions. He sees political activism mingle (often in the same people) with drugged or undrugged withdrawal. He sees a religious search combined with a ferocious intention to assail every orthodoxy. The apocalyptic nihilism of Genet mingles with passionate attestations for the napalmed child in Vietnam. A demonstration against war is joined largely by those whose "reverence for life"

has more in common with William Burroughs and Henry Miller than with Albert Schweitzer. This may suggest that such extremes in moral manifestations have a common source in outrage and despair. Nevertheless, the observer is affected by the unappetizing mixture of extreme moral arrogance and exhibitionistic social irresponsibility. One must ask why. Why the search for purity and the claim to find it; and why the will to surrender everything, the poorly disguised death wish?

In the spring of 1957, The Nation devoted a special issue to the Class of '57 which was published under the title of "The Careful Young Men" (March 9, 1957). Now, ten years later, here are some impressions of the Class of '67 solicited, in most instances, from contributors to the earlier symposium. We regret that we have been unable, for lack of space, to include all the statements we received; in some instances, we have condensed the responses.

The generation which teaches today's youth, my generation, based its dominant intellectual tone on the vague pathos of the life of difficulty (the depression, World War II, the bomb, the cold war). At the barest level, our gospel was that of survival, a modest ironic humanism, or at a more grandiose level, a tragic humanism which underscored mutual compassion as the reward of endurance. Our text could have been taken from the words of the best writer of our youth.

I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. *William Faulkner, Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech, 1950.*

But if that is the mood of our teaching, then I think we talk at cross purposes with many of our students today. They are turning their backs on pain and on repression, particularly as these seem ordained by necessity. They think experience is a god, they are the new romantics. They want the apocalypse in their daily lives, in each moment, perhaps because they have given up on the long-range terms for salvation, and perhaps because they are the first generation to be really aware that the world's last day is a possibility. Life is very short for them; like Ivan Karamazov and for the same reasons, they would rather not live past 30. They are contemptuous and indifferent to both past and future. Above all their trust is in their emotions and sensations. Intelligence is a betrayer, if it is not a fraud. It entangles both truth and experience in the conflict of ideologies, the relativism of science, the pragmatism of bureaucracies, the "absurdity" of the universe, and the casual universality of death.

In moral and political terms, this generation, facing

death on the one hand and superfluous wealth on the other, wants simple purity above anything else. Everyone lies to them, and there is something endlessly wrong in the way action or experience invariably produces a lie. And so they search for truthful action, which may find its climax in the arms of state troopers as they haul out the manifestants from the lobbies of state capitols. A perfectly passive and perfectly sincere demonstration—burning a draft card or smoking pot—attests itself; the consequences will take care of themselves.

Surely this is a case of the young teaching a lesson, in the only way perhaps audible in the modern world's great noise; that is, by hysterical display, half in the style of slick public relations and half in the style of sincere inspiration. What is important for a well-intended observer who cannot share in the specific displays or give them direct sympathy, is to understand their meaning. Above all there is immediacy of meaning in the characteristic habits and attitudes of these young. They are pursuing most eagerly the art of exhibiting themselves and making a manifestation. They are in part determined to reproach us, even in ways related to the Japanese form of suicide which is conducted in the presence of one's enemy. One can also sense the license of those who rely on the bad conscience of others and therefore feel capable of moral blackmail.

Whatever the incidental attributes, pleasant or unpleasant, if asked to make a general judgment, one must judge that they are a religious generation and a moralizing one, perhaps finally to a degree of ferocity matched only by the old Puritans. It would surprise Marx (who has been much surprised by history) that the strongest revolutionary impulses today come from the educated middle-class young, scions of privilege and permissive upbringing. These have been brought to feel most keenly the moral taint of modern life, and they are evangelical in spirit, wanting much more than bread or even equality. They want a moral communion among themselves and the release of ultimate emotions, that is, religious emotions, within themselves. They say that drugs, sex and crowd emotions give them this, and they more than half mean it, or more than half want it. For some of us this may be the bridge of sympathy with them. What puzzles us is the silly cheapness of the price they hope to pay for such experiences.



KARL SHAPIRO
University of Nebraska

To a college professor, a generation is not thirty years but four. Every four years an army of freshmen graduate. When they graduate they are a power generation, moving into all the managerial slots. Their political lines have by now been set, from absolute left to absolute right. Only the narrow-minded, technically directed stu-

dent—the medical student, engineer or educationalist—misses the intellectual crises. The others engage in the game of Overthrow the Values.

I taught at Berkeley and Davis for a year and a half just before the initial California earthquake which took place across the Bay in San Francisco, unbeknown to the University of California. The English Department at Berkeley was the largest and most catatonic I had ever taught in, still living in the afterglow of the Gold Rush. That was in 1956! The "multiversity" after a decade of shock treatment still doesn't know what hit it.

The Careful Generations had no choices but callow cynicism and withdrawal. In one aspect they became a criminal bourgeoisie with a winner-take-all attitude. Students read philosophy or psychology to gather evidence about amorality, the only ethic available to them. The California student breakthrough, like all West Coast earthquakes, was part of a series. About the time of the beat annunciation, the revolts of the twenties came home to roost. For instance, all the taboos about publication of impolite literary and political and psychological works began to be abolished in the highest courts. People of my generation saw to that. Or people of my persuasion of my generation. We did it well aware of the dangers to the values we stood for. It was an imperative to defend the Bad, which is ironically an American principle.

Shortly after I arrived in Lincoln, Neb., to teach at the state university, I was mildly attacked by the students for advocating American intervention in Hungary. "Go back to Hungary!" said signs on my door.

This was the period of seeking an underground for young university students everywhere. The structure of a withdrawal society had already been blueprinted by the beat movement. It provided—but books have been written about that—a total way of life, from clothing to poetics to God. Its greatest advantage was that it supplied a point of view about everything *without any goal or rationale*. It fed every yearning, and created unimaginable hungers for which there was no food. Politically, the beats were very gauche, now backing Castro, now attacking communism. But the liberal professor always felt it his duty to keep them going; in some vestigial way they represented freedom and truth and the values.

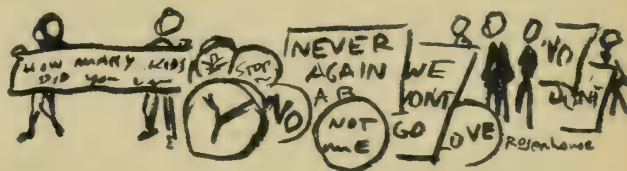
When the gloss wore off the beat movement the student generations entered the waxworks as the acid generation. Using the number four as a divisor of generations, I have taught five generations of college students. I have, I think, watched them carefully as "generations." I have seen what I think to be the ultimate generation, the generation of ultimate withdrawal. One sits around thinking of new names for them: The Autistic Generation, the Runaway Generation—what difference does it make? There is only one interesting thing about this generation: unlike all biological generational revolutions, this one does not want or intend to rejoin the human race, or so it argues. It rejects every stance which implies a discipline. In politics it cultivates amnesia, in poetics, aphasia. It adores violence and hysteria. It is the perfect cultural broth for fascism. The beat people had a marginal politick and a sense of community; their drug was weed. The new generation has no need of politick or community or poetry. They have acid.

The dissidents and intellectuals and would-be artists of the current generation are ripe for the totalitarian state of mind. Like the intellectuals in Germany in the 1930s, they turn their backs on the horrors of the "bourgeois" society which supports them. They ignore their own fate and the fate of all. They easily surrender any principle and trade in any idealism, however specious, of a Martin Luther King for a Mafia variety of Black Power. They defend Cassius Clay in the same way and for the same reasons that Hitler defended Max Schmeling. Their wall-sized posters are all icons of the movie gangster. Their love of money and expensive artifacts links them to the higher echelons of the power structure.

The Right is after power at any cost, but they are on the aggressive. The New Left is passive power which is leaking away in the pad. The Right wants to take over. The Left seems to be waiting for some Boxer Rebellion or wet nurse to get it out of bed. The Left is Easternized; it exhibits all the withdrawal symptoms of the Orient. In LSD exercises about bigger and better orgasms it even uses a stage director who reads Kahlil Gibran to the two about-to-be lovers. (Gibran, as every professor knows, is perhaps a step above Joyce Kilmer.)

I use the acid generation as a metaphor. The drug is not yet that available in the student union. I am talking about the intellectual withdrawal of a generation which uses acid or something like it as a total mystique.

Since World War II college students and their juniors have lived in a climate of absolute contempt, a climate created and fostered by their parents and their institutions. Crude and hypocritical government actions abroad and at home have reinforced the belief of the new generations that everything is SHIT. The most common noun, adjective, verb and mark of punctuation in their language is SHIT. No poem dares to leave the word out. No painting. No smile. The motto of the new generation of the Left might be: Blood, Nirvana, Shit.



R. J. KAUFMANN

University of Rochester

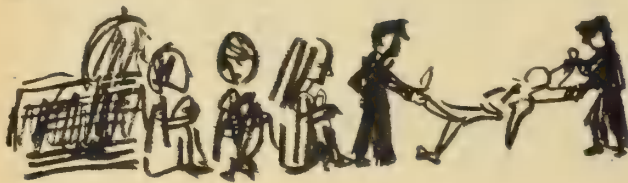
Why is it that, at age 42, I feel both closer and further, more definitively, apart from my students than I did ten years ago? I have tried the anthropologists' pair: shame culture vs. guilt culture, and it works passably. I can say my generation was brought up in the late afternoon of the bourgeois guilt culture of the 19th- and pre-Hiroshimic 20th century. We felt or were made to feel responsible, or at least calibrated responsibility, in terms of each person's quotient of active concern. We saw too little difference between ourselves and what are now called the "disadvantaged" to feel ashamed of our possessions; rather we felt guilty that we had been duped into complicity in prolonging an unjustified state of affairs. The

world still seemed tractable to our wills if we were brave enough, if our guilt performed as the sharp spur we required it to be.

That is changed now. Few of our younger counterparts see the world as tractable, few believe in the actuality, let alone the efficacy, of the will. They do feel ashamed; and shame is a confusing emotion. It makes you apologetic for your virtues, suicidal toward your strengths.

I am interested in the inaccessible features of this current college generation whose attractions are so great, whose moral candor is so appealing. Even if they don't know what they think, or even suspect what they think, they are willing to embark on nearly any type of "trip" or expedition of "retrieval." They are disconcertingly honest; their coolness, their self-withholding is a burden to them and is only the husk of their evident natures. They love to confess, though there is much shame in the fact that they know their confessions are, however procedurally gratifying, in substance disappointing. Oh, really to be misunderstood, to have some of those densely compacted recesses which were the neurosis-producing specialty of the old guilt culture!

Noting their willingness, their institutionalized frustrations, their inner anger which stands in almost exact equilibrium with their gentleness, I ask myself what makes my students strange. It is their perception of rebellion as a form of hoarding. What are they hoarding? Fugitive memorabilia of individualism. And they are stealing, through reductive parody and popistic replay, the design specifications of official *status*. Jokes can perform psychic murders if they are good enough. LBJ, for example, has been subverted through popular art. For all the grim consequences of his judgments, *he* is no longer a serious matter. This is what is different about these students. They are ironic *before* experience; our generation could only be so *after* it. They are slowly inventing a new ethic of accommodation under the illusion of incubating revolutionary possibilities. It is a confused time, but, radically, the word "confuse" can mean a way of melting oppositions and thereby fusing a new wholeness below the familiar levels of our intellectual distinctions.



ALLAN SEAGER
University of Michigan

There is a brass plaque on the steps of the Michigan Union where, at two o'clock in the morning, President Kennedy first outlined the work of the Peace Corps before a huge crowd. Kennedy was the last hero to students and many have joined the Peace Corps. It is, I think, symptomatic of a great store of idealism that wants to express itself in a task they can feel as fundamentally good, one they can throw themselves into without reserve, with a whole heart. In the same spirit, many of the kind who worked in

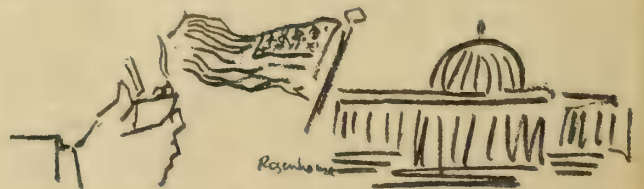
Mississippi among the Negroes or went on the Selma march are now going into Vista or social work in the cities. I have not heard a student say he was going out to make a million dollars in the last twenty-five years, and the student who does take a job with a big corporation does it with his eyes open, cynically.

There is a link as well as a division between this kind of idealism and the student protests. (Michigan is where the student sit-in started.) The situation is not as turbulent as it is at Berkeley, probably because many of the complaints now alive there were settled at Michigan some time ago, but there are still protests and they are so various it is hard to believe that the obvious reasons for them are the real ones. There have been protests of all kinds about Vietnam; about draft procedures; the grading system; film censorship; about nearly every aspect of students' relations with the university from the quality of food in the dorms to the right of the administration to bar students from making academic policy.

The arresting feature of all these protests is that they are not political. There are active Young Democrat and Young Republican clubs on the campus but they do not sponsor protests; no organized Communist activity is perceptible, as it was in the thirties. If asked, almost any given protester would say he was a liberal but he would be hard put to define what this means except in terms of what he is against.

What seems to inform all these angry gestures, the real cause of them, is a resentment against the quality of life in the United States. These young people have discovered that their dossiers are more important than their persons; they have learned that admissions tests, either to a university or a job, are merely elaborate forms of self-betrayal. They think most jobs are a rat race. They are cynical about most candidates running for office. They do not believe that any American who opens his mouth abroad today will be believed, since what he says has been compromised by the CIA. They see whatever form of the Establishment they know as a constricting force. They find money easy to come by, but in the midst of opulence they would like to find out the de-cencies of life. And they believe less and less that they can find them in the classroom.

One group, then, has made a satisfactory commitment (and it is significant that the Peace Corps does its work outside the United States). The other group, the protesters, are critically sophisticated. It is hard to put anything over on them, but their very sophistication prevents them from seeing a commitment they could make. They have not thought of a revolution because they are already corrupted by what they would revolt against, the technological society in which we live. It is the bag that contains all their protests but it would be like fish revolting against the sea.



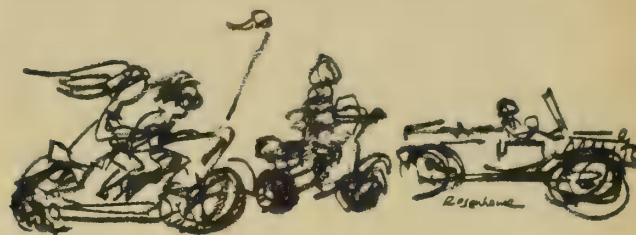
J. A. BRYANT, Jr.
University of North Carolina

Some critics have written misleadingly of a "Kennedy generation"; but the real significance of the Kennedys' successes, for the young at least, has been that a generation of students, mindful that their predecessors since the end of the war had had to spend their college careers as citizens on probation, began to think seriously of immediate involvement in adult affairs. It was the civil rights movement that cracked the door for them; for in those early sit-ins, demonstrations and marches many children of affluent white parents took up the cause of frustrated Negro youth and began the long-overdue exposure of decay in middle-class mores. After John Kennedy's election to the Presidency the door swung open, and college students ever since have been marching off vigorously in all directions on a variety of causes, some genuine and some spurious, breaching frontiers and shattering taboos wherever such things seemed to stand in their way. In all their new territories, from the exploitation of sex to the controversy over Vietnam, the passion that drives them is that same deeply felt need to be taken seriously and accorded the right to chart their own course in ethics and morals, in education and politics.

The young writers speak with great seriousness about all the experiences that were forbidden to their older brothers and sisters. They imitate deliberately those orders of society and those races which they believe have not been contaminated by the conservatism of middle-class America—the Negro, the folk singer, the truck driver, the migrant worker, the current inhabitants of skid row, even the Southern poor white. They rebel on principle. So pervasive has their assortment of gestures become in the middle sixties that it has submerged the pallid and modish anticipations that went by the collective name of "beat" in the late fifties. Now that term, which once seemed certain to survive, is seldom heard except from those who are looking for a word to condemn any deviation from older standards.

Another decade at least will be necessary before we can see whether all this is a prelude to a genuine direction or whether, like the beat movement that it replaced, it has been simply a succession of nervous poses on a nation-wide scale. That the current movement continues to take place mainly on college campuses is cause for suspicion. Instead of seeking to compete in a market place, these young writers are taking refuge in the proliferating writing programs, subsisting on scholarships that have grown just large enough to be lived on, and finding an easy outlet for their poems and stories in the little magazines now being published on university budgets. Some do manage to get out a book (frequently an M.A., or M.F.A., thesis) and then proceed to capitalize on it by touring other campuses to give readings of their work and the work of their friends. It is possible for one with a modicum of talent to go on in this way indefinitely, never quite "making it" but never suffering discomfort either, and enjoying all the while membership in something that is beginning to resemble a national fraternity. The question unanswered at the moment is, just how much of this talent being generated on college campuses

can survive the academic climate or, having done that, escape it to live unprotected in that outside world where ultimately any strong art must seek its proper nourishment and means of survival?



JOHN R. WILLINGHAM
University of Kansas

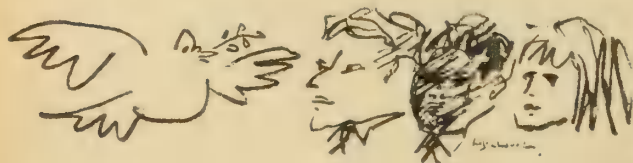
Unlike the "careful young men" of 1957, today's undergraduates will to be seriously involved. And if their efforts are centered on one purpose, it is to attack the "Establishment" wherever its vulnerability shows. Their stance has been aptly called "romantic anarchy": "romantic," indeed they are, but the "anarchy" is tempered by a militant idealism. If a temporary conformity will help to get a Wilson Fellowship or a Rhodes Scholarship, they will cheerfully conform. But as soon as the awards have been announced, back they will go to working over the "Establishment."

Paul Goodman provides a kind of activist testament for youth. His *Growing Up Absurd* (and no doubt his recently published *Five Years*) furnishes ammunition for unceasing attacks and siege of the "Establishment." The Christian existentialists like Bishops Pike and Robinson, Teilhard de Chardin, Leslie Paul and Paul Van Buren are familiar names to the campus intellectual even though he may not have read their books. Debunking orthodox theology, such writers stimulate campus readers who may never go near one of the denominational centers.

The best students are indifferent to the literary canons of the old "new critics." They expect to be "turned on" through reading. If the alternative is a life of attainable rationality or one of increasing absurdity, they expect fiction or poetry to exhibit less structural precision and more existentialist impact. Consequently, highly literate students prefer the Pound of the *Cantos* and regard Eliot with suspicion. It has been twelve years since Allen Ginsberg recited "Howl" in San Francisco, but the reverberations on university campuses still resound. When Ginsberg, Robert Creeley, Gary Snyder, Robert Bly or Denise Levertov have visited this campus, the appeal of "activist" poetry is all too obvious.

In fiction, I sense that the appeal of William Golding and J. D. Salinger is waning somewhat, although it may be more accurate to say merely that *Lord of the Flies* and *The Catcher in the Rye* seem no longer to have their former primacy. Hemingway, Faulkner and Fitzgerald are still important to undergraduates, although I think they are beginning to seem dated and perhaps a little quaint. Joyce provokes real excitement outside the classroom, much more because of *Finnegans Wake* than for *Ulysses*.

I am told that almost every male undergraduate who reads at all has digested with gusto Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and applauded its stern judgment of our civilization. For the same reason, Saul Bellow's "existential approach" to the exposure of "phonies," academe and the "Establishment" commands their allegiance. J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, using fantasy as a way to delineate a world of sanity and meaning, elicits a cult. James Baldwin's influence fluctuates with the ebb and flow of civil rights activity. Other writers who seem to speak to the juniors and seniors of 1967 are John Updike, John Knowles, Anthony Burgess, Kingsley Amis, Joyce Cary and Bernard Malamud. Any way you view the campus of today, it's infinitely more promising than the cool acceptance of 1957!



LAWRENCE LIPKING

Princeton University

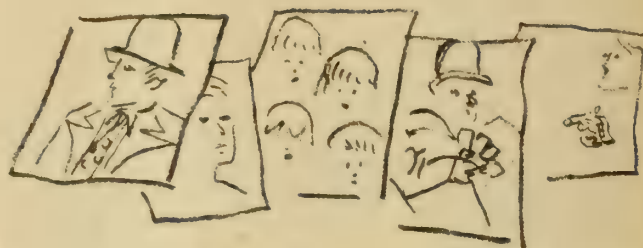
Students have become very sensitive to the kind of interest that older generations take in them. We have too often exploited their feelings of rebellion because we need something to preach, something to fear. They will not always satisfy this need. After the recent arrests of some Princetonians on charges of possession of marijuana, C.B.S. television interviewed a few undergraduates and encouraged them to be as hip as possible. The undergraduates, however, persisted in being themselves, good-natured and sensible. Finally one of them (a Negro) delivered the last blow: "Look, I'm only a freshman, and I don't know everything that goes on around here. But I can tell you this: Princeton isn't exactly a hotbed of revolt!"

Nevertheless, students are different now from the students of ten years ago, and they read and write differently. They are much less careful young men, more impatient, more independent, even in their poetry. Last month I asked a seminar, some poets, some not, to write sonnets. Some of the replies were neatly crafted verses in iambic pentameter, perfectly rhymed, on conventional themes, with a white space between octave and sestet. These were the sonnets of the students who did not write poetry. The others, the poets, wrote a variety of free and personal lyrics. They assumed the right to make a sonnet whatever they chose.

Similarly, the books with which undergraduates sympathize tend to be scornful of any authority but insistent about the need for seriousness, sincerity, moral values. Works that defend the Establishment are thought trivial, and so are works that celebrate destruction. Michael Harrington's *The Accidental Century*, which balances its images of disorder with at least one faint hope, excites many Princetonians, including those who expect one day to be in the nation's service. Among novelists, William Gold-

ing is popular. Young readers (especially freshmen) are fascinated by his pictures of corrupted innocence; they identify with the innocence, enjoy the corruption, and take pleasure in wondering whether this makes them cynical. "Cynical" and "decadent," words rarely met in current literary criticism, still form a major part of undergraduates' critical vocabularies. Yet the books that matter most start from the premise of modern confusions and breakdowns but contrive to offer a solution. Even though most Princeton students do not quite believe in the reality of Bill Bradley, the all-American straight-arrow, they find his accomplishments far more disturbing than the message of any black humorist. In spite of everything, in a world of unheroism, can there still be giants walking the earth?

Ten years ago, Carlos Baker thought that undergraduates were living through an Age of Consolidation. Today, it seems that not much has been consolidated, and that acting in the present makes more sense than preparing for a future that may never come. An age of active resistance, an age of skeptical engagement, has succeeded the time when the academy could offer shelter from any immediate problem. Students, like their teachers, are learning to live without a court of ultimate appeal, but to make their conditional appeals as loud as possible.



WALLACE STEGNER

Stanford University

The hippie poet Gary Snyder, declaring that the revolution now being made by young people will leave not one value of the old America standing, is not fooling. Neither was Mario Savio, threatening to bring the University of California to a grinding halt if student demands were not met; neither was Dave Harris, who as president of the Stanford student body challenged trustees and administration and threatened alumni blood vessels, insisting on student participation in the educational process. Neither are the students and poets who chant four-letter words in crowds, either to prove that nothing is dirty or to "liberate the love-words." Walker Percy's last gentleman, who read a novel and found it "all about orgasms—forty-one," was making the acquaintance of a writer with a crusade.

I do not pretend to understand the far-out young, but one thing they clearly share, whether they are passivists on a Zen-love-pot-LSD course or activists strident for civil rights and social and educational reform, is the crusading spirit. Even the hippie who has tuned in, turned on and dropped out flings his hair, beard, clothes, habits, drug-and-sex kicks, as a dare in the face of conventional

society. He wears the uniform of alienation and intransigence, though he utilizes the weapons of quietism and nonviolence.

Activist or passivist, they are moved by disgust for much that society offers, and repudiate many of its demands. Being young (except for some of their gurus, who are only cosmetically young) and having grown up in the age of antibiotics, the Pill and the Pleasure Principle, they share ample and uninhibited hormones. As a group they are reckless, they stampede toward the emancipated future like dry cattle scenting a water hole; and they are all the less regardful of consequences because their faith leads them to disparage tradition, convention, organization, discipline, the past and all forms of authority. To a puzzled elder, they often seem to throb rather than think. The eagerness with which they explore and sample the possibilities of hallucinatory drugs, hypnotic dancing, strobe lights, yoga, diet and every variety of mysticism (the past is O.K. if it's Oriental) emphasizes how bent this generation is upon losing its head.

In all this, or nearly all, these students are profoundly different from those one knew on the same campus only a decade ago. Ten years ago a visiting guru would never have got 150 Stanford students enthusiastically dancing his "trance dance" through most of a night. Ten years ago recruiting corporations would have had a respectful audience of budding company men; now they can hardly get appointments, because the potential company men are off listening to a young man expound his religion of touch as the means of universal love.

Ten years ago any appraisal of student attitudes had to take account of an alarming caution, a carefulness, an unwillingness to stick out the neck. But that was three generations back. Those students had grown up during a war that threatened everything they hoped for, and they hooked like limpets onto the nearest security. The present generation has known no war that it has to respect or subscribe to, and it has known no depression. It has grown up (and I am speaking, naturally, of the upper-middle-class children who characteristically make up both activist and passivist branches of the youth revolution) in

almost uninterrupted prosperity. Adventure, not security, is what tempts them; and as the world shrinks and swarms, adventure of a physical kind is harder to come by. This generation goes to sex and drugs as the generation of the 1840s went to the Gold Rush.

Moreover, in a permissive school and home atmosphere, these children were taught togetherness as an ideal. The Haight-Ashbury young, making love not war, are only doing what we taught them. And in questioning everything, including its elders, this generation is likewise proving the efficacy of its nurture, for it was taught to take nothing on faith, to question, to doubt.

On any campus, even on the West Coast, the aggressive passivists and the devoted activists make up probably no more than 20 per cent of the student population. But they are a highly visible, highly vocal, generally intelligent and incessantly fascinating 20 per cent, and they exert influence both horizontally upon their contemporaries and vertically upon their elders. The rate of change being what it is, they may be gone by 1970, replaced by something quite other. When everything is permitted, everything will be tried. As an elder, one may take a gloomy view of the consequences of so much permissiveness, so little coercion from social traditions and norms; and one hears, again and again, a rather wistful dissatisfaction among the young themselves, though not often from those farthest out. Many would like to be told, more than they are, what is socially *right*, even if they have to find out later that it is wrong. Many crave a direction and an authority that we have taught them to distrust.

All of which is only to say that we have taught them to search and experiment, and they are searching and experimenting. And few generations—forget the mistakes they are bound to make, and are making—have been more alert and alive. Idealism is highly visible among the college students I know in 1967, and that goes for some of the alarming ones as well as for those, less rebellious or more hopeful of the old order, who put their devotion into the Peace Corps or Head Start or something traditionally liberal and humanitarian.

MAO'S REVOLUTION

Keeping China Safe for Communism

JAMES R. TOWNSEND

Mr. Townsend, author of Political Participation in Communist China, is assistant professor of political science at the University of California.

Hong Kong

The proponents of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution claim to be the vanguard of the most momentous revolution in the history of the world, engaged in a titanic struggle to push China into communism without any concessions to the temptations of tradition, capitalism or revisionism. They are indeed participants in a revolution

of immense importance; perhaps their use of the superlative is correct, although we may leave judgment on that point to history. But are they really the vanguard of the revolution or have they taken up the rear guard with an outmoded revolutionary tradition of their own? Mao Tse-tung and his supporters are certainly setting the pace, and in this sense stand at the forefront of the current struggle. From other perspectives, however, their leadership evokes images that seem more in keeping with the past than with the future. Student demonstrators surging through the streets, outbreaks of violence among opposing groups, verbal and physical assaults on the remnants of traditional

culture, the hint of xenophobia in intimidation of foreign residents—all these phenomena of the Cultural Revolution have parallels in the turbulent years between 1900 and 1927. More significantly, perhaps, the disorders are justified ■ ■ ■ means of perpetuating a revolutionary style that has its principal origins in the 1930s and 1940s. To be sure, China today is distinctly different from China of pre-Communist years; whatever its slogans and by-products, the Cultural Revolution is not simply a replay of earlier upheavals. There is good reason, however, to question the “revolutionary” credentials of the current campaign.

The Cultural Revolution began in November, 1965, following a September meeting of Chinese Communist Party (CCP) leaders at which Mao apparently insisted on a new campaign against “bourgeois” and “revisionist” influences within China. Two broad considerations lay behind this decision. The first derived from domestic policy problems of the preceding ten years, with Mao’s determination to preserve his revolutionary style providing the theme. In 1956-57, the CCP had engaged in a great debate over the best approach to future Socialist construction. There were then strong pressures for relaxation of political restrictions, for a more regular and institutionalized way of life and for increased reliance on the more highly trained and specialized strata growing up in Chinese society.

The “basic completion” of Socialist transformation in 1949-56 gave strength to the demands for a new approach. However, many leaders of the party were deeply suspicious of such a move. Their experience had been largely in the practice of revolution, in which under Mao’s leadership they had developed a belief in the invincible power of mass movements, provided that the masses had proper political leadership and were ideologically committed to the cause. They distrusted bureaucracy and bureaucrats, and feared that expectations of material gain might diminish revolutionary fervor and sacrifice. Above all, they feared any reduction of their own political power, especially if it were to slip into the hands of intellectuals and specialists who were largely Western trained and oriented. Not surprisingly, after an abortive experiment with “liberalization” in 1957, the CCP decided to push ahead on the familiar model of mass mobilization. It was a fateful decision, for it based Mao’s prestige and hopes (they were to become inextricably intertwined) on sustaining a revolutionary atmosphere which was certain to cause tension and frustration as China strove to modernize.

The strain soon became evident. In 1959, there was heavy criticism within the top party leadership of the people’s communes and Great Leap Forward policy—a policy which epitomized the Maoist approach. More criticism cropped up in 1961-62, following the disastrous consequences of the Great Leap; the party tacitly accepted some of the criticism and introduced significant modifications in the economic and political line of the Great Leap period. To Mao, however, this could be only a temporary retreat. In September, 1962, the Central Committee reaffirmed his call for an uncompromising march toward communism, relying on the old slogans of sacri-

fice, indoctrination, mobilization and, always, “politics in command.” Over the next three years, the CCP launched ■ series of campaigns designed, at least on the surface, to establish universal acceptance of the thought of Mao Tse-tung as the guarantor of the revolution’s future. But the fanfare of mass movements could not conceal the continued existence of certain concessions to the peasants’ desire for individual enterprise, of widespread yearnings for material comfort and a more settled life, and of pressures for a less politicized training and use of intellectual resources. Mao’s sense of frustration must have mounted steadily as he saw his ideas canonized but somehow never carried to realization by a complex bureaucratic structure he could no longer personally direct. Characteristically, and probably with a sense of desperation, he chose to try once more to force China into conformity with his ideals.

The second broad consideration that led to a new campaign in the fall of 1965 was the fear of an approaching crisis in the international field. The growth of American military power in Vietnam brought enormous pressure to bear on China. To continue the hard line against American involvement in Vietnam raised risks of a military clash with the United States. Could China afford this risk and how should it be met? Mao’s answer was that the risk must be accepted, though not magnified by precipitate action, and that it must be met by preparing China for a people’s war of resistance against foreign invasion. This answer must have appeared unrealistic to some of his colleagues. Possibly some proposed a more aggressive policy of active defense against the American threat. But certainly the main alternative was to consider the (to Mao) unthinkable thought of a *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union that would insure some degree of Russian military support and possibly open the way to a renewal of economic and technical assistance as well. The Soviet Union was plainly open to negotiations along this line. How far the idea may have been pursued is, of course, obscure, but it is safe to assume that its logic alone was sufficiently powerful to spur Mao into action against any compromise with revisionism. Therefore, although the roots of the Cultural Revolution lie deep in domestic problems of economic and political development, its timing and urgency are related to foreign policy questions.

The Cultural Revolution’s progress through April, 1967, may be divided into five general stages. In the first, from November, 1965, through May, 1966, the campaign developed slowly around a series of articles attacking a small group of writers who had been particularly critical, in 1961-62, of Mao’s leadership. The “black gang,” as the writers were labeled, were prominent but second-ranking figures in the cultural and propaganda field. The attacks were suddenly intensified in May, 1966, culminating in a reorganization of the Peking Party Committee and the purge of P’eng Chen, then simultaneously serving as Mayor of Peking and head of that city’s Party Committee. This implied that “black” influences were not only prevalent throughout the higher levels of cultural and propaganda organs (largely concentrated in Peking) but that the Peking Party organization had tried to protect



"Oh, No. Not Another Cabinet Reshuffle."

Waite: The Sun; London (Ben Roth).

them. At the same time, it became apparent that Lu Ting-yi, director of the Propaganda Department of the Party Central Committee, and some of his subordinates were in trouble. The earlier disappearance of Army Chief of Staff Lo Jui-ch'ing seemed now to have been an ominous forerunner of a more sweeping struggle. The Cultural Revolution was clearly not going to stop with the disgrace of a few writers.

The second stage occupied June and July. Important editorials in early June revealed the removals and reorganizations mentioned above and informed the people that everyone was now to participate in a thorough cleansing of the infected organizations, which were still identified largely in the cultural and propaganda network. The Central Committee dispatched work teams to schools and lower-level party organizations to ferret out those suspected of revisionist tendencies. Now the educational system became the most conspicuous arena of struggle as students were mobilized to attack school and party authorities. In mid-June, a joint party-state directive announced that university admissions and entrance examinations were suspended while a major educational reform was planned. As the campaign continued, however, it became increasingly confused and disorderly. Conflict, including some physical violence, broke out within the ranks of the attackers and demonstrators. Although some lower-level officials were singled out for criticism and abuse, the movement appeared to be losing its direction and control.

This uncertainty was resolved in the third stage, which began with the Eleventh Plenum of the Central Committee in Peking from August 1 to 12. The plenum revealed that a split within the Central Committee had been responsible for the drift of preceding weeks. The "main target" became "those within the party who are in authority and are taking the capitalist road." Popular attacks on such officials were specifically encouraged without being "afraid of disturbances" and without fear of suppression. A few days later, at a massive rally in Peking on August 18, the

Red Guards made their formal public appearance. The Red Guards, who were at this stage largely recruited from middle school and young university students of "proletarian" family origin, had been mentioned in earlier reports, but they now became the main vehicle for attacking all manifestations of bourgeois or traditional "culture." More important, they also began to point the finger of capitalist guilt at those top-ranking "authorities" who had allegedly obstructed the Cultural Revolution during the second stage.

Red Guard accusations plus various appearances and references by party leaders gradually filled in the general outlines of the struggle. With Minister of Defense Lin Piao as his second in command and main spokesman, Mao was trying to strip of their power all those who were withholding full support for his policies. Although he had forced from the Central Committee a vague mandate to do this, he could not rely on the party apparatus as a whole. Consequently, he adopted a two-pronged strategy to accomplish his goal. On the one hand, he neutralized the structures through which his opponents might fight back. Specifically, this meant by-passing those organizations (the CCP itself and the major mass organizations for youth, women and workers) which were presumably under the influence of high party bureaucrats, and consolidating his control over the propaganda system; propaganda departments and major publications were "reorganized" (some for the second time), while some publications were simply suspended. On the other hand, he incited the Red Guards to drive his opponents out of office by accusation and intimidation; all classes were suspended to give free rein to the Red Guards, who were permitted to eat and travel throughout the country without charge. The strategy brought monumental disorder, but failed for a fundamental reason: Mao's ultimate targets were head of state Liu Shao-ch'i (long considered his likely successor) and Party General Secretary Teng Hsiao-p'ing, who had for several years been perhaps the two most powerful men in the state and party structure, although not equal to Mao in personal prestige. Their strength, resting

on established influence and control over millions of state and party cadres, made them relatively immune to verbal attack and made forceful liquidation exceedingly dangerous. Three months passed with little visible initiative from either side. Turmoil in the streets continued, but the opposition sat tight.

The Cultural Revolution moved into its fourth stage about the beginning of December. Mao and his close supporters—most prominently Lin Piao, Premier Chou En-lai, party propagandist Ch'en Po-ta and Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing—tacitly conceded that the earlier effort had failed and that the opposition, rather than being a "handful" of authorities, was in reality a majority of those in higher positions. As denunciations, arrests, confessions and even suicides were reported (although few were reliably confirmed), tension mounted rapidly. Open clashes among students, workers and army units became more common. In January, Mao finally gave in to the logic of his campaign and ordered the army to intervene in support of the Cultural Revolution whenever necessary. Factories, cities and even provinces became units of contention between Maoist and opposition forces, with some reports of serious armed encounters. By February, it appeared that Mao was winning, that his supporters were gradually coming out on top in key municipal and provincial organizations. But the risk of full-scale civil war remained high, and it was perhaps for this reason that the domestic confrontation receded slightly in early February. Three weeks of demonstrations against the Soviet Embassy in Peking temporarily shifted the campaign's focus to international revisionism and brought a noticeable easing of the tense military situation.

The fifth stage, which has lasted from February down to the present, appears to have produced a temporary resolution, though not a definitive conclusion, to the Cultural Revolution. The Maoists are now trying to restore a semblance of order and normalcy to Chinese economic and political life: primary schools reopened in February, followed by middle schools in March; great stress has been placed on attending to economic work, particularly spring farming; exhortations to avoid "anarchism" and violations of discipline are frequent. At the same time, they have concentrated their fire on their two most powerful enemies—Liu Shao-ch'i and Teng Hsiao-p'ing—while offering vague promises that other leading cadres who have been criticized may yet rejoin the fold if they repent in time. By the end of April this tactic was working, at least to the extent of producing an uneasy compromise. Liu and Teng, along with the few most prominent leaders who had lost their positions earlier, were clearly to be sacrificed, but the "great majority" of cadres were being wooed to join the Maoist camp. Although outbursts of violence and mass criticism of some high officials still continue, the most dangerous and destructive phase of the Cultural Revolution seems to have run its course.

The preceding outline of events suggests that the Cultural Revolution, apart from stirring up massive turmoil and unrest, has been uncertain in its results. We can nonetheless point to certain consequences which are either permanent or, if temporary, likely to be reversed only with great difficulty. First, CCP leadership has undergone

a drastic shake-up in which many of the old elite have either been removed from office or so heavily criticized that their effectiveness in a regime under Mao's control is open to doubt. New leaders, whose names are largely unknown to the outside world, will be emerging in the months and years ahead, while the possibility of a "counterrevolution" by those now disgraced cannot totally be discounted. China has thus entered a period in which there will be much more mobility and instability within the leadership than in the past.

Second, the historical subordination of the Chinese military structure to party organization has been broken. Lin Piao's replacement of Liu as heir apparent, the crucial support that the army gave Mao in January, and the general weakening of the party itself have all contributed to this development. The Chinese army has not been united in this crisis, and it remains a relatively "politicized" and nonprofessional force. But though the role it will play in the future would be hazardous to predict, it is a fact that it has become deeply involved in the governing of China.

Third, the Cultural Revolution has had a profound impact on the institutions of Communist China. The bypassing of the party and the mass organizations has seriously compromised the status of what were once the primary mechanisms of Communist control of the population. The state structure at local levels has suffered, too, as a result of its close identification with what Mao regards as his opposition. It is not yet clear what permanent institutions will replace those shattered, but the model for "temporary" local government now put forward is the "revolutionary committee"—an organization based on a "triple alliance" of representatives drawn from "revolutionary mass organizations," "revolutionary cadres" and local army units. Peking, Shanghai and several provinces have already formed such committees, and the struggle to establish them elsewhere is probably the most significant political activity going on in China today. Assuming that the Maoists continue to consolidate their control, one can sense the likely atmosphere of these committees. They will, in the first instance, be carefully chosen to insure support for Mao, and their policies and style of work will self-consciously reflect Mao's ideal of "revolutionary" leadership. In line with the compromise referred to above, they will try to coopt experienced cadres who may have committed "errors" but have now "reformed"; at the same time, they will be hypersensitive to subversion by "bourgeois" influences and will devote much of their attention to continuing the campaign against such influences. All this suggests that the work of the revolutionary committees will be full of tension, particularly when considering personnel and deciding who are the true "revolutionaries." Old feuds and associations will provide much of the substance of political debate; new "errors" and "enemies" will be uncovered.

The Cultural Revolution has also shed light on two long-range trends which seem to be particularly significant. One is the depth of opposition to the Maoist revolutionary style. The leaders of the campaign have claimed that the opposition was limited in numbers and that it was guilty of a deliberate attempt to overthrow

Mao's leadership. Neither claim has been convincing. The "opposition" apparently did not think of itself as an opposition at all. Rather than being a small, organized clique, conspiring to seize power, it was a loose but far-flung grouping of cadres who were in fact in power and largely responsible for the direction of Chinese society. Rather than being deliberate opponents of Mao, these men were experienced and trusted leaders who accepted Mao's prestige and nominal leadership and were wholly committed to the continued development of socialism in China.

Their "errors" were, first, that they had accepted in the 1961 to 1965 period some modifications in the Maoist line which they believed to be necessary under the cir-



Padry, aux Ecoutes. Ben Roth Agency

cumstances; second, that they had tried in June-July, 1966, to restrain the course of the Cultural Revolution to avoid permanent damage to the party and the economy; third, and here we may only speculate, that some of them had proposed alterations in Chinese foreign policy—possibly the only "error" in which they must have realized that they were openly challenging Mao's position. What is important to note here is that the immediate consequences of the Cultural Revolution may well intensify the convictions of those who believe that the deliberate perpetuation of a revolutionary atmosphere is both damaging and dangerous. Mao's enormous prestige, the backing of the army, and an offer of redemption for those who have been criticized are no doubt sufficient at present to still the voices of heresy. It is doubtful, however, that the heresy itself can be eradicated.

The second point that deserves emphasis is the extent to which the Chinese people, especially the youth, have taken an active part in the Cultural Revolution. To be sure, many have retreated quietly to avoid involvement in a movement of such uncertain consequences. It is true, too, that in a general way the activities of the Red Guards have been guided by Maoist cadres, a significant number of whom are probably drawn from the army. The fact remains that the Cultural Revolution has elicited a level of popular agitation comparable to that of the first years of Communist rule. Much of this action cannot be

explained simply by directives and organization from above, for it has not been that coherent or unanimous. What we have seen is groups of students, workers, soldiers and peasants engaging in debate, agitation and even physical combat to defend their interests or implement the Cultural Revolution's objectives as they understand them. In recent years, the CCP's "mass line" had seemed increasingly ritualized, a stale slogan that evoked the romance of earlier movements but was singularly lacking in substance. The Chinese people appeared to be slipping back into political passivity. But the Cultural Revolution has shown that nearly twenty years of indoctrination and example in the value of political activism has had its impact. A great many Chinese have perceived the political implications underlying the Cultural Revolution, have formed their judgments about them, and have been willing to act on these judgments even under the threat of retaliation.

How shall we relate these consequences and trends to the "vanguard or rear-guard" question posed at the outset? The promoters of the Cultural Revolution are the vanguard of a revolution only in the sense that they propose to overturn much of the existing power structure and infuse what replaces it with a good deal of new blood. This may be a significant political change, but it is scarcely a revolution given the substance of Mao's demands. The fact is that the stated ideals of the Cultural Revolution have been the mainstream of CCP propaganda for many years; there is no reason to believe that their realization will be any easier in the future than in the past. The institutional experimentation now under way offers no real promise of a significant redistribution of wealth or power among the strata of Chinese society. The campaign is best understood, therefore, as an attempt to perpetuate a political style which has been increasingly perceived as inappropriate to the times. It is a rear-guard action which may delay the natural death of the revolutionary atmosphere in Communist China but which will simultaneously, by its disruptive effects, increase resistance to that atmosphere. The surge of popular agitation that has accompanied the campaign suggests that future resistance may be more difficult than ever to contain.

Perhaps the most damning commentary on the campaign's "revolutionary" credentials is the difficulty it has to identify its supporters and opponents in realistic socio-economic terms and to promise any major groups that they will benefit greatly from its victory. The "proletarian" classes certainly have some cause for frustration and resentment, but proletarian groups have been found on both sides of the struggle. Tendencies toward "bureaucratism" and "revisionism" are real, but are extremely difficult to associate with a class base. The much maligned "bourgeoisie" is now, after more than a decade of Socialist construction, a shadow class which simply cannot exert the influence attributed to it. Thus, loyalty to Mao, rather than a clear desire for radical change, has probably been the overriding motive in determining support for the campaign. Political opportunism has also played a part, as has a willingness to believe the worst of anyone associated with the "revisionist" epithet. Idealistic conviction

that the Cultural Revolution was necessary to keep China safe for communism has been strongest among the younger students, but they, too, have found it difficult to know precisely what to do about it.

One is left with the conclusion that the primary justification for the Cultural Revolution was the perpetuation of Mao's prestige and leadership style. There is great irony in this, for in the long run he may lose on both

counts. His style was not likely to survive in any case, but his prestige might have endured indefinitely, and undiminished, if he had accepted a quiet transformation of his teachings. Now, he has linked his prestige so closely with his style, and so sharpened the confrontation between himself and those who would refine his approach, that some explicit diminution of his image in the future appears probable.

SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT III

Blind Stakes in the Poker Game

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

This article concludes Mr. Ruppenthal's discussion of the problems surrounding the projected supersonic airliner. The previous articles in the series were "Billion-Dollar Dilemma," May 22, and "Heat, Cold, Radiation & the Boom," May 29.

Impressive technical obstacles must be overcome, large amounts of money must be spent, and economic risks of unknown dimensions must be assumed before the United States can produce a supersonic transport that will cruise at Mach 3, that is, at three times the speed of sound. One set of technical problems stems from the fact that presently developed aluminum alloys will not tolerate the high temperatures that would be developed at such speeds. That being the case, why must the plane go so fast? What would happen if the United States should content itself with craft that would fly, say, in the range of Mach 2 or Mach 2.2?

That same question was asked by the British-French combine when it first entertained thoughts of building an SST, and early studies convinced them that they should content themselves with an aircraft capable of flying at a little more than twice the speed of the present subsonic jets. They came to that conclusion principally because aircraft speeds on the order of Mach 2 will produce the highest surface temperatures that aluminum alloys at present available can accept over long periods of time.

Once the builders of the Concorde decided to limit its speed, a host of troublesome problems were eliminated. They did not have to learn how to fabricate titanium or other exotic metals. They did not have to worry about using large amounts of heavy stainless steel. Because of its size, configuration and speed, the sonic boom that the Concorde will produce may be somewhat less intense than must be anticipated by the builders of the Mach 3 SST. Since it would cruise at a lower altitude (probably 60,000 feet instead of 80,000 feet), radiation hazards may be reduced. The risks of explosive depressurization would be a little smaller, and a lighter, less expensive back-up system for pressurizing the cabin will therefore be acceptable.

There is no doubt that from a technical standpoint it would be a great deal easier for the U. S. aircraft industry to build a Mach 2 transport than it will be to

build one for Mach 3. But it is not at all certain that such an aircraft could be an economic success.

Probably the most impressive argument for not building a plane that will cruise on the order of Mach 2 is that the Concorde will get there first. The British-French combine began to develop their aircraft several years before studies of supersonic commercial flight were undertaken in this country. And even with its time advantage there is no assurance that the British-French Concorde will be an economic success. When the initial Anglo-French agreement was signed in November, 1962, it was estimated that the taxpayers of each country would be required to contribute on the order of \$225 million. But as the plane went from the drawing board to a secondary state, the cost estimates rose and within two years they had almost doubled. In July, 1964, the best estimates indicated that development costs would approach \$800 million.

The public knows little about the efforts made in Britain and in France to broaden the base of the project and thus share the risks. Some of the proponents of the airplane thought that it might become a full-fledged NATO venture. Others hoped for cooperation at least from the United States. But no strong expressions of interest came from either the American Government or the American aircraft industry. Both the Italian and the German Governments made polite responses to overtures, but they showed no active interest. The net result of the various talks was that Britain and France decided to carry the burden by themselves.

When his government took office in England, Harold Wilson was faced with a host of problems including inflation, unemployment, a balance-of-payments deficit, and severe pressure on the pound. Although there was no simple answer to England's complex problems, Wilson knew that the country could not afford to spend money on projects that were ill conceived or unduly expensive. He was concerned that the Concorde endeavor would be classified eventually in both categories.

Wilson and his advisers studied the Concorde project carefully in 1964, and satisfied themselves that the market for the plane had been wildly overestimated, that the project was unduly expensive, and that Britain

could not afford it. Many members of Parliament believed that the aircraft had little economic potential. Because of its limited range, there were severe doubts that the plane could even fly nonstop from Paris to New York with a full load of passengers (the specifications of the plane have since been somewhat modified). Because its range would be far less than that of the subsonic jets, its usefulness would be limited.

The plane was originally scheduled to sell for about \$16 million but better cost estimates indicated that if there were to be any possibility of recovering the tremendous investments, an additional \$5 million or \$6 million should be added to the price tag of each plane. But even at \$20 million per plane, there was considerable doubt that enough of them could be sold for the project ever to break even.

Said James Callaghan, Chancellor of the Exchequer: "1964 was a year of reckoning for a decade of mistaken policies and false pride." The British Minister of Aviation, Roy Jenkins, concurred: "If we were convinced that the investment in Concorde from our point of view and from the French point of view would help pay our way in the world consistent with the amount of money spent on it, then of course, we would have to go ahead. But at the moment we have our doubts."

As one move to stop wasteful expenditures and prop up a shaky economy, the Wilson government decided to cancel the project. The *London Observer* wrote an obituary that American proponents of the SST might do well to read thoughtfully today: "The simplest reason for cancelling the Concorde is that its chances of commercial success have become extremely slender. It is already bigger, heavier, noisier, and far more expensive than when it was first conceived. . . . The odds are that, having paid for its construction, the taxpayer would have to subsidize its operations and put up with its sonic boom as well. The aircraft industry will not be restored

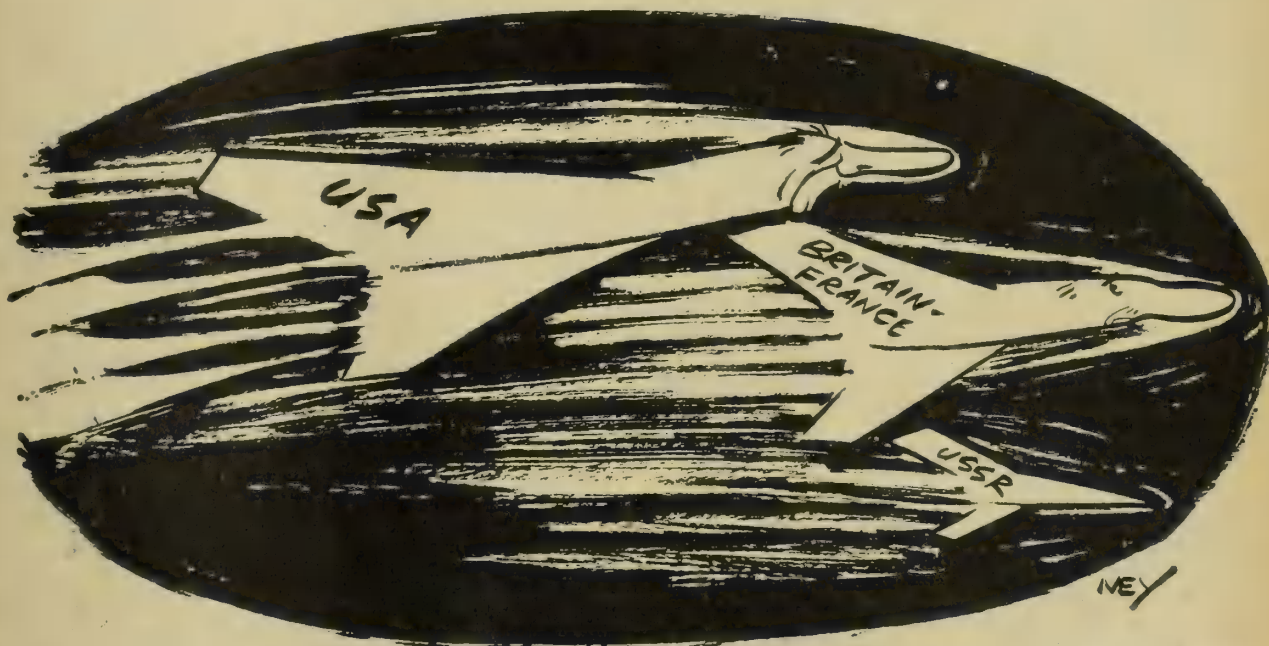
to economic health by being paid to develop an unsuccessful aircraft."

The British announcement reverberated far beyond the aviation community. There were clear indications that cancellation would result in major damage to already fragile Anglo-French relations. *The Wall Street Journal* thought "it would be considered by France's de Gaulle as a stab in the back and as proof that Britain still wants to behave as a non-European island. The French President undoubtedly would charge that the British walkout would amount to sabotage and would leave the door open to American domination of Europe's aviation for years to come. Already the Labour government has had to deny rumors prevalent here and in France that it entered into a 'deal' with the U. S. to back out of the Concorde project in return for U. S. support of the 15 per cent surcharge it recently imposed on imports of manufactured goods."

There were reports that de Gaulle was prepared to retaliate in other areas. There might be unusual construction delays in the long proposed tunnel beneath the English Channel. Britain's application to join the Common Market might be put on ice. The fact of the matter was that France could not afford to go it alone.

"France is barely on speaking terms with Britain as a result of Mr. Wilson's handling of the 'Concorde affair,'" reported the *U. S. News & World Report*. "Without sounding out the French, the British made a spectacular announcement indicating that they had decided to write off the Concorde supersonic airliner. . . . Mr. Wilson is having second thoughts about that decision, inasmuch as the French have threatened to go to the World Court and seek heavy damages from Britain for violating a contract that has no cancellation clause."

In the face of this pressure from its partner England reversed its decision, but the fact remains that the British economists were undoubtedly correct. While there



All Out For The SST Race . . .

Ben Roth Agency

is some chance that the Concorde may be able to pay its own immediate costs of operation—fuel, maintenance wages and the like—there is virtually no possibility that the project as a whole will be self-liquidating or that the British and French taxpayers will be repaid for their investment. And Sir William Hildred, for years director general of the International Air Transport Association, maintains that a slight divergence from the confident predictions of the SST engineers could wreck the economic picture. Should there be restrictions on night operations or should circuitous routings be required because of the noise, the projected solvency of SST operations could quickly convert into losses.”

The financial risks involved in the development of any supersonic transport, be it Mach 2 or Mach 3, are so large that no single aircraft company could undertake them. Karl G. Harr, Jr., president of the Aerospace Industries Association, has stated that the development would be impossible without substantial government assistance, and that view is shared by almost every responsible financial executive who has yet spoken on the subject. Indeed the cost is so large and the risks are so great that neither Britain nor France seriously thought of the SST as a single-nation project. Of all the countries in the world, probably only the United States and Russia have the requisite resources to produce the SST on their own. That fact raises interesting questions concerning the appropriate role of the United States Government in the project.

While the federal government has always indicated interest in advancing the nation's transport facilities by subsidies of one kind or another, never before in history has an agency of the government undertaken such an important role in a transport project of this magnitude. It is clear already that if the SST is to be built in the United States within the next decade, the principal financial backers of the project will not be a consortium of financial institutions and Wall Street bankers but the taxpayers. It also seems inevitable that some government agency—probably the FAA—will be the general contractor on the project. After all, it was the Federal Aviation Agency (and not the airlines that will buy the planes) which decided that the supersonic transport should be assembled by Boeing and its engines produced by General Electric. And while the various airlines have advised on the specifications for the aircraft, the FAA will have the final say. Thus, it might be said that the government has already become the project's banker and its general contractor. Now it is about to become architect for the project as well. Through the CAB, the government already has the power to determine fare levels, and as the principal investor the FAA may well set the price that will be paid for the plane.

There are also indications that in some respects the FAA is the principal promoter. On March 2, 1967, *The Wall Street Journal* reported that President Johnson might request additional funds for the project so that it could proceed closer to Phase III—the actual building of two test models and a flight test program of 100 hours. But before requesting an additional \$200 million, said the *Journal*, Mr. Johnson wanted the airlines to indicate

greater interest in the project through a contribution to research and development costs. “In a surprise move the FAA began early last month [February, 1967] to try persuading them to contribute \$1 million of risk capital for each of the 57 planes they've tentatively ordered.”

In a report to its stockholders, dated March 24, TWA stated the matter as follows: “TWA has made down payments of \$1,000,000 to the Federal Aviation Agency for the purpose of reserving delivery positions for ten supersonic transport aircraft to be built by United States manufacturers under a program sponsored by the United States Government. . . . At the request of the Federal Government, TWA has agreed . . . to participate in a plan for financing the development of two U. S. supersonic transport prototype aircraft. The agreement provides that in the event the Government and The Boeing Company enter into contract before December 1, 1967 for such research and development work, TWA will pay [\$10,000,000 to Boeing]. . . . The funds to be paid by TWA will be at a total risk. These amounts will not under any circumstances be returned to TWA. . . . Other U. S. carriers holding delivery positions have been requested to make similar commitments. . . .”

This position may well be typical for the industry; however, World Airways, which has placed tentative orders for three of the SSTs, declined to follow suit. Edward J. Daley, president, said in a letter to FAA Administrator General William F. McKee that if World were to set aside \$3 million of its funds now as “risk capital” for SST development, its present subsonic jet acquisition program could be seriously hampered.

Following up on the story, *The Wall Street Journal* reported: “A large carrier is said to have entered the talks [with the FAA] with a list of qualifications, including a request that the Government accept a formula whereby the airlines would receive \$3 million eventually for each \$1 million invested, if the plane were successful.” The attractiveness of this proposed arrangement may not be evident to the principal backers—the taxpayers of the United States.

Not yet fully explored is the government's role as a possible insurer of the supersonic craft. As long as the plane remains on the ground, insurance questions are relatively mundane. It is simply a matter of determining how much insurance should prudently be provided against various hazards that are known to be possible.

But once the plane is in the air there is as yet no real measure of the risks to which the operating airline may be exposed. It would be difficult enough to handle passengers' claims for alleged injury through radiation, faulty pressurization and other phenomena. But what about possible claims that may arise from aircraft accidents and the effects of the sonic boom? The dimensions of this problem are so widespread that several unorthodox solutions have been suggested.

One is that claims for damage resulting from sonic boom be severely restricted by legislation—a course of action that would be unpopular, to say the least. Another proposal is that the government simply underwrite the risks. Should that course of action be followed, the

Government of the United States would automatically, and perhaps inadvertently, find itself in the insurance business, and in a very substantial way.

As the day of supersonic decision approaches, the level of government in-fighting has increased. While most of the early government-generated publicity came from protagonists of the SST, some of their detractors are now on the stage. Their position was reported by Fred L. Zimmerman in *The Wall Street Journal*:

"It is remarkable that this project has got as far as it has," complains an economist familiar with the project. Part of the explanation, he asserts, is that most public and Congressional discussion so far has been based on pro-SST material widely circulated by the FAA, while government critics of the program have been "placed under constraint."

Few administration SST experts still believe the FAA's claim of total objectivity about the project. This claim has long irritated SST critics, who have argued there is a basic conflict of interest, in that the FAA is running the project and yet will have responsibility for certifying that the SSTs are safe for passenger service. In effect, charges one critic, "the FAA will be asked to certify that it has spent its money wisely and that its own technical judgment is sound."

While economic questions in themselves are not always simple, aircraft economics are also intertwined in balance-of-payments questions. Roy H. Nickerson, vice president in charge of the Aerospace and Electronics Department of the First National City Bank, said at a banking forum in 1965 that a failure of the U. S. to get a supersonic transport into the air by 1972 could add a staggering \$10 billion to our balance of payments deficit in the 1970s. As an aside, he pointed out that the aerospace and electronics industries had met favorable trade balances of some \$1.7 billion in 1964.

"That could be wiped out if the U. S. fails to deliver a supersonic jet to market within two years after the British-French Concorde begins flying. A longer lead than that, some industry experts fear, would siphon off much of the business that the U. S. might normally get," said Dennis Duggan in the now defunct New York *Herald Tribune*.

But the SST detractors are not satisfied with these figures. They suspect that considerable double counting is involved, that SST proponents may rest their predictions on the assumption that without the SST U. S. aircraft exports would nose-dive. They contend that if the United States exports many supersonic craft, it may find itself substituting them for subsonic transports, which are at present an export item of considerable importance. Also largely ignored in the calculations is the fact that if the SST manages to induce large numbers of passengers to fly to the far corners of the earth, many of those passengers will be Americans. The amount of money brought in by the sale of supersonic aircraft could be far overshadowed by the dollars that U. S. travelers would spend abroad.

Zimmerman, reporting again in *The Wall Street Journal*, became acidic:

Economic studies done by several outside research concerns and just delivered to the FAA are so critical

of the project's optimistic financial assumptions—including those about market demand, likely fare levels, and the balance-of-payments effect—that the FAA has decided to keep them secret.

When the FAA commissioned the studies last year at a cost of more than \$650,000, it is understood to have said it would make them public when completed. But as it began receiving the reports and discovered almost all conclusions were unfavorable to the SST, it quickly stamped them "for official use only."

"Anything that's been done in this area is for controlled distribution only," explains an FAA spokesman in refusing to let a reporter see the studies. "This means the reports are available only to people who establish a 'need to know.'" It's believed that in the past few days the FAA decided this "need to know" didn't extend to several Congressmen, including some members of the House Appropriations Committee, and at least one powerful Democratic Senator, all of whom were denied access to the reports.

Zimmerman quoted one person in the Administration as saying: "We all agree there's absolutely no economic justification for building this plane." "This thing could become the FAA's Edsel," said another. "Among those to whom this may come as a shock," said Zimmerman, "are the members of Congress who have appropriated \$511 million since 1962 for developing the plane, partly because of unequivocal assurances from the FAA that the SST would be a bonanza for the U. S. balance-of-payments position, while being highly profitable for the airlines to operate. . . ."

Several months after *The Wall Street Journal* complained of the official secrecy surrounding the project, the FAA made public several of the studies that had previously been classified. Now that there is less uncertainty concerning probable costs, a gigantic poker game is beginning to take shape. Participants include the U. S. aircraft industry, the Anglo-French builders of the Concorde, the conservationists, property owners on the boom paths and the taxpayers. Some of the players hold impressive cards and an imposing stack of chips. Others, less well heeled, are skillful players who seldom lose in this game. Some players are eager, while others have been reluctantly drawn into the game. And sitting quietly in the background another potential participant, Russia, silently eyes the table.

The stakes are high: several billion dollars in government contracts, billions of dollars in wages and several thousand jobs. At stake, too, are elements of national pride and technical leadership.

But also to be considered are important questions about the living qualities of the earth: how much noise should be tolerated, and who is competent to set the levels? What would be the impact of the supersonic transport upon all of the peoples of the world? And who is to decide whether it would be desirable? The full importance of the supersonic decision is just beginning to unfold. Far more is involved than the aircraft industry itself, or travel itself. Political, economic and social questions of considerable magnitude have yet to be assessed. Far more discussion is indicated before we undertake a project that promises literally to shake the world.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Nonpersonality Cult

KHRUSHCHEV. By Mark Frankland. Introduction by Harry Schwartz. Stein and Day. 213 pp. \$6.95.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Only on those rare days when there is an election in Moscow do we get any news of Nikita Khrushchev. Western correspondents (and particularly Henry Shapiro of United Press, who was a great favorite of Mr. K.) hang round the polling station in the district where he lives, to exchange a few words with him. We learned, on the most recent of such occasions, that Mr. K. had grown much older and thinner, and that, when asked how he was, he is reported to have shrugged his shoulders, and remarked with a touch of bitter humor: "Oh, what does it matter to you? I'm just an old-age pensioner, like millions of others." So we know that Mr. K. (who was 73 on April 17) is still alive, and is living in moderate comfort in Moscow. As far as the Soviet press is concerned, however, he might not exist—and might never have existed; Stalin is sometimes mentioned, usually in an unfavorable context; but Mr. K. hardly ever. In the Stalin days, Communist leaders who had fallen from grace were usually shot; but to be killed by silence must be almost equally galling, especially for so extroverted and ebullient a person as Khrushchev, who literally dominated the Russian political scene for more than ten years, and was his own top publicity agent.

But the Western world has not forgotten him. We have had several books on Khrushchev in recent years. Some, like George Palocz-Horvath's, represent him as one of the most evil accomplices in "Stalin's crimes." Others, like Edward Crankshaw's, treat him almost as an angel of light, compared with the ogre who had ruled Russia during the previous twenty-five years. Now we have a new book on Khrushchev by Mark Frankland, a former Moscow correspondent of the London *Observer* which is, in some ways, more satisfactory than the others. It avoids the all-black and all-white approach; shows that Khrushchev was neither a saint nor an archvillain; and places the Stalin period in good historical perspective.

Unlike other Western writers, Frankland is conscious of the danger of al-

lowing "Stalin's barbarism to dominate our image of the Soviet Union from the 1930's on." For him, the history of the Stalin years is "like two halves of a puzzle that can never be made to fit together. There is the positive side—the great work of building the foundations of a new society. But there is also the purposeful disregard for human life that in the 1930s assumed a dimension beyond ordinary human cruelty." To stress only one side and ignore the other is to misrepresent history; and it is only by taking full account of both halves of the "puzzle" that, in Frankland's view, the whole story of Nikita Khrushchev begins to make sense.

Frankland also shows commendable modesty. Not a Kremlinologist in the pejorative sense, he admits that any biography of a Soviet leader "must be very tentative indeed," since "most of the material on which biographies are usually based—such as private letters and diaries—is simply unavailable." And in his chapters on the postwar Stalin period, describing how Zhdanov, Khrushchev, Malenkov and others were jockeying for position, his frequent use of phrases like "it is possible," "it is likely," "the odds are that . . ."—makes it clear that his stories are based not on any written or printed material but on no more than intelligent guesswork. Even when he does produce what looks like hard facts, their sources are often, in my view, very far from reliable—particularly the "revelations" by disgracing Yugoslavs like Djilas and Dedijer.

Despite these limitations, most of which Frankland himself admits, he has written a biography of Khrushchev which makes better sense than most.

Unlike Lenin, Trotsky and even Stalin, Khrushchev was in no way an intellectual, let alone a learned Marxist; during the Civil War, when he was a sort of political commissar of the lowest rank in the Red Army, he was still scarcely literate. But he had seen life in the raw as a youth; he regarded the "foreign capitalists" who controlled many of the Donbas mines and factories as "enemies of the Russian people" who paid their workers miserable wages, and treated Russia little better than the Congo. (Actually, Khrushchev tended to exaggerate these horrors in retrospect;

the Donbas miners enjoyed a certain degree of capitalist paternalism and, as Lenin himself wrote, received much better wages than the workers in the more archaic Urals industries.) What also made a great impression on young Khrushchev's mind was the military aid given to the Whites by the "Western imperialists"; this aid was insufficient and halfhearted but it prolonged the Civil War, and intensified that economic chaos from which Russia was to suffer for years after, culminating in the fearful famines of 1920 to 1922.

Frankland suggests that, for a few years, young Khrushchev's adherence to the Bolshevik party remains uncertain; he may even have been, at the early stages of the Revolution, more sympathetic to the Mensheviks or the Social-Revolutionaries. But in any case, he became a good Bolshevik soon after, and when the Civil War was over, he had the good luck of being regarded as a sufficiently reliable member of the rank and file to be admitted to one of the Ukrainian *rabfacs*, those "Workers' Faculties," which "remedied his almost total lack of formal education" and "provided men like him with a crash course in basic subjects before they went on to specialist studies." Neither his loyalty to the regime—after his experiences in the Civil War—nor his proletarian origin was in doubt; and men like him (he was 28 by 1922) were needed to provide a new class of Soviet specialists. Khrushchev owed his rapid promotion on the local (Ukrainian) level to none other than Lazar Kaganovich—his future victim—already Stalin's hatchet man in the Ukraine:

Khrushchev was exactly the sort of man that Kaganovich was seeking to promote in the Ukrainian hierarchy. Men like Khrushchev were malleable precisely because their approach to Bolshevism was not intellectual, because they knew nothing of the pre-revolutionary world of Bolshevism. Stalin's gradual destruction of all opposition meant little to such men. . . . Khrushchev eagerly endorsed all Stalin's attacks on his opponents. . . . In 1926 he attacked Trotsky and Zinoviev. . . . In 1929 he attacked Bukharin at the 2nd Ukrainian Party Conference.

In the early 1930s, Khrushchev's rise became spectacular; Kaganovich took

him to Moscow where, in 1933, he became his number-two man in the Moscow city party; two years later he succeeded Kaganovich as head of the party for the whole Moscow region, and was also elected to the Central Committee; during the years that followed the two men were associated with that spectacular enterprise, the building of the Moscow subway.

Some of the best passages in Frankland's book deal with the spirit of Russia's "Iron Age"—the industrialization of Russia under the first three Five-Year Plans:

The heroism of this period was central to the experience of the men in Khrushchev's generation. . . . Although some Party members revolted against the ruthlessness of these [Stalin's] policies, it is not hard to understand how many believed them justified. The vision of a mighty Russia . . . appealed powerfully to both the Russian and the communist mind. . . . The fear that the capitalist states might attack Russia . . . seemed doubly justified by the birth and growth of Nazi Germany. Stalin's policy to make the Soviet Union strong . . . seemed literally a matter of life and death.

This obsession with Nazi Germany goes a long way to explain not only Khrushchev's total loyalty to Stalin and his ready acceptance of the purges but, more significantly, his unenviable role as "the butcher of the Ukraine" in the late 1930s. There were many "disloyal" elements in the Ukraine, especially after the collectivization which had been particularly fierce in that country but, worse still, it was the part of the Soviet Union in which Hitler, with his *Lebensraum* claims, was specially interested.

Not only did Khrushchev hound Ukrainian "nationalists" and "separatists" but he also made a serious effort to restore agriculture and stock breeding; he was at least partly successful in this, and thus acquired in Moscow his reputation as an "agricultural expert." The grain problem, at any rate, was solved by 1939, largely as a result of Khrushchev's technique of expanding the network of party organizations in the Ukrainian countryside; in 1938, he had been promoted to candidate membership of the Politburo. This chapter on Khrushchev as the essentially Russian boss of the Ukraine is interesting, though Frankland tends to pull his punches in dealing with the even greater ruthlessness Khrushchev showed in his handling of the Western Ukraine, when the Russians took it over in 1939, as a result of the partition of Poland.

In his chapter describing Khrushchev

during the war, Frankland covers what is mostly familiar ground; but here he puts forward the theory that it was during these years that Khrushchev first lost faith in the "infallibility" of Stalin; for he had suffered directly from some of the major errors Stalin had committed as commander in chief. In his description of the early post-Stalin period, Frankland says little or nothing about the liquidation of the camps and the abolition of the NKVD's Forced Labor Empire. Yet it is this, and the "restoration of Socialist legality" which (though not solely Khrushchev's work) laid the real foundations for his rapidly growing popularity in the country, and prepared it psychologically for the 20th Congress of 1956 and for the famous "secret report." This report on "Stalin's crimes threw Russia into a fever"; and as we know, its effect on the outside world, particularly on Poland and Hungary, was even more violent. As a result, the opposition to Khrushchev grew, and he did not regain his balance until he had liquidated the "Anti-Party Group" in 1957.

It was in 1957-58 that Khrushchev virtually became the ruler of Russia; he not only took credit for the sputniks but also for the bumper harvest of 1958,

when the Virgin Lands proved—at first—an enormous success. Khrushchev reached the height of internal popularity and world fame in 1959, a year marked by his famous trip to the United States. All seemed to be going well: Russia appeared, technically, ahead of the United States; economically, things were better in Russia than ever before; communism, with its unequaled prosperity, seemed in sight. Khrushchev boasted of "outstripping America" in the per capita output of food within a very short time, and of "burying" capitalism under the mountains of this unprecedented affluence of Communist Russia. Frankland argues that Khrushchev firmly believed that world communism would result from this prosperity. But did he? It is hard to believe that whatever his boasts he was not conscious, at heart of the geographical and climatic handicaps inherent in Soviet agriculture.

In any case, the crazy improvisations and furious outbursts by which Khrushchev's agricultural "policies" were marked during the last four years of his rule suggest that he was desperate in his realization that his exuberant optimism of 1958-59 was unfounded. The 1963 harvest proved a disaster. By depriving China of technical aid in 1960

MUSIC OVER WORDS

*Connotations, I do not want the connotations of words.
Suddenly they are gross, they get in the way of feeling.
It is all too difficult to be ambiguous
And struggle in meshes of the intellectual.*

*Nakedness! Purity! Ecstasy of sound!
Sound that ravishes me entirely, joyfully,
You take me back to the beginnings of —
Before he could articulate his deep confusions.*

*Every fiber of my body needs to salute you.
Direct and passionate you speak to me overwhelmingly,
How could we have gone so far in the funereal?
Paean! I wake to life when I hear music weaving!*

*Let the dead have their memorial syllables,
Perfect stone poems in gardens of perfect stone.
With you I writhe in the struggle of humanity,
Music, lift me to heaven, descend me to hell.*

*Music, secrete in me your strange dynamism.
In this dynamism I surge and lunge, and strike
Fate. You make me want to judge mankind,
Raising me to the height of vision.*

*Music then play the long drawn-out fantasy
Of the completest contact of tactile reality
And while you are flowing like the oceans in a great storm
I live in the height of danger and authority.*

RICHARD EBERHART

(he did this without consulting anybody), he made an enemy of that country. His "coexistence" with America suffered one setback after another—partly owing to American bad faith (the U-2 incident), partly to Khrushchev's own errors of judgment (the Cuban missile crisis). The test-ban treaty of 1963 was not enough to save Khrushchev. His cultural policy was so incoherent that he lost the support of the intelligentsia. By 1964 he had antagonized not only it but also the heavily taxed peasantry, the working class (who were short of food, and had to pay high prices for what little was available), the Chinese and, finally, even the Czechs and Poles when he sent his son-in-law on an unofficial mission to West Germany, thus by-passing Foreign Minister Gromyko.

Frankland touches on most of these points. Apart from the animosity Khrushchev had created among his colleagues on the Presidium, there was also another factor which greatly contributed to the atmosphere in which his elimination in October, 1964, was possible—and, indeed, easy. And that was the general discontent in the country over shortages, over the emptiness of Khrushchev's promises and extravagant boasts, besides the growing uneasiness over the new "personality cult." I remember the angry shoulder shrug with which, two months before Khrushchev's fall, a Leningrad editor openly complained to me that he had to put another Khrushchev picture on his front page, and "fill up nearly the whole of the paper with more of his crap on agriculture."

Today, more than three years after his fall, Khrushchev remains a puzzling and rather fascinating figure—good and bad, shrewd and stupid, subtle and clumsy, cautious and reckless. Have things greatly changed in Russia since

his fall? In his introduction, Mr. Schwartz says they haven't. Like Khrushchev, Kosygin, he says, believes in coexistence abroad and prosperity at home. But there are, surely, some major differences. The style of governing Russia has changed; Khrushchev's improvisations have given way to more efficient methods; the boasting about outstripping America and the "inevitable" advent of world communism have been replaced by a more sober assessment of Russia and the world. The cultural policy (witness the Siniavsky-Daniel trial) has not improved. But there is a marked desire to come to terms with America and especially with Western Europe and to accept the "Gaullist" idea that Russia is "part of Europe" and even—as Andrei Voznesensky suggested in a recent poem

—the shield that will protect Europe against Asia. This *rapprochement* with Western Europe is something new. At heart, Khrushchev took only America seriously. At least as long as the war in Vietnam lasts, Kosygin will look for friends and economic partners elsewhere—in Britain, in France, in Italy. Today, Khrushchev's patronage of the Third World is being pursued halfheartedly. "Friends" like Nkrumah and Ben Bella have been eliminated; Indonesia is in a mess, and the Russians are not even sure where they stand with Castro. While throwing anxious glances at China, they want, above all, to cultivate their own garden—an astonishing offspring of Marxism-Leninism in the nuclear era. But will history—and the Pentagon—allow them to?

The Politics of Art

THE REACTIONARIES, Yeats, Lewis, Pound, Eliot, Lawrence: A Study of the Anti-Democratic Intelligentsia. By John R. Harrison. Introduction by William Empson. Schocken Books. 224 pp. \$6.

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time (University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought (Prentice-Hall).

There was never any question that these writers—and much of the modernism to which they heavily contributed—were reactionary, and Mr. Harrison adduces familiar literary evidence. The still troublesome question, which makes his

forthright examination and judgment of these writers so challenging and significant, concerns the relation of a writer's politics (social and cultural sentiments, political views and action) to his art (aesthetic principles and practice). We seldom raise this question because we have been taught by these as well as other writers, whose views still dominate the literary world and the classroom, that art is separable from life, and superior to it. In our worry over mass culture we may speak now of the "politics of culture," but it is not yet fashionable to speak of the politics of art—or to think of the artist as seriously engaged in the affairs of society.

There has been, increasingly, an expression of discontent with the modernist sensibility, but except for Edmund Wilson in *Axel's Castle* (1931), no one until now has so fully addressed himself to the implications of this sensibility for politics. Wilson impugned the writer's withdrawal from the world of affairs and proposed a close alignment of imagination and politics—made art an instrument of social engineering, and tributary to man. But because Wilson's book introduced writers such as Yeats, Valéry and Eliot to a wide audience, it did more to further symbolist views of the autonomy and supremacy of art than hinder them. So did the actual politics of art of the 1930s and early 1940s, and since that time we have been wary of any such alliance. Only now, stirred by the activism and protest of a new generation of writers, have we been willing again to admit that art, inevitably, has political aspects. This is what Harrison,

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VISITING ITALY

*We are tired of this art that is never finished!
Mosaics that describe the approaching fall,
The hot streets that never ended,
Whorls in wine-pots,
Bits of time scattered everywhere,
Like hairs from the barbarians sleeping under the arena floor.
Pale and exhausted torsos,
Long arms reaching into the ocean of nothing,
Arenas that hold only dark corridors and galleries rushing through the air two stories up,
Air like the acid breath of the lions
That has wiped out the faces of all the statues.*

ROBERT BLY

A young British scholar of this generation, insists on; and his book, which scrutinizes the politics of these writers and tests them against the standards of liberal democracy, may be taken as a sign—favorable, I think—of the changing social and intellectual climate.

In the years since *Axel's Castle* we have come to see more clearly that the symbolist view of art and the kinds of repudiation represented by it may underwrite the mentality of fascism; and we have come to see that those who upheld such aesthetic doctrines were often political in their concern for power and leadership. We do not think of these writers, as Van Wyck Brooks narrowly did as early as the 1920s, as "coterie" writers, or vilify them as "life-deniers" even though in the battle between Culture and life, which Ortega said was the theme of our time, they stood in many respects for Culture and turned to past achievements for solutions to present needs. We have come to understand them, to understand how much their response measures the inadequate solution of modern problems, and sometimes we even share their distaste for what Yeats called "this filthy modern tide." But in light of the record—not only of actions like Pound's but of the often virulent content of their work—we may readily assent to Julian Benda's prediction that "this denunciation of liberalism, notably by the vast majority of contemporary men of letters, will be one of the things in this age most astonishing to history."

The modernist sensibility is defined by its anti-modernism, by its repugnance to the many forces in our time that have brought change and instability. It has shaped itself against democracy (parliaments, pluralism, humanitarianism, the masses); against science, industrialism, and sometimes capitalism, and against secularism (humanism, relativism, historicism, rationalism). Mr. Empson, in his introduction, says

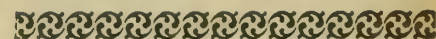
that it leads to a "cult of Unnaturalism"—and it does, countering what it considers the "softness" of its arch-foe naturalism with "hard" modes of thought whose authoritarian and closed character is sometimes supported by religion. This sensibility is not a sport or the possession of literary men alone. It is a frequent phenomenon, as Harrison explains, of 19th-century and recent history, a familiar reaction to all sorts of displacements and dispossessions. And as Benda's statement and Harrison's "social surprise" (the phrase is Empson's) indicate, it is not the illiberalism, the preference for "cruel, authoritarian, bellicose society," that is astonishing but rather the connection of writers with it.

In studying this relationship Harrison has followed the kind of engaged sociology of literature one finds in Raymond Williams' *Culture and Society*, and in some respects his study is a supplement to it. His directive is taken from Orwell: "a writer's political and religious beliefs are not excrescences to be laughed away, but something that will leave their mark even on the smallest detail of his work." He is not wholly successful, I think, in finding such substantiating elements of style—the result perhaps of thinking T. E. Hulme's definitions of "geometric" and "vital" art sufficient proof, and of overlooking the most brilliant study of modernist form and thought, Joseph Frank's *The Widening Gyre*.

But Harrison is successful in taking seriously a writer's political and religious beliefs and, like Raymond Williams, in putting before us the *content* of a writer's work. And what is very much his own is the critical tact with which he treats his subjects and the value of human sympathy by which he finally judges them: "The ultimate argument is one of sympathy. It is impossible to prove scientifically that it is right to respect other people and treat them humanely, and wrong to hate and terrorize them. To have sympathy for one's fellow human

beings, whether individually or in the mass, seems to me to be an eminently desirable human quality. There is little doubt that the writers here discussed were lacking in this quality."

The virtues of sanity, decency and honesty that inform this statement inform Harrison's book and more than compensate for the lack of incisiveness in conception and style, the sketchiness, and the occasional naïveté (Hemingway's "main interests in life were big-game hunting and bull-fighting"—"Jews are not only good at finance; probably no race is more widely gifted"). The most serious deficiencies, I think, are due simply to insufficient reading and meditation: for example, the failure in the case of Lawrence to consider his contest with Whitman ("I am he at-testing sympathy") over the claims of aristocracy and democracy; the failure to consider in writers other than Lawrence the connection between their sexual and political attitudes; and the failure to set these writers against a foil, a peer in art such as Joyce, who in depicting Bloom ("... it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred") discounted almost everything the reactionaries stood for.



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Good, Dirty Fun and Games

SNOW WHITE. By Donald Barthelme. Atheneum Publishers. 181 pp. \$4.50.

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

It's not Disney's *Snow White* (heigh-ho). That impinged. Nature out of whack—stepmother, half-men, domestically helpful wildlife, a poisoned apple, “death.” Pity and terror. Then nature's healthy order re-established—the prince, bye-bye boys and birds, back to a castle. Catharsis. Disney whipped up a Jungian archetype for 7 year olds. Who—older, weightier, taxed and a bit puzzled by what's happening, baby—might be more put off than on by a *Snow White* who makes it in the shower with her munificent seven, wears People's Volunteer trousers or black vinyl pajamas and has anxiety hang-ups waiting for her prince to come.

But Barthelme doesn't want from us the investment which we so promiscuously gave Walt. We must be cool enough to get the games that are being played in his novel. Like Muckrake the Myths. Barthelme did this before in “The Joker's Greatest Triumph,” making Batman vaguely faggy. Here *Snow White* is done in.

The witch figure, Jane Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, is prevented from poisoning *Snow White* with a vodka Gibson by the suddenly princely Paul, “a friend of the family,” who downs it himself.

Paul falls, and with him another of our treasured myths. (Saul Bellow has suggested that many Americans hide within them a “sealed treasure,” some gem of culture like *Anna Karenina* or *Madame Bovary*. Barthelme suggests, with more persuasion, that the things we really treasure—which thus are worth evoking and debunking—are those great tawdry, lyrical, chintzy fantasies which exploited us when we were young.)

Or Identify that Allusion. After a marvelous list of princes who might come for her (Prince Andrey? Prince Philip? Prince Hal? Prince Matchabelli? Prince Valiant?) *Snow White* ponders, waiting in a lovely parody of Lorenz Hart. “But slash me if I will let it, this waiting, bring down my lofty feelings of anticipation from the bedroom ceiling where they dance overhead like so many French letters filled with lifting gas.” After the halting, hyped-up rhetoric—making “this waiting” more visible by hanging it out in apposition—Hart's already strained conceit (“She dances overhead/ On the ceiling near my bed.”) is overloaded with another analogy and the whole thing falls into bathos. Many allusions are word plays, like Woody Allen one-liners: “The Fire Next Time Bar & Grill”; Pete Seeger's “Where Have All The Flowers Gone?” get transformed in, “where have all the buffalo gone?” But other allusions have more ambitious reach.

Paul once considers joining “the President's war on poetry,” a neat compression of the Shriver/Lowell sides of the President's mind. *Snow White*'s seven make Chinese baby food (because there is now more money in this than in mining diamonds?), following the recipes of their father. “Try to be a man about whom nothing is known,” our father said, when we were young. Our father said several other interesting things, but we have forgotten what they were.” (Henry James said, “try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost!” This plea for perception is altered by Barthelme to fit themes of anonymity and alienation; whatever else James might have said is forgotten in this anti-traditional novel.) Sometimes significant, always funny, the allusions really serve a more important function; after the reader's long trips through odd syntax and weird doings they periodically refer him to a recognizable world only, of course, to show that what he thought was inviolable is now turvy-topsy.

This, then, is a nice product of the literature-as-fun-and-games persuasion. In these terms *Snow White* is be-

yond challenge; Barthelme has a raucous wit and talent to burn; the fun is good and dirty, the games are tricky. Barthelme could be discussed in the framework of anti-novel theory: the novel should give up introspection (Sartre), should have no content (Robbe-Grillet), should not satisfy the reader's “passion to understand” (Sontag). But let that go. Barthelme is never so chilly and weighty as these theoreticians. He mocks himself (a built-in boring discussion of his own techniques and a questionnaire for audience responses) as Twain and West did, never goes wholly ga-ga for his own gimmicks as Burroughs does.

Even when we grudgingly grant that Barthelme has every right to do what he wants to Batman and *Snow White* (marry them off next?), does it follow that literature is merely *blague*? Or, to put it another way, in order for the artifice of literature to work, doesn't it have to break through its own arbitrary restrictions, create an illusion against its own illusion? All literature is a game. Of course. But to convince us that it is more than Monopoly a work has to impinge. Too abstract? Take *Lolita*. This is clearly a game. Nabokov takes a vile old nymph-lecher, doesn't gloss over the ugliness of what he is doing, but through the most marvelous rhetoric, both artificial and touching (“my dolorous and hazy darling”), gets so far inside Humbert Humbert that the reader is involved, implicated in his being, one with his terrible, lyrical lust. That's the game; but in order to make that game work we must be touched by the reality of what happened to Humbert and Lo.

Lolita may have begun as a literary experiment, but in order to prove the validity of the hypothesis the quick and the pain of life had to be touched in silly, pathetic H. H. and lost, lovely *Lolita*. “I insist the world know how much I loved my *Lolita*, this *Lolita*, pale and polluted, and big with another's child, but still gray-eyed, still sooty-lashed, still auburn and almond, still Carmencita, still mine.” Humbert's love is wholly moving. If the anti-novel or the fun-and-games-novel disapprove of this stuff of life then they can march in the *avant-garde* fields, (no depth, no content, no goal) alone.

Yet Donald Barthelme knows more than just the games people play. Several stories in his first book, *Come Back, Dr. Caligari*, are wildly funny dramatizations of loony incidents in the service of sharp perceptions. In “Me and Miss Mandible” a 35-year-old failure—as soldier, husband and insurance adjuster—is returned to the sixth grade for retraining. This wacky

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premise is based upon an insight which is internally convincing. "the distinction between children and adults, while probably useful for some purposes is at bottom a specious one, I feel. There are only individual egos, crazy for love." From this conviction all else follows—teachers acting as "authorities" on a world they don't understand, children twisted with a Debbie-Eddie-Liz view of love. In "A Shower of Gold" Barthelme further dramatizes the sadism of an adult society whose entertainment is humiliating television "game" shows. After careful consideration Peterson, a minor artist, decides that "the world is absurd," goes on a television program and harangues his audience: "My mother was a royal virgin . . . and my father a shower of gold. My childhood was pastoral and energetic and rich in experiences which developed my character. As a young man I was noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form express and

admirable, and in apprehension. . . ." Then came "maturity" and an absurd world. *Snow White* is never up to these crazy-lovely stories, but it has its moments—*Snow White's* bitching about the ennui in being an American "horsewife," another's disquisition on the money that could be made in the manufacturing of "plastic buffalo humps," to help raise the per capita production of trash. "It's that we want to be on the leading edge of this trash phenomenon, the everted sphere of the future." But these moments don't cohere around a central vision; his "novel" remains a collection of wild and witty set pieces, often beautiful in themselves but, after the stories in *Come Back, Dr. Caligari*, disappointing. What is really worrisome is the thought that Barthelme might now—after *Snow White*, who?—consider this kind of story coherence too conventional. I—invoicing the incontestable authority of Disney and Nabokov—hope not.

An Affair of Passion

THE CALIFORNIA OATH CONTROVERSY. By David P. Gardner. University of California Press. 245 pp. \$5.50.

GEORGE R. STEWART

Mr Stewart, professor emeritus of the University of California, is the author, among many other books, of *The California Trial* (McGraw-Hill) and *Committee of Vigilance* (Houghton Mifflin). His *The Year of the Oath* (Doubleday) was written in collaboration with other professors of the University of California.

In his opening sentence the author expands upon his title and presents "the loyalty oath controversy that for three years convulsed the largest university in the nation." He means the University of California, and the years extend from 1949 to 1952.

One wonders how many people, even those of full maturity, still remember that controversy. Much has happened since. But during a trip to Europe in 1951 I found that intellectuals in all countries were interested and concerned about the affair.

In any case, it is a fit subject for historical review, and the present work is a valuable one. With a high degree of objectivity, it offers a detailed and accurate account, based chiefly upon regental, administrative and faculty records. The author has also read private letters, diaries and memoranda, and has talked with many of the numerous still surviving leaders. His actual use of such informal records, however, appears to

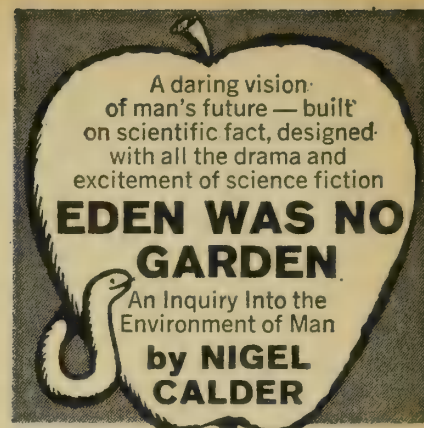
be comparatively slight. Perhaps for this reason, the narrative gives little sense of immediacy, and the characters of the participants do not appear vividly. In general, the account might be called bureaucratic, keeping close to the documents and quoting often and voluminously.

No historian can be wholly objective, and Mr. Gardner guardedly states his own feelings, which seem to put him on the side of the faculty.

The book is admirable in the presentation and appraisal of the historical background of the times, when such names as McCarthy and Hiss were on everyone's tongue, and when, in the middle of the local action, the Korean War blazed up. The account emphasizes, also, the failure of communications between regents and faculty, concluding Chapter 3 with: "The Regents, the President, and the Faculty fell victim to their prior inconsistencies and inability to communicate one with another."

Although Tolstoi is not, I think, mentioned anywhere, Gardner suggests a Tolstolian world, where things and mass feeling take charge, while individuals, for all their strugglings, are impotent. Step by step, the president was forced aside, and regents and faculty locked into a combat that neither of them wanted. Often the voting margin was so close that it could be called ridiculous, if it had not been so generally tragic.

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cal vote of the regents was 12 to 10; once a crucial vote that might have settled the whole matter stood at 10 to 10, with the precedent motion thus confirmed.

The reviewer, who himself passed through the whole affair, feels a limitation upon the method here employed, to present the controversy almost wholly from official documents. It becomes a battle that is seen only from the generals' reports. In reality, it was a soldiers' battle, arising from individuals' beliefs, and maintained by stubborn (some said, pigheaded) will. It was a matter of little meetings in private homes, of quick talks in the hallways, of nightlong mental wrestlings of men caught between expedience and what they believed to

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*("Stampede, any headlong flight of a large group; from the Mex.-Sp. estampida or 'uproar.'")

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be duty. It was an affair that was full of passion.

The present volume misses all of this, and so the essence. Having read it, and being otherwise uninformed, anyone might still be mystified as to what caused the trouble and what it was all about.

In addition, some of Gardner's conclusions may be challenged, one of which may even be considered his chief conclusion, since it is almost a fixation, being stated flatly on page 1, and repeated on 7 additional pages. It is that the controversy was not "mostly a conflict over principles" but that it was a "power struggle." This last phrase is, of course a present-day cliché. Obviously, any kind of struggle involves power. But the actual motive-force of this controversy was always the conscientious scruples of a certain number of the faculty. These men and women were not seeking power in any reasonable sense of the word. Yet, without their maintaining a position, the whole controversy would simply not have been there.

Neither can I agree with the author's double-pronged final conclusion that the struggle of the nonsigners had been a "futile" one which gained a "hollow victory," and that it resulted in "the tragedy of their personal lives." To be sure, victories in this world are likely to be somewhat hollow, since issues tend to be recurrent. Those who refused to sign the loyalty oath, however, were vindicated in the courts; the faculty ended, I believe, by gaining some sense of its own potentiality; the university's next president was a faculty member who had been sympathetic to the nonsigners; in his term the regents officially accepted tenure.

As for tragedy in the personal lives of the nonsigners, I simply fail to see it, and I have known most of them through the years, some of them rather intimately. Though they suffered immediate strain, they never had to endure destitution, and after a few years all of them who so wished returned to their posts, able to enjoy the sense of having behaved as they believed their consciences demanded.

Not theirs was the tragedy, but others suffered. The ones who said that they would not sign, and then did so (even for the best of motives)—those, and I knew some of them, were the tortured ones. Also in the list that might be termed tragic were some who as leaders had done their best, gone down to defeat, and suffered vilification along with frustration.

Although one may thus differ from Gardner in some respects, one gladly grants the excellence of his accurate presentation of the record.

THEATRE IN EUROPE 1

HAROLD CLURMAN

London

In *The Male Animal*, the Thurber-Nugent comedy of yesteryear, a college instructor suspected of "pink" tendencies when asked by a suspicious university trustee why he had gone to Moscow replies that he went to attend a theatre festival. The interrogator snaps back: "That is a long way to go to see a show!"

It is a long way to Berlin and Prague but, for a theatre person at least, the effort is well repaid by the pleasure. One is reminded of how wide the scope of the theatre may be not only in dramatic texts but in modes of production.

In my present view of the English stage I won't dwell on the Shakespeare of London and Stratford, where ever since Peter Hall and his associates of the Royal Shakespeare Company began producing the Bard's plays in a non-romantic manner seeing them once again became stimulating. These productions now constitute a "new wave" in the English theatre.

The past London season has by all accounts been disappointing. The two events which have been met with unqualified praise are Laurence Olivier's playing of Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*, and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* by Tom Stoppard, aged 30.

There can be no doubting the brilliance of Olivier's wife-bedevilled and wife-tormenting army captain in the Swedish play. All previous productions I have seen struck me as not so much tragic as burdensome. Olivier's performance turns the play into a black comedy. Though I am not at all certain that this is what Strindberg had in mind, I am sure it is a most effective way of interpreting the play for contemporary — particularly English or American — audiences.

Olivier's acting is thoroughly calculated, exact to the last smile, grimace, step and stance. Every detail registers with entertaining truthfulness. The observation is remarkable. We are constantly kept alert in anticipation of every added stroke to the picture. And yet, and one almost hesitates to say so, one is never moved.

I say "hesitates," not from a reluctance to voice the slightest reservation about so justifiably admired a performance, but because one is uncertain whether Olivier expects us to be moved. Perhaps he wishes us merely to observe, to assume an objective and quasi-humorous attitude toward the torment of the captain whom his wife hates and whom

he in turn loathes, though both are indissolubly welded in wedlock. Perhaps we are meant to watch the captain with something like surgical interest as he wriggles, writhes and leaps in matrimonial bondage.

Yes, perhaps so. But I also conjecture whether there is not a point at which Olivier's enormous talent is checked: the point where intelligence, observation, virtuosity and sheer stage magnetism become absorbed in an unforced flow of feeling. The "music" of acting (what Stark Young called "the flower") appears only where the imitation of nature ends and the humanity in the actor, stirred by the play's spirit and meaning, takes over and suffuses his being.

There were moments in Olivier's Titus Andronicus when I sensed that this had happened and it is reported that this was also the case with his Coriolanus. I shall not cite *The Entertainer* as another example because I saw him in the play on the discouraging second night in New York, but I have come to think of Olivier as a superb actor (than whom there is probably no finer on the English-speaking stage today) but not as a tragedian. Tragic acting is as rare today as tragic drama.

Olivier is a magnificent portrait painter, or what is usually called a "character actor," with especially marked gifts in comedy. His Shallow in *Henry IV*, the boozy braggart in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, the swishy fop in Sheridan's *The Critic*, the light-brained lecher in Congreve's *Love for Love* are comedy masterpieces beyond cavil. And what charm withal.

The high regard in which Olivier is held should not overshadow the presence on the English stage of many actors of outstanding ability among members of the younger generation. These came into prominence with the emergence of the new English playwrights: Osborne, Pinter, Arden, Wesker. Both actors and playwrights were an expression of an altered social climate. The continuity of excellence from Olivier, Gielgud, Redgrave, Richardson, Guinness, Ashcroft, to the period of Albert Finney, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens, Joan Plowright, Ian Holm and others composes an impressive picture (of which the English are justifiably proud and we envious), and requires special study for America's enlightenment and progress.

English acting is verbally splendid. I do not refer to mere "declamation" but to a sense of language as a dramatic instrument. Voice and speech on the

English stage are a positive source of delight. The English actor sounds like a person who belongs on the stage. Then too his physical bearing makes it seem a place of honor. His being an actor is no accident. He is a thorough professional.

All this may be said with only slight complimentary connotations; in fact, I have heard it said in derogation. Such an attitude is stupid and ignorant. For though it is true that one has seen serious plays done in London as if they were exercises in diction and many in which there was more artifice than art, the elements in which the English excel are vital to the theatre.

Most of our older actors understood this, but with their disappearance and

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with the advent of actors and directors who insisted that acting is not centrally a matter of intelligent speech and social grace in movement, many of our young performers began to think only of "emotion" and "true feeling." This has not infrequently resulted in a special sort of distortion and coarsening. Only a vulgar obscurantism of theatre discussion insists on such alternatives as technique or feeling, skill or truth.

The English actor tends to a certain formality because his background (the

civilization in which he has been reared) is given to formality. Even when he is of working-class origin, as many of the young actors today are, his models impress formal virtues, a manner of cultivated behavior, on the stage aspirant's consciousness. This is rarely true of the American, who must apply himself strenuously to supply what his whole environment so conspicuously lacks. Let us face it: our civilization is becoming increasingly crude. And there are some who regard this as an asset. It is presumed to be more honest. In any case, a certain unvarnished roughness in our arts as well as in our conduct has long been regarded as characteristic.

Apart from the formal felicities of English acting, it often possesses its own tangy savor in low as well as in polite comedy. The English actor also displays a keen eye for oddities and eccentricities of character. (One remembers Wilfred Lawson with affection.) The younger actors have begun to be more susceptible to feeling and have learned to convey it more convincingly than many of their forebears. The emotions which they appear to experience more frequently than others are contempt, frustration, mockery, rage and breakdown.

The crucial difference between English and American acting has less to do with qualities of temperament or natural ability than with other factors. No English actor I have seen possesses greater initial endowment than did John Barrymore, none is more fluent in feeling than Alfred Lunt or more originally inspired than Marlon Brando, Kim Stanley or Maureen Stapleton. And at all times we seem to have been generously provided with wonderful comedians. What is absent among us, more than ever today, is something which urges the English actor to excel in honor as well as in material success or noisy acclaim.

A significant aspect for us to emphasize in an evaluation of Olivier's career is not alone his talent (Alfred Lunt, I have implied, has as much) but the great contribution to the theatre which he has been able to make with his talent. This is not only a matter of artistic integrity or personal ambition but also a response to the pressure of general public and critical demand, which is one of the things meant when we speak of "tradition." This prevailed in England even before the National Theatre and the present Royal Shakespeare Company were founded, but now that they exist they set a standard. Our theatre is in every respect and ever more an anarchy.

At the moment London's "sensational" play is, I repeat, *Rosencrantz*

RESPONSES

leaving the bird house
central park zoo
a small boy asks me
mister
did you kill
all the birds?
i offer him a plastic
crackerjack prize
i ask do you know
what that is?
yes he says
what is it?

ROBERT HERSHON

and *Guildenstern are Dead*. It is a highly civilized entertainment, and that is no little thing in the theatre today.

A comedy, it is gratifyingly literate, frequently witty and altogether intelligent. It also evinces a particular kind of originality. Its author has taken the plot of *Hamlet* and looked at it through the eyes of the two paltry puppets invited to spy at the maleficent court of Elsinore. The point of the play is that *Hamlet's* university companions have only the faintest notion as to the nature or meaning of the tragedy in which they are constrained to enact the most hapless roles. They are entirely ignorant as to what is involved. Perhaps the funniest line of the play is the one in which *Rosencrantz* itemizes the facts of *Hamlet's* situation (his father's death, his failure to succeed to the throne, his mother's sudden marriage to his uncle) and then asks in effect "What in the world can be troubling him?"

The play aspires to something more than a comedic commentary on the classic. *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* are ordinary men in the sense that the two vagrants of *Waiting for Godot* are. Like them, *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* are at a loss about the world into which they have been summoned. What is really demanded of them? Why are they trapped in a maze and turmoil which is accidental, meaningless and finally murderous?

In brief, the play is a comedy parable of unheroic man's (the bulk of humanity's) position in the universe, the disastrous puzzlement of life. On this level I regard it as a wise joke only, a bright intellectual charade. But who except suddenly stimulated reviewers overcome by the theatre's mediocrity will claim an exalted stature for the play or be vexed with me for not allowing that it achieves the heights of comedy? We ought to be glad that a gifted new playwright has appeared on the English stage and has made his debut with something better than another clever show.

(To be continued)

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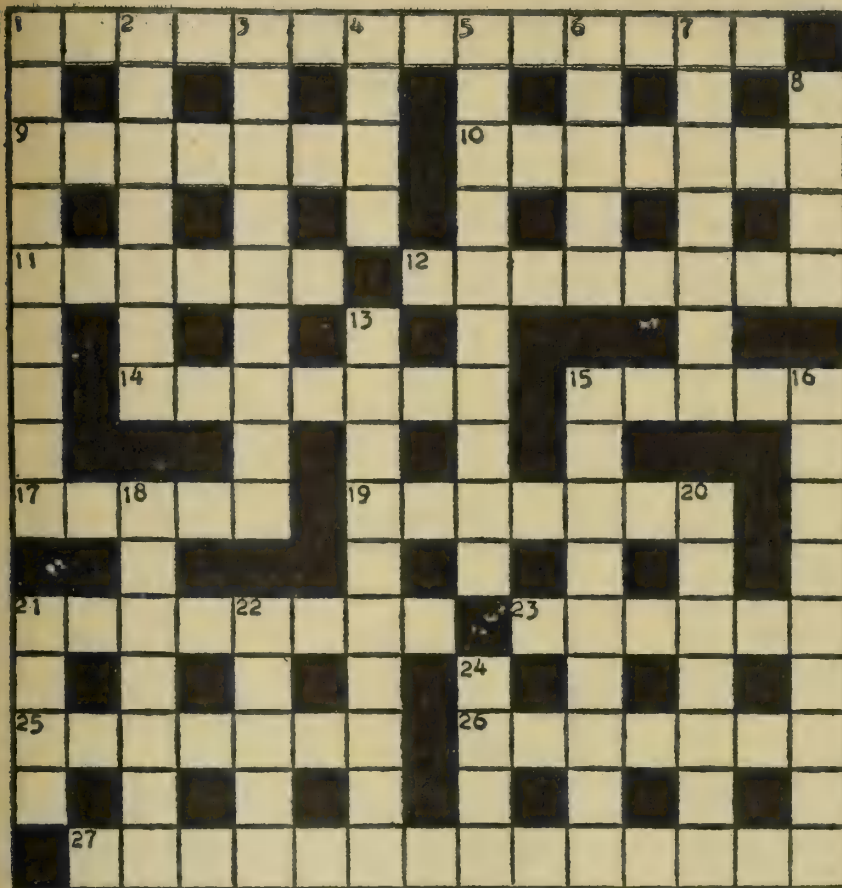
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1206

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 One is quite capable of taking in the point; later retraction might be applauded. (14)
- 9 See 21 down
- 10 Little boys take them out of tool chests, perhaps. (7)
- 11 Underfoot, but not out with 21 down.
- 12 In general, wait around the vessels for him. (8)
- 14 Boy-catchers, possibly because of several effective lines. (7)
- 15 Was the flute of opera, and the mountain of literature? (5)
- 17 One of these was a full-length feature when "Cyrano" was produced. (5)
- 19 Familiar to mathematicians, one might find valuable minerals in them. (7)
- 21 What a golfer gets out of the game? Remove the game, and it's leather-bound.
- 23 See 4 down
- 25 Is this confined to situations where your company is British? (7)
- 26 Stand-out bit of work? (7)
- 27 Critical remarks provided by an article with one angry series of interpretations. (14)

DOWN:

- 1 Certain categories of known criminals sometimes come under this. (9)
- 2 Doesn't favor work with what a model does. (7)
- 3 The drawer is rather loose in such designing; however pads on the table might hold them. (9)

- 4 and 23 Holds out for the way refreshment purveyors might be supplied. (10)
- 5 Unless Haig remains in prison? (10)
- 6 British painter or writer. (5)
- 7 Time for smoothing things out? (7)
- 8 He's a good tennis player, obviously! (4)
- 13 Went and gave out a description of the port strength in the pitcher. (4-6)
- 15 From Noah, smart races obviously resulted. (9)
- 16 Sounds like what the visitor to the East Village might be looking for, but one might find aspiring pitchers there. (9)
- 18 Old musical oriental, but one finds his performance soporific. (7)
- 20 A huntsman's cap is not more styled. (7)
- 21 and 9 across Does it provide a firm understanding of what George Hamilton claims to be? (4, 7)
- 22 Ill met to appear regarded as having blood relationship to a particular family group. (5)
- 24 Projecting part, perhaps even part of it.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1205

ACROSS: 1 Manor house; 6 and 10 Withdrawing; 12 Screened; 13 Thane; 15 Asset; 17 Sassenach; 19 Yellow Sea; 21 Scoop; 23 Opals; 24 Poisoned; 27 Innings; 28 Gadwall; 29 Airs; 30 Peeping Tom. DOWN: 1 and 11 across Made to order; 2 Nuances; 3 Raise; 4 Organists; 5 Sated; 7 Indiana; 8 Horsewhips; 9 Bootless; 14 Lady Godiva; 16 Thousand; 18 Shaking up; 20 Learner; 22 Overact; 24 Posse; 25 Olden; 26 Plum.

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WORLD CONFERENCE ON VIETNAM

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN — JULY 6-9

¶ The **Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam** will lead the discussion before the First Commission—International Law—of the Conference on the question of the legality of the United States involvement in Vietnam.

¶ Observance of the law, our Committee has maintained, would have spared the American people and the Vietnamese a cruel war. Our original Memorandum of Law, introduced into the Congressional Record on September 23, 1965 and thereafter sent to more than 173,000 lawyers and 3,750 law professors throughout the country, documented the inescapable conclusion that U. S. intervention in Vietnam contravened the essential provisions of the United Nations Charter; violated the Geneva Accords, which we pledged to observe; was not sanctioned by the SEATO treaty; and violated our own Constitution.

¶ In March 1966, the State Department issued its reply. This was the first time in history that a government found itself compelled in the course of a war to file a "reply brief." On January 15, 1967, we published in *The New York Times*, our rejoinder. Some 23,000 reprints of the *Times* statement have been distributed.

¶ Last month our Committee published "**Vietnam and International Law**," prepared by our Consultative Council, which is a definitive reply to the State Department's position that U. S. involvement in Vietnam is legal.

¶ The World Conference on Vietnam is an

initiative of the Swedish Peace and Arbitration Society and sponsored by: The International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace; The International Peace Bureau; The World Council of Peace; The War Resisters International; The International Fellowship of Reconciliation; and The Christian Conference for Peace.

¶ Leading authorities on international law, history, politics—and renowned peace leaders and parliamentarians—will explore with delegations from Asia, Africa, Australia, Europe and the Americas, ways and means of ending the barbarous war in Vietnam.

¶ The panelists include **Prof. Gunnar Myrdal** (Sweden); **Prof. D. F. Fleming** (U.S.); **Prof. Philippe Devillers** and **Jean Lacouture** (France); **Lelio Basso** (Italy); **Dr. John Takman** (Sweden); **John McDermott** (U.S.); **William Standard** (U.S.) and representatives of our Consultative Council.

¶ The flare-up of violence in the Middle East dramatically underscores the critical need, at this juncture, for a reappraisal of American policies and the need for a revitalization of the role of law in world affairs. If the cease-fire resolution unanimously adopted by the Security Council is followed by first steps toward a lasting settlement in the Middle East, cannot similar measures be achieved under UN auspices in South East Asia?

¶ To carry forward the work of our Committee, we need the prompt and generous support of those who share our concern with peace and world order.

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LETTERS

Mr. Spender and the CIA

London

DEAR SIR: I hope it is not too late to answer various statements which have been made about *Encounter* and my connection, and that of Mr. Frank Kermode, with it, in *The Nation*.

In your editorial of May 29, you state that Mr. Spender "resigned because he had been kept in total darkness about the covert CIA connection." And Mr. Alexander Werth writes ["Literary Bay of Pigs," *The Nation*, June 5]:

What is puzzling is all this lamblike innocence of the distinguished editors. . . . The rumor of CIA subsidies had been current for years, but nobody on *Encounter* except "Mel" Lasky, we are now told, knew anything about it, not even Stephen Spender, one of the co-editors who "soldiered on in ignorance," until the truth about the CIA subsidies (as *The Observer* put it) "began to break in the U.S.A. a year ago." After that Spender resigned, apparently with a great show of indignation.

I have never denied that I heard rumors about the CIA and *Encounter*. Mr. Werth cites as the sources of his information *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*. He does not mention what he could have gathered from them, that because I had heard these rumors, three years ago, I went to Mr. Cecil King of the International Publishing Corporation in London and asked him to support *Encounter* so that we might free ourselves of support by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Mr. King generously agreed to do this, and Mr. Lasky entered warmly into the arrangements. However, Mr. Lasky omitted to mention that what were for me rumors were to him certainties, as he has now admitted.

A year ago, two years after *Encounter's* being sponsored by Cecil King, *The New York Times* published its articles about the CIA in which it asserted that *Encounter* had received CIA funds by way of the Congress. I had understood that the particular source sponsoring *Encounter*, by way of the Congress, was the Farfield Foundation. Accordingly, I wrote to the president of that foundation, Mr. Julius Fleishmann, and I also made inquiries of its New York director. In both cases I received the most categorical denials that there was any truth in the rumors.

When just over a year ago Frank Kermode succeeded me as co-editor of *Encounter*, I thought I had a responsibility to tell him all I knew about the suspicions which had attached to the magazine's past. Since *Encounter*, at the time of his joining it, had for two years been sponsored by Mr. King's organization, Kermode took the view that he was not involved in any arrangements which may have existed two years before he joined. He made it clear, though, that if statements were made about *Encounter's* previous backing which were subsequently discovered to be false, then he would resign. After this, *The New York Times* published the article I have mentioned about there being CIA aid for *Encounter* by way of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Irving Kristol, Melvin Lasky and I sent a letter to *The New York Times* claiming that editorially *Encounter* was completely independent, and expressing our confidence that no funds had come from the CIA. I signed this because I accepted the assurances of the directors of the Congress and of the Farfield Foundation. Similar statements were made to other publications, including *The Nation*. I am sorry that they should have been made, but if I had thought they were untrue I would have resigned there and then, as I indeed did as soon as I discovered them to be untrue.

Three months ago I learned from *Ramparts* that *Encounter* had in fact received money channeled from the

(Continued on page 821)

EDITORIALS

A New Deal for the Middle East

The one thing the great powers must avoid in the Middle East is what Marquis Childs calls "the ostrichism of the past." Zoologists tell us that the ostrich does not actually hide its head in the sand—but human beings do. Nowhere has willful blindness been more in evidence than in the relations of the United States and the Soviet Union with Israel and its Arab neighbors. After the termination of the second Arab-Israeli war in 1956, we acquiesced in the fatuous notion that nothing much needed to be done in that part of the world.

The tensions were obvious, but it was assumed that the flash point would never be reached. Things would take care of themselves, somehow, as long as we could keep the oil flowing and the Soviets out. The refugees, of course, were a sore spot, but the UN was feeding them, partly with American contributions. At least they were not starving, and if they were miserable wasn't that the way things had always been in the desert? We assumed there was no need, really, to induce the Arabs to call off the war and acknowledge Israel's right to exist, much less to open the Suez Canal to its shipping. We had more important things to attend to in Southeast Asia.

As Philip Geyelin writes in the *Providence Sunday Journal* (June 11), the object of our affections in the Middle East was the *status quo*. In an area so full of explosive tensions, the *status quo* was the last thing in which a prudent nation would put its trust, but successive administrations had no better ideas. All we can be sure of, now, is that a lapse into the same passivity will have even worse results the next time around. The fourth Arab-Israeli war, if it comes, will more likely than not involve resort to nuclear weapons by both sides.

In one direction we did play an activist role: together with our Soviet rivals, we poured arms into the Middle East. The conventional picture of the Soviet Union arming the Arabs for aggression, while we armed Israel for defense, is far off the mark. The Pentagon has revealed the figures. The U.S. supplied at least \$350 million in military aid to ten of the Arab countries backing Egypt, the principal recipients being Saudi Arabia and Jordan. But this amount covers only the military-assistance program. How many millions in U.S. arms were purchased by the Arabs through other channels is not disclosed. In short, although the Soviets were the major arms suppliers to the Arabs, we were in the business up to our ears. The end was foreseeable (but the end is not yet).

Israel, according to reports through fiscal 1966, received U.S. military aid amounting to \$27.6 million. It has on order what the Pentagon describes as "modest amounts" of miscellaneous items such as missiles and recoilless rifles, but has not received twenty-four F4 fighter-bombers which we agreed to sell some months ago.

We gave little support to the United Nations, our practice being the same for the Middle East as elsewhere. When it suited our ends to use the UN, we did, but we saw no need to strengthen its hand. As the most powerful member nation we had a special responsibility, but we shrugged it off. Yet where the power is, there responsibility rests. The USSR and the United States are responsible for the third Arab-Israeli war, even more than the actual belligerents. Between them, these two nations could have backed the UN, could have averted the calamitous arms race. It is now a joint U.S.-Soviet responsibility to help bring peace to the area, to help relieve the tensions, to set the stage for understanding.

In this issue (p. 806) we carry a set of guidelines for U.S. policy by two experts, but to their comments we should like to add our own. We should stop meddling in the affairs of Arab states (we don't meddle in those of Israel) but inducements to reasonable behavior, in the form of aid programs through the UN, can and should be offered. There is need for some rectification of Israel's borders, but in general the commitment to maintain the territorial integrity of the nations involved should be met. This will be difficult for us to achieve as long as we are fighting in Vietnam, where our actions are grossly inconsistent with our pleas for peace in the Middle East. Before we can expect the Israelis and Arabs to abstain from force, we must show some inclination to refrain ourselves. It may not be what we will do; it is only what we *should* do, and what would best serve our interests, and those of mankind, in the long run.

There is such a thing as political timing. A time comes in political struggle when action can be taken, when new policies can be initiated, when the mistakes of the past can be remedied. Not to act at such a juncture is fatal. The opportunities do not come often, and when they recur, are likely to present themselves in a more intractable form. The only hope remaining in the Middle East is that the present chance will not be neglected, as others were in the past ten years. For once, Dean Rusk had a flash of insight—he said that everyone was the loser in this war, including the United States. If the Johnson Administration will act on this premise, it may enlist the cooperation of the Soviet Union, and eventually of the victors and the vanquished in the war in which all have been losers.

Will They Listen?

Some voices of eminent good sense are heard in the Senate urging a settlement of the two world crises: Vietnam and the Middle East. Senators Fulbright, Morton, Cooper, Mansfield, Mondale, Magnuson, Eugene McCarthy, Stephen Young are among those who have spoken out along these general lines. President Johnson is keeping his own counsel. He has given no indication of changing U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. He has stayed in the

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THE
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background in the Middle East situation and, when he finally held a press conference, told the reporters practically nothing of his plans. We can only hope that he is listening to the voices of sanity and thoroughly exploring the possibilities they suggest.

It sometimes happens, in the affairs of nations as of individuals, that one trouble coming on top of another makes both more manageable. Invention may be stimulated by the multiplication of difficulties and the realization that earlier measures have failed. Mr. Johnson must realize with increasing concern that in Vietnam we—he and all of us, including the military leaders—are in dire trouble. The bombing targets are nearly exhausted; we are practically dependent on the North Vietnamese to rebuild or repair facilities so that we may have something to attack. Increasingly, reporters return from Vietnam with intimations that the war may not be “winnable.” The pacification program has come to a standstill. A new report assesses “force levels” with nothing but dark prospects—more men, more materiel will be needed, and results are doubtful no matter how much more blood is spilled.

The *Los Angeles Times* (June 4) comes out with a long editorial, “Reassessment in Vietnam,” which begins with an orthodox avowal of faith: the *Times* supported the Vietnamese War to prevent a Communist take-over of South Vietnam, and believes the bombing of military targets in the North must continue “so long as there is a strategic need for it.” Military pressure on the Communists in the South must be maintained, the *Times* adds. But the bulk of the editorial is devoted to warnings against further escalation. “There is danger,” the writers say, “that U.S. power may be used in ways that will compromise or even destroy the American intention of keeping the war limited, that by accident, inadvertence or miscalculation a confrontation with the Soviet Union or Communist China will be made inevitable.”

In short, we are in trouble, with force no longer offering any prospect of a way out. In the Middle East everybody is in trouble, but the Russians even more than the United States. Their role in support of the Arabs has been ludicrous. These firebrands evidently hoped that when it came to a showdown the Russians would come to their help with military tangibles; instead, Kosygin talked with Johnson by teletype and limited his support to verbal expostulations in the Security Council. These demonstrations will continue in the Assembly, but in the meantime Israel holds large swaths of Arab territory, which neither the Council nor the Assembly can make it relinquish. Militarily the Arab defeat has been ignominious, and the Soviet Union must share the Arabs’ discomfiture. The United States and the Soviets may supply token replacements of arms in that region, but neither is likely to engage in a full-fledged arms race again. That much of a lesson has presumably been learned.

When Premier Eshkol speaks—and he is by no means

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 3, July 17, July 31, August 14 and August 28.

the most defiant of the Israelis—whose example is he following if not that of the great powers? He says Israel will decide what is in Israel’s national interest, just as big countries decide for themselves, letting no considerations of morality or equity interfere. We are surely the last ones to be in a position to remonstrate with him. If the Israelis fired the first shots after Nasser told the UN to get out of Sinai, filled the desert with men and tanks and blockaded Aqaba, who shall say they were the aggressors? From a study of these two wars, one so brief, the other with no end in sight, who shall define aggression?

How, then, can the United States provide effective leadership in the long-term process of reconciliation and settlement in the Middle East as long as the Vietnamese War drags on?

If Mr. Johnson ponders on these facts, he can scarcely fail to see that the Middle East crisis offers his Administration a kind of psychological cover for a settlement in Vietnam. In somewhat the same way, the proceedings in the UN Assembly provide a cover for a Russian effort to reach an understanding with the United States for a relaxation of tensions in both areas of conflict. Either side, if it wishes, can find insurmountable obstacles to agreement, but the dangers and frustrations that confront both may give both the vision that can lead to a peaceful solution.

Two Rallies

Some 18,000 persons jammed the Hollywood Bowl at a Rally for Israel on June 11 and heard Gov. Ronald Reagan, Sen. George Murphy and Mayor Sam Yorty attack the Soviet Union as the sole instigator of the conflict. A thousand persons gathered the same weekend at a Los Angeles hotel to hear and applaud an attack on U.S. intervention in Vietnam.

Without so much as a nod at the substantive issues in the Middle East, Governor Reagan and Senator Murphy tried to manipulate the pro-Israel rally into a cold-war spectacular. “The men who died on both sides were in reality the victims of the cold war,” Reagan said. “Let us make sure,” he continued, “that no place is made at the bargaining table for the Russian bear.” Senator Murphy, calling—at least by strong inference—for escalation of the Vietnamese War, said Israel’s quick military success demonstrated what a “small but determined people” can do without bothering about world opinion or quibbling over words like “escalation” or “proliferation.”

Mayor Yorty conceded a place at the conference table to the Soviet Union, but said the "Soviet Communists" must be blocked from winning in negotiations "what they instigated but were unable to win in battle." The Los Angeles Mayor was the only political speaker who attempted to deal with reality. He spoke of the need for a final settlement of the Arab refugee problem and said that Israel's "illogical, makeshift borders must be corrected."

It remained for actor Edward G. Robinson and other nonpolitical speakers to inject a somber note. Robinson observed that in Israel "they're not celebrating—they are burying the dead."

The rally was phenomenally successful. Pledges of financial support for Israel announced from the stage amounted to nearly \$6 million, and it was predicted this figure will grow to possibly \$10 million.

Among the participants at the Hollywood Bowl was actor and writer Carl Reiner, who the evening before was chairman of the principal session of the conference on Vietnam—arranged by The Assembly of Men and Women in the Arts Concerned with Vietnam.

The Assembly sponsors ruled out discussion of the Middle East as "divisive," and it plainly would have divided both speakers and audience. In contrast, there was total agreement against U.S. policy in Vietnam. The arguments were not new, but the tone was sharper. Dwight Macdonald and Alfred Kazin spoke of the brutalization of the American people. Macdonald said this country is committing genocide in Vietnam, not in the pattern of Hitler's Germany, but a "sorry about that" kind of genocide." Kazin said, "We drink beer as we watch the killing on television."

Prof. Hans Morgenthau said the war is an "Un-American war" because it is a "betrayal of the basic ideals of this nation." David Schoenbrun said the nation is fighting the war with "poor Negroes and whites." If the United States wanted out of Vietnam, Schoenbrun said, "a solution could be found tomorrow morning."

Too many liberals, according to Prof. Noam Chomsky, accept the assumptions on which the war is based. "With [Arthur] Schlesinger and [Richard] Goodwin, the Kennedy liberals, the language of imperialism is somewhat muted, apparent only in the assumptions that guide their analysis and proposals."

In an oblique reference to the Middle East, Bronson Clark of the American Friends Service Committee said U.S. intervention in Vietnam prompted the Soviet Union to "play the same game." We can destroy Vietnam, but we cannot "win," Clark said, adding, "I have visited 'pacified' provinces where Americans live in forts behind barbed wire and only venture out in armed convoys." Russell Johnson, also of the AFSC, who has traveled widely in Southeast Asia, including North Vietnam, said, "The major violence in Asia is the violence of the *status quo*, a quiet violence that does not make the headlines,

but which destroys human life and possibility as inexorably as does the assassin's knife."

As dissent escalates, the war escalates, but "intellectuals," said Professor Morgenthau, "must continue to perform their moral function. There must be people who speak truth to power."

That statement got the biggest applause at the conference.

Dodd Is Not Being Persecuted

Some things are very fitting about the Senate trial of Thomas Dodd—for instance, the people who are supporting him. Within the Senate, no ally is more appropriate than Russell Long, author of the thoroughly discredited campaign contribution plan whereby the Democratic National Committee can recover from the \$4-million debt accumulated mysteriously in the 1964 election (the largest campaign debt in history) and gear up for another spending spree in 1968. There are a number of dubious overtones about the way the Democratic funds were raised in 1964 and about the manner in which the debt is being paid off. If Russell Long can defend shady actions by the DNC on the \$4-million level, he would naturally see nothing wrong with Dodd's misspending a mere \$116,000.

As for Dodd's allies outside the Senate, they also are just right, considering his hysterical right-wing anti-Communist record. The three best-known directors of the National Committee for Justice for Dodd are William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of *National Review*; Lev Dobriansky, a professional hard-liner and chairman of the National Captive Nations Committee; and Henry Salvatori of California, who bankrolls many right-wing movements and especially Gov. Ronald Reagan. Drew Pearson recently wrote that the man behind the National Committee for Justice for Dodd is Lewis Rosenstiel, chief executive officer of Schenley Distillers Corp. This would figure. Rosenstiel gave the money to establish the J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Foundation and a J. Edgar Hoover endowed chair at some university (not yet specified). Dodd, an ex-FBI man, and Hoover have been good friends over the years.

Also, Dodd is getting some propaganda aid from the Citizens Anti-Communist Committee of Connecticut, which has been placing newspaper ads in his behalf. Behind the support is a tale of piquant loyalty. President of the CACC is Edward J. McCallum (see "Connecticut's One-Man Posse," *The Nation*, June 3, 1961), who heads the Everready Supply Co. of Bridgeport. In 1948, he ran into trouble with the Internal Revenue Service and was sentenced to six months in a federal prison. Dodd was his attorney.

For the most part, however, the Senate trial of Dodd is a self-serving ritual intended to beguile the public into thinking that that august body is searching its soul when

actually it is ducking for cover. In delivering the charge that the Senate must consider, John Stennis, chairman of the Ethics Committee, spelled out his surrender. The "sole basis" of the censure resolution, he said, "is the use of the money" Dodd collected ostensibly to pay off campaign debts. Thus he steered the Senate away from considering the much more serious charges of conflict of interest made by Dodd's former employees: that he had (1) threatened to investigate the movie industry but, after taking a political contribution from the Motion Picture Association, dropped the probe; (2) threatened to investigate the television industry, but dropped the matter after taking money from a major member of the industry; (3) taken money from insurance companies while supposedly investigating them; (4) taken money from the firearms industry, and thereafter cooled in his ardor to control interstate shipments of guns; (5) used an airplane belonging to McKesson & Robbins, the drug makers, while sitting on an antitrust subcommittee investigating the drug industry; (6) taken a gift from Westinghouse's lobbyist while sitting on a judiciary subcommittee probing price fixing in the electrical industry; (7) sought favors and jobs for a number of groups and individuals who had contributed to his seemingly bottomless need for money.

Stennis' Ethics Committee was aware of these matters before it began its laboriously inexact investigation into Dodd's career but it did not look into them, and in its April 27 report brushed them off in three vague sentences referring to "allegations which, if proven, might possibly constitute violations of existing law." With that,

the subject was dropped. Two volumes of testimony and exhibits, totaling more than 1,000 pages, were printed by the committee, and in all that glacier of verbiage you will find only one sentence indirectly alluding to the above charges.

And so the farce boiled down to the least important of all the charges—whether or not Dodd, in his own words, "flimflammed anybody at a testimonial dinner." Even if he were convicted, would the Senate trial spread the guilt widely enough? There were seven testimonial occasions at which he raised money that he is accused of spending not for political debts but for personal comforts. On four of these occasions Lyndon Johnson, Dodd's good friend for thirty years, was the featured guest. Did he know what Dodd was up to? The Ethics Committee's report carefully states—twice—that Johnson was ignorant of the fact that any of the money would be used for personal purposes. That is not enough. To clear himself of collusion, Johnson would have to state that he was informed that the fund raising was specifically for political debts, and this he has not done. In an April 22, 1966, press conference Johnson stated, "I didn't know that it was for personal, or political, or local campaign, or national." Four times does seem a bit too often to be innocently ignorant. In any event, Johnson spoke as though it was a matter of small consequence to him what the money was raised for. Considering his own experiences in the fund-raising line, that is believable, but to the extent that he willingly contributed to the misunderstanding, he is as guilty as Dodd. The Senate trial avoids all such questions.

THE MIDDLE EAST

GUIDELINES FOR POLICY

NADAV SAFRAN & STANLEY HOFFMANN

Mr. Safran and Mr. Hoffmann are both professors of government at Harvard University, the former specializing in Middle Eastern affairs and the latter in international relations. Their recent publications are as follows: Safran—The United States and Israel and Egypt in Search of Political Community (both Harvard University Press); Hoffmann—The State of War (Praeger) and Contemporary Theory in International Relations (Prentice-Hall).

Crises such as the present one in the Middle East are very dangerous moments for the international community generally and for the United States specifically, but they are also moments of great opportunity if they are wisely treated. After the Cuban missile crisis came the opportunity for the test-ban treaty and a *détente* in Europe. Positions that have been frozen may melt in the heat of war; assumptions that served as premises for rigid positions may be confirmed or denied by the test of reality.

Consequently, notions which appeared totally unrealistic only a week or two earlier become premises for sound action. The crucial aim is to allow vision and imagination to catch up with the changed realities.

The first notion to be assimilated in the present context is that the recent Israeli-Arab war was *not like* the war of 1956. This time all the Arab countries were involved, the leading Arab country had taken the initiative in altering the *status quo*, and had openly challenged Israel to an armed test. Israel, for its part, acted without the help of outside powers, and at the risk of losing its political existence if its expectations of military success had proved wrong. Consequently, what is involved now is no mere violation of the armistice agreements, which could be repaired and sanctioned by the restoration of the *status quo ante* as the UN chose to do it in 1956 (under U.S. leadership and despite Israel's objections; Israel's warnings about the dangers of such a restoration—merely camouflaged by the fragile presence of UNEF

—have been vindicated). Whatever international lawyers may say juridically on this question, there is no doubt that the premises of the armistice agreements have entirely collapsed. A complete revision of the political relations in the area is required.

The most important change wrought by the war is the possibility it opens up, for the first time since 1949, for the conclusion of peace: real, formal, lasting peace treaties. There were two fundamental reasons why the Israeli-Arab conflict has been so intractable since the conclusion of the 1949 armistice agreements. One was that the Arab countries, with the exception of Jordan, had very little if anything to gain from peace, while Israel had very little it could concede to the Arabs to induce them to make peace. The Arab governments sensed they could avoid making peace both because, thanks to the machinery of the armistice agreements established by the UN, the formal continuation of a state of war did not expose the Arab states to the possibility of penalization through the resumption of hostilities (this has been throughout history a crucial factor in inducing the losers of a war to move on to peace), and because a formal state of war gave them the advantage of denying Israel some of the benefits of peace (such as diplomatic relations and free passage through the Suez Canal). Arab governments therefore found it convenient to sit back and dream of revenge.

The second reason was that Egypt, as the leading Arab country, exerted a heavy pressure to discourage other Arab countries from making peace. It is significant in this respect that the other Arab countries did not dare to sign even the armistice agreements until Egypt itself had signed.

The present war has affected the first reason fundamentally. Israel has made crucial war gains which it can concede back in exchange for peace, and the Arab countries have an incentive to give something in order to recover their losses. The United States can make this a key to an enduring settlement if we do not encourage any impression on the part of the Arabs that periodic defeats can be incurred on the battlefield because they will soon thereafter be erased on the diplomatic front.

And the present war has also drastically affected the second reason which has kept the Arab countries from accepting peace. Egypt has led its Arab associates into a war in which its own armed forces have been crushed and the other Arab countries have suffered grievous losses; any Egyptian claim to leadership has been shattered and Egypt's capacity to intimidate other Arab countries from reaching a settlement with Israel has been diminished. This is particularly true with regard to Jordan. Of course, President Nasser has shown in the past a capacity to convert military defeat into political victories; but he has succeeded heretofore *only with the help of outside powers*—like ourselves and the Russians in 1956—and only where the setback suffered was neither as total and unmitigated nor as obviously inflicted by tiny Israel as is the present one. If, therefore, we make it our conscious purpose not to do anything to help restore Nasser's Pan-Arab leadership and, on the contrary, do what we can to convey the facts of his defeat to his people and the other Arab peoples, the second funda-



Horner, New Statesman (London): Ben Roth

"Gentlemen, We Have To Figure Out a Way To Persuade Our Customers That the Stuff We Sell 'em Is Too Dangerous To Actually Use."

mental obstacle to peace in the past will have been minimized.

Another factor which must be considered in this connection is the attitude of the Russians. Until very recently, the implicit expectation of Nasser and of the Syrian Government that in a showdown with Israel the Russians would come decisively to the rescue, as they did in 1956, has encouraged them to think in terms of an eventual violent and "final solution" of the Israeli problem rather than of some kind of peaceful accommodation. The attitude which the Russians actually took in the recent war—stopping as it did short of action—must be reckoned as encouraging a fundamental settlement.

Indeed, the Russian attitude may well forecast a basic reorientation of Soviet Middle East policy which, if the United States helps, could be extremely useful in arriving at an enduring solution. In the four or five years following the first Soviet "breakthrough" in the Middle East by means of the 1955 arms deal with Egypt, the Soviets tried at each crisis occasion to achieve recognition as a member of the club of Middle Eastern powers, only to be repeatedly rebuffed by us. Accordingly, they went on to build their position in the area through intensive cooperation with Nasser's Egypt and with other willing Arab countries and succeeded so well that when we, early in the present crisis, finally invited them to join the club, they decided to hold back. Apparently they hoped that a triumph by Nasser would eliminate the West completely and leave Russia as the one big Middle Eastern power. The collapse of Nasser's position after the Russians had invested so much in building it up might lead the USSR back to the idea of asserting its influence on Middle Eastern affairs through the big powers' club rather than on its own. This does not mean that the Russians would abandon their involvement with Nasser, Syria, et al., since those associations would remain useful as a justification for their membership claim. But it does mean that they would be more interested in a stabilized situation. And it is consonant with the present course and long-term interests of U.S. policy to make the USSR a partner, as long as Soviet behavior contributes to moderating the international system.

It should not be lost sight of that the defeat of Nasser (and his allies) not only unfreezes the positions underly-

ing the Israeli-Arab dispute and opens up prospects of a far-reaching reorientation of Russian policy but also makes likely the liquidation of the Yemen conflict and the easing of the problem of Aden and South Arabia. The materialization of these prospects, as of all the other opportunities, would depend decisively on our *not* doing anything that might permit Nasser to regain a position of Arab leadership.

Against this background it becomes possible to suggest what we, in the United States, should seek to accomplish by taking advantage of the new opportunities for settlement. As often at such moments, there are maximal and minimal objectives.

As a maximal objective, we should strive to achieve complete formal peace, including a solution to all the key problems of refugees, boundaries, transit of men and goods through waterways, on land and in the air. The means through which this might be achieved must be left to the professional diplomats; but two crucial observations should be kept in mind:

(1) *We must avoid at all costs putting the Arab countries together on one side of the table and Israel on the other.* This would be a sure formula for the reassertion of Nasser's Pan-Arab leadership and for encouraging intransigence. The example to follow is that of Ralph Bunche, who presided in 1949 over the conclusion of the armistice agreements, and who succeeded only by bringing the Israelis face to face with one Arab country at a time. Reinforcing this experience is the sad lesson of the Palestine Conciliation Commission which doomed its mission of peace to failure from the moment it got the Arab countries together as one collective side in the negotiations.

(2) We should not dump the problem of finding a settlement in the lap of the United Nations—General Assembly or Security Council. This would be a sure formula for disaster. The Israeli-Arab conflict is one of the most complex international problems. It calls for alert, patient, wise statesmanship, and not for UN resolutions. These are inspired by a motley of extrinsic considerations on the part of the voters (often totally ignorant of the elementary facts of the situation), and they can obtain the number of votes necessary for adoption only at the cost of either extreme vagueness or dangerous political compromises. The UN may be made to play an important role only as a subsidiary and support to the work of quiet and deliberate statesmanship. This must be provided by the big powers jointly and separately, in conjunction with the Middle Eastern countries concerned. A Locarno-type agreement might be a useful framework, permitting the formal association of the big powers with a peace settlement in the role of parties and guarantors.

The *minimal* objective should consist of some package such as the following:

(1) Joint and separate big powers formal guarantees of the territorial *status quo* before the crisis, rectified to reduce the most glaring threats to Israel's security, plus specific guarantees regarding free navigation in the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal.

(2) An arms rationing scheme for the Middle East to which would adhere all potential suppliers, restricting

shipments to weapons needed for minimum internal security.

(3) The placement of all nuclear installations in the area under the control of an international atomic energy agency.

(4) A specific *formal* commitment by Egypt renouncing belligerent rights, with particular reference to the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba, and similar commitments on the parts of all other Arab countries with specific references to control of borders, infiltration into Israel, etc.

(5) The Gaza Strip to be put under Israeli military control, with an appropriate presence of and role for the United Nations.

(6) The big powers, jointly and separately, to launch a major program of economic and technical assistance to all Middle Eastern countries in order to encourage them to turn their attention to problems of development and welfare. This, together with the diversion of resources which have gone into the arms race since 1955, should open up hitherto undreamed-of prospects of real progress. It would be criminal to allow a return to a situation whereby Egypt, for example, spent \$4 billion over a twelve-year period on defense and armaments, while its people were starving and while its government had to go begging for a measly \$60-million loan. The same applies *mutatis mutandis* to all the other countries of the area.

One final note on the tragic problem of the refugees: *As part of the maximal plan*, one might expect Israel to make a significant contribution by taking back a certain number of refugees and compensating the remainder. The other Arab countries and the world at large should also make a contribution by absorbing additional numbers. For the remainder, a program of rapid development supported by the United States and the world should provide opportunities to reconstruct their lives.

As part of the minimal program, the placing of the Gaza Strip under Israeli control should permit the launching of rehabilitation programs on a massive scale, should facilitate the movement of the refugees to places anywhere in the world where opportunities beckon, and should depoliticize and defuse the most embittered and miserable concentration of refugees. As for the refugees elsewhere, the measures envisaged in relation to the maximal scheme above would apply to them.

In conclusion, American steps in relation to the current crisis in the Middle East should be based on the following considerations:

¶ The basic U.S. interests and purposes in the area are to keep the peace; to assure secure transportation, communication and trade, and to keep any actual or potential enemy from controlling its resources.

¶ The foregoing basic purposes entail these operational objectives: (1) To terminate the nineteen-year-old Arab dream of the eventual destruction of Israel. (2) To prevent control of the Middle East by any single political leader or group actually or potentially hostile to the United States. (3) To contain Nasser, and oppose any political leaders who may arise of the type of Nasser, Ben Bella, Nkrumah, or Sukarno. (4) To prevent growth of Soviet power in the area while seeking to channel Soviet influence through a collective big-power concert.

ONE CHEER FOR THE HIPPIES

JACK NEWFIELD

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Politics is dead. Culture is dead. The world stinks.
—Emmett Grogan, founder of the Diggers

I am a Roman Senator, not a Digger.
—Paul Goodman

The hippies are happening. Ed Sanders of the Fugs is on a cover of *Life*. Tulsa, Okla., which went for Barry Goldwater by 30,000 votes, recently had its first love-in. Gray Line sight-seeing buses detour through Haight-Ashbury to display the local "freaks" to the Babbitts. Squares (not hippies) pay \$4 to see the psychedelic Billy Graham—Dr. Timothy Leary—preach his "turn on, tune in, dropout" sermons. Hollywood has adopted the vibrating, "acid art" poster style of the Fillmore Auditorium, using it in ads to promote the big-budget James Bond film, *Casino Royale*. And the folk-rock group, Jefferson Airplane, has recorded a commercial for white Levi denims—even as 460 of that company's employees strike in Blue Ridge, Ga., against the chronically exploitive conditions of Southern textile mills.

Individually, the hippies are beautiful. They know a lot of things the squares don't. They know that marijuana is mildly pleasant and doesn't give you lung cancer; that Bob Dylan, John Lennon and Leonard Cohen are authentic poetic voices for all those who have grown up absurd; that it is better to make love than war; that most things taught in college must be unlearned later in life; that it is healthier to be spontaneous, communal and tolerant than repressed, materialistic and bigoted; and that it is groovy to read Herman Hesse, Snoopy and Allen Ginsberg.

All this being eagerly granted, the point must now be made that the hippies have been overrated. Their ultimate vision is in no way superior to that of the New Left, of Mailer, Camus or Pynchon. The hippies will not change America because change means pain, and the hippie subculture is rooted in the pleasure principle. They have an intellectual flabbiness that permits them to equate an original talent like Kenneth Anger with a put-on like Andy Warhol. For this reason they are vulnerable to the kind of exploitation symbolized by the Jefferson Airplane commercial. They lack the energy, stability and private pain to serve as the "new proletariat" that some in the New Left perceive them to be. Bananas, incense and pointing love rays toward the Pentagon have nothing to do with redeeming and renovating America; Leary's call to "drop out" is really a call to cop out.

The whole hippie contagion seems to be a recoil from the idea of politics itself; it is not merely apolitical but anti-political. "Civil rights is a game for squares," one hippie told me. "Why should I demonstrate to get the spades all the things I'm rejecting?" And the *Berkeley Barb*, one of the best of the dozen underground weeklies,

scorned the April 15 anti-war Mobilization for being "deadly serious, militant and political."

The hippies, in fact, have more in common with the nihilism of the 1950 beats, than with the activism of their generational comrades in the New Left. The beats opted out of a repressive, maternalistic society because they felt impotent to change it. Ike, McCarthyism, Korea, Madison Avenue, the cold war, the defeats of Stevenson, made politics appear impossible to the alienated young of the 1950s. Without hope, they sought escape by withdrawing into Eastern religions, sex, jazz, drugs and madness. It required foreign examples of effective student radicalism—in Korea, Japan, Cuba and Turkey, all in 1959—to inspire the young here.

The New Left took root in 1960 and 1961 because social change through political activism suddenly seemed possible with the election of John Kennedy. There were sit-ins, and lunch counters were desegregated. There were freedom rides, and bus terminals were desegregated. There were heroism and death in the Deep South, and a Civil Rights Act was drafted. There was a free-speech movement at Berkeley, and educational reform of the dehumanizing multiversity became a fashionable symposium topic. SDS organized around the ideal of participatory democracy, and the "maximum feasible participation of the poor" clause was written into the anti-poverty program. For a time there appeared to be in Washington a higher moral authority which would respond humanely to protest.

But just as the beats did not develop in a vacuum, neither have the hippies; their growth has been in direct correlation to the country's drift to the right since the Gulf of Tonkin "incident" and the Watts "rebellion." The young who once idolized JFK perceive his successor—correctly, I think—as an anti-democratic manipulator who has stultified the possibility of change through dissenting politics. Johnson has become a depressing Ike figure and Vietnam the monstrously swollen equivalent of the Korean police action. In 1963 Bob Dylan sang of changes "blowin' in the wind"; today he chants: "Although the masters make the rules/ for the wise men and the fools/ I've got nothin', Ma, to live up to." In 1962 more Harvard seniors wanted to volunteer for the Peace Corps than wanted to work for a large corporation; this is no longer the case. The Haight-Ashbury scene jumped into national prominence in the same month that the voters were sanctioning Reagan, Wallace and Maddox, and the Vietnamese War turned a corner into its present open-ended escalation. Suddenly, it seemed more possible to change private reality with LSD than America's reality with SDS.

My own quarrel with the hippie ethic can be summarized in five arguments.

The first is that I don't think it will be permanently impossible to alter America through radical political action. The hippies seem to side with Sade when he says: "And why should you care about the world outside? For me the only reality is imagination, the world inside my-

self. The revolution no longer interests me." But the New Left is closer to Marat, who answers (in Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*): "Against nature's silence I use action. . . . I don't watch unmoved; I intervene and say this and this are wrong, and I work to alter and improve them. The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair, to turn yourself inside out, and see the whole world with fresh eyes."

What the hippies forget is how unlikely social change seemed in 1957 and 1958. It took a new generation of kids, who had not read *On the Road*, to prove that America had not congealed into a static cage. Reform will become possible again, especially once the Vietnamese War ends. What the pleasure-oriented hippies can't accept is that political action is a painful, Sisyphean task that includes sacrifice, boredom and defeat.

My second point against the hippies is that precisely because they are *not a real threat to anything* they are used to goose a lifeless middle class, and are even widely imitated. Thus they create the illusion of influence when the jet set adopts their fashions, slang and music. But it is huckster America that profits by merchandising everything from "psychedelic salami" to "psychedelic earrings."

Third, the hippies think their vision of a drug-induced, homogenized love is an original panacea. One hippie even told me: "Man, I love everything. That fire hydrant, LBJ, Wallace, all them cats."



America is surely short on love, but the love the hippies invoke is so generalized and impersonal as to be meaningless. And as an observer I don't detect any greater love content in relations within the hippie subculture; they are just as exploitive and ego-centered and neurotic as the rest of us.

Fourth, the philosophical rationale the hippies cite for dropping out is that life is essentially absurd anyway, and since it has no meaning, it is pointless to try to change events. It is better, they say, again echoing Sade, to savor all possible personal experience instead.

Evidence certainly mounts to support an absurdist interpretation of recent history, beginning with the assassination in Dallas, through the CIA's secret life, up to Byron de la Beckwith now running for lieutenant governor of Mississippi. Yet both Sartre and Camus accepted—and then transcended—absurdity, and were able to embrace an even deeper engagement and commitment. Sartre and Camus did not "turn on and drop out" when the Nazis marched across France; they both joined the underground.

Finally, there is the dilemma of LSD. I have read several research papers and find much of the evidence is contradictory. Clearly, LSD has been useful, in a therapeutic sense, in treating problems like homosexuality, impotence and alcoholism. But LSD has also caused plenty of mental damage, recurring hallucinations, freak-outs and visits to hospital emergency wards by teeny-boppers who think they are giraffes. And, in general, the effect of acid on activists is to make them fugitives from the system, instead of insurgents against the system. Acid-heads tend to withdraw from politics (as Dr. Leary recommends), pursue private or politically unrealistic goals, and become disruptive if they remain inside activist organizations. They lack the patience and stability for the drudgery of organizing and scholarship.

The alternative to the hippies remains the New Left, which contrary to some reports, seems still to be growing. The spring semester indicated how deep the roots of student discontent have penetrated, with major campus rebellions at Long Island University, Texas, Drew University, Catholic University, Howard, Jackson State and Oklahoma. In May, card-carrying SDS members were freely elected student body presidents at Indiana and Northwestern. More than 350 students have signed an ad in the *Harvard Crimson* asserting that they will defy the draft. Vietnam Summer claims to have 2,000 organizers in the field.

Undeniably, the hippies represent an important break with the past and have considerable merit. Their musical innovations will, I suspect, ultimately prove as rich as the bop revolution forged by Bird, Dizzy and Monk in the 1940s. The diggers, who run the indigenous mission halls for their hippie brethren, are closer to St. Francis than to Cardinal Spellman.

But, finally, Dylan, pot and bright colors are the hippies' liberation. The poor, the voteless, the manipulated, the spiritually undernourished—they are oppressed by injustice that is crystallized in institutions. Only a radical political movement can liberate *them*. I want to save the squares too.

THE YANKS AND THE GOOKS

The Deserters

MIKE WALLACE

Mr. Wallace is a C.B.S. News correspondent, recently returned from two months in Vietnam.

During 1966, according to candid statistics released by the Americans in Saigon, one in every five men wearing the uniform of the army of South Vietnam (ARVN) deserted his outfit. Various tired of the endless war, eager to be at home with their families, disgruntled because others were profiting in safe civilian jobs in Saigon, fed up with corrupt officers or afraid of combat duty in the field, 116,000 Vietnamese soldiers put down their arms and went over the hill.

Though the rate had been building sharply through the three preceding years, desertions reached their peak in 1966. It seemed that as more Americans arrived to take over the brunt of the fighting, more Vietnamese soldiers decided they were content to let Americans do the job. In fact, just over a year ago, the desertion rate had accelerated to the point where only one in every four Vietnamese fighting battalions had enough men to operate in the field.

The American commanders were seriously worried, because they had two special chores in mind for the South Vietnamese army. First, they were counting on the ARVN to secure the Mekong Delta, that densely populated, difficult, rice-paddy country which for so long had been fertile ground for Vietcong recruitment. Second, the Americans planned to have the ARVN take over the protection of the Revolutionary Development or Pacification program throughout the country. They were to be charged with setting up a military shield behind which the villagers in territory ostensibly under government control could plant their crops, clear their roads, build their schools and slowly put together a nation, secure from interference or terror by the Vietcong. It was an emergency, and the American command, concerned also that news of the Vietnamese desertion rate would be circulated at home at the same time that American casualty rates began to rise, succeeded in impressing on their Vietnamese counterparts the need for urgent remedies.

First came a tough new anti-desertion law. Prior to its passage, the Vietnamese deserter had been liable, by American standards, to little more than a slap on the wrist. The Vietnamese Code of Military Justice said that a wartime deserter could be punished by a prison term of from six months to six years, with the possibility of solitary confinement for those who deserted to a foreign country. And even this law was loosely enforced and the sentences handed down tended to be light.

The new law, made effective at the end of last year and now being enforced by the Vietnamese with unaccustomed vigor, makes a peculiarly pragmatic point. It says, among other things, that desertion "must be eliminated . . . to prevent the waste of national funds through training of

personnel who subsequently desert. . . ." It decrees death for a soldier who abandons his unit to join the enemy, hard labor for life for one who deserts in the face of the enemy, five years of hard labor for the man who deserts while not in combat.

But the most important provision of the law deals with the conditions under which the deserter shall serve his term. He is no longer confined to prison. Instead, he is assigned to hard labor with a combat or combat support unit. As a result, he finds himself, when captured and convicted, back in the line of fire, doing the most menial jobs; and sentenced to serve longer under those unappetizing conditions than had he simply waited out his tour of duty.

But the Americans understood the need for more than a tough anti-desertion law. At a time of urgent concern for the well-being of the American fighting man, the appalling conditions in which the Vietnamese enlisted man was forced to live prompted American commanders to make recommendations to the Vietnamese about improving the lot of their troops. Vietnamese military pay was minuscule, and living conditions for the soldier and his family were abominable. (Families live with the men in the base camps.) The headquarters of the Vietnamese Twenty-First Division at Vi Thanh in the Delta was typical, with garbage strewn about dependents' quarters, the most primitive sanitary facilities, inadequate schools, and mud virtually knee-deep everywhere during the rainy season. The Americans had a name for the Twenty-First's base camp: "Squalor Holler." Accordingly, the American command in Saigon urged upon their Vietnamese opposites higher pay, larger family allowances, more nearly habitable living quarters, improved mail and PX services, promotions and decorations for enlisted men who had demonstrated courage and leadership. In short, they asked that the Vietnamese stop treating their rank and file like combat animals.

The concept was revolutionary to the Vietnamese military mind; but Gen. Cao Van Vien, the South Vietnamese Chief of Staff, working with an American Assistant Chief of Staff, Brig. Gen. Donald McGovern, decided to give it a try. Today, the Vietnamese private with a wife and three children, who must buy all the food he and his family eat, receives the equivalent of forty-three American dollars a month. It's 25 per cent more than he used to make. Today, a radical change is under way at "Squalor Holler" and in numerous other base camps. A genuine effort is being made to replace the dirt floor shacks with tin-roofed, cement-floored hooches. Cigarettes and soft drinks are becoming available at reduced prices at the still primitive commissaries. Mail service has been speeded up, television masts are rising on the parade grounds, social service workers have begun to offer advice and help to the soldiers' wives. The schools are getting better. And little by little, the Vietnamese soldier is beginning warily to respond.

But, generally speaking, he is still no patriot. He feels no kinship, no sense of involvement in the concerns of



Waite, *The Sun* (London): Ben Roth

"Now That's More Like a Demilitarized Zone."

the Saigon government. Col. John Walker, senior American adviser to the Vietnamese Fifth Division, north of Saigon, explains the difficulty:

The soldier has been promised many things but they have not always been delivered. So he remains skeptical.

Our people in the United States are raised from childhood to look on a deserter as a low form of criminal. This is just not true in Vietnam. Over the years the soldier has been exploited so he doesn't have the same feeling about desertion that Americans do. The Vietnamese just doesn't consider it bad.

The Vietnamese Fifth Division, which Colonel Walker advises, had one of the worst records for desertion of any in the country. It is stationed near Saigon; the bus that runs past its front gate every thirty minutes costs just 15c for a trip to the Saigon back-alley labyrinths in which a deserter can go underground. But in the Fifth, as in other divisions up and down the country, the tide has begun to turn.

One measure of progress came during the crucial Tet season, over January and February. Tet is an amalgam of our Fourth of July and New Year's holidays, a time when the Vietnamese likes to go home to his village and his family. Frequently, the soldier who goes home on leave during Tet decides to stay there. Last year, during Tet, there were more than 23,000 desertions. During Tet in 1967, the number was cut just about in half. And since Tet of this year desertions have continued at only half of last year's rate.

Cheered by those statistics, the Americans prepared a press release and suggested to the Vietnamese that they circulate it. Either from a sensitivity on the whole subject of desertions, or from fear that the downward trend will not continue, or possibly because desertions have increased in the Revolutionary Development teams, which are being hit with increasing and devastating frequency by the Vietcong—for whatever reason, the Vietnamese have not released the figures. Instead the Americans leaked them to reporters in Saigon. The South Vietnamese are in general reluctant to talk much about their troops, and perhaps it's understandable. Unfavorable comparisons can be made between their performance and that of the Vietcong and North Vietnamese. Those two armies, after all, are of the same stock, essentially the same background as the South Vietnamese. Yet they consistently fight with greater valor, demonstrate a tighter discipline

both in their dealings with the civilian population and in battle. And the evident reason is that they are more strongly motivated; they feel a deeper sense of kinship with their top leaders, a deeper involvement in the cause for which they fight.

Perhaps the most crucial difference between the two opposing groups of Vietnamese fighting men is in the officer corps. With the Vietcong, a man achieves officer status by long and arduous performance in the field. Frequently he has come up through the ranks. There is little talk of nepotism and corruption in the Vietcong. But the South Vietnamese army is notorious as a haven for corrupt and frequently cowardly political hacks, officers with no taste for battle and little concern for the well-being of their troops.

This shoddy leadership is not overlooked by the men who do the fighting. It is reflected in the desertion rate which, though declining, remains a powerful indicator that the South Vietnamese army has little stomach for the jobs that have been assigned it. Some American commanders speak spiritedly—in public—of how their counterparts are developing the vital qualities of leadership, of how the Vietnamese troops are beginning to take hold and demonstrate valor and determination in battle. But privately, there are few Americans in Vietnam who feel real confidence in the capabilities of their allies. The desertion rate is coming down. But still, despite the tough new law, despite a raise in pay and markedly improved living conditions, most of all despite the fact that the battle reports indicate they're on the winning side, still a thousand Vietnamese soldiers every week are willing to take their chances and desert.

WHAM!

TED KOPPEL

Mr. Koppel has been on assignment for A.B.C. in Vietnam since the beginning of March.

Saigon

An Australian corporal walks into a snack bar near Vung Tau, South Vietnam. Marching up to the counter he makes his pleasure known: "Eh, Gook! Gimme a hamburger!" WHAM!

A pair of American civilians stand at a corner of the Tu Do Street in Saigon. It is approaching 11 P.M.; almost curfew time. Apparently they are looking for a taxi, but because they have been drinking rather heavily two or three of the midget Renault cabs slow down and then pass them by. The louder of the two civilians poises for the next taxi and then lets loose with a remarkably well-aimed kick at the left-rear fender. WHAM!

WHAM is a caustic acronym coined in Vietnam to represent one of the favorite slogans of American leaders here. It stands for "Winning the Hearts and Minds" of the people. WHAM might also be less imaginatively but more realistically defined as the distance between the ideal objective and the attainable goal. The time is perhaps long overdue for us to give up the naive assumption that

the bigot from Bayonne, the dropout from Dayton, the hood from Hattiesburg and the plain, uninterested marine from Montgomery have, in the long trip to Southeast Asia, been magically transformed into effective good-will ambassadors.

One of our Vietnamese crews—Doan Van Tung the cameraman, Nguyen Xuan De the soundman and I—arrived one evening in the marine camp at Khe Sanh. The battalion commander, a colonel, graciously offered to let us sleep in his command bunker. Only the night before, Khe Sanh had been rather heavily mortared and the colonel felt we would be safer underground. While Tung, De and I go down into the bunker to drop our gear, the colonel tells a marine corporal to bring a couple of extra cots. The corporal and the cots arrive five minutes later. "You meanta say I lugged these f-----g cots for these goddamn gooks?!!" WHAM!

The picture is not totally one-sided. I would estimate that the vast preponderance of Vietnamese don't like Americans either; but somehow, whatever their motivation, they are a shade more successful in disguising their feelings.

It is a multifaceted dilemma. Reduced to its simplest terms, it is as though you were to blindfold a man and then beat him insensible. When your victim regains consciousness, he is surrounded by ten men. Only four of the men, you tell him, are his enemies—the other six must be cultivated as friends. Regrettably, you say, you don't know which men fall into which category, but "do your best."

For his part, the GI must live with the daily paradox that exposes him on the one hand to the ARVN, whom the average GI appraises with something less than unalloyed admiration, and on the other to the ARVN's cousin or father, brother or fellow villager, the Vietcong. The more he condemns the merits of the ARVN as a soldier, the more the GI must ponder the undeniable tenacity and fighting ability of the Vietcong. They are cut from the same cloth, but seem to fight with disproportionate effectiveness. The American soldier's typical reaction is to reject all Vietnamese. They are all suspect. They are all "gooks."

Then there is the dilemma of trying to unite Americans and Vietnamese in a common cause while keeping them at arm's length. The best interests of the South Vietnamese economy and of Vietnamese-American relations approach the irreconcilable. The flood of piasters that would be released were all American servicemen allowed free access to the cities and towns of South Vietnam would buckle the economy. The alternative is to limit contact between American and Vietnamese troops to purely military relations, or to the brief orgy of an in-country rest and recuperation period. Neither has proved conducive to a mutual blossoming of respect and admiration.

Even when they are fighting a common enemy, the American and the South Vietnamese soldier are fighting for different reasons. At best, the Vietnamese soldier is fighting because he loves South Vietnam and is firmly opposed to a Communist take-over. At worst, he is fighting because the Saigon government exercises a firmer

control around his home and could potentially cause him more trouble than could the Vietcong. Most frequently he is fighting because of a little bit of both. The American soldier, by and large, cares only rather vaguely about the threat of communism to South Vietnam. He is here, in effect, serving something that approaches jury duty; it is expected of him. He is prepared to serve his time and do his duty bravely; but he does it from obedience to his own country, not from any concern for Vietnam. Already, hundreds of seasoned professionals, American non-coms and officers with up to sixteen and eighteen years of service, are retiring after their Vietnamese tour, but before their twenty years are completed, rather than face returning for a second tour some two years hence. This is not lost on the Vietnamese. Few Americans are in Vietnam for "the duration" as they were in Europe during World War II. Most of them are in Vietnam for twelve or thirteen months. It's enough time for a man to do his duty, but not enough time to do the job.

The South Vietnamese are plagued on the one hand by the specter of an American pull-out that would leave them practically defenseless at the hands of the Communists, and on the other hand by the almost equally undesirable alternative of an American take-over. A few miles south of Da Nang I spoke recently with a small group of marines about to go out on an operation. One of them summed up the dilemma of American involvement neatly: "I told the mama-san who does our laundry, 'If you people don't shape up, we're gonna take this country away from you and make you all our slaves.'" He was joking, and the laundrywoman, so he says, knew it; but the joke is endemic to the problem. The frustration of fighting in Vietnam makes many an American soldier, officer as well as enlisted man, toy with the idea of how it might be if only the United States could "take over." Even as things stand, the increasing prominence of the American fighting machine in Vietnam makes many a South Vietnamese uncomfortably review his country's shrinking sovereignty. It is all very well for American statesmen and generals to speak glowingly of how unlikely, indeed practically impossible it would be for the United States to sustain a military defeat in Vietnam now. But the South Vietnamese have not forgotten the words of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—each of whom said at one time that, in the final analysis, the war in Vietnam would have to be fought and won by the Vietnamese themselves. Seen from that perspective, each infusion of an additional 10,000 or 50,000 American soldiers bears witness to the fact that, if anything, the South Vietnamese are in less of a position to win this war on their own than they ever were. It represents a loss of face to the Vietnamese and a growing frustration to the Americans, who are finding it increasingly difficult to wage a bitter war on tiptoes.

A popular *bon mot* that has been making the rounds in Vietnam for some time is attributed to an American general who said: "Grab 'em by the balls and their hearts and minds will follow." The converse, it should be pointed out, is probably also true; but it is practically impossible to do both at the same time, and that is the most baffling dilemma of Vietnam.

Cleveland: Recipe for Violence

**ROLDO S. BARTIMOLE
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Cleveland

The United States is the only Western democracy in which economic and racial problems produce riots in major cities. Here, the array of urban problems that test the viability of the city and the patience of the ghetto can be found in most metropolitan communities, but Cleveland points up most clearly the inevitability of violent rebellion when peaceful change is aborted.

In April, 1966, the Civil Rights Commission ripped away Cleveland's carefully nurtured façade of social progress. Hearings gave the ghetto a chance to speak, and even it was shocked by the cumulative findings. However, there was little time to redress social and economic grievances before summer, and in July Hough erupted in five days of rioting that took four lives.

Now there has been more time, but it has brought few changes. Almost a year after the hearings, Civil Rights Commission Chairman John A. Hannah returned a sobering appraisal: "The list of accomplishments is very short, and the agenda of unfinished business is very long." Cleveland leaders insist gradual progress is being made, but the position of the Negro in reality is deteriorating:

¶ Between 1960-1965 the number of poverty families in every Negro planning area increased, and the median income slumped. In Hough, median income skidded from \$4,732 to \$3,966, and two other areas, with 60,000 Negroes, had median incomes lower than Hough's.

¶ Unemployment in March reached 15.6 per cent for Negroes in poverty areas, with 58 per cent of the young males jobless or earning below poverty level wages.

¶ Negro unemployment in general hovers around 9 per cent while the community rate is 2.3 per cent.

¶ The building trades remain impregnable, with only thirteen Negroes among 11,500 workers in the five major construction trades.

¶ Only forty-three Negroes were among the 1,350 apprentice trainees in federally sponsored programs last year.

¶ Some 38,000 Negroes get aid to dependent children payments, pegged far below poverty level (73c a day after rent) on a state formula set at 76 per cent of its own minimum standard.

These bread-and-butter issues generate intense pressures in the ghetto. Adding to the severity of economic problems, the city has failed miserably in urban renewal (all residential projects are in ghetto areas); Mayor Ralph S. Locher and influential business leaders are at loggerheads; the civil rights movement is a shambles; and there is little organization in the ghetto.

Cleveland is a recipe for violence. Already three white grocers have been murdered in the ghetto, and robberies

are up 300 per cent. A white policeman, part of the department's tactical force, the "Green Berets," was killed by gunfire this month. Fire bombings are nightly occurrences, with white businesses, vacant houses and schools all prime targets. On one balmy April evening, more than fifty fires were set in the Central area, south of Hough. One school was completely destroyed; the replacement cost will be more than \$1 million. Teen-agers on a rampage smashed windows in stores along a 20-block area in Hough. Between September and March, fifty-nine teachers have been assaulted in schools.

Traditional cleavages in the community are more bitter than ever. The Ku Klux Klan and the North American Alliance of White People plan summer programs. Whites fear that guerrilla warfare will spread to them and Negroes anticipate gangs of white toughs. Apartment dwellers—black and white—at the edge of Hough take turns keeping armed guard on rooftops; the cultural center of Cleveland, almost surrounded by the ghetto, has its own police force. Several suburbs recently passed anti-riot laws and have special riot-control equipment.

Even before the riots, Hough was a ravaged community. Streets were desolate with boarded-up businesses and abandoned buildings; garbage-filled yards were inescapable, and streets glittered from curb to curb with crushed glass. Little has changed except that burned-out buildings left by the riots intensify the wasteland appearance of the 2-square-mile area where live some 55,000 of Cleveland's 280,000 Negroes (one-third of the population). Hough has become the symbol of Negro hopelessness, but equally hellish are the other east-side areas which with it account for 99 per cent of the black population. The west side remains almost totally white.

An official of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) described Cleveland as his department's Vietnam: "We'd like to get out but we don't know how." Cleveland had its progressive reform movement too early, at the turn of the century with Mayors Tom L. Johnson and Newton D. Baker. Since then it has depended upon caretaker mayors. Corruption-free government has been more important than planning and problem solving. The private sector—rampant elitism, a powerful welfare industry and well-financed community foundations—has been sanctified, and almost all problems are delegated to committees of private citizens.

Choked with problems, Cleveland's ostrich compulsion has given way to a billy-club mentality. Each warning spasm from the ghetto is met with "get tough" proclamations and repressive measures. More than 100 policemen were hired in May. In addition to the Green Berets, there are other parallels to Vietnam. A special police helicopter buzzes low every night over the ghetto, scanning the ground with a searchlight. The helicopter, armed with a Thompson submachine gun, was financed by private groups, including the Rotary Club and Group 66, a young businessmen's organization.

One minister predicts the imposition of "emergency apartheid" to seal off the ghetto this summer. "Those of

us who have read *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*," said the Rev. Charles Rawlings, director of the Council of Churches Metropolitan Division, "know well the early rationalizations advanced to the German people which prepared them to accept the first excesses by government. . . . The thinking in some private circles in Cleveland is that should violence erupt in our ghetto again, we will seal it off, permitting no one to enter or leave."

The history of police-community relations and current activities gives plausibility to Rawlings' fears. Detective Sergeant John Ungvary, head of the subversive activities squad, testified before Sen. James O. Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee that "What we need is a law that would let us charge them all [black nationalists] as conspirators . . . before an overt act is committed. Wouldn't this be far better than to wait for an overt act?"

But the police are only willing functionaries; they deliver what public officials want. Mayor Locher ordered police to "fill the jails . . . put a stop to this rowdiness. This is no time for theorizing . . . but for bold action." Councilmen were more blunt: "Shoot 'em dead," said

one. And another: "If the police break skulls what will the reaction be? Let's find out." A third said: "The best way to leave these hoodlums is face down in the street." Ghetto militants warned: "Just let one of those cops start beating on a brother." Safety Director John McCormick, anticipating charges of police brutality, said, "I don't care." But Bertram E. Gardner, a Negro and director of the Community Relations Board, takes another tack. He tells Negro groups that "if you see the police using a little force, look up at the stars, look away."

When tensions rise in other cities, officials cautiously avoid provoking the ghetto. Not so in Cleveland. Although the "get tough" tactics are ostensibly aimed at a small number of troublemakers, statements of public officials are manifestly racist and all-inclusive. Law Director Bronis J. Klementowicz, second in command at city hall and a confidant of Mayor Locher, recently warned a state legislative committee that "if the Cleveland police department fails, crime will spill all over Cuyahoga County," hinting that Negroes would carry crime to the suburbs. He added a gratuitous slur on Negro family life,



Long, Hot Summer

Macpherson, Toronto Star

claiming there were "10,000 women in Hough without husbands." This implied they are unwed mothers. There are, in fact, less than 10,000 husbandless females in Hough, including more than 4,000 single women and some 1,200 widows.

Later Locher branded Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., an "extremist" when the Negro leader came to Cleveland to preach nonviolence to youth in ghetto high schools. Locher refused to meet with King, as he has repeatedly rejected meetings with Cleveland Negroes.

City officials find a well-tooled instrument for suppression in the Cleveland police department. Testimony during the Civil Rights Commission hearings revealed that police often hold Negroes without charge; disregard state law on the right to make telephone calls by those arrested; make wide use of a "suspicious person" city ordinance to haul Negroes into the station. Then, before releasing persons held without charge, the police tell them to sign a "waiver," by which they forfeit the right to sue the city for unlawful arrest and detention. (One commissioner called the waiver a "fraud.") The suspicious person law was ruled unconstitutional by a municipal judge, but remains in use by the city's chief prosecutor, who avoids that particular judge.

In December, a team of experts described the police department as "defensive, isolated, parochial and mistrustful of the public it serves." The department views any community relations work as "yielding to radical and subversive elements in the community." It rejected a proffered \$15,000 grant from the U. S. Department of Justice to plan a community-relations program, and to divert criticism from this obstinacy created its own community-relations division, naming as head a thirty-two-year veteran cop who has been State Fraternal Order of Police president for nineteen years!

Police also have a simple method of handling complaints against themselves. Complainants are told that the police officer charged will take a lie-detector test. If he fails, appropriate action will be taken. However, the complainant must also take a lie-detector test, and if he fails, must serve a six-month jail sentence and pay a \$1,000 fine for filing a false complaint. That usually eliminates the complaint, a police official said.

Symbolizing police contempt, Police Chief Richard Wagner rode into Hough during the riots armed with his personal hunting rifle, which he used against snipers. When a woman, searching for her children, was killed by gunfire, Wagner remarked, "There was a similar occurrence in the Chicago riots. They sacrifice one person and blame it on police brutality."

Even with the problems and the police-state tactics, violence might be avoidable if some safety valve existed. But there is almost no communication between officials and the ghetto. (Gardner, in answer to a question about the police chief, told reporters this May 21, "I don't know Chief Wagner. I know what he looks like, but I don't know him.") Beaten down, seemingly without hope, the grass-roots people have not organized viable protests.

Militants are pushed to extreme positions by a Southern-type community response. After the Hough riots, a special grand jury, headed by Louis B. Seltzer, former

editor of the *Cleveland Press* and an avid believer in his ability to prescribe what is best for Cleveland, linked several militants to the riots. The grand jury reported that the riots were "... organized, precipitated and exploited by a relatively small group of trained and disciplined professionals at this business." It went on to blame the Communist Party. The findings were refuted by the U.S. Justice Department, and even the FBI disagreed. Anyone who had read Seltzer's newspaper during the Civil Rights hearings would have known that Negroes didn't need Communists to convince them to rebel.

Unable to indict any of the militants, the police have used harassing tactics, slapping housing violations on store-front offices operated by them. Efforts by white groups to maintain lines of communication to the ghetto are stifled by police and community pressures, with constant rebukes from the newspapers.

Last year some officials of the Council of Churches attempted to keep open the JFK (Jomo Freedom Kenyatta) House, a youth center. JFK House was operated by Lewis G. Robinson, labeled an agitator by police and "a recurring figure" in the Hough riots by the grand jury. The council has been accused of engaging in a conspiracy with violent militants, an accusation Rev. Mr. Rawlings calls "unspeakable insanity." Privately both police and city officials insist the council is diverting funds to be used for violence. In business circles the council is regarded with paranoid suspicion. Earlier this year, its officials met in New York with Saul D. Alinsky to discuss a ghetto organizational drive this summer. Ralph M. Besse, chairman of the board of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company and chairman of the Inner-City Action Committee, a group of community elites formed after the Hough riots at Locher's request, said the ghetto "doesn't need an agitator." Another civic elite, John A. Reavis, lawyer-businessman and head of the Businessmen's Interracial Committee, formed after the school riots in 1964, said it would be a "tragedy" if Alinsky were to come. Reavis indicated that financial pressures would be brought on the council.

Recently Floyd McKissick, of CORE, met with Besse and other business leaders. He was startled by their inability to understand the need for ghetto organization. McKissick said privately that Cleveland was the first city he had visited where he could not find a few high-level business leaders who understood that the ghetto needed to develop its own economic and political strength.

As the war fever mounts, a three-way conflict has developed among business interests, city hall and the federal government. Business interests are feeling the pinch of the inept renewal program. Cleveland's credit rating has dropped from "Aa" to "A," already costing the city \$70,000 in higher interest rates on improvement bonds. The main downtown shopping center has been in a decline that is reflected in some \$4.4 million in tax reduction for the downtown core since January. The County Board of Tax Revision blamed the drop on the "complete deterioration" of the area. For two years prior to some recent activity, there were no acquisitions or disposition of land in the \$16-million downtown Erie-

view project. Interest on Erieview bonds has exceeded limitations and is pyramiding at \$50,000 a month. During the last eleven years the city has failed to complete a single urban renewal project; it is now stuck with more land under renewal projects than any other city in the nation. In the Hough area, part of the largest rehabilitation project in the country, only 15 per cent of the planned work has been completed after four years of construction.

By January the urban renewal bungling had forced HUD Secretary Robert C. Weaver to take the unprecedented action of denying new funds for Cleveland (six more projects were in planning stages). Weaver also turned down a request for \$23 million more for Hough renewal and withdrew \$10 million already committed for the second stage of downtown commercial renewal. He warned that if "substantial progress" was not made by July, HUD would cut off funds for the administration of projects which have been in execution since 1956. One of the jeopardized projects is Cleveland State University, a downtown complex which business sees as essential for revitalizing the area.

With business interests threatened, Besse offered to assist the city administration in urban renewal. But after a meeting with him a Locher aide reported to the Mayor, "All in all, I was not encouraged to believe that the portion of the business community represented by Mr. Besse would be willing to offer any real assistance except on its own terms." Again in March, Besse offered the assistance of the business community. The *quid pro quo* was the replacement of Locher's urban renewal director with Maj. Gen. Stanley Connelly, director of Besse's Inner-City Action Committee. Locher rejected the offer

and Besse severed relations with the city administration.

In a bitter letter, Besse said: "The causes of the frustration of the mobilized effort of the community to assist you are identical with those which have frustrated the federal government. . . . These causes are to be found primarily in the inadequacies of executive personnel and almost complete lack of effective coordination. . . ."

Locher hit back, charging the business community with an attempt to take over city hall. With considerable truth, Locher declared: "I have not yet seen one real constructive action taken by the [Inner-City] committee. So far we have heard some cries from them and they have made some demands on us. Where's their action?" (Besse subsequently said if he had it to do over, he would exchange the word "Action" for "Coordinating.")

While Locher and Besse play politics, decent housing is a top priority for ghetto residents who also want to know where the action is. Last year they answered with fire bombs and called it "instant urban renewal." In March, a black nationalist, Fred (Ahmed) Evans, made national news when he predicted riots for May 9 to coincide with a partial eclipse of the sun. That date passed quietly enough, but the police can take no credit. With loaded shotguns, they burst into Ahmed's astrology store front in Hough, arresting him and others on "housing violations." That same night two police detectives visited the *Plain Dealer* editorial rooms, searching for N.B.C.-TV cameramen from New York City because they "know where the riot's going to start tonight."

All the elements for tragedy are now present in this city, self-proclaimed "The Best Location in the Nation." It may be too late for Cleveland, but there are lessons here for other cities that want to avoid disaster.

Bombs and Suburbs

When racial violence occurs in the city of Cleveland, no one is surprised. Jobs are scarce, housing is poor, and the Mayor and police department lost the confidence of the Negro community long ago. But it is a different story when racial violence occurs in Cleveland Heights, an established and prosperous suburb to the east of Cleveland. Cleveland Heights has none of the economic or the administrative problems of the city, and although its population is more than 60,000, it has only about eighty Negro families.

Yet in the past ten years six bombings, all traceable to racial discontent, have occurred in the northwest corner of this suburb. The target of the latest of these bombings was J. Newton Hill, the first Negro to head Karamu House, an interracial theatre and art center in Cleveland. [See "Art and Argot at Karamu" by Bennett Kremen, *The Nation*, September 19, 1966.] On May 14, a time bomb containing fifteen sticks of dynamite ripped the front of the Hill home, causing an estimated \$3,000 in damage. Hill and his wife were asleep in an upstairs bedroom and were unhurt by the blast, but there is no telling when they will move back to their home.

There is no doubt how Mr. Hill's neighbors and many other residents in Cleveland Heights feel about the incident. Hill himself is confident that "it wasn't racial hatred in the neighborhood" that caused the

bombing, and so are those who live near him. When he told them, "I am sorry to have caused this to happen," the only reply was that of a neighbor standing next to him, who said, "Please, sir, don't ever say anything like that again, please don't." Later that same morning, an estimated 500 persons met at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Cleveland Heights and pledged \$4,234 as a reward for the arrest of the guilty party. In the gathering were the leaders of a number of religious and civic groups, including the Heights Citizens for Human Rights, a fair-housing organization.

Unfortunately, it seems improbable that Hill's neighbors or the Heights Citizens for Human Rights will be able to guarantee that future incidents do not occur. Yet steps could have been taken to reduce their likelihood. The City Council of Cleveland Heights could by now have passed a fair-housing ordinance and established a human relations commission with a professional staff. Such action, while not promising miracles, could have made it clear that an attack upon a Negro home in Cleveland Heights is an attack upon all homes.

Instead, the Council has rejected a proposal to take a more open stand on fair housing, and the only action from all the talk has been a library exhibit on Negro culture. That will scarcely interest the bombers, and it will certainly not intimidate them.

NICOLAUS C. MILLS

THE GASLIGHT INDUSTRY

WALLACE I. ROBERTS

Mr. Roberts is a reporter on the Providence Journal-Bulletin.

Since the gaslight era, power in New England has been controlled by the private companies, but recent developments initiated by public-power advocates suggest that the Yankee capitalists, who have administered the industry with an amazing lack of their traditional ingenuity, may be forced to change their ways. Except for a transmission system half owned by Vermont and providing about a quarter of the state's electric needs, there are no large publicly owned generating or transmission systems in the six states, so they have escaped until now the passionate, flag-waving defenses of free enterprise that have previously been exhibited in private vs. public power battles in nearly every other section of the country. The controversy in New England has taken the form of a series of complicated legal and financial maneuvers, a somewhat misleading public relations and advertising campaign, and intensive political lobbying. It has all been most decorous, but with the April announcement by the Justice Department that it is making preliminary investigations of possible antitrust violations by the private New England utilities, and with the threat of similar action by the Federal Power Commission, things may become less restrained.

Beginning two years ago with a request for money to finance engineering studies for a federal hydroelectric project on the St. John River near the town of Dickey in northern Maine, the conflict has grown and developed on several additional fronts. It promises not to be over for some time, given the determination and recent successes of the public-power groups and the distaste for change exhibited by most private company officials.

If there is no agreement about what kind of power projects to build, there is absolute agreement as to why they are necessary—New England's electric rates are the highest of any region in the country. There are many ways to compare the cost of electricity, and by any of them the New England states, except Vermont with its public power, are at the top of the list. Federal Power Commission figures for 1963 show that the average price per kilowatt-hour sold by the private utilities in New England was 2.48c compared to 1.77c for the private utilities of the country, a difference of 40 per cent. Similar comparison reveals that fewer kilowatt-hours per customer are sold in New England. Higher prices inhibit sales, and lower sales force the prices even higher because a smaller total revenue must be spread over the fixed charges.

Private company executives acknowledge the region's high rates, but their reply has become as automatic as an echo: "Yes, but our fuel and labor costs and taxes are so high." There is some substance to that explanation, though Joseph C. Swidler, former FPC chairman,

said several years ago that if New England utilities had to pay only average fuel costs, the region's electric bills would be lowered by less than 5 per cent.

An equally substantive explanation, however, is the fact that administrative expenses range, depending on how they are measured, from 33 to 100 per cent above the national average, and, according to William D. Shipman, professor of economics at Bowdoin College, account for one-quarter to one-half of the difference between the average price for electricity in New England and in the rest of the country. Local taxes, which are one-third higher for New England utilities, are the only significant inequity that is apparently beyond much control.

The most important factor in rate reductions is increased per capita use. Because New England is an "old" region in demographic terms, neither its industry nor its population, and hence its per capita use of electricity, has kept pace with the rest of the country. A slow growth rate in per capita use is almost a built-in barrier to lowering prices, but reductions can be encouraged by cutting costs through efficiencies.

Compounding the high fuel costs, the coal or oil is burned in plants that for the most part are little old teakettles, barely able to get up enough steam to whistle, when compared to the giant and efficient boiler-turbine-generator combinations that have been available for years. The region does have one show piece, the Brayton Point, Mass., plant of the New England Power Co. It opened in 1964 and was rated by the FPC as the most efficient in the country, but for thirteen years before that New England had no entry on the commission's list of the top ten most efficient plants.

Mechanical inefficiency cannot be blamed on the region's age or geographical deficiencies; it is the result of administrative decisions. Two generations ago, Samuel Insull, the man who did for electricity what Henry Ford did for the automobile, showed the power industry that it was much more efficient to use large generating plants serving as many people as possible. No one believed him at first, and it might appear that many private company executives in New England still don't. On average, the public utilities companies of the country serve three times as many people as do the companies of New England, and there are more than one and a half times as many people for every generating plant. This means for New England more executives, more plants and lines to maintain, more secretaries, more maintenance workers, more pensions and insurance, and higher labor costs per customer. New Englanders are paying to perpetuate a quaint private industry organization that is not nearly as charming as a covered bridge and much more expensive.

Attempts at consolidation have been made, but the pace is slow. In some places in New England, covered bridges have rotted away before the public realized what was happening. It is unlikely, however, that any private utility in the region will collapse, for they are protected

by the state regulatory agencies and an apathetic public. Almost all of the region's utilities make the maximum profit allowed by law, and a few are considerably above the prescribed limit. Blackstone Valley Electric Co. of Rhode Island earned in 1965 a return of 9.34 per cent, almost twice the limit.

Only Vermont's Public Service Board seems to take seriously its obligation to set reasonable rates. New Hampshire and Connecticut appear indifferent at best, and the regulatory agencies in Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island have exhibited what can only be called an affection for the private companies. The Maine and Massachusetts agencies have been hostile, almost insulting, to recent appearances by public-power groups.

Part of this situation results from the fact that none of the agencies has money or staff to do an adequate job. Most are so short of skilled help that they are forced to accept company operating statistics as a basis for determining rates. Unless the public demands it, the regulatory agencies are not likely to hire qualified accountants or engineers, and the prevailing public attitude is that the cost of electricity has formed a triumvirate with death and taxes. The result is that the regulatory agencies are permitting monopolies to earn good profits with equipment and organizational structures that would drive them to the wall if they were faced with even moderately aggressive competition. Allowing each utility exclusive control of its sales territory prevents wasteful duplication of plants and lines, but it also creates an attitude of *status quo* complacency. Creative regulatory policies could impose penalties for continued use of outmoded steam plants, instead of allowing them to be included in the rate base.

However, conventional steam plants have had their day in New England. After 1969, the region's power industry will most likely build only lower-cost nuclear plants. It already has an experimental nuclear plant, Yankee, at Rowe, Mass., and five others are either under construction or committed. These five are part of what the private companies have dubbed their "Big 11 Power Loop"; the other six installations consist of five conven-

tional steam plants and a pumped storage plant. All eleven are scheduled to be finished by the end of 1972 and will be connected by 900 miles of 345-kilovolt transmission lines. The cost of the project is about \$900 million, and the plants will provide about 6.3 million kilowatts of power.

The name "Big 11 Power Loop"—but not the plants or transmission lines—is a gimmick, pure and simple. No engineering plan or study supports the location, type or design of the plants on a system-wide basis. It all started with a full-page newspaper advertisement announcing the "Loop" and implying that the whole thing was thought out well in advance. The campaign, carried on with television commercials costing about \$200,000 a year, was devised by the private companies' trade organization, the Electric Coordinating Council of New England (ECCNE), in response to the threat of the federal government's Dickey-Lincoln School hydroelectric project.

As one company official put it: "We felt the public should know about our plans because Dickey was getting a lot of publicity, but the important thing is that the eleven plants were planned long before Dickey came up. We did not just decide to build the plants after Dickey's first appropriation, as some of our opponents have said."

That first appropriation for the government project in 1965 was for \$800,000; last year it received \$1,100,000. This year, President Johnson asked for \$1,600,000 to finish engineering studies and begin construction. The 794,000-kilowatt project is to cost an estimated \$212 million and, if all goes well in Congress, will be finished in April, 1975.

The dam at Dickey is the practical reality left over from the dream of harnessing the tides in Passamaquoddy Bay at the eastern tip of Maine. [See "Reviving Passamaquoddy" by William S. Ellis, *The Nation*, July 13, 1964.] It was the request for its first appropriation that started the political and verbal six guns blazing. The members of the ECCNE opened an intensive lobbying campaign and sent their forces to Washington equipped with large packets of propaganda



Projected Nuclear Power Station, Near Waterford, Conn.

purporting to show that Dickey was objectionable on just about any conceivable ground. They had some effect, especially on the New England delegation of twenty-four Representatives, twenty of whom voted against Dickey on one roll call. Congressional resistance to a large public-works project for the home region is unusual, and the New England vote raised speculation as to whether the area's Congressmen felt more obligated to the private utilities or to their constituents.

Dickey is not enormous; by 1980 it will provide only 1 per cent of the area's electrical requirements. But it will probably bring with it a Northeast Power Commission to market the power. It is expected that the cheaper power of Dickey, combined with the prodding effect of the power administration on state regulatory agencies, will be to force lower electrical rates. The members of the ECCNE fear, with justification, that Dickey will oblige them to cut administrative and generating expenses and become more efficient. The private companies put it a little differently, however, saying that Dickey will force them to lose money by trying to meet its prices. The federal government's experience, on the contrary, has been that its low-cost power stimulates consumption and increases revenues for surrounding private companies.

The ECCNE has introduced masses of statistics at Congressional hearings to prove that Dickey will not break even. Public-power advocates pointed out that the same kind of argument has been used against every federal power project in recent years. In an attempt to reconcile contradictory figures supplied by the ECCNE and the Corps of Engineers, the House Appropriations Committee assigned its staff to investigate the situation. Its report, made public June 5, offers no specific recommendations, but concludes that the project will produce power at a cost lower than any comparable alternative proposed by the ECCNE. The report also contained several biting observations on the long-range planning by New England's private utilities and noted that the companies "have not produced any document supporting central planning with the exception of the newspaper advertisement," and that "the most current transmission study by the ECCNE was completed in 1963" and includes plans for none of the Big 11 projects.

The fight over Dickey is overshadowing several other power conflicts that may have even greater effect on New England. One is a plan to import 1.25 million kilowatts, almost twice as much as Dickey would generate, from a giant hydroelectric project at Churchill (formerly Hamilton) Falls in Labrador.

This scheme was seen as a real threat by the private companies when it received the backing of Gov. Philip H. Hoff of Vermont, a bright young Democrat in the land of Republicans. In January, 1966, he introduced a bill in the Republican-controlled legislature which would have created a quasi-public, nonprofit corporation to import the Canadian power and resell most of it to municipal and cooperative utilities in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The bill was sidetracked to the legislative council which reported it unfavorably, thus killing the bill but not the idea. Even before the report was issued, a group of the state's municipal and cooperative managers got together

and formed their own company to do just what the one outlined in Governor Hoff's bill would have done. Currently, that company is negotiating with both Canadian suppliers and prospective buyers in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

One group of prospective customers, the Municipal Electric Association of Massachusetts (MEAM), is also waging the private vs. public battle on several other fronts and with some success. Two years ago the MEAM was dormant; its thirty-nine members serving 239,000 customers were at the mercy of the private companies from which they were forced to buy power at rates imposed by the sellers.

Then Shrewsbury, Mass., won an FPC decision, later upheld by the U.S. Court of Appeals, forcing the New England Power Co., the area's largest wholesaler, to sell the town power at a wholesale rate, not at retail as before. Other towns followed up the victory and negotiated from NEPCO lower prices that saved \$2 million. Since then the association has raised its dues, hired a first-class Washington lawyer and consultant engineers, and filed legal objections to every move made by the ECCNE.

The MEAM had tried earlier to join the ECCNE, but the private companies are apparently unwilling to let the municipals have a say in the development of the region's power industry. The application was never actually refused; the council simply voted not to change a rule it made in 1964 prohibiting municipals from joining. Reversing a cliché, the MEAM declared: "If you can't join 'em, lick 'em." It has appeared before state utility regulatory agencies in Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont, and before the FPC and Securities and Exchange Commission, challenging some of the engineering aspects of the Big 11 plants and transmission system, and hinting that it may raise antitrust objections to the fact that the ECCNE has "blackened out" the municipals from direct participation in the Big 11 nuclear plants.

Besides trying to join the ECCNE, the MEAM has tried to buy its way into two of the Big 11 nuclear plants, Maine Yankee and Vermont Yankee. These plants are being built by various combinations of the members of the ECCNE (a good but almost singular example of regionalization of the industry) and have about a dozen owner-utilities each. The MEAM wanted a piece of each of these plants because the electricity they generate will be sold directly only to owners, in proportion to the amount of stock owned.

The MEAM has not yet had a clear-cut victory on this issue, but it has been partly successful and indications are that it will have to be reckoned with. The Vermont Public Service Board has declared that municipals should be given a chance to purchase stock in Vermont Yankee, and because of the MEAM objections, the FPC has received a staff recommendation that it institute antitrust proceedings against the ECCNE if it does not permit the MEAM to participate in future planning. The Justice Department apparently has been made aware of the FPC's staff report. On April 21, Donald F. Turner, assistant attorney general in charge of the antitrust division, in reply to a request from Sen. Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.), announced that the department has been conducting "exploratory studies" of the power industry's

possible exclusion of municipals and cooperatives from participation in new generation and transmission systems planned by the private companies. Mr. Turner did not mention New England specifically, but Senator Metcalf, who has recently pained the industry's leaders with his book, *Overcharge*, had referred to the situation in New England in his request for antitrust action.

The answer to New England's power problems is not simply a matter of choice between private and public power; government bureaucracy can be just as inefficient as private management. What is needed above all, whether it is private or public, is a regional power company, or at most two or three. If it must be private, a corresponding and effective regional regulatory agency

and competing public projects must also be established.

The area is too small, its population too dense, its problems too common to deal with electricity on a state-by-state basis, or to allow it to remain exclusively a private business. The private companies claim that they are moving toward regionalization. They said that a decade and a half ago, and there has been little change. The private company executives are wrestling with their own egos; what president, even of a small, local power company, wants to become the district manager of a six-state monolith? In this sense, as in several others, it can be said that the private companies are not acting in the public interest because they are bound to laissez-faire capitalism, and that was proved obsolete before Edison set up his Pearl Street station.

LETTERS (Continued from page 802)

CIA. I immediately informed my English colleagues on *Encounter*. In the course of a long interview Mr. Lasky then admitted to Frank Kermode that he had been told in 1963 by a director of the Congress about the CIA backing, but that he had promised not to tell his colleagues. In these circumstances, Mr. Kermode and I resigned. Not only had confidence between colleagues been destroyed by the deception but Mr. Kermode, in particular, had been put in the position of threatening the *New Statesman* with a libel action if they published an article by Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, discussing the matter of CIA backing. Our resignations were accepted by the trustees of *Encounter*, and Mr. Lasky continues as editor. I should add that in view of the fact that I had been associated with *Encounter* since its beginning on terms which I would never have agreed to if I had known of them, and of which I was kept in ignorance, I would have resigned in any case, as I would at any time if and when I had known. My view, like that of Kermode, was that *Encounter* should, editorially, have a new start. I would not however consider that Kermode was involved in arrangements which had been altered long before he became editor, though most unfortunately he had in his ignorance been involved in the false statements about those arrangements.

I must count among the unfortunate results of the CIA affair not only that confidence is destroyed between colleagues but that one is open to the kind of attack made by Alexander Werth for having had confidence in colleagues. I still find it difficult to accept that it was reprehensible to believe the kind of assurances given to me by the Congress and the head of a foundation.

Stephen Spender

We feel that in this letter Mr. Spender has made proper amends for the somewhat threatening letter signed by him, Irving Kristol and Melvin Lasky and published in our issue of June 13, 1966. We cannot see, however, that anything in Mr. Spender's present account of events contradicts Alexander Werth's interpretation of them. Mr. Spender did in fact "soldier on in ignorance" and his failure to discover the facts, while credible, cannot fail to suggest a surprising innocence.

Editors

plea for Captain Levy

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIR: Sunday, June 4, *The New York Times* carried a picture and article about Captain Howard Levy, on the front page where it belonged. He was being taken from the farcical thing they call a court-martial to begin his three-year sentence at hard labor. A colonel had hastily and eagerly put him in handcuffs, since, as always, the most

hated and dangerous threat to the depravity of the majority in power are men of moral courage.

With a few alterations one might quote Henry Thoreau's "A Plea for Captain John Brown." Possibly this excerpt says enough: "We talk about a representative government, but what a monster of a government is that where the noblest faculties of the mind, and the whole heart, are not represented! . . . What shall we think of a government to which all the truly brave and just men in the land are enemies, standing between it and those whom it oppresses?" Captain Levy stood against the captors and oppressors of our sons and the Vietnamese people—the military and the government. I hope there are present-day Thoreaus to make their "Plea for Captain Howard Levy."

Mrs. Lee Dresh

phoenix of Egypt

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR: Exactly ten years prior to the day, June 1, 1967, on which the feuding Jordan and Egypt patched up their differences with a five-year defense pact, and Israel let it be known that it would "undergo every sacrifice" to reopen the blockaded Gulf of Aqaba, *The Nation* [June 1, 1957] treated the question "Is Nasser Kaput?" in an editorial as follows:

Is President Nasser of Egypt finished, kaput? *The New York Times* thinks so. In an editorial the other day, it wrote, "The power of President Nasser as the dominating and domineering leader of the Arab nations has been broken." It went on to devote a column to offering thanks for his political demise.

We hate to intrude in the *Times'* fun at Nasser's wake. But we don't like to see a reputable paper encourage public delusions. It's true that King Hussein's emergence as master of Jordan was a setback for Nasser. So, too, was the Baghdad meeting of Saud of Arabia and Feisal of Iraq. . . .

Who really believes, however, that these Nasser reverses offset his historic triumph in the Suez conflict? One after another the United States, Britain and all other maritime nations—except, for the moment, France—have capitulated to little Egypt's terms. His victory is the more impressive when one matches the West's armed might and money against Egypt's military impotence and impoverishment.

If the "silent diplomacy" of the West—this time allegedly aiming at a total revision of its Mideast policy—fails to take a deep look into the record of its past misconceptions about Nasser's final intentions, then we may better brace ourselves against a rerun of the West's capitulation of a decade ago.

Karl Oskar Pisk

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Path and Not the Goal'

THE LITERATURE AND THOUGHT OF MODERN AFRICA. By Claude Wauthier. Translated by Shirley Kay. Frederick A. Praeger. 323 pp. \$8.

NADINE GORDIMER

Miss Gordimer is a South African novelist. Her most recent book is *The Late Bourgeois World* (Viking).

To the English-speaking West, negritude is a politically aggressive attitude, or a term in the vocabulary of literary aesthetics—both associated with the black man's late-come celebration of his blackness. These are, so to speak, the gaps in our ignorance.

With the translation from the French of Claude Wauthier's *L'Afrique des Africains — Inventaire de la Negritude*, a vigorous mind burns up this morning haze like a dispassionate sun. The clear view is an enlightening one. Originality, in a work of this kind, lies in the author's ability to discern and present intelligibly a total concept where others have dealt (however well) with bits and pieces. Basil Davidson and Henri Lhote have rediscovered Africa historically, Janheinz Jahn has instated its philosophical and artistic conceptions, and Frantz Fanon has analyzed its psychology of submission and revolt. Cool and self-effacing in approach, M. Wauthier traces the essential relationship between these aspects of African culture and examines, through the works of more than 150 writers, the correspondence between the demand for national independence and a cultural revival that includes, along with the purely literary aspect of negritude, anthropology, history, law, theology and folklore.

He brings together in the context of evidence not only contemporary writers from French-, English- and Portuguese-speaking Africa, and French- and Spanish-speaking writers from the Caribbean but also the work—18th century and earlier—of the first African intellectuals writing in European languages, in whose thinking it is fascinating to recognize the present dilemmas of African intellectuals taking shape. Even without the interest of its thesis, this book might stand alone as a unique anthology of Negro thought and literature from Gustavus Vassa and such literary curiosities as Boilat, Panet, Holle, to Chinua Achebe, Peter Abrahams and Camara Laye, Sheik Anta Diop, Léopold Senghor and

Sékou Touré. The Negro personality is approached neither as a *mystique* nor as a reaction to the white personality but as a positive human value—although, in "The New Desdemona," for example, a fascinating chapter on the treatment in Negro literature of black-white sexual taboos, Wauthier shows the extent to which that personality has been conditioned by the attitudes of the white world.

He points out that there is nothing new in nations aspiring to freedom seeking the affirmation of their original contribution to arts and letters. Inevitably, the first (1956) Congress of Negro Writers and Artists passed the resolution: "No nation without a culture. No culture without a past. No authentic cultural liberation without political liberation first." What is new is what he calls the "strange destiny" of Africa's intellectual elite—a tiny minority in a continent of the illiterate, educated "almost exclusively in the language of the colonial powers," "coming from the social class closest to the colonists" and yet playing a leading part in national

independence movements. The contradictions inherent in this situation are studied mainly in the period from World War II, which gave the African urge to independence its final impetus, to the present day.

In the beginning, for Africa, there is the dilemma of the word. Although linguistic experts agree that African languages are as conceptually rich as any other, the fact remains that *written* language came to the continent only with the European, and modern education has come to the African through the medium of a European language. African intellectuals must express themselves in a foreign tongue, think in a foreign language, and face the problem of whether, however carefully one incorporates the traditional arts of the past, one can create in a European language a genuinely African culture.

In an outstanding chapter on politically committed literature, Wauthier presents the controversy over the value of negritude as a call to revolt and/or

COLLIOURE

*The town laid in there
bright orange and pink
at the eastern edge
of the Pyrénées Orientales, is full of
refugees from a civil war
two generations back .*

*The cat in the middle of the street
resting at mid-day, faced with what
be referred to as a motorcar, is
not inclined to move . The street
too narrow for any alternative maneuver, he must
descend,
pick up the cat,
cradle and move it to a doorway,
then proceed .*

*Clouds skim the hills and the far scalloped
fish-shape of bay. The towers hang
on from 800 years — the flank, one
is a fortified church, and those boats
drawn up down there on the northeast beach*

*are used for something
every morning
early .*

PAUL BLACKBURN

the exaltation of Negro values, in particular through a comparison of the views of Ezekiel Mphahlele and Frantz Fanon—each of whom, the one under apartheid in South Africa, the other in the Algerian war, experienced brutal European domination. Both—for different reasons—denounce the exoticism they feel inherent in negritude. Mphahlele asks, “Where do we come in—we (in South Africa) who are detribalised and are producing a proletarian art?” Fanon thinks that negritude is a necessary stage for the Negro of the colonies, engendering intellectual freedom from colonization, but believes that later “this historical obligation on the African cultural elite to speak more of an African than a national culture will lead them to a dead end.” Both writers, as Negroes, have felt “in the real and blazing terrain of daily combat” that “an academic pilgrimage back to their Negro origins was less indispensable than efficiency in the fight and field of protest.”

Yet if, as Wauthier shows, the ideological concept of negritude has served its most obvious function as the inspiration of political movements for independence, there remains its relevance to the fear that, as a price of entering the white man's world, the African personality, carried so perilously through slavery and colonial humiliation, may be lost. He suggests that negritude has a valid role in these post-colonial “Soldiers’ Years” of the coup, in the cultural reinforcement of the foundations of the African personality, and thus by extension, of the political and social structures at which, with many setbacks, Africa is nonetheless aiming.

After a brilliantly disinterested survey of African nationalist objectives—independence, unity, neutrality, socialism—as revealed in the writings of the broadest possible spectrum of African intellectuals, he measures results against theoretical objectives. Knowledge and insight qualify him to question trenchantly: how real is African independence? Evidence emphasizes that factors of dependence characteristic of colonial times are still largely in operation. The disproportion between African needs and resources yawns wide. We are reminded (we surely cannot be too often) that Africa remains overwhelmingly a producer of raw materials, whose price in the world market has dropped, while the prices of industrial products, which she must buy, have risen steadily. Thus the great powers, ex-colonial or no, are still “sculpting the face” of Africa.

As for unity, colonial Balkanization—ironically “consecrated” by independent Africa in an effort to prevent fratricidal warfare, and also out of financial egoism—has given way to further frag-

mentation rather than cohesion. But some form of Pan-Africanism remains, for Africans, not merely an ideal but an economic necessity, if Africa is to get for herself not only steel mills but also full bellies. Apropos neutrality, the author points out the underdeveloped countries’ anxiety about an alignment “quite other than that of capitalist against socialist regimes: namely, a split between their world and that of the other hemisphere, the white race and industrialisation.” Between two worlds, the Third World fears to be left behind once again. As for socialism, to some form of which most African leaders feel themselves committed, writers from Fanon to Senghor suggest that “the social structure of African states does not seem to have been greatly modified.” Which brings to mind the question, dealt with elsewhere in the book, of whether class warfare is valid for Africa, a continent with no industrial proletariat outside the Republic of South Africa.

Sartre sees negritude as “the low ebb in a dialectic progression . . . white supremacy is the thesis; negritude’s role as an antithetical value is the negative stage. But this . . . will not satisfy the Negroes who are using it. . . . They know that they are aiming for human synthesis or fulfillment in a raceless society. Negritude is destined to destroy itself; it is the path and not the goal. . . .”

Maybe. Wauthier is concerned with

interim objectives. Writing of negritude and the future, he says of the role of the second generation of African intelligentsia: “Unity is still to come. Neutrality has suffered many compromises. Socialism—in most cases—has yet to be built. . . . In these circumstances one might imagine that literature and scientific research would set their sights on completing the first conquests of emancipation, and that this would determine the literary themes and general direction of scientific research. . . . The cause of unity could be decisively upheld by the ethnologists who would uncover the common ground in the beliefs and institutions particular to each African tribe. Historians could also take up the work by drawing the military conquerors, empire-builders and outstanding figures of African history as the forerunners of a future United States of Africa. . . . One might expect Negro historical novels exalting the memory of the fight for independence.” For the present, “an aggressive literature might be developed, criticising opportunism . . . and customs shackling economic development.”

Of contemporary ideas, Gaëton Picon wrote: “To grasp the meaning of a human fact is to involve oneself in it and to find it in oneself.” The real meaning of negritude is to be understood and evaluated at this level in this consummately informative and elegantly written book.

The Lowry/Aiken Symbiosis

RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Mr. Costa's critical biography of H. G. Wells has just been published by Twayne. He is spending this year at Purdue University on leave from Utica College of Syracuse University. He interviewed Conrad Aiken last Easter while completing research for a book on Malcolm Lowry.

Only on rare occasions in the decade since the death of Malcolm Lowry has his old friend, Conrad Aiken, written publicly of what he once called “the remarkable spiritual and aesthetic and psychological symbiosis” between himself and the man who was to write *Under the Volcano*. When a flurry of posthumous Lowry activity produced a volume of stories and the first American edition of the apprentice novel, *Ultra-marine*, Aiken announced for readers of *Time* (June 16, 1961) what had long been known in literary circles. He disclosed that Hambo, the drunken wanderer—the youthful writer “so visibly . . . happily alight with genius”—in Aik-

en's surrealist autobiography *Ushant* (1952) was a high-fidelity portrait of Malcolm Lowry.

Early this year, in response to a *Times Literary Supplement* leader on Cape's publication of *Selected Letters of Malcolm Lowry*, Aiken spoke out again (*Times Literary Supplement*, February 16). His letter, couched in characteristic good humor and punning (he writes of Lowry, his amanuensis, as a “tope-recorder”), must be read as a corrective to the expanding image of Malcolm Lowry as the architect of one of the tragic myths of the 20th century: that of the anti-heroic artist-addict, the forlorn Adam, the Consul of *Under the Volcano*, who chooses a spiritual baranca of uncontrolled dipsomania and unredeemed love.

Aiken's letter tells us that although *Under the Volcano* was not published until 1947, its essential drafts were written by Lowry in Cuernavaca, Mexico (Lowry changed the name to Quauhna-huac in the novel), where for two years,

1936-38, he lived in alcoholic *extremis* and, in the process, *became* the dispossessed Consul, Geoffrey Firman. Like Proust's Marcel who found that "I myself seemed actually to have become the subject of my book," Lowry once wrote to Aiken: "I do not feel so much as if I am writing this book as if *I am myself being written.*"

What Aiken sees as ■ distortion in the current Lowry *mystique* is clear from this section of his letter:

ABOVE SEA LEVEL

*Taking root on this abandoned peak, we
No longer remember how to fall from brightness,
No longer plunder the ocean's depth
Where all is pure violence. We have forgotten
Undersea landscapes, living new lives
Above sea level.
Tidal zones fall like towers
At the ocean's rim.
The sea divides itself into three realms:
The realm of the Shallow Seas, the Zone of Light,
And, beneath that, the end of the sea —
That secret and silent Zone of Perpetual Darkness. These
Zones are no longer our concern.
Slowly we came to this gentle place,
Walking past stones, trees,
Dry earth, shacks, layers of garbage,
And were stared at
By hill people. They dared us to take
Root in the earth, dared us to break
Like new flowers without stalks. They saw us
Ascending.*

*Once water was basic to our life. We farmed the sea,
Hauling out food
From salinity. Mud, fish, the cold current
Gave us our lonely lives. Waves and the tides —
Starfish, scallops, wild floating colonies
Of sea-grapes, crabs, mussels, sea-pork,
Rockweeds and shells sharp as razors
Gave us our living.
Now we no longer dream of sea-palms,
Our memories have burned out sharks —
The feeding frenzy of killers.
We have ascended through sea weather
To the top of this mountain. Here grass
Blows in green waves,
Light falls on our mouths like rain, and
Nets of white clouds tighten around our lives. We
Are free of the extremity of the sea! Free
To live with our calm Self-Nature. Now —
Farewell to bleeding whales,
Oil bearing targets for whaler's harpoons.
Our net is tightened. If we leave now
It is not for the sea — but for the endless path
That will raise us even higher
Above sea level.*

Well, I can imagine him roaring with laughter about all this in his Ripe young grave in Sussex, and in this I join him. For to have manufactured such a myth, and turned himself into it, was perhaps a feat of literary *trompe-l'oeil* without parallel. . . . And for Malcolm, it was all just a great joke, even with the tragedy thrown in, which incredibly turned itself into a great book, or a great melodrama. . . . And it was a great joke: his whole life was a joke: never was there a gayer Shake-

spearean jester. A fact that I think we must remember, when everyone is saying What Gloom, What Despair, What Riddles! Nonsense. . . .

But Aiken's view contains a subtle irony. If we tend to confuse Malcolm Lowry, the man who died an alcoholic's death at 47 in 1957, with Geoffrey Firman, whom Anthony Burgess recently called "a giant character whose sloth or accidie ironically suggests the Promethean rebel," the confusion between author and fictional persona stems from Lowry's subjective aesthetic. And Lowry learned that aesthetic—the ultra subjectivity of the flawed poet-turned-novelist—from his mentor, Aiken.

Lowry, through his double, Sigbjorn Wilderness in "Through the Panama," said the only literary work he had ever enjoyed with detachment was Aiken's long poem, "House of Dust." In the preface to that work, Aiken declares that his art is based on the theory that consciousness represents a goal; "that in the evolution of man's awareness, and in his dedication of himself to this supreme task, man possesses all that he could possibly require in the way of a religious credo. . . ."

Demarest in Aiken's *Blue Voyage* muses:

What was this singular mechanism in him that wanted so deliberately, so consciously, to break itself? A strange, a rich, a deep personality he had—it baffled and fascinated him. Everybody of course, was like this—depth beyond depth, a universe chorally singing, incalculable, obeying tremendous laws, chemical or divine, of which it was able to give its own consciousness not the faintest inkling. . . . A universe that contained everything—all things—yet said only one word: "I."

The passage provides a perfect rendering of Aiken's obsession with consciousness. He is at all times an "I" writer. He neither could nor wished to separate his life from his work. Aiken told this writer with a pride undiminished by forty years that everyone in *Blue Voyage* was drawn from actual life, that everything happened as recorded. The pattern of *Blue Voyage*, as well as that of its successor, *Great Circle* (1933), is wholly autobiographical. Cather, in the latter novel, feels that "life is going to be good. Unexplored, unfathomable, marvellous and terrible. Filthy, and incalculable . . . the wonderful and acceptable nightmare!"

Malcolm Lowry, reading *Blue Voyage* at 19 while seeking a technique for his own first novel, was fascinated by the power of Demarest's self-analysis. The desire to see himself in Demarest's (Aiken's) image was irresistible.

The circumstances of their meeting are very well known and need only

SANDRA HOCHMAN

be sketched here. Lowry's first letter to Aiken begins: "I have lived only nineteen years and all of them more or less badly. . . ." He quotes from "House of Dust" and within a few months a transatlantic correspondence is under full steam. Lowry begs, even tries to bribe, the 40-year-old poet to take the beginner into his household in the "other" Cambridge. In the summer of 1929, before going up to Cambridge, Lowry set sail for Boston by way of the West Indies. He arrived on Aiken's doorstep with a battered suitcase containing an exercise book in which were notes for *Ultramarine*, the projected novel of his sea experiences. "The fact is," Aiken recalled nearly twenty-five years later, "that we were uncannily alike in almost everything, found instantly that we spoke the same language, were astonishingly *en rapport*; and it was therefore the most natural thing in the world that a year later, when difficulties arose between him and his father, I was able to act as mediator . . . and . . . for the next three years, *in loco parentis*, I became his father."

From "that wonderful summer" of 1929, the relationship deepened. In time it grew into a parasitism in which each took turns being starfish to the other's oyster. "Every angle of it had been studied in mirrors," Aiken writes in *Ushant*, "each of them with an eye . . . to making use of it first." Lowry often broached the darker side—the possibility that the "son" would eventually destroy the "father"—but misgivings were dispelled by the invariable good humor of each. In the early 1930s, the Aikens moved back to Rye, within throwing distance of Henry James's old quarters, and Lowry moved in with them during vacations from Cambridge. The exercise book expanded into *Ultramarine*. The novel was published in 1933 to little acclaim but Aiken's, whose ardor was less a critic's than a midwife's. *Ultramarine* was a lesser and later twin to *Blue Voyage*; its title was a play on Aiken's, although the mentor had originally suggested *Purple Passage*.

In an undated and unpublished letter, which I discovered in the Lowry Special Collection at the University of British Columbia, Lowry makes one of his many apologetic gestures for drawing so freely from Aiken's material:

. . . I must try to find some mitigating factor in its being parasitic on *Blue Voyage*. . . . It has given me for a time a dominant principle. . . . *Blue Voyage*, apart from being the best non-secular statement of the plight of the creative artist with the courage to live in the modern world, has become part of my consciousness, & I cannot conceive of any other way in which *Ultramarine*

might be written. . . . Nevertheless, I have sat & read my blasted book with increasing misery: with a misery of such intensity that I believe myself sometimes to be dispossessed, a spectre of your own discarded ideas, whose only claim to originality exists in those ideas. . . .

"Malc had this way of being admirably predatory in the using of other men's writings and contrite about it at the same time," Aiken told this writer. The late Conrad Knickerbocker, who did not live to complete Lowry's biography, learned that Lowry, under narcohypnosis, once told a London psychiatrist that he wished to remain obscure so that his plagiarisms would not be discovered. Aiken feels that *Ultramarine*'s debt to *Blue Voyage* could best be proved by feeding both into an IBM computer. However, Aiken's own productivity flourished during the Lowry years of 1929-34, when he wrote the long poems "John Deth," "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones" (the poem anxiously but futilely awaited by Joyce during the last weeks of his life), "Preludes for Memnon"; the novel, *Great Circle*, the one work of fiction kept by Freud on the bookshelf in his reception room; and a story collection, *Among the Lost People*.


Lowry, meantime, after his graduation from Cambridge with 3rd class honors in the English tripos, and after the publication of *Ultramarine*, bummed about London and Paris for a year (this phase is described by Charlotte Haldane with admirable fidelity in her novel, *I Bring Not Peace*). He married his first wife in Paris (Aiken had introduced them, and the triangle assumes a sinister aspect in *Ushant*), rejoined her later in New York, and went with her at the end of November, 1936, to Mexico, where *Under the Volcano* was begun and his marriage went desperately to pieces.

The reunion in Cuernavaca in 1937 of Aiken and Lowry provided Aiken with the material for the powerful ending of *Ushant*. He regards this autobiographical narrative as the culmination of a statement on art and the artist which he began with *Blue Voyage* twenty-five years earlier, and the episodes dealing with D. and Hambo—that is, with Aiken and Lowry—provide a candid insight into the maelstrom union of coeval geniuses. Hambo's drunken words promise the fulfillment of a kind of reciprocal murderer's pact. ". . . Now it was my turn to kill you."

Hambo points to his wife Nita as the instrument of death, both wound and weapon: "For of course we both knew that both of us were powerfully drawn

to that open wound—you first, but with your own obligations to (your wife) . . . and therefore guiltily offering her up to me, but in effect proposing to share her . . . as foul a sort of voyeur's incest as any second-rate God could imagine." D. acknowledges his "visceral and feculent scheme" but defends it as humane, for the marriage might "stop your drinking. Pull you together. Take you out of the endless chain of aguardientes, the daily round of cantinas, and the ultimate slobber of drunkenness in which you daily threatened to kill me." They discuss Nita's infidelity, presumably an effect—or was it the cause?—of Hambo's drinking, and Hambo half threatens to kill D. with his own hands. "My dear Hambo, you are killing me," D. answers. Hambo asserts his dominance: "You no longer know your boundaries. You are a nation invaded. And as I'm younger, and as I'm stronger, in appetite, in will, in recklessness, in sense of direction, it will be no use your trying to compete with me . . . you will no longer have a personality of your own." As the scene ends, they drink to betrayal and death.

Lowry also exploited the mescal-inflamed talks in Cuernavaca. Near the end of *Under the Volcano*, just before the Consul flees his wife Yvonne and



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half-brother Hugh for the cantina refuge that will lead to his death, he engages in an invective-laden conversation with Hugh which can be taken as the equivalent of the one in *Ushant*. Ostensibly, the argument is about communism, with the Consul lashing out at Hugh's "indoor Marxmanship" and at the futility of involvement in all those "people's revolutions" that were so much a part of the political climate of the thirties. But on another level, the debate is also between Geoffrey Firman and the embattled aspects of his psyche — represented by the fragments of his identity—by the artist *manqué*, by Hugh, by Yvonne, by Yvonne's French ex-film-director lover. Aiken tells us in his recent letter to the editor that the bitter exchange—one which proves to be the last confrontation of the Consul with his alter ego—was a verbatim report of an argument between Lowry and himself, with the positions reversed: what the Consul says, Aiken said.

It is not too much to suggest that the role of Conrad Aiken in Lowry's masterpiece goes beyond the pupil's free adaptation of the teacher's material—the William Blackstone alienation theme, for example, which Lowry took whole cloth after Aiken developed it during that first summer together, or the scores

of Joycean puns ("hello—pussy—my—little—Priapusspuss, my—little—Oedipusspusspuss . . . my little Xicotancatl") which Aiken insists were first given utterance by himself. And the civilized, sensitive, idealistic figure of Geoffrey Firman—the archetypal Great Man invaded by addiction and a doleful period of history—is largely built on the artistic and spiritual conflict between Aiken and Lowry. Aiken's true subject in his novels is his own effort to live with the gargoyle disharmony between man's egotism and his unimportance; this effort takes the form of a search for consciousness in the void. Lowry seeks artistic and actual salvation in the unconscious, for it is the only refuge against, as he once put it in explaining why he drank, "the complete baffling sterility of existence as sold to you."

If, then, the Consul is the amalgam of conflicting forces represented by the death-seeking son burning in Moloch-Mexico and by the life-sustaining father,

the novel and its tragic hero stand finally as a monument to the efficacy, despite all the demons, of Lowry and Aiken's symbiosis. Reading Aiken's letters or chatting with him in his Savannah, Ga., apartment on the "Hambo theme," one feels the irony of the "literary accident" which permitted *Under the Volcano*, the novel Aiken had helped "coach" into being, to be spoken of in the same breath as *Ulysses*, a landmark behind whose shadow Aiken's own long fiction has been relegated.

But it is possible—and Aiken expresses confidence in it—that a major Aiken revival is under way. It may be, too, that literary history will show Aiken as a major literary force, the discoverer of, and catalyst for, other talents. With the Lowry wave about to crest, Aiken must be given his full share of credit for the alchemizing of that almost comic Hambo figure into the creator of the Consul—a most convincing prototype of 20th-century man catapulting to hell.

Poetry/Drama in Harlem

SIDNEY BERNARD

Mr. Bernard is New York editor of Literary Times and roving editor of The Smith.

Intermediate School 201 in East Harlem is a new plant with an excellent auditorium and stage—a kind of reduced version of New York University's Loeb building with curving brick walls and wide-open sight lines. Physical shape aside, the school has been involved in an administration hassle from the start, Board of Education and parents having sharp differences on how it should be run.

In a recent Saturday evening visit to the school, where the New Heritage Repertory Theatre was offering an evening of Negro poetry *cum* dramatic readings, no whisper of the dispute was heard. (Prompting the thought: Art is where it's at; life trails behind.) Rather the opposite—for two hours the mood was strictly upbeat among the mixed audience of around 100, consisting of neighborhood parents and students, teachers from the school, and several Harlem actors, poets and dancers. The production had the umbrella title *Hip, Black and Angry*, and that too is where it's at.

Director Roger Furman, an energetic man who doubled in the lights booth, and who made a curtain plea for continued support of the Repertory's efforts, had arranged the readings in a series of quick-paced tableaux. The acting com-

pany of around a dozen made fast costume changes, from one piece to the next, and presented each poem with an eye (and ear) to its dramatic, or sardonic, or even political overtones. The result in sum was an evening of heightened theatre impact, most of which gave added urgency to the poems. Now and then, and perhaps inevitably, a particular piece seemed to be put across too crisply—and speedily—with the result that the poet's private mood would suffer from the meditative level of the printed page, to the more open and "showy" level of the theatrical. That some of this can be improved goes without saying—the company after all is underexposed, what with but four performances under its belt. (Another performance was scheduled for Friday, June 23.) And that poetry-into-drama is an alchemy that doesn't always "work," even given the best conditions, goes too without saying.

The opener was a short piece by LeRoi Jones—a kind of chanting rally cry with the company snake dancing off-stage, and through the audience, and back on stage again. Later came a five-part recital of a poem from Africa—with a proud motif of negritude in the lines, "I am a Negro/black as the depths of Africa. . . ." Emphasis was on the urban scene, and here the group did its best work, capturing in sharp focus the seesaw moods of the ghetto: love-despair-

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humor-anger. Most of the urban pieces were by Langston Hughes and Gwen-dolyn Brooks. Mr. Hughes's light, airy tone, and Miss Brooks's glints of poignancy and glossy wry commentary, were among the evening's chief pleasures.

Comic tour de force of the program was a piece called "Soul Food," a breezy jape on all the clichés of the black man's dietary weaknesses. The company recited the piece while doing a spoof of an 18th-century minuet—each of the three men and three women done up in elegant lacy frills and their movements as elegantly outrageous. "Thirty pounds of pigfeet, */soul food*" one of them would mince; "Forty pounds of fatback, */soul food*," the partner would answer.

All in all, upward of a dozen poets were represented. Music from a sound

track, and several weaved-in choreographic turns, gave the program a variety fullness. The performers were Emily Banks, John Byrd, Barbara Carter, Danielle Haynes; and Yusef Inman, Charles Jenkins, Janet Leader, Henry Miller, Ethel Parks, Doris Washington and Joseph Washington, Jr. An insert in the program read: "This performance is dedicated to the memory of Langston Hughes."

In answer to our query, Mr. Furman gave the Repertory's goal as "very quiet LeRoi Jones." He explained that last year's Black Arts Repertory (directed by Jones), with its emphasis on "hate Whitey," had met with resistance in Harlem. Furman said, "Our audiences resent the mother-epithet thing on stage. They want art. The other they can hear on street corners."

At the Dead Center

ANTI-POLITICS IN AMERICA. By John H. Bunzel. Alfred A. Knopf. 301 pp. \$6.95.

HENRY S. KARIEL

Mr. Kariel is professor of political science at the University of Hawaii and the author, most recently, of *The Promise of Politics* (Prentice-Hall).

If democratic politics entails the active participation in the making of decisions by all affected interests, there are innumerable enclaves in America within which politics has no place. Within the decision-making centers of business corporations, labor unions, advertising agencies, military installations, mental hospitals, zoning commissions, boards of health, safety councils, universities and prisons, policies are made (and sometimes not made) by self-perpetuating elites free to ignore a whole range of conflicting interests. In and out of government, the powerful make (and sometimes veto) policy to accommodate one another; the organized, the articulate, and the influential distribute resources among themselves. This does not mean, of course, that they neglect the outsiders. The outsiders are in fact treated with considerable solicitude. Large strata on the periphery of American life are generously "administered"; the poor, the aged, the sick—and also consumers, students, small businessmen, prisoners, migratory workers, TV viewers and highway users. The pace and direction and boundaries of their lives are fixed by insiders who, behind partially closed doors, make public policy. Concerned with political stability and economic

growth, the insiders decide on matters of war, manpower, transportation, housing, health, research, prices, wages and recreation.

To be sure, there is no sharp dividing line between the actors within our establishments and the nonactors outside. The outside shades gently into the inside, and boundaries are not clearly drawn. Yet however much the notion that we are two nations caricatures reality, we know that at one pole of our public life, men are privileged to engage in politics and at the other, men are deprived of the opportunity to experience its rewards.

There is of course widespread acquiescence in this state of affairs. After all, our polity is commendably stable, scarcely ruffled even by Presidential assassination. Moreover, it does provide a surfeit of goods, and we seem determined to distribute them even among the least privileged. Our delimited politics as well as our national consensus are thus quite easy to understand. Nor is it surprising that social scientists such as Bernard Berelson, Seymour Lipset, Robert Dahl, Lester Milbrath and others have helped reinforce it, maintaining that the present arena of politics is ample enough, that the existing level of participation is healthy, that more would be destabilizing. This soothing academic rationalization is one expression of anti-politics in America.

Now John H. Bunzel, a much respected professor of political science at San Francisco State, has written a book which deals with what he calls America's "anti-political temper and its distortions of the democratic process." But he ques-

tions neither the prevailing structure of politics nor its apologists in the universities. Without making the point explicit, he assumes the United States to be the very model of a successful democratic society.

Committed to what is—what is well established, stable, mature and productive—he readily identifies as "anti-political" those social movements and academic analyses which depart from dead center. The margin, he knows, is irrational. Right or Left, pacifist or activist, America's fringe movements fail to avail themselves of the conventional channels of politics. Given the health of the Center, which the author takes for granted, the margin is sick. This does not mean he is intolerant: as he condescendingly notes, the extremists have their value, especially since they help make things more lively at the center.

From Bunzel's point of view, it is impossible to perceive the distracted, bewildered individuals at the margin who are effectively frustrated by the prevailing pseudo-politics. Nor does his perspective allow him to see that in their disorganized way, they have in fact been acting politically, testing the American reality, trying to inject politics into it, seeking themselves to become visible and achieve recognition. But so far, their experiments—demonstrations, "gestures," marches, boycotts—have merely disclosed that the opportunity to share in political power remains unequal. What Mr. Bunzel's book ignores is that the policies some of them advocate (when they succeed in being articulate at all) may be aimed at enlarging the political arena. Though uncouth, unwashed, and unfamiliar with Robert's Rules, might they not be attempting to crash into the enclaves within which

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Mr. Bunzel's indiscriminate indictment of all marginal groups, his failure to distinguish between movements which aim to rehabilitate politics and those which seek to destroy it, helps rationalize our arrested political development. In carefully describing the outbursts and fanaticism of Populists, Quakers, "intellectuals," Birchers and pacifists, he remains "objective," "balanced" and "realistic," at least as these terms would be defined by those who find their nourishment at the center. But insofar as he perceives only what is manifestly present, patronizing America's repressed and oppressed impulses, what his realism masks is an unexamined genteel conservatism.

Such a position, it should be added without irony, has its charm, as Bunzel's style makes clear. Not for him the gritty jargon and baroque tautologies of his colleagues. Where they might ask for rigorous argument, he remains casual and relaxed, as often as not reconstructing a conversation or inserting a personal anecdote. He disarmingly says his book is not for the specialist, and he is right. For it is unrestrained, by the current scientific method, which he asserts to be elitist because it can "only be taught to and understood by a limited few."

Thus, Bunzel has written simply for his students. But if, perhaps merely out of respect for himself, he had raised his sights, introduced some scientific rigor, and written truly for himself (and thereby for his equals), he might also have succeeded in engaging the concerned nonspecialist. In this he fails, yet not without redeeming his failure by contributing to the ideology of contemporary America. Because he likes it he permits us to see that domestic balance of power which has been put into jeopardy by scholars such as E. E. Schattschneider, Norman Jacobson, Grant

McConnell, Peter Bachrach, Joseph Tussman, Christian Bay and Theodore Lowi. Moreover, his work has unintentionally provided a view of the popular, vigorous teacher at work, exciting on the surface,

complacent below, undoubtedly successful in making the classroom a lively place in which to adjust students to American public life as it is—not as it might yet be brought into being.

Eye of the Innocent

ABOUT US. By Chester Aaron. McGraw-Hill. 239 pp. \$5.50.

DONALD FANGER

The author of Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism (Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger teaches Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.

This is a beautiful and original book, thirteen stories that turn gradually into a novel, lyrical without mushiness and tough without posing, full of a truth that cannot be abstracted from the words that carry it.

About Us therefore invites misrepresentation. Among the things that could and probably will be said are that it is touching, funny, full of memorable characters and incidents. Worse yet, it is (God help us) not just about a Jewish family; it is about boyhood, about depression and war, about a Pennsylvania mining town. Aaron could hardly have chosen a moment likelier to produce a sensation of *déjà vu* from the briefest glance at his work.

A look at the table of contents, however, gives a clue to the saving grace at work here. These chapters, each representing a year in the narrator's life, all parallel the form of the title; that is, they are about individuals, each one a self-contained scenario. There is no risk of epic tedium because the emphases are constantly changing, along with tone and the story form itself.

This is why summary falsifies. As a novel, *About Us* tells of the disintegration of a family, recording the scarcely perceptible stages through a pure present tense that becomes gradually complicated with a past and with intimations of a future. In each chapter, the present itself measures change against the present of previous stories and previous years. Each chapter re-creates the awareness of Benny Kahn, the youngest son, favorite of the family and of fate, from his eighth through his twentieth year.

In this way naturalistic gloom is successfully avoided. Benny's is the innocent narrative eye (innocent in the sense that Huck Finn's is, that is) free of the parents' dogmas and anxieties, and free of his siblings' knowledge, involvement and responsibility. As one reads, the main lines of the novel's progress are no more than shadows on the periphery of the stories that make it up. In the wonderful "About Rachel," for instance, the death of the tender teen-age sister from a clumsy abortion takes hardly a paragraph to record. In retrospect, it marks the beginning of the family's decline, the first of a series of tragedies and reversals. Yet the center of attention is a bum who calls himself Texas Jack, says he has worked as a movie cowboy, and appears to the 12-year-old Benny and his friends like a god out of a boxcar. He has played with Lupe Velez in *Ace of Spades*—"that's the one they never let kids in to see"; maybe he shouldn't tell them what it's about.

We plead. We all but get down on our knees. Goose promises to bring him home-made cookies the following day and I promise to steal him a pack of Lucky Strikes.

"Well," Texas Jack says, "it's about this. . . ." He pauses and sucks some food out of a tooth. He rolls a cigarette. "It's about this whore. And I'll tell you boys, there ain't a man in this great country who knows more about whores than me."

My throat is parched. It feels like a million ants are crawling around inside my lower abdomen. Roman's head is drooping over the edge of the top bunk, his flat face upside down. Goose sits absolutely still, his finger stopped halfway to his nose.

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Texas Jack's voyeurism makes Benny the accidental witness of his sister's death at the end of the chapter, but this is something he cannot understand at the time. His eye is for adventure, and it is marvelously fresh and acute.

Not since the early Hemingway have we seen writing that can convey with such lyrical economy and immediacy the feeling of the woods, the sense of beauty and love—all of it shot through with humor—that we find in the section "About Poppa," which serves in the larger scheme of the book to represent the family in its palmiest days, the father in his prime, the time just before the fall. This freshness is a consistent feature of the novel and explains what may be its major achievement, the provision of delight on acceptable terms. Delight is in the truth and honesty—which is to say in the sensitivity and discipline—of the writing. Only because of this is it worth noting the complex themes that underlie the surface simplicity, and pointing out that *About Us* manages to be simultaneously a chronicle of small-town boyhood in the thirties, a study of one version of the Jewish immigrant's fate in America, and the social history of a town.

There are flaws. Some editor should surely have caught the anachronistic references to Nazi crematoria and gasoline rationing in 1940. And a tendentious note does appear from time to time in discussions of religious and philosophical questions. Brother Reuben, whose victory over the corrupt town commissioners makes one of the best chapters, turns up later, in the key title story, as a cliché-ridden *raisonneur* whose style, an apparently unconscious parody of the narrator's, gives us one awful glimpse of the depressing novel this might have been. Even Benny, the narrator, blurs toward the end, making it clear that this is not quite a *Bildungsroman*. We have a clear sense of him as a child—but who is the man piecing together this picture? With no hint as to how he has turned out, a last perspective is missing.

One could go on carping, just as one could—and for a considerably longer time—go on praising this book. As it stands, it is a remarkable first novel, able in its authenticity to bear comparison with the best of its kind.

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication; we shall welcome submissions again in the early fall.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

"The Yale School of Drama presents ROBERT LOWELL's adaptation of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*," read the program, and the billing was apt. The adaptation is a very free one—"Half my lines are not in the original," says Mr. Lowell in a program note—and the play belongs really to the American poet-playwright, not to his Athenian fore-runner.

For quite some time, Mr. Lowell has been interested in reworking, for his own modern purposes, material bequeathed to him (and, of course, to all of us) by writers of past ages. Concurrently, he has been feeling the peculiar fascination that the theatre has traditionally exercised over poets. These two tendencies Lowell expressed simultaneously some years ago in a trilogy of one-act plays, based on stories by Hawthorne and Melville, and entitled (with all kinds of ironies) *The Old Glory*. Two-thirds of this trilogy was produced in 1964 at the American Place Theatre in New York, and one play, a dramatization of Melville's novella, *Benito Cereno*, found wide favor.

Its particular champion was Robert Brustein, then as now the drama critic for *The New Republic*, who after several seasons as the Jeremiah of Broadway, was casting about for possible messiahs.

The social-psychological theatre of the thirties, which culminated in the Actors Studio and Lincoln Center [then under the management of Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan], has now proved itself utterly incompetent to deal with a serious work of the imagination, or anything other than Broadway and Hollywood commodities. And the American theatre will never find itself again until all these outmoded methods and limited versions have been swept away.

Just such a renewal seems to be occurring now at the American Place Theatre where Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory* is currently enjoying an inspired production by Jonathan Miller.

Mr. Brustein subsequently became Dean Brustein of the Yale School of Drama, and he seems to have interpreted his appointment as a mandate to do whatever he could to bring about the theatrical revolution he had been preaching. Thus *Prometheus Bound*, directed by Jonathan Miller, as the culmination of Brustein's first year of deanship.

All this represents, I believe, no ignoble disposition on Brustein's part. It would have been easy for him to go on

as he had done, holding his nose at the top of his voice; he was good at it (as indeed he still is); in fact he was becoming famous for it. (And God knows, there was—and is—a need for it.) Brustein had his function as denunciator neatly and successfully marked out; it took courage, therefore, for him to go out on a limb with some positive assertions as well, and to be willing to use his new resources to turn assertion

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into action. I would only object that in his writing at least, he is sometimes somewhat premature, somewhat prone to confuse an isolated stimulus to his hopes with the beginning of their total realization. Genuine revolutions, however necessary, however eagerly desired, are hard to come by.

Prometheus Bound did not strike me as a very long step toward Brustein's Third Theatre, which is to combine reality and joy. The play is marked from end to end by Lowell's fineness of mind; it has a peculiar purity about it; it has dignity without pretentiousness; it has moments of great eloquence. And what a pleasure it was to meet in the theatre (of all places) a modern American writer who can be absolutely depended upon never to lapse into cliché. The play was given admirable and lavish production (financed in part by a U.S. Government grant). Yet it did not, as we say, "work."

Prometheus, of course, is the archetypal rebel, maintaining a posture of splendid defiance, asserting the primacy of the individual against the system. As such, he has frequently been reincarnated by modern dramatists—by that dwindling band of modern dramatists, at least, who keep hold of their Romantic heritage, and refuse to concede that significant action is impossible. In our century, Bernard Shaw, T. S. Eliot,

Arthur Miller and Robert Bolt have all created Promethean heroes. Usually Promethean drama resolves itself into a rousing paean to the heroism of the martyr for conscience's sake. The current Prometheus has his moments of splendid defiance (hard-bitten in their irony, never pompous or smug), but on the whole Lowell seems interested in something else. What? I find it hard to say (although some clue may be afforded by the fact that around the Drama School they referred to the play as *Waiting for Prometheus*).

The new *Prometheus Bound*, like the original, lacks dramatic thrust, progression, suspense—in a word, plot. At the beginning of the play Prometheus gets fastened to a rock; he receives several visitors; long speeches are delivered back and forth; at the end a new punishment begins. I do not maintain that every play should keep us diverted with plenty of plot; but plot is the strongest kind of through-line a play can have, and the dramatist who dispenses with it had better provide us with plenty else to hold onto. The static dramaturgy inherited from Aeschylus makes it particularly unfortunate that at a first hearing of *Prometheus Bound*, it was often difficult to make sense of what Lowell's characters were saying.

There were moments when the writing was economical and precise. An old man (an old god, literally speaking, but all Lowell's characters function as men), who has sold out to the tyrant Zeus, says: "I have grown old and carefree by learning how to give in." Prometheus himself says of Zeus: "Suppose he is powerless to pardon, and only almighty in his ability to inflict pain"—which may or may not be a reference to the escalation of the war in Vietnam. (In the early part of the play several references to Zeus made him sound like President Johnson. "No contemporary statesman is parodied," Lowell insists. "Yet I think my own concerns and worries and those of the times seep in." And the President is well known to be one of Lowell's concerns and worries.)

But there was something peculiarly evanescent about large parts of the play. I found myself at many points wanting to stop the action (or rather, the talk) and say, "Can we have that again?" Enlightenment—some idea of how the speech currently being spoken related to the rest of the play—usually seemed just around the corner, but there, for the most part, it stayed.

I am tempted therefore to dismiss Lowell's play as closet drama—but I wonder if any play completely without theatrical value could have given

rise to so beautiful a production as *Prometheus Bound* received under Jonathan Miller's direction at Yale.

In Miller's program note he says: "There is a ghastly piety about most productions of the Greek drama . . . an empty classicism which reflects scholarly respect more than any direct engagement of the imaginative sensibility." We all know what he means: a lot of actors in white nighties posturing before a temple front. Miller has reformed this altogether, "setting the play in a shattered seventeenth-century castle-keep," with stained and dusty costumes that would not be out of place in a production of *Mother Courage*. Setting and costumes were designed by Michael Annals, who teaches scene design at the Drama School, and the lighting was by Phil Dixon, a student; their work looked magnificent. The set seemed to extend up to infinity, and down almost as far; its detailing was copious, yet its outlines strong; as the lighting changed, it constantly took on new fascinations. And, majestic as it was, it seemed in accord with Lowell's evident intention of making Prometheus a human hero, not a demigod.

Prometheus himself was played brilliantly by Kenneth Haigh, who created the role of Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*. Since then, he has never quite won the recognition his talents deserve. (With his gift for irony, and his air of virile intelligence, why have we never seen him play Hamlet?) His Prometheus was a stocky, tousle-haired, unpretentious fellow, with a kind of bitter zest to him, nonetheless a hero for being at the same time a *Mensch*.

Irene Worth was splendid as Io, persecuted by Hera for having been loved by Zeus. The Drama School's two resident professional actors were both highly effective in smaller parts: David Hurst as Ocean (a sleazy time server in the Zeus administration), and Ron Leibman as Hermes (a braying thug). Indeed all the acting was admirable; nowhere in this country, I dare say, could the play have been better done.

Some of Miller's ideas were questionable, but throughout the production there was the sense of an audacious yet responsible mind, and a skilled hand, at work. But Miller, for all his talents, was unable to make Lowell's *Prometheus* viable for the theatre (I doubt if anybody could), and so the event as a whole must be called a failure. But it was a stimulating failure, a vigorous, serious, intelligent failure—just the sort of failure that a drama school ought to have. Theatre people often sound self-indulgent when they talk about "the right to fail." A production such as this one justifies that right.

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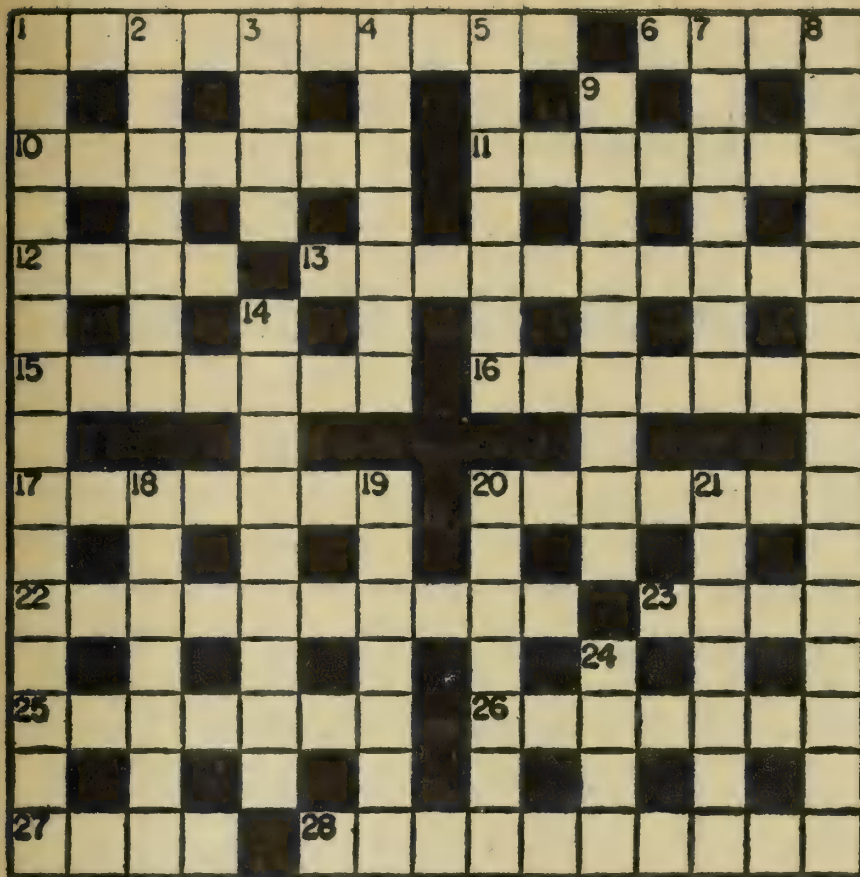
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1207

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Temperance plea for the British dramatist? (10)
- 6 and 24 down Smart, and understands Mother Carey's aren't, in the usual sense. (8)
- 10 Spuming violence, assails by words. (7)
- 11 Down Memory Lane, is it the old block? (7)
- 12 One's character stemmed from Seth. (4)
- 13 Existing around 10, if changed to be improving. (10)
- 15 See 9 down
- 16 We get rid of some money around it to keep from falling. (7)
- 17 Proving the U.S.S.R. has light cavalry! (7)
- 20 Mail departure celebrated by it? (4-3)
- 22 Men in disgrace reached by effort. (10)
- 23 Remembered by Van Druten through play. (4)
- 25 Immutable. (7)
- 26 Chief officer. (7)
- 27 Fish only seen at the bottom? (4)
- 28 Those against, or in favor of examining officials. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 The features of these might be seen through glass. (5-2, 8)
- 2 Burst in with a little spirit on deposit. (7)
- 3 Those who 1 across only, might not appreciate their spirit. (4)

- 4 They could be applied to questions of rawness, possibly. (7)
- 5 The lead's character could be changed by application of them. (7)
- 7 The U.S. is an unusual setting for one who follows a reformer. (7)
- 8 The clue to 26 would apply, in the absence of a minister. (6, 1, 8)
- 9 and 15 across Where points are important when nervous and upset. (2, 4, 3, 7)
- 14 Stalin, as a product of the people. (9)
- 18 Radishes don't with some people, according to the family of poets. (7)
- 19 It's intended to show a beginner's skill with 15. (7)
- 20 A dark patch that might have a magnetic effect. (7)
- 21 Mineral-like, implying a little work on a railroad, perhaps. (7)
- 24 See 6 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1206

ACROSS: 1 Swordswallower; 10 Nippers; 11 Insole; 12 Burnside; 14 Sonnets; 15 Magic; 17 Noses; 19 Theorem; 21 Sandtrap; 25 Limited; 26 Project; 27 Animadversions. DOWN: 1 Suspicion; 2 Opposes; 3 Doodlings; 4 and 23 Withstands; 5 Language; 6 Orpen; 7 Evening; 8 Ashe; 13 Left-handed; 15 Marathons; 16 Campsites; 18 Sandman; 20 Montero; 21 and 9 Sole support; 22 Totem; 24 Apse.

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